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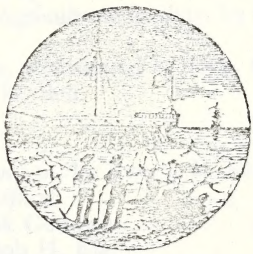
THE

GRANITE MONTHLY,

A NEW HAMPSHIRE MAGAZINE,

DEVOTED TO

History Biography, Literature, and State Progress.



Oct. 1879

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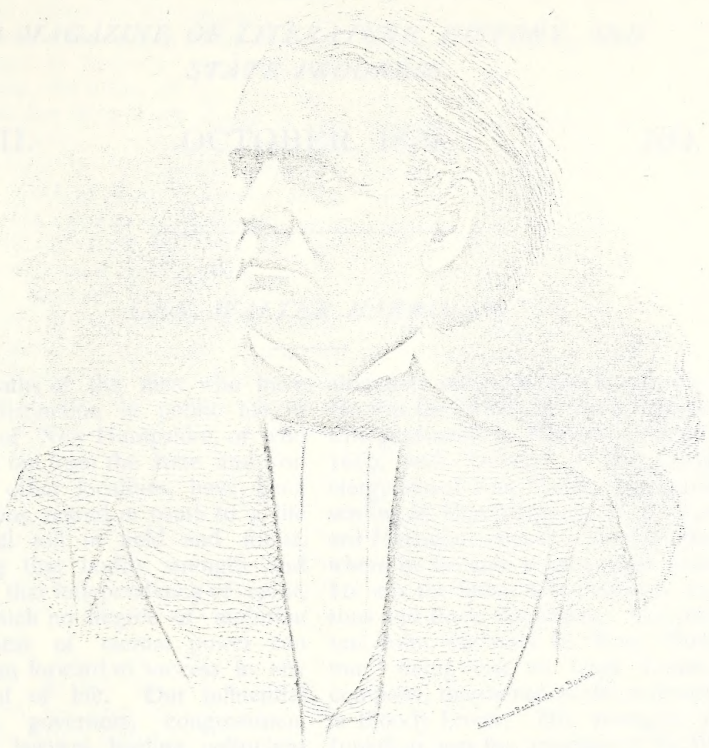
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Concord in 1879, by Editor, two Parts.
Rockingham House.



Walter Harriman

THE

GRANITE MONTHLY.

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE, HISTORY, AND STATE PROGRESS.

VOL. III. OCTOBER, 1879. NO. 1.

GEN. WALTER HARRIMAN.

Nine tenths of the men who have attained distinction in public life, in the State of New Hampshire, or who have gone out from the state and won success in other localities, have been farmer's sons, reared in youth to a life of physical toil in field and forest, developing that bodily strength and vigor, and that independence of spirit, without which no degree of ambition or readiness of mental power can carry a man forward to success in any department of life. Our influential legislators, governors, congressmen, prominent lawyers, leading politicians and successful business men are almost invariably of this class. The subject of our sketch was a farmer's son, reared in the old town of Warner, at the foot of the Mink Hills, and his first lesson in life was that of earning his bread in the sweat of his brow upon the large rough farm of his father, the late Benjamin E. Harriman. This was the old homestead upon which Asa Harriman, father of Benjamin E., one of the early settlers of the town, had located. Asa Harriman was a descendant of the fifth generation from Leonard Harriman, a Puritan of Yorkshire, England, who, with his brother John, emigrated to this country about 1640. From these two brothers all the Harrimans in the country are descended. John ultimately settled at New Haven, Conn. He was the father of John Harriman who graduated at Harvard College in 1667, and became a distinguished clergyman of New Haven, subsequently settling at Elizabethtown, N. J. Leonard Harriman settled at Rowley, Mass., where he became a prominent citizen. He was the father of six children, three sons and three daughters. His eldest son, John, was slain in "King Philip's war," being one of Capt. Lathrop's company, massacred in the ambuscade at Bloody Brook. His youngest son, Jonathan, was the ancestor of the Warner Harrimans. Asa, son of Samuel and grandson of Jonathan, was engaged when a youth in the old French war, and was for a time in service during the Revolution. He removed from Rowley to Epping in this state, in 1777, remaining there several years, and subsequently located in Raymond upon a farm which is still held in the Harriman name. His son, Asa, was the Warner settler, who married Miss Sarah Evans, of Salisbury Point, Mass., in 1786, and the following year, when twenty-one years of age, located upon the farm in question, then entirely uncleared, and made for himself a home in the wilderness. Here he labored industriously for seven years, but in March, 1794, he was accident-

ally killed by a falling tree, leaving his young wife with four small children, two boys and two girls, from one to six years of age, dependent upon her own resources and the partially cleared farm for subsistence. The family were necessarily in straightened circumstances until the boys were old enough to do the work, after which their fortunes continued to improve. Benjamin E. Harriman, the eldest of the two sons, who was but three years of age at his father's decease, remained upon the farm, which he successfully cultivated and to which he made extensive additions. He became a prominent and respected citizen of the town and was for many years in public office, as selectman, representative and road commissioner. He married Hannah, daughter of Zebulon Flanders of Warner, by whom he had eight sons and two daughters who attained mature age. He died on the farm where he was born and had always lived, in October, 1856, at the age of sixty-five years, six months, after the death of his venerable mother, who survived her husband sixty-two years to a day. The farm still remains in possession of the family, being occupied by the sixth son, Augustine W. Harriman.

WALTER HARRIMAN, the third son of Benjamin E. and Hannah (Flanders) Harriman, was born April 8, 1817. He spent the larger portion of his early life in labor upon the farm, but secured a good practical education in the common schools and at Hopkinton Academy, and himself engaged in teaching, at the age of seventeen, which occupation he followed for a number of terms in this and other states. When quite young he developed a decided talent for public speaking, and in the village lyceums and debating societies never failed to maintain his position even against the oldest and most experienced debaters. At the age of twenty-three, having previously written several sermons of more than ordinary merit, he entered upon the Universalist ministry, and commenced preaching at Warner. The following year—1841—he was settled as pastor of the Universalist society at Harvard, Mass., where he remained four years. While at Harvard he received several flattering calls to pastorates in important towns and cities, which he declined. Returning to Warner, in 1845, he preached there for some time, but subsequently engaged in trade; and becoming actively interested in political affairs, he relinquished the ministry. While in mercantile business, he was associated with John S. Pillsbury, now governor of the state of Minnesota, under the firm name of Harriman & Pillsbury. Another such instance, where two men, partners in business, subsequently become governors of different states, cannot probably be cited. In 1849, he was chosen a representative from Warner in the state legislature, in which body he at once became prominent as a leader upon the Democratic side (in which political faith he had been reared), and in debate upon all questions of public moment. It was during this first year of his legislative service that the question of the expediency of the abolition of capital punishment came up in the legislature. A measure providing for the computation of the sentence of Letitia S. Blaisdell, from hanging to imprisonment for life, was introduced and finally adopted by a decided majority. Mr. Harriman was one of the most earnest supporters of this measure. Subsequently a bill for the abolition of capital punishment was introduced in the House. The debate was a strong one, Mr. Harriman being the leading advocate of the passage of the bill, and maintaining his side in the argument with acknowledged power and success. Though the bill itself failed, an essential amendment to the existing law, viz: putting off the execution for one year after sentence, was adopted. Mr. Harriman was re-elected to the legislature, the following year, and during the ensuing session he fully maintained his reputation as an intelligent legislator and a ready and vigorous debater.

In 1853 he was elected by the legislature to the office of state treasurer, and was re-elected the following year,

by seventeen majority, although the composition of that body was such at the time that his party was unable to elect a state printer, or senators in Congress, both seats being vacant at that time.

In 1856 he was appointed by President Pierce one of a board of three commissioners (the other members being ex-congressman James H. Relfe of Missouri, and Col. William Spencer of Ohio) to classify and appraise Indian lands in the territory of Kansas. To the work of this commission he devoted his time for about one year, fully and faithfully accomplishing the same, to the complete satisfaction of the government. In 1858 he was again elected to the legislature by the people of Warner, and was the Democratic candidate for speaker that year. In 1859 he was elected to the state senate from district No. 8, and was re-elected the following year, occupying each year a leading position in that body. From his entry into political life he had been an active champion of the principles of his party upon the stump, and soon came to be regarded as one of the most effective campaign speakers in the state, so that his services in this direction were most eagerly sought whenever political issues were occupying the public mind.

In the spring of 1861 he became editor and joint proprietor of the *Union Democrat* at Manchester. Regarding all other political considerations as of secondary moment, in the great emergency when the perpetuity of the federal union and the supremacy of the constitution were threatened by armed rebellion, he unreservedly sustained, individually and in his editorial capacity, the administration of President Lincoln in the measures adopted for the prosecution of the war against rebellion, thereby taking issue with the great majority of his party, who, while they believed in maintaining the union inviolate, persisted in their right to criticise the policy of the administration and to oppose such measures as they believed inappropriate to the legitimate end in view. Hence he found himself acting with those distinctively known as "War Democrats," and continued to urge the surrender of all partisan issues, in view of the great contest in which the country was involved. In August, 1862, he was commissioned by Gov. Berry, Colonel of the Eleventh Regiment of New Hampshire Volunteers. The regiment had not been raised at the time, but by his direct appeals to the people in public addresses at different places he soon succeeded in filling its ranks, and in September departed at its head for the seat of hostilities. He led his regiment into its first real engagement at Fredericksburg, where it made a most gallant record and suffered severe loss. He was with his regiment, with the exception of a few months, until May 6, 1864, when he was taken prisoner by the rebels in the battle of the Wilderness, and was exchanged September 15, following. The last eight weeks of his imprisonment was at Charleston, where, with forty-nine other Union officers, he was held under fire of our own guns. In the winter of 1862–3, while in service in the field, he was solicited by leading Republicans in the state to accept the candidacy of the party for the governorship in the coming March election, but refused his assent to the proposal. He did, however, permit the use of his name as the candidate of the "War Democrats," and as such received at the election 4,372 votes. This third party movement secured the defeat of the regular Democratic ticket, whose candidate for governor, Hon. Ira A. Eastman, received nearly four thousand more votes than Joseph A. Gilmore, the Republican candidate, who was subsequently elected by the legislature.

Being exchanged in September, Col. Harriman came home for a season. The presidential campaign was then in progress, and the re-election of President Lincoln being regarded by him as necessary to the successful prosecution of the war, he entered actively into the canvass, and advocated the same upon the stump in this and other

states. This was the commencement of his active affiliation with the Republican party, which has continued up to the present time. Returning to his regiment after the election in November, he participated in the closing struggles of the war in Virginia. He was active in the last fight before Petersburg, April 2, 1865, and early the next morning led his brigade of nine large regiments into the city, in pursuit of the flying enemy. The final surrender of Lee at Appomattox Court House soon followed. At the close of the war Col. Harriman was brevetted Brigadier-General for gallant conduct, to date from March 13, 1865. Returning home with his regiment, in June, he immediately entered upon the duties of the office of Secretary of State, to which he was chosen by the legislature, and was re-elected the following year. In 1867 he received and accepted the nomination of the Republican party for Governor, and after a most exciting campaign, during which he engaged in a joint canvass with Hon. John G. Sinclair, the Democratic candidate, he was elected to the chief magistracy of the state, and was re-elected in 1868, after another hardly fought campaign, by a larger vote than had ever been cast for a gubernatorial candidate up to that time.

During the presidential campaign of 1868, Gov. Harriman engaged actively in the canvass, making an extended tour through the middle and western states in advocacy of the election of Gen. Grant, the Republican nominee, by whom, upon his accession to the presidency the following spring, he was appointed to the position of Naval Officer at the port of Boston, which office he continued to hold during the entire eight years of Gen. Grant's administration, retiring therefrom in 1877. His voice has been often heard in many of the states of the Union, and he is widely known as an able and effective political debater. In 1867 he received the honorary degree of Master of Arts, from Dartmouth College.

General Harriman retained his home in Warner until the spring of 1872, when he removed to Concord, purchasing a fine residence at the corner of South and Pleasant streets, where he now lives in the quiet enjoyment of a comfortable fortune, after having shared a larger proportion of the honors as well as the cares of public life, than often falls to the lot of a New Hampshire citizen, during the period of quarter of a century. Since his retirement from official position he has been engaged in the preparation of a history of his native town, which has recently been published, and which is regarded as one of the most systematic, comprehensive and generally interesting works of that kind yet given to the public in the state. Gen. Harriman writes, as he speaks, with vigor and precision, and the state papers which came from his hand when Governor were models of clearness and strength. He has delivered various public addresses and lectures, outside the domain of politics, and is always listened to with pleasure as well as profit. He was the orator of the day at the centennial celebration in Concord, July 4, 1876. His lecture upon the "Boundaries of New Hampshire," which is published as an appendix to his history of Warner, exhibits much research, and in its published form is a valuable contribution to the historical literature of the state. With time and opportunity, and the full vigor of mental and bodily powers remaining at his command, the public may consistently hope that with pen and voice he may continue to contribute to their pleasure and edification. Thoroughly democratic in his tastes and sympathies, entertaining no respect for aristocratic distinctions, frank and cordial in manner toward all, he has always enjoyed a personal popularity unlimited by party lines, and never greater than at the present time.

Gen. Harriman was united in marriage, in September, 1841, with Apphia K., daughter of Capt. Stephen Hoyt, of Warner, who died two years afterward. In October, 1844, he married Miss Almira R. Andrews, his present wife, by whom he has three children, one daughter and two sons. The

daughter, Georgia, the oldest of the children, born July, 1846, is now the wife of J. R. Leeson, a merchant of Boston, Mass. The eldest son, Walter Channing, born in September, 1849, is now a promising lawyer at Portsmouth and Solicitor for Rockingham County. He studied his profession with L. D. Stevens, and Tappan & Albin at Concord, and was admitted to the bar in December, 1876. In September, 1878, he married Miss Mabel Perkins, of Portsmouth. The youngest son, Benjamin E., born October, 1854, studied medicine with Dr. A. H. Crosby of Concord, attended medical lectures at the University of Vermont, and Bellevue Hospital, N. Y., and graduated at the Dartmouth Medical College in 1877. He commenced practice at Manchester the following winter. His health suddenly failing in June, 1878, he was compelled to relinquish business. He spent the following winter in Florida, and is now at the home of his father in Concord, yet unable to engage in general practice. In April, 1879, he married Jessie B., daughter of the late Col. Isaac W. Farmer of Manchester.

KNITTING LITTLE STOCKINGS.

BY HENRIETTA E. PAGE.

As round and round the shining needles go,
My thoughts oft-time to rhythmic measures flow,
And as I form the tiny heel and toe,
I weave a mental web of sunshine and of shade.

And, as the colors 'scaping 'neath my hand,
From first a dark and then a lighter band;
So do my thoughts at poesy's command,
Take shape, and spring to life in light or gloom arrayed.

Those little feet which patter to and fro
From early dawn to sunset's crimson glow,
Ah! will their path be paved with weal or woe
In future? God but knows, my bonnie blue-eyed maid.

As by my side with upturned orbs you stand,
And gently kiss, and fondly stroke my hand,
I fear me, lest from out the angel band
They'll miss the little gleaming star that lately strayed.

On being called away, I rise and go,
And tell you not to touch, you answer "no;"
On my return I find no heel or toe,
And quickly change my mind, I'm not so *much* afraid.

But when in sleep those ruthless hands do rest,
That golden head lies slumb'ring on my breast,
And to my lips the tiny fingers pressed,
Ah! then, I feel my doubts and fears still unallayed.

When, ere the dawn has flushed the eastern skies,
I find those fingers stuck into my eyes,
And for her "beckfast" that same cherub cries,
I'd like to —— sleep again, but sleep has fled dismayed.

Ah! well, I envy no one's easier lot,
While you, my babe, sleep safe in yonder cot.
I pray the Savior keep from speck or blot—
The little one for whom these stockings I have made.

South Boston, 1879.

THE MILLER MANSION AT TEMPLE.

BY FRED MYRON COLBY.

In the southern part of Hillsborough County is the pleasant little township of Temple, than which there are few more romantic boroughs in the state of New Hampshire. It is one of those picturesque, sleepy old places so novel in our busy New England land, where the shriek of the locomotive has never penetrated, and one can lie down to rest and pleasant dreams without being disturbed by the rattle and noise of the factory and the loom. The people are mainly agriculturists, and lead busy but quiet lives. Not all, however, cultivate the land for a living. Two or three little country stores hang out their signs in the silent sunny streets. A post-office bears them company, where a dozen youths and maidens of variable age, and drawn by some singular affinity into couples seem to be the only patrons. Anon a wagon drives up to the door, drawn by a horse whose looks indicate good keeping, and the mail-bag is slammed upon the floor with a business air It is the first real solid noise we have heard, and in a certain sense it is a relief. It shows that there are some robust noisy characters even in such a quiet town as this.

A little ways farther on is a small square building painted white, with a tall belfry and steeple of the same color. This is the village church where every Sunday a large congregation gathers for worship. Near by is the pride of Temple, the beautiful soldiers' monument, which cost about $3,500, and was dedicated in 1873 to the memory of the sons of Temple who died in defence of their country. The shaft is of white marble, chaste in its design, and the iron fence that surrounds it is of unique pattern.

Taking the Wilton road we now pass out of the village. Substantial, thrifty looking farm houses line the way, with fair, well cultivated fields stretching back in the rear over the slopes and ridges. Good farming land is this we are passing over, returning abundant harvests to the husbandman for his labor. The land teems with

plenty. Even the cattle, lazily feeding on the verdant slopes or ruminating peacefully in the coolest shadows, are indicative of prosperity and abundance. But contrasted with life and activity is silence and death. We approach a grave-yard.

It is located on the left, stretching back from the highway, and surrounded by a neat, substantial fence. Here lie the dead of a hundred years, the young, the beautiful, the proud, the high, the low, and many an aged pilgrim, worn out by life's hard battles, all sleeping silently together. Many of the tombstones are stately and costly monuments, as if the sleepers underneath, even in death, strove to exalt themselves above their neighbors, but their dust rests not a whit more sweetly. Other stones are but plain slabs, and many of them are moss-grown and defaced with age. The cemetery is well shaded, and its quiet walks afford excellent resorts for contemplation to serious minds.

Across the road, at the right hand, is the old training-ground. A broad plain stretches out east and west, north and south, a third of a mile either way, and nearly as level as a barn floor. Upon its grassy surface in the old times occurred the annual review of the "Right Arm of National Defence." Here the Miller Guards, the Peterborough Rifles, the Wilton Light Infantry, the Greenfield Artillery, fought their mimic battles under the eyes of the inspecting officers. What gala days they were! How the horses pranced, the plumes tossed, and the sun-light glistened on showy regalia and burnished arms! What a noise and din there was, the clarion of the shrill bugle, and the thunder of the burnished field-pieces combining to make a clamor loud enough to waken the dead in "God's acre" opposite, if anything mortal could have aroused the sleepers. The place is silent enough now; the romance of muster-days is past; where war-chargers pranced and thundered, sober steeds decorously nibble the springing grass, and the clangor and trampling has given place to dreamy stillness and pastoral repose.

At the eastern extremity of the plain we descend a short declivity. The road is shut in by a grove on both sides. When we issue from the wood the prospect opens upon a small valley, in the midst of which, delightfully set down amid charming scenery, is an ancient mansion. Verdant woods and beautifully rounded hills enclose it on three sides, on the other stretches two highways in diverging directions, flanked by a broad green meadow bisected by a laughing romantic stream, bearing the local cognomen of Gambol Brook. Temple mountains tower aloft along the southern and eastern horizon, a long range of hills bare to their summits, and whose surface is mostly grazing land.

The old mansion stands facing the south, where it can view all this glorious landscape of mountain, mead and streamlet. Fronting it, at the junction of the two roads, is a mammoth and shapely elm nearly one hundred years old whose lower branches sweep across the highway and nearly touch the venerable roof. Hedges of arbor-vitæ and black thorn fence in the gardens where fruit trees, flowers, and grape arbors combine to make pleasant resorts. Several large barns and sheds are in the rear, and the whole establishment has a rural, agricultural air that is not inconsistent with its position and its history.

The house itself is a fine specimen of the style of architecture fashionable immediately after the Revolution. The main building is two stories in height, and has two large ells attached. Its tall, huge chimneys, and the little portico extending from the door, surmounted by a balcony, gives its front an air of aristocratic dignity. But it is a dignity that is not reserved or over bearing. Its windows seem to look kindly down upon the visitor, and the pillared portico opens as if to welcome him. Historic mansion though it is, it charms rather than repels, and one can enter it and feel that he is at home.

Great men have gone in at this door before you. Its master was a famous worthy in his day, and his friends were among the elite and the mighty of the land. Gen. Jackson, the people's friend,—Jackson with his eagle eye and iron grey hair, and the majesty of empire in his presence, crossed the threshold one day long ago. Even before this a man of nearly equal fame with "Old Hickory," one who had fought Algerines and Tripolitans in their own strongholds, sunk British cruisers on the Atlantic, and won many a brilliant naval victory, a man tall and muscular, and of striking personal appearance, with a face of wonderful command, Com. William Bainbridge, had been a guest in the old mansion. Under its roof the brilliant Gen. John P. Boyd had sat with his host and told of his life of strange adventures upon the sea, of battles with Sepoys and Mahrattas, and wild enterprises in many foreign lands. Here, too, many years later, there came one far different from these men of action, a slight scholarly looking man, with the eyes of a poet and the brow of a philosopher, who has spoken of his host and friend in loyal style in one of his most fascinating books. For this man was Hawthorne, the rarest genius that America has produced. Nor was he the last of the great visitors. A noble line, statesmen, warriors, jurists, and historians, have trodden these floors, and their memories linger about the old house as sunshine on a dismantled wall.

There are twelve large rooms in the square part, five of which are on the ground floor, beside the hallway. The room at the right as you enter is the sitting-room. It is large and airy, with a magnificent view from the windows. The ceilings are wainscoted, and the large cross beams are visible overhead. The furniture is mostly modern. In the parlor, however, there is nothing modern, save the large bay window at the west, and the piano in one corner. Mantle and fireplace, the great chairs, the high-backed and high-armed sofa, the pictures upon the walls, are all antique, with the color of age upon them. The dining-room is spacious, as are similar apartments in all the old houses. The outlook from the windows is into the garden with its arbors and flower beds, and from the head of the table one can look directly into it, a magnificent provocative to appetite.

The stairway is after the old time pattern, though not so grand as some. But it has an appearance of durability and stateliness which does not characterize that part of the architecture in modern houses of the same size. The platform at the top is lighted by a window which has a deep seat, offering a delightful retreat to the lounger. In some respects it is the pleasantest spot in the whole house. The chambers are of large size, commodious and elegant. Like all the other rooms in the house, they have an atmosphere of hospitality and ease, allied with a certain old-fashioned dignity and grandeur that is truly fascinating.

The Miller mansion approximates nearly a century in age. It was built in 1786 by Ebenezer Edwards, Esq., who brought his wife, then a young bride. At the same time he transplanted the magnificent elm in front of the house. Mr. Edwards was a man of wealth and influence in town for many years. He continued to reside in the house until the year 1815, when he sold it and the accompanying estate to the husband of his wife's youngest sister, the dashing soldier and distinguished hero, Gen. James Miller.

General Miller, had already earned national fame when he became the master of the mansion. He was at this time nearly forty years old, a soldierly looking man, six feet in height, and handsomely proportioned, with a bronzed face lighted up by hazel eyes of piercing brilliancy. His hair was jet black, his features pleasing, and the whole countenance expressive of ardor, energy, generosity, and blunt good humor. His portrait, executed by Charles Osgood, of Salem, some years later, adorns the wall of the parlor, and is said to be an excellent likeness by those who remember him. He was what might be called a many sided

man, and all that he was he owed to himself. "Blood will tell" is an old adage and a true one. The brave Scotch-Irish blood that coursed in this man's veins may account for his ambition and energy, and this was the only legacy that he had. The rest he won himself.

It was during the early days of the Revolution, in the adjoining town of Peterborough, that James Miller first saw the light. He was the third of four brothers, and his earlier years were passed, with the exception of a few weeks' schooling, in tilling the paternal acres. But he was destined for something more than a tiller of the ground. The dream came to him one day while he was at work in the field hoeing a very hard row of potatoes. Surely there was some easier way of earning a living than this, he thought. His limited education seemed a drawback, but this he resolved to amend. It was uphill work at first, but the young man had a stout heart and a good head, and he persevered. He finished an academical course at Amherst, and spent a few months in college. Then he selected the law as a profession, and after being admitted to the bar, settled at Greenfield, where he was also postmaster and captain of an artillery company. It was while serving in this latter vocation that he first developed a taste for military life.

In 1808, after five years practice of law, Miller entered the United States army, having secured a major's commission, the highest then held by any one in the state. He thus had ample time to become versed in military life before the opening of the war of 1812. In that contest few distinguished themselves with the valor and success that this lawyer bred soldier did. It found him at the beginning a simple colonel; at its close he wore the epaulets of a brigadier, and had obtained a universal reputation as a chivalrous hero. We have not space to speak of all his exploits. He participated in several battles, but it was at Lundy's Lane that he won his enduring fame. A more severely contested battle never was fought on American soil. It began about five o'clock in the afternoon, and lasted until midnight. The cataract of Niagara, which was near the battlefield, had its thunder drowned by the din of arms. At intervals the moon shone brightly, but often her light was obscured. Eight thousand combatants contested the field in the hot July air. Against a superior force the Americans contended with various success. Generals Brown and Scott were both wounded, and General Ripley (also a New Hampshire worthy) took the command. With his experienced eye, that skillful officer could see no hope of victory unless a certain battery, which commanded the battle-field, could be taken. Colonel Miller was selected to lead the desperate charge. "Can you storm that battery, and silence it?" asked the commander. "I'll try, sir," was the colonel's laconic answer, which afterwards became the motto of his regiment.

A braver charge was never made. The Light Brigade at Balaklava did no more gallant fighting than Colonel Miller and the twenty-first regiment of infantry did in the moonlight of that fearful night. They seized the battery at the point of the bayonet, after the most determined fighting. Three times the British rallied for its recapture, and three times were they repulsed. At midnight Colonel Miller and his men held possession of the place, and the foe had retired. The battle of Lundy's Lane was over.

Such was the man who was master of this mansion for forty years. He could not have selected a more charming location for a home. It was just the place where a soldier, wearied with war's rude alarum, might find peace for his troubled soul. And here he rested, but not long.

In 1819 he went to Arkansas as the first governor of that territory, where he remained four years. Returning to Temple, he was the next year elected to Congress from his district. At the same time he received the appointment of Collector of Customs for the district of Salem and Beverly, Mass.

He accepted the collectorship, which he retained until 1849, when his youngest son took his place, and the hero retired to private life. He did not long survive. Paralysis had already shattered his powerful frame and on the 7th of July, 1851, New Hampshire's most dashing soldier, and one of her greatest men, breathed his last in the atms of his mourning children.

General Miller was one of the bravest men who ever lived. But boisterous, reckless soldier that he was, he was one of the kindest of men. He had a heart as tender as a woman's, and was a devotee at the shrine of home. His letters to his wife while on the frontier, show him to have been a husband worthy of Alcestis. Every missive breathes a spirit of manly tenderness and devotion that is rare among men. Each one is a gem that should be set in silver, for, aside from other considerations, they have no small historic value. No better accounts have been given of the battles of Fort Erie, Chippewa, and Lundy's Lane than was written by this brave soldier and loving husband from the very scene of carnage, home to his wife.

The general was twice married. His first wife was Martha Ferguson, of Peterborough, who died young, two years after her marriage, in 1805. Miss Ruth Flint, his second wife, he married in 1808. She was the dearly beloved Ruth whom he addressed so affectionately while absent in his campaigns, and she now rests beside him in the beautiful cemetery of Harmony Grove, Salem, Mass.

He had children by both wives, sons and daughters. Several of them are still living. Two daughters, the Misses Rebecca and Augusta Miller, live at the old homestead.

Though no longer young, they are still beautiful and entertaining, and their hospitality is not stinted. They have inherited their father's large ability and goodness. The estate of two hundred acres is managed hy them, and managed well. The arable land is under a high state of cultivation. Nice Jersey stock feed in the pastures. In the stables are some valuable horses, among which is a very handsome pony, a cross of the Morgan with an Indian mustang. The mother was an animal much prized by General Miller, who obtained it in Arkansas, and the younger shares to an equal degree the favor of his mistresses, who have refused large prices for him in times past.

The military taste of the general seems to have descended to younger generations. His oldest son, James Ferguson Miller, was a commodore in the American navy when he died, in 1858. James Miller, one of his grandsons, is a lieutenant in the Second U. S. Infantry. James Miller Ropes, another grandson, is a captain in the Eighth Cavalry. It is not impossible that another hero may blossom from the same noble stock, but it is well to remember that men of that stamp appear only at long intervals.

The old house is full of bricbacs. A relic hunter would here find his paradise. The attic is a storehouse of wonders. There are chests of antique dresses worn by ladies of the mansion from the Revolutionary period up, ponderous flint locks which have done good service against the invading hosts of Britain in two wars, swords rusted in their scabbards, venerable chairs and writing desks, old pictures, and a hundred other things—a mine of curious wealth, invaluable and almost inexhaustible. In particular is there preserved for safe keeping the costly sword, presented to General Miller by his excellency Dan'l D. Thompson, governor of the state of New York, pursuant to the resolution of the Senate and Assembly of that state, as a testimony of gratitude for his services and admiration for his gallant conduct. The gold medal presented to him by Congress for meritorious conduct at Chippewa, Lundy's Lane, and Erie, is kept with other valuable mementos. A boarding ax, barbaric and warlike in its guise, is a souvenir of Com. Bainbridge's friendship for the hero.

I fain would linger longer amid scenes

and surroundings, which from their association with one whose name has been a household word among us, are of never-flaging interest: but I must end.

It was like turning away from an old friend when I left the hospitable mansion, and among the many pictures graven on my memory, few are pleasanter than the one that has this historic spot in the foreground. I left the place with regret. The September foliage was never more brilliant; the browns and the greens predominated, but the purple and the gold were all the brighter for the contrast. Sighing on the breese came the words:

"O Autumn! why so soon
Depart the trees that make the forests glad?"

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*WOMAN'S WORK IN EDUCATION.**

BY ABBA GOOLD WOOLSON.

The extent and variety of its scientific research is said to be the chief and distinguishing glory of our century; but I believe its strongest claim to the honor and gratitude of the human race will be founded upon the fact that it has been the first to accord justice to women, to lift them into the plane of intellectual beings, and to endow them with the opportunity of a thorough and liberal education.

Four hundred years before Christ, Plato wrote these memorable words: "No one will deny that women ought to share in education and in other ways with men." Twenty-one centuries had passed since this was uttered in the little Athenian State, when the President of a New England College thus stated his belief:

"The education of women is just as important as that of men. In fact, the nation is just what the women make it. Every man is born of woman, and up to the age of seven is almost exclusively under the control of woman. For the next seven years, too, he is but little less under her control; and by the age of fourteen the character is essentially, in most cases, formed. To woman, therefore, is committed the moulding of our characters; and the safety and perpetuity of the nation depend upon her and her education."

And yet these truths, so obvious to the foremost minds of all ages, can hardly yet boast of a general acceptance among men. It has remained for our own enlightened country, in these latter days, to give to the world its first example of a complete system of public instruction intended alike for both sexes, and free to all.

INSTRUCTION OF GIRLS IN COLONIAL TIMES.

Any careful survey of the history of female education in America would reveal the fact that many years, nay centuries, had to elapse after the landing of our pilgrim fathers and mothers before the intellectual training of the girls of the commonwealth appeared to be a matter of the slightest consequence.

It has always been the boast of our countrymen that scarcely had the little band of religious reformers from England and Holland established themselves in the wilds of an unknown continent, scarcely had they succeeded in warding off the attacks of wild beasts and hostile savages, before they proceeded, from their wasted means, to lay the foundation not merely of an

* Read in Concord, N. H., March 8th, 1879, at a "Commemoration Festival, held in grateful recognition of the Act which allows to mothers a voice in directing the public education of their children."

elementary school for temporary needs, but of a permanent, well-established college, whose pupils, at their entrance, should be able to read Cicero at sight, speak and write Latin prose and verse, and inflect Greek paradigms. As a community they pledged themselves to pay four hundred pounds for its establishment. This was in the year 1636, and its students were boys alone. It is now the year of grace 1879, and still none but boys attend. Not till two hundred and forty years after the establishment of Harvard was a college for girls opened within the limits of Massachusetts, and that was built wholly by private funds. No girls' college was founded in any eastern state before 1865.

When the colony had succeeded in its purpose to endow and support this higher institution, it was made obligatory upon towns of a certain size to maintain good preparatory schools. At that period the men of authority in the state had no questioning scruples as to the expediency or the obligation of towns to maintain high schools, where a thorough classical course should be open to all students, provided the students were boys. The Boston Latin School was thus founded 234 years ago; the Girls' Latin School of that city has been in existence but three years. There was no English High School for girls in that city till thirty years ago. Indeed, nearly all public schools of that character have been called into being during the last forty years. In Portland, the High School for Boys was established in 1797, that for Girls in 1850. There were private academies at a somewhat earlier date, which pretended to give a thorough training for girls, but these were founded long after the similar schools for boys had been built. Thus Andover, Mass., which had had its famous Phillips Academy since the beginning of the Revolution, possessed no higher institution for girls till the year 1829, when its Abbott Academy was incorporated, as a pioneer in the work of woman's education.

In those early days of the seventeenth century, when the Massachusetts colony was taking such pains to fit its boys for Harvard, let us not suppose that the girls were wholly forgotten. There was a law which provided that they should be taught to spin and gather flax—no more, no less. If you and I had chanced to live at that time we should not have known how to write our names. We should, however, have considered it to be no disgrace. It is said that in six wills still preserved in the town of Andover already mentioned, all of which bear dates prior to 1700 and contain women's names, every female signature encloses its X mark save one; and that belonged to the minister's daughter, who was regarded, without doubt, as a most singular person, of rare attainments hardly becoming in her sex. And what is still stranger, at that very time when these Massachusetts ladies of property were pinching their fingers around unaccustomed pens, that their X mark might be one to be proud of, Queen Mary of England, wife of King William, born and reared in an English palace, and a favorite with learned divines, who made her court at Holland a rendezvous for English liberals, wrote in a handsome book given to her in 1688, and which Macaulay tells us may still be seen at the Hague, "This book was given to the King and I at our crownation." When the pupil of Bishop Burnet, and she the sovereign lady of the realm, penned a formal inscription in this fashion, what wonder that the wives of English colonists, in foreign wilds, could not sign their names?

After the lapse of years, girls were thought to have acquired all that was to be learned about flax—and no doubt it was an excellent specimen for botanical study—and were suffered to enter the primary schools with their brothers. Then, when they began to long for something else beside the three R's, they were sent to the private academies that sprang up in response to such a call; and there, after a little nibble at history, elementary mathematics and French, they were set to calm their nerves over long stints of needlework.

which consumed a large portion of their school life. But boys, provided they attended the same schools, had a different curriculum, corresponding to the public grammar school; for boys were to go to college; and girls,—well, girls were girls. Even this "female education," as it was called, was a rare acquisition in the closing years of the last century.

INFLUENCE OF ENGLAND.

Our Puritan forefathers were well-born and well-bred Englishmen; but we shall not wonder at their narrow views concerning the education of their daughters, if we remember what prejudices they brought with them from their former homes.

When their grim little company landed on Plymouth Rock, James the First was reigning in England. The days of the nation's highest glory were fast passing away. Elizabeth had died seventeen years before; Shakespeare had lain in his grave under the aisles of Stratford church for four years, when the Mayflower set sail for the West. The very year which saw that brave little vessel ploughing through the waters of an unknown sea, saw the publication of Lord Bacon's greatest work, the *Novum Organum*, a work destined to revolutionize the whole system of scientific enquiry. Ben Jonson was still alive, entertaining his new friends with garrulous reminiscences of the great playwrights with whom he had lived in the elder time. But he was one of the few late stars lingering above the horizon after the moon had set. The radiance of those "spacious times of great Elizabeth" still dims the light of all succeeding ages; but it won no recognition from the Scottish pedant who had come to fill the throne of the last and greatest of the Tudors. He cared nothing for the exploits of Drake and Frobisher and Raleigh; nor for that prouder heritage of glory conferred by the writings of Sidney, Spenser and Shakespeare. To his thinking, the tedious diatribes against tobacco written by his own royal hand outweighed in value the whole system of scientific research which the great Elizabethan philosopher was then giving to the world; and the flimsy Court Masques which Ben Jonson wrote at the bidding of his Danish queen were more pleasing in her eyes than the stately tragedies which Shakespeare, in other days, had helped him act at the Globe.

Genius and scholarship could no longer look to royal patronage for the stimulus and support which they had hitherto known. And that general impulse to classical learning which had been given to Europe by the Renaissance, and which the Tudors did so much to foster in their own land, was fast dying away. A taste for frivolous accomplishments had usurped its place. Study was no longer fashionable among ladies of rank; no Lady Jane Grey's sat reading Plato in their chamber while hunting parties rode gaily towards the park, no daughters of a Lord Chancellor conversed in Latin with famous scholars from abroad. In time, the long and shameful dynasty of the Stuarts, lasting for more than a century,—from 1603 to 1714,—crushed out all ambition for anything but vain display in the ladies of the court; and the German family which succeeded, and which has already held the throne for a hundred and sixty-five years, brought from their petty kingdom of Hanover no women of trained intelligence or scholarly tastes to inspire anew the society of their adopted realm, while they gave to it kings as profligate in life, and far more dull in intellect and more uncultured than their predecessors, the Stuarts, had ever been. This example of the reigning family could not but lower the standard of female character and attainments throughout the land.

It was at the beginning of this long period of national decadence in learning and letters that our pilgrim fathers left their native shores. They had sprung from a class of the English people which cared far less for literary acquirements in men than did the high born cavaliers, whose polished elegance of mind and manners appeared to the stern gaze of the Puritans to have fitted

them only to waste their days in idle attendance upon a dissolute court, and to render the sins which they openly committed more alluring to the young. Art and letters they consequently regarded as the ready ministers of vice. In all women, scholarly pursuits were held to be a perversion of natural powers, profitless alike to women and to the world; while for the daughters of Puritan homes, who needed to practice only the household arts and economies, and who might soon be called upon to forsake the sheltered firesides of their childhood for the rough encounters of the wilderness, they were condemned as worse than useless. And during more than two centuries after the settlement of New England we have seen that no new impulse came from the mother country to awaken in the minds of the colonists that enlightened interest in the sound education of their daughters, which they had early shown in regard to their sons.

Thus the girls of England and of all English colonies, from the reign of Elizabeth to that of Victoria, were suffered to reach mature age with no combined attempt on the part of parents and educators to give to their faculties that thorough and systematic training which it was thought necessary for their brothers to receive. And not till very recently has the fact been recognized that the intellectual capacity of the girl is equal to that of the boy, if not identical with it in kind; and that upon a full and complete development of her mental powers must depend her value as a wife, mother, and efficient member of the society in which her life must be passed. Heretofore crude natural instincts had been regarded as sufficient to direct her in the discharge of the noblest duties which any human being can be called upon to perform.

When I remember this, and consider what a waste of woman's intellect, unawakened and untrained, there has been in this country and in all countries during the past two centuries, and indeed in all the world and for all time; and when I reflect upon what the aroused intellectual capacity of my sex is now doing in every field—education, art, science, literature, charities and reform,—this waste of half the mental power of the human race seems incomparibly the greatest loss that the world has ever known.

To-day, owing to the general intelligence of the race, the higher education of woman is making a great advance not only in England and America, but in the whole civilized world. And what is done for this cause at the present time is done not merely for princesses and ladies of rank, but for all classes who may choose to attend the common schools, and who have sufficient means to enable them to enter the universities not yet supported from public funds.

If President Dummer and Master Moody are suffered to revisit their familiar haunts, they may gaze without dismay upon the academic shades of Harvard, Andover, Exeter, and the Boston Latin School, where boys, and boys alone, are still deciphering the same Latin poets as of old; but what can they think of Smith and Wellesley, where flax is never thought of, and where girlish voices are heard translating the Odes of Horace, and solving problems of the Calculus? Let us hope that their departed spirits are spared such bewildering visions.

WOMAN AS PUPIL.

In our own State, all public schools, from the primary to the Normal, are as free to girls as to boys. The crowning institution of all, founded and supported, it is true, by private funds, but pointed to with pardonable pride by its graduates as an object of credit to the state and of interest to every citizen, is our venerable and venerated Dartmouth College. From the time of its location at Hanover in the year 1770, its history has been a part of the history of New Hampshire; its annual reunions have drawn together from all parts of the land the wisest and the best to do it homage: its Presidents have ever ranked among our chief civic dignitaries; its alumni have filled our public offices of honor and trust: and they have worn throughout life the initials of its degrees as proudly

as if they were the insignia of some noble rank accorded them by monarchs.

This college feels itself so secure of the affection of its sons, so worthy the respect of all our people, that it does not hesitate to come year after year to our legislative assemblies to petition for a generous share of the public funds, as its rightful due,—as, indeed, only a just recompense for the great benefits it has conferred.

And such bequests it has not failed to receive. From donations of public lands it is enabled to hold in trust no less than twenty-three of its scholarships, by which that number of boys from the state may obtain free tuition within its classic halls; from the common treasury five thousand dollars have been awarded to its medical school; while the agricultural college entrusted to its management is, in reality, a school of the state, established for our farmers' sons by public appropriations, and receiving from the same source a fund sufficient to endow a dozen scholarships. Thus has the state repeatedly recognized the claim which Dartmouth makes upon its fostering care.

Far be it from any one of us to appear to detract from honors due to its historical renown; in such institutions of learning the chief glory of a republic should consist; and no state of the Union but would think it had won a new jewel for its crown if it could boast the possession of time-honored Dartmouth.

But with that pride in its fame which we share in common with every citizen, there is mingled a keen sense of the long injustice to women to which its history bears witness. For one hundred and eight years this excellent college has done its best to train the minds of the boys of the state; it has never yet spread an open page before the eyes of a girl, never lifted a voice to explain to her a difficult problem, or to direct her in the pursuit of intellectual truth. Libraries it has, where the treasures of fifty thousand volumes are stored for the use of enquiring minds, but these volumes are not for her to touch; lecturers it has, who bring the resources of thorough learning and practiced skill to illustrate the principles of every department of science, philosophy and literature; but they may rather talk to empty benches than to the eager minds of young women.

It still holds a fund bequeathed to it for the education of Indians; but now that our savages are extinct, no one remembers that in their places might be found keen-witted Yankee girls of our native stock, who have a relish for all the culture that this century can give, and who will need it all, since they are to become the queens of home, and the directors of social life. No one seems to note that the public High Schools, established within the past thirty years, have brought these girls well trained to the threshold of the college, and that there they stand to-day, longing to enter.

Does any one say that girls do not care for this learning, and would not take it, if offered? But they depart beyond our limits to procure what Dartmouth denies them. Our own little city has young women studying to-day at Vassar, Smith and Wellesley; forced, if they would acquire the best education of their time, to exile themselves from their native state, which refuses what they are willing to pay for and eager to obtain. Our public schools have been entrusted almost wholly to women; and yet we withhold from those who are to constitute five sixths of our teaching force, the best education which our community can furnish. And who needs this education more, or can turn it to higher uses, than the instructors of the young?

Meanwhile, our college, with classrooms half filled, and libraries unread, cries aloud for students, and protests itself in earnest need of lavish benefactions, if it is to continue its daily work.

In time it will learn that as from women in the past have come rich donations of money, which it was never too proud to receive and to consecrate

to the task of training the masculine mind alone, so from women in the future may come the brightest examples of intellectual faculties committed to its training, of whose achievements it may boast in after years, when it has outgrown and well-nigh forgotten the narrow exclusiveness of the present. Then, a Mary Somerville or Harriet Martineau, a George Eliot or Elizabeth Browning, may shed such lustre upon the college that condescended to teach her mathematics, political economy, German philosophy, and the metres of Greek verse, that alma mater may rejoice to enroll her name beside those of the great lawyers and statesmen and men of affairs whom she honors to-day.

In the meantime we will not despair even of Dartmouth. When we read of the liberal action of college trustees in older countries, — that in Norway, Sweden, Denmark and Switzerland girls are gaining the highest education in the same institutions with their brothers, and liberal colleges for girls are springing up even in Italy, that the great London University has just thrown wide its doors to women, and Belfast will soon follow, that girls' colleges cluster about the English Cambridge and promise to spring up even at Oxford, and that our own Harvard graciously consents at last to smuggle girls with their dictionaries in at the side door, so that professors may receive their tuition while withholding the diploma fairly won,—and most unfairly, too, by unambitious, unrewarded work,—while all this progress is going on in the world about us, we may expect the trustees of Dartmouth to rub their eyes hereafter, with a sudden consciousness that a new day is dawning; and then they may remember with shame in what year of grace it is that they are presuming to put locks upon learning, and to debar from its fountains minds fitted by their creator for the attainment of all truth.

Till that day arrives, let no woman who bears in her soul a sense of justice, or feels in her heart one throb of sympathy for her sex, contribute to its capacious treasury what belongs of right to her defrauded sisters; and when legislatures meet, let no woman sit in dumb acquiescence within their halls, while its friends plead there for a further share of the public funds,—funds drawn in large part from taxes on the property of those it refuses to educate; but rather let us say, Honor from our citizens, and contributions from our treasury to Dartmouth College when it shall stand for justice as well as for learning, for equal rights as well as for scholarship; and until then let it maintain its monastic cloisters as best it can.

It is true that this unjust discrimination in regard to the sex of the student, which will appear so absurd to educators of the future, no one of our elder colleges of the first rank has yet been liberal enough to outgrow. The higher institutions of New England now open to girls are either the small or the new; and in either case, they lack the prestige, if not the advantages, which the older and richer universities confer. Yale enrolls no girl's name among its thousand students, nor Harvard among its eight hundred. The three hundred and eighty-four young men now at Dartmouth would sneer, probably, at the suggestion that a girl should enter their class rooms to share the instruction there; though one hundred and forty-five of them are New Hampshire boys, graduates of our city high schools or country academies, where they studied side by side with young women whose renderings of Virgil and solutions of algebraic problems they found it impossible to surpass. And among these conservative and exclusive schools we must also include Bowdoin, and Amherst and Williams, Middlebury and Wesleyan University, Brown and Trinity and Tufts.

In all our New England colleges, I find there are studying, the present year, four thousand, four hundred and twenty-eight boys, and five hundred and thirty-eight girls. Of the latter, one hundred and seventy are at Boston University, and about two hundred at Wellesley; Smith College, at Northampton, has one hundred and fifty; and

there are nine at Bates, ten at Colby, and seven at the University of Vermont.

Without doubt more girls than boys depart to distant colleges, since it is only away from home that the best instruction is offered to them. In Vassar, Cornell, and Michigan University there are in all, at the present time, three hundred and eighty-six girls, many of whom will return in vacation to New England towns.

Every year sees a large increase in the number of girls attending college. Especially is this the case in institutions that maintain the most rigorous standard, like Smith College and the preparatory Latin School lately established in Boston for girls.

It is the poverty of women, and the lack of pecuniary aid, which prevents a more rapid increase in the number of such students, and keeps them so disproportionate to the number of college boys. The girl who enters a university to-day must, in nearly all cases, go prepared to bear from her own private resources the full expenses of living throughout a four years' course. She will not find, like her brother, ample funds stored there for her assistance by unknown benefactors of the past. If poor and friendless, she has seen herself hopelessly debarred from the best learning of the time, and has remained at home. It is true that in some colleges she may find her tuition bills remitted by considerate trustees; this is the case at Smith and Colby, and to some extent at Wellesley and Vassar; but they who go to Boston University find no scholarship to aid them in its whole College of Liberal Arts, so that even tuition bills have to be met; Bates College has one scholarship specially designed for a girl; Vassar two, and Wellesley but three.

In addition to expenses of instruction, the cost of living will be some two hundred dollars a year; and this often is not easily met from home supplies, which, scanty as they are, have been spared with difficulty from family needs. To eke out slender resources is no easy task in such a place by means of any labor which a student can perform. From daily stinting, such girls are led to endure hardships that gradually undermine their physical strength and impair their mental tone. "They are too ready," writes a professor in one of these girls' colleges, "they are too ready to reduce the expense of living at the expense of health."

And, indeed, no one can enquire into the present needs of women as students, without becoming convinced that it is not more colleges that they require, so much as larger endowments entrusted to those already open. Young women must receive the same pecuniary aid that has been extended to young men, if they are to study with equal ease. It is possible to-day for a poor boy, provided he be mentally and morally competent, to pass through the best college in the land; it is not possible for the poor girl. Harvard alone dispenses to poor boys who come to her for instruction, the sum of twenty-five thousand dollars every year. Thus one in eight of all her students may, if they choose, receive a scholarship. This system of help has been established there only within the last twenty-six years; and during that time it has disbursed no less than two hundred and seventy-six thousand dollars. Yale, less wealthy, distributes six thousand dollars annually, and offers many other sources of help. Dartmouth has in all one hundred and twenty-three scholarships; by means of which the expenses of that number of young men may be defrayed either in whole or in part. Bowdoin has twenty-eight such scholarships; Brown nearly a hundred. At Amherst, one hundred and forty-three receive from forty-five to a hundred and forty dollars annually towards their term bills; and then a third of this number often receive, in addition, a hundred dollars every year.

In such institutions there are, moreover, many annual prizes given for superior attainments, which vary in amount from ten to two hundred and fifty dollars each.

As I glance through the catalogues

of these boys' colleges, and see what pages are filled with the mere enumeration of bequests left them by benevolent friends,—bequests of from one to five thousand dollars each, which may yield from permanent investments an annual interest to aid and bless forever as many masculine students,—I feel a mingled sense of pride and shame as I discern so many women's names among these benefactors,—pride that my sex have thus shown how highly they appreciate the learning that has been refused to themselves, shame that it is not to their own unbefriended sisters that these fortunes have been consecrated for all time.

In the early history of Harvard, we read that among its colonial patrons was "a widow of Roxbury who gave one pound." From that day to this, these widows' mites, large and small, have flowed steadily into the treasury of our monastic institutions, especially devoted in many cases to the education of young ministers. By such means, puny theologians have been enabled to sharpen their wits sufficiently for demonstrating to female congregations that woman was made by a wise Creator inferior to man in mind and body, and that He specially designed her to be the helpmeet of that superior being with whom it is her privilege to dwell. And the women, drinking in this comforting doctrine, thus dispensed from the pulpits they have built and supported, have always appeared to consider their money to have been well-spent.

Harvard can afford to maintain a haughty front towards women to-day, because she has grown rich from the legacies they have bequeathed to her in the past. Yale, besides the aid she extends to undergraduates, keeps always some two of her alumni residing at the college, for a further continuance of their studies; and the funds provided for their annual support came from fellowships endowed by women. To Bates, women gave the land for its observatory; they founded ten of Dartmouth's scholarships, and three of Amherst's, and gave the only two possessed by the Theological School of Boston University. From one lady alone, Bowdoin derives three quarters of the whole fund of eight thousand dollars set apart for the use of its indigent students. Another has given to it a large and valuable mineral collection; five of its scholarships are accredited to women's names; while but yesterday we read that her alumni, at their last annual dinner in Boston, received with three cheers the announcement that a lady of Malden had promised fifty thousand dollars for the completion of its memorial hall.

The fact that women's colleges,—lately erected and endowed, for the most part, by the munificence of men,—find themselves hampered on every side, and are pleading for a tithe of the riches lavished upon these elder seats of learning, seems powerless to divert the tide. The daily newspapers tell of no responses to such appeals; but they inform us that a woman will soon erect a handsome library building for Princeton; that another promises thirty-five thousand dollars to endow a chair of mental philosophy at Dartmouth, and that a Portsmouth lady has recently set aside four thousand dollars "for the use of indigent Portsmouth youth at college,"—and the word "youth" in such cases always means the boys.

Meanwhile Vassar, after strenuous solicitations made to alumni and friends far and near, secures two scholarships, and is now working hard to complete a third; there is but one at Bates given specially for a girl, and three at Wellesley; and these, so far as I can learn, comprise all the scholarships for girls, regularly endowed by private funds, that any college holds. But one of them comes from a woman; and that stands at Wellesley to the memory of a departed husband. At least one rich woman in America has had sufficient sympathy for a girl struggling against poverty and discouragement, that she may acquire the highest education of her time, to set apart five thousand dollars from ample possessions, to be held for her in perpetual trust. And

every year, for all time, some brave girl will bless that woman's name.

To this general indifference of women in regard to the wants of college girls, let us hasten to admit a few more honorable exceptions. It is Miss Smith's great fortune that builds the girls' college at Northampton; and the necessity of more pecuniary aid for the girls at Wellesley has given rise to the "Students' Aid Society," composed mostly of ladies, who seek to obtain the needed funds. The society in Boston for the "University Education of Women," is likewise ready to lend a helping hand to such students, especially to those at Boston University. "But for its aid," says President Warren, "several young women would certainly have broken down in health, and failed of completing their course of study."

Still the fact remains that intelligent, energetic, well-trained Yankee girls, who are worth more as moral forces in society than a dozen fledgling ministers, but who are poor in all save the ambitions and the possibilities of youth, are forced to abandon all hope of further instruction when they leave the public school; while many who enter college labor there at continual disadvantage, starving the body that they may store the mind. "To my knowledge," writes the President of Middlebury, pleading for a sister institution, "girls are kept from entering Vermont University for want of the help which scholarships would give."

I am not, my friends, unmindful of the fact that this is an occasion of thanksgiving for benefits received; but while rejoicing at our festival, would it not be selfish to forget that there are at this hour, communing with books in their solitary rooms, remote from home and friends, the girls of our state whom we ought to help and cherish, girls of gifted intellects and resolute hearts, who bear their privations bravely, but who, in thoughtful hours, are troubled by memories of the patient mother and hard-working father at home, robbing themselves of daily comforts that the daughter they love may not be called from her books.

For what these students are struggling to obtain at such a costly sacrifice, all society will be the gainer in years to come; and their more favored sisters, sitting at ease in affluent homes, should be proud to tender them the help for which they pine. No jewelled radiance flashing from her fingers could become a woman's hand like so beneficent a deed. For poor girls, then, I plead; for have we not all known what it is to be poor, and to thirst for that which the gods denied?

A scholarship devoted to such noble ends, and consecrated to the memory of a departed friend, leads others to enshrine in grateful affection the name so dear to the donor's heart. It is a better monument than chiselled marble; for while it honors the dead it benefits the living, and extends its benefits to all time.

An enlightened public sentiment can accomplish the great good of opening to girls the highest institutions of the land; but liberal private charities must flow forth to supplement the work. Otherwise, only they who bring with them a key of gold can unlock the treasures they are eager to obtain.

When, in future years, our college at Hanover shall fling wide its doors to girls, as well as to boys, and when it shall receive from every county in the state a liberal scholarship, contributed by generous women for the service of their sex, and consecrated,—not to the names of departed statesmen and divines, who have already abounding honor,—but to the names of women famed in our annals, to Molly Stark, and Hannah Dustin, and other heroines of New Hampshire history, we will hold another "Commemoration Festival," and then we will invite the trustees of Dartmouth to sit upon the stage. I fear we shall bring gray locks and wrinkled faces to grace that feast!

WOMAN AS TEACHER.

This survey of the higher schools has shown us what are the present limitations of woman's work as a pupil. It remains to consider her in the relations of teacher, and the director

of teachers,—that is, as a member of the School Committee.

The past thirty years have seen a surprising change in the teaching force of our country. Steadily from the place of grandam in the village school woman has won her way, through positions in the desks of primary, grammar and high schools, to full professorships in woman's colleges, where the honorary title and the comfortable salary are her own. To-day, five sixths of the teachers of our own state,—a large proportion,—are women; in Massachusetts they comprise seven eighths of the whole number; in New York City, nine tenths; while of the two hundred and fifty thousand teachers in the United States, no less than three fourths are women. All primary, and nearly all grammar schools have been entrusted to their care.

When we consider in how brief a time this remarkable change has been wrought, we are tempted to believe that in one department, at least, of woman's educational work, there will soon be room for congratulations alone. But the fact is that much still remains to be won before woman's equality as a teacher is secured. It is true to-day that no woman serves as principal of a high school in any city or large town in our state. So far as I know, no woman is found in that position in any large city of the Union. There is no good reason for this; pupils of high schools are more easily managed than those in the lower grades, since they are older, accustomed to routine work, and to submission to school requirements. The rough, idle, turbulent boys, who hate study and love mischief, rarely have learning enough to obtain entrance to these upper halls; and, if they enter there, they yield more readily to the woman's mode of discipline than to the man's. It cannot be claimed then that man is needed in this place as a police officer; it is no longer the case that he, and he alone, possesses the culture that colleges give, for women win that to-day from Cornell and Michigan and Vassar and Smith; it is solely because these high positions have desirable salaries attached; and school boards, composed, as a general thing, entirely of men, naturally yield without thought to old usage, and grant these places to applicants of their own sex.

And here let me disclaim any wish to impute a greater tendency towards unfair dealing in such matters to men than to women. Had *we* always been in comfortable possession of the best places, we should, probably, from mere habit, continue to fill them with women, long after we had discovered that this was not wholly just. I should be sorry to appear as denunciatory as the little girl, who, after peculiar trials with her brother, offered up this fervent prayer: "Oh, Lord, bless my brother Tom! He lies, he steals, he swears; all boys do, us girls don't. Amen." I am merely stating facts, and must leave your charitable thought to supply the mitigating circumstances.

Women have been at the head of Normal Schools in St. Louis, and in Framingham, Massachusetts, and have succeeded there; but to the other one hundred and thirty-eight Normal Schools of the United States they are not, so far as I know, held to be eligible.

One girls' college has a woman for president; but it is hardly of the first rank; even Smith and Vassar have not dared to attempt this innovation.

That both men and women should teach in the same school, the best educators believe; that, as matters stand to-day, a man is more likely to be the fit person for a college president, I am quite ready to concede; I would only ask that in this, as in nearly all positions held by teachers, the sex of the candidate do not settle the matter for or against, but that individual fitness be the only test. The most skillful manager, the shrewdest financier, the most thorough scholar, should be called to preside over our great institutions of learning, whether these qualities be found in man or woman.

That woman has been so readily admitted as instructor into all schools of the lower grades, is due quite as much to the fact that she will perform

better and more conscientious work for a small amount of money than the man,—that man, indeed, will not work at all for what she is compelled to take, —as it is to an enlightened conviction that she is by nature better fitted than a man can possibly be, under any circumstances and at any price, to train the mind of a child. This being the case, there must be a further advance in public opinion, before she will be invited to fill the higher places, for which men find it worth their while to compete.

In regard to this matter of salaries, there is a great deal to be remedied. Rarely is it the case that a woman receives as much for her work in the school-room as a man would receive. To pay for labor, whether mental or physical, not strictly according to the quantity and quality of what has been done, but according to the sex of the one who does it, is manifestly unjust and absurd; and yet the cities are few where such an arbitrary discrimination is not made in the payment for educational work. In St. Louis and San Francisco, all teachers of the same grade receive the same salary; this is the case throughout California, and, also, in Iowa, Nevada, Arizona and Idaho, and in several of the southern states. But no city of New England yet dreams of following their example. Massachusetts, which claims to be the home of justice, philanthropy and patriotism, still summons before her two teachers who have discharged precisely the same duties during the past month; and to the man she gives thirty-eight dollars, to the woman, thirty-five. And yet within her legislative halls she displays the scales of justice evenly balanced. Our own state gives to the man, on an average, thirty-seven dollars each month; to the woman, twenty-four.

We are forced to conclude that not even among teachers have women an equality of rights; nor can they have, till the highest places and the largest salaries are open to their competition, and they shall receive the same wages as men receive for the same work.

WOMEN AS SCHOOL COMMITTEE.

If it be true that women are especially fitted by nature for the office of teacher, they would appear to be well fitted to direct the teaching of others, and to serve as members of school committees. Especially is this the case when to their past experience in the school-room they add that acquired in their own homes, among little children in whose well-being they feel that absorbing interest which only a mother knows. In France, over a hundred years ago, Rousseau wrote in his "*Emile*,"—that famous work upon the training of the young:—"The first education is of the greatest importance; and this first education belongs incontestibly to women. Address yourselves then always to women, by preference, in your treatises on education. The laws, always so much occupied with material things, and so little with persons,—because they have for their object peace and not virtue,—do not give enough authority to mothers." And in *Faust*, Goethe seems to foreshadow a time when no one shall dare dispute the supreme authority of mothers.

And yet it was long past the middle of this century, in the year 1872, that the state Secretary of Education in Massachusetts, called attention, in his annual report, to the novelty of a woman's name appearing on the list of school committee in a rural town, and took occasion to declare his belief in the superior fitness of women for the place. Since then, they have been called to Boards of Education in many cities.

In this capacity woman has already won in New Hampshire nearly all that the law has power to give. In 1872 an act passed which allowed her to serve upon school boards, and thus prepared the way for her to exercise a direct, controlling influence upon the schools. In our state superintendent's report of last year, which does not profess to give full lists of school committees, I find women's names upon those of twenty towns. These, it is true, are all small places; no city or town of any size appears to have passed

from the sole domination of a masculine committee. Manchester, Concord, Nashua, Portsmouth and Dover have, I believe, no woman upon their school boards. This is no fault of our legislature, but of public opinion which is still controlled by the predjudices of the past. Or it may be that the women themselves do not claim what is their own; and teachers, at least, know that the modicump of power which a member of any school committee possesses is always dear to the masculine heart, and is generally exaggerated to the utmost. This office remains one of the few without salary, and with some regular and irksome duties, which men do not, as yet, yield readily to our sex.

In several towns, as Landaff and Bristol, I find a woman acting as school superintendent. But these, again, are only the smaller places. In the western states, where a more liberal tone of thought and action prevails than in our older communities, women commonly fill their office of county superintendent. Kansas has three in that position, and Illinois no less than ten.

In time it, may come to pass that the general control of our city schools shall be entrusted to women, as our people have now entrusted to them the daily direction of all save the High Schools. The mere facts that one half of the pupils of our public schools are girls, and five sixths of the teachers women, while, owing to the latter fact, mothers are far more likely than fathers to have had experience in their past lives as instructors, would alone seem to demand that women should form a goodly proportion of the members of our school boards. Added to this, however, women's keener interest in children, greater conscientiousness in the discharge of minor duties, superior patience, and more abundant leisure, combine to give her especial fitness for this work.

NORMAL SCHOOLS.

There is one prominent school, supported directly by the state, in the control of which women ought, surely, to have a voice,—I mean the Normal School at Plymouth. Can anybody tell why this institution, open to boys and girls alike, has, from its start, been exclusively under the guidance of men? Its affairs are regulated by a Board of Trustees chosen by the governor and council; and to these are added the governor himself, and the state superintendent of schools, who are *ex-officio* members. This board have chosen for themselves a treasurer and supervisor outside their own number; thus we have the present board of nineteen members,—men, every one. The law concerning their appointment in no way prescribes that men only shall serve; its phraseology is as entirely consistent with the appointment of women as men.

If the pupils of this school were chiefly boys, there might be more reason for delivering it over entirely to masculine control. But of the whole number who have attended it during the nine years of its existence, only one sixth have been boys. And while five sixths of its pupils have been girls, not a woman has ever been asked officially what these girls should study, or what lessons of life and manners should be instilled into their young minds, minds, too, which are in training that they may train other minds, and thus hand down to unborn generations the fruits of what they are learning to-day.

It is not thus that a girl's education is conducted at home. There, the father leaves more than half the direction of it to the mother, and trusts her implicitly in many matters concerning which he knows he is an ignoramus or a bungler. How wise he becomes when he is to regulate the lives of other people's daughters,—this man who knows so little about his own!

Moreover, the great proportion of girls at the Normal School is on the increase. Last year there were thirty-seven graduates, and not one boy among them. In the whole school of sixty-seven pupils there were but six. The principal teacher of these sixty-one girls and six boys was, of course, a man, for is not a goodly salary attached to the office? The other seven teach-

ers are women. For the one man and the six boys, who comprised the masculine element of the school, there were the nineteen trustees to listen in confidence to their troubles and to attend to their requirements; to the sixty-one girls and seven lady teachers, not a woman's ear was open on the board which regulates their studies and directs their daily life.

We hear much of the faults and failings of the Normal School; but for these shortcomings no mother, surely, is to blame. When women are called to give to it the benefit of their experience, we may see a new day dawning for the school.

Were we as watchful as we ought to be of the interests of girls, we should petition our liberal-minded executive that any vacancies hereafter occurring upon its board shall be filled by competent women; and that, for the chief position among its teachers, the best person shall be selected, whether that person be woman or man. We need not despair of accomplishing this object when we learn that Boston University, with its great body of over six hundred and sixty students, only one hundred and seventy of whom are girls, has recently appointed two ladies upon its Board of Trustees. This is, in reality, a new departure in college management; for Smith and Vassar, with only girls for pupils, have only men for officers. It is the beginning of a great change sure to follow. As members of school committees, as superintendents, and as trustees upon college boards, women's names will soon become as familiar to us as those of men.

This century, just rounding to its close, will, let us hope, succeed in perfecting the noble work it has already accomplished for woman. It has opened to her as pupil all the lower schools, it will open the highest; it has called her as teacher to inferior positions, it will welcome her to all; it has already invited her in her maturer years to sit as a prudent counselor upon administrative boards; and she has brought to such duties a mind enriched by culture, enlightened by experience, and enobled by the moral elevation of a generous life. The deepest problems of society begin to occupy her graver thoughts; her own little family, tended with loving care, she has learned to regard as but a small group in the great association of families which comprise the state; and the wise forethought which she has exercised as arbiter in that narrower circle she is now ready to devote to the public good. In her unselfish labors she discovers that to lesson the evils of existence for others is to lighten her own. Women thus elevated will make of the next one hundred years a new era for all the world; and as the nineteenth century has been steadily preparing her for a wider field of action than she has ever filled, so the twentieth is surely destined to behold the full fruition of her noblest powers.

As an earnest of what is to come, we hail with grateful recognition the passage of the first law in any of the New England, eastern or middle states, since the settlement of these colonies, which confers upon women an authoritative vote in the direction of any department of public affairs; and we believe that this act of our last legislature is destined to become historic, as a triumph of equal rights, a step onward in the advancing civilization of our American Republic.

Whatever our state denies us in the realm of education, let us not forget that she has graciously extended to us this boon, and that her example is to-day an inspiration to the laboring philanthropists of neighboring states.

ICON ORDEALIS.

BY WILLIAM C. STUROC.

How oft the olden story
Of struggle after glory,
Hath echoed sadly down the faded ages!
How oft the scant but deathly wages,
The Toiler has been paid;
And, all neglected laid
In kind and kindred mold, unsung, unwept;
His pregnant tale securely, sadly kept!

And still, Time's seething spray,
Rolls over earth to-day,
And rimes the locks of Genius, as of old;
And poets sing, amid the scorn so cold,
The deaf dead sons of men,
Deal out, again, again,
Till the poor shivering hungry tenement
Is buried out of sight—hope crush'd—heart rent!

Then comes the blatant grief,
As hollow as 'tis brief,
That wails above Cervantes, and o'er Burns;
And gives the cold dead dust, in golden urns;
What had been best bestowed,
While warm blood quickly flowed
About the dreaming, agonizing heart,
That hoped in vain, till soul and blood did part!

Oh Genius! tell me why
'Tis thus your fate to die
Of hunger, while the stark dumb beasts are fed?
Why does the Singer often lack for bread;
Or frantic, bite the dust;
Or gnaw the beggar's crust;
Or, choked like Otway; or like Chatterton,
Scowl on a stony world, and then pass on?

Good Heavens! I inly pray,
That all may swift decay—
Proud heart, and fancy-freighted brain—
When from the rapt Parnassian domain,
With all its gifts secure,
I fall, so sunken poor,
As not to spurn the dead clods where they lie,
And plume my wing for yet a loftier sky!

EARLY HISTORY OF COOS COUNTY IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

BY PROF. J. H. HUNTINGTON.

When one stands upon the summit of Mount Washington in mid-winter, in the morning a band of clouds can often be seen lying along the ocean. At first it can scarcely be distinguished from the haze of the far distance, but when the sun rises in all its splendor, casts the shadow of the mountain on the western sky, throws a flood of rose-colored light on every crest and ridge, encircles our shadows with anthelias or glories of light, as they are projected far out on the clouds and the whole mountain becomes resplendent with the light reflected from its frost-crowned summit, this cloud becomes well defined and it begins to move, yes it moves inland. This seems incredible, for on the mountain the wind is blowing twenty miles an hour from the northwest, but the cloud comes towards the mountain slowly yet surely. It covers Sebago Lake, gradually encircles Pleasant Mountain and then rolls over its rounded summit. By mid-day it approaches the border of New Hampshire, covers Jockey Cap, while its upper surface is scarcely above the Green Hills as it moves up the valley of the Saco. It follows also the winding of the Androscoggin Valley and before nightfall it has filled every valley, every ravine and every gorge in the mountain region.

In the year 1623, on this very ocean border that one looks upon when they stand on Mount Washington, a cloud appeared as though it had arisen from the sea. But this cloud was not mist, it was something more than vapor, it concealed a will, an energy, an agressive force that was destined to overcome a resistance as unyielding as the wind that blows over the advancing cloud.

There were many elements combined in this resistance, a sombre, cheerless wilderness, an inhospitable climate, meagre shelter, scanty food, wild beasts and savage men. How difficult this resistance was to overcome is shown by the fact that it was not until 1642 that white men came within the present limits of Coos County. Then it was not the advance of the great wave that eventually swept over the whole country; but it was rather like the mist that comes inland for a day, either to be driven back seaward or precipitated by a change of temperature. The story of their coming is this: The people who had settled on the sea-coasts of Maine and New Hampshire cleared for themselves farms, established salt works, or were engaged in fishing, had every day seen the mountains, except when they were concealed by clouds or haze, whether they were approaching the land from the ocean, fishing along the coast or looking westward from the hills they had cleared. In summer the grey summits of the great mountains lifted themselves above the surrounding forests, and in early autumn, long before snow fell on the coast, the white crests of the mountains must have been objects of admiration and wonder. Besides, they had heard that there were beautiful lakes in the interior of Laconia, these must be explored; and the mountains, did they not contain abundant mineral wealth? These were the motives that lead

THE EARLY EXPLORERS,

Derby Field and others, to penetrate the wilderness. The year and the season of the year when they ascended what is now Mount Washington, is determined by the notes among the chronological items in the Rev. Samuel Danforth's Almanac for 1647, "1642 (4) [in June]. The first discovery of the great mountains (called the White Hills) to the north-west, by Derby Field." This is quoted by Mr. John Farmer in his edition of Dr. Belknap's

history, and with Winthrop's accounts of Field in his journal, has been regarded by most writers as proof that Derby Field, and those with him, were the first white men who ever stood on the summit of Mount Washington or came within the limits of Coos County, and that they came here for the first time in June, 1642. Among recent authors, however, Mr. C. E. Potter was of the opinion that the original account of Dr. Belknap was the true one, that Walter Neale Josslyn and Derby Field went to the White Hills in 1632, that the Josslyn here mentioned was not the author of "New England Rarities Discovered," for his first visit to New England was in 1638; this among other things had given discredit to Dr. Belknap's account, but that the man referred to was Mr. Henry Josslyn. The first mention of the White Hills in print was by Mr. John Josslyn, in the book just mentioned. It is stated that about a month after Field's first visit, he went again with five or six in his company, and that the glowing account he gave "caused divers others to travel thither, but they found nothing worthy their pains." Among those who went are mentioned Thomas George and Mr. Vine, two magistrates of the province of Sir Ferdinando Georges. They went about the end of August, of the same year. Prof. E. Tuckerman, in 1840, endeavored to trace the path of these early explorers, and he had little doubt but that Field entered the valley of Ellis River, and left it for the great south-east ridge of Mount Washington, the same which has since been called Bootts Spar. Not finding minerals or precious stones, but only high mountains with narrow valleys and deep gorges, there were no inducements for further explorations.

A CENTURY LATER.

After the exploration of Field and others it was more than a century before we again hear of white men within the limits in Coos County. The English were pushing their settlements up the valleys of the Connecticut and the Merrimack, trappers penetrated the wilderness far above the settlements, and they often met the Indians on these hunting excursions and evidently were on friendly terms with them. But the French as well as the Indians were becoming jealous of the extension northward of the English settlements. As the English contemplated laying out two towns in the spring of 1852, which should embrace the Coos meadows, the Indians remonstrated and threatened. It is probable, however, that their threats were not known to all the settlers, for four young men from Londonderry were hunting on Baker's River, in Rumney, two of these, John Stark and Amos Eastman, were surprised and captured by the Indians, April 28, 1752. They were taken to Coos, near where Haverhill now is, and where two of the Indians had been left to kill game against their return. The next day they proceeded to the Upper Coos, the intervals in the south-west part of Coos County, from which place they sent Eastman with three of their number to St. Francis. The rest of the party spent some time in hunting on the streams that flow into the Connecticut, and they reached the St. Francis June 9th, when Stark joined his companion, Eastman, but they were both soon after ransomed and they returned to their homes. From this and other circumstances, it is altogether probable that John Stark, afterwards so famous in American history, was the first white man who ever saw the broad intervals of the Upper Coos.

Notwithstanding the threatening attitude of the French and Indians a company was organized in the spring, 1753, to survey or lay out a road from Stevenstown (Franklin) to the Coos meadows. Capt. Lacheus Lovewell was commander, Caleb Page surveyor, and John Stark guide. There has been much speculation in regard to the organization and object of Capt. Lovewell's company, but in the account here given I have followed Mr. C. E. Potter.

CAPT. PETER POWERS.

The best known of all the expedi-

tions to the Coos County was that of Capt. Peter Powers. They commenced their tour Saturday, June 15, 1754. Starting from Concord, they followed the Merrimack River to Franklin, the Pemigewasset River to Plymouth, Baker's River to Wentworth, and then they crossed over on to the Connecticut via Baker's Pond. They were ten days in reaching "Moose Meadows," which were in Piermont, and on June 3d they came to what is now John's River, in Dalton; this they called Stark's River. They went as far north as Israel's River, named by them Power's River, in Lancaster, when they concluded to go no farther with a full scout, but Capt. Powers and two of his men went five miles further up the Connecticut, probably as far as Northumberland, where they found that the Indians had a large camping place, which they had left not more than a day or two before. On July 2d they broke up their camp on Israel River and began their march homeward. The knowledge we have of this expedition is derived chiefly from a journal of Capt. Powers, in the Historical Sketches of Coos County by Rev. Grant Powers. The journal of Captain Powers is fragmentary and meagre, and the comments made by the author of the sketches have not given us any additional light, but have rather added obscurity to the original narrative. Grant Powers says that the object of the expedition was discovery; but if Capt. Powers' company was the one referred to by Governor Wentworth in a message of May 4, 1754, and in one of Dec. 5, 1754, they certainly went to see if the French were building a fort in the Upper Coos. As this was the only expedition fitted out during the year that went in this direction, it is quite certain that this is the one to which the message referred. But it is something to be able to say that Capt. Peter Powers, with his command, was the first body of English-speaking people who camped on the broad intervals of Coos County.

In the spring of 1755, when an expedition was being fitted out to attack the French at Crown Point, so little was known of the country between the Merrimack and Lake Champlain, it was supposed that the Upper Coos Meadows were upon the direct route from Salisbury Fort (Franklin) to Crown Point, hence Governor Wentworth directed Col. Blanchard to stop when on his march and build a fort at these meadows. While he was delayed in making his preparations for the march, Capt. Robert Rogers, with his company of rangers and detatchments from other companies, were sent forward to build a fort. It was located on the east bank of the Connecticut, just south of the mouth of the Upper Ammonoosuc, and it was called Fort Wentworth, in honor of the Governor. When completed, the command continued their march to Crown Point.

When the British had obtained decided victories over the French, they determined to chastise the Indians who had committed so many depredations on the New England frontier. On the 13th of Sept., 1759, Major Robert Rogers was dispatched from Crown Point with two hundred men. The explosion of a keg of powder on the fifth day seriously injured a captain and large number of men. With his force reduced to one hundred and fifty-two men, he moved to Missisqudi Bay. Here he concealed his boats and left provision enough to take his command back to Crown Point on his return, but the day after his departure the two men left to watch the boats were surprised by a party of four hundred French and Indians. The men escaped, but the enemy found the boats which they sent away with fifty men, and the rest went in pursuit of the English. He kept the intelligence in regard to the boats to himself, but sent a lieutenant and eight men with the two rangers to Crown Point, to inform Gen. Amherst of what had taken place and request him to send provision to Coos on the Connecticut River. On the 3d of October Rogers approached the village of St. Francis, and after a desperate fight with the Indians, in which he destroyed their village and killed great numbers, he began

at once his retreat towards the Connecticut. They kept together for ten days, when they divided into small parties, better to obtain subsistence. Some, after months of weary journeying, reached the settlement, while others perished in the wilderness. In the early settlement of the country guns were found on the Fifteen Mile Falls, and it is supposed one of the parties was overtaken by Indians here, that a fight ensued in which several were killed, that the whites were victorious, and that they put the guns of those who were killed in the river so they would not be found by the Indians. Some of these guns are now in possession of Mr. J. G. Darling, of Boston. A few years since a sword of peculiar construction was found in making an excavation at Lancaster. There is also a tradition that relicts of Rogers' Rangers have been found on the north side of the White Mountains.

PEACE.

After fifteen years of war and bloodshed, by the conquest of Canada peace came to the New Hampshire frontier. The people began, once more, to be inspired with hope of better days.

Besides those who are known to have been on the Upper Coos Meadows, undoubtedly many trappers of whom there are no record had visited the country and given glowing accounts of it to the settlers in lower country. At least in the years succeeding the French war, the colonists had opportunities for exploration they had never had before. The St. Francis Indians had been severely punished, and the French were no longer tempting them by rewards for the scalps they should bring or the captives they should secure.

THE FIRST SETTLERS.

In the division of Rights in Haverhill and Newbury there were some who did not get the little clearings the Indians had made, neither were their lots on the rich intervals adjoining these, but they had the hard hills above the river's terrace. It is hinted that some even then practiced "ways that were dark," and thus obtained the most desirable lots. Some of the dissatisfied ones sought new homes for themselves in Lancaster.

The charter for the town was signed July 5, 1763. The first condition specified that every grantee, his heirs and assigns, should cultivate five acres of land within five years, for every fifty acres that he owned. The second condition related to the preservation of pine tracts. The man on whose lot the timber was chiefly pine must have been unfortunate, for he could not well cultivate his land unless the trees were removed, and if he fell a pine without special license he forfeited his right as grantee. The third specified that a tract of land should be selected as near the centre of the township as practicable, divided in lots of one acre each, and one of these to be allotted to each grantee.

The fourth condition was that they should pay as rent annually, on the 25th day of December, one ear of Indian corn.

The fifth related to the revenue of the Governor himself. After the expiration of ten years, each person should pay one shilling for every hundred acres that he owned, and it was to be paid "to us, our heirs and successors." Besides this, His Excellency Benning Wentworth, Esquire, was to have a tract of land containing five hundred acres.

One whole share was to be set apart for the propagation of the gospel in foreign parts; one share for a globe for the Church of England; one share for the first settled minister of the gospel; and one share for the benefit of the schools in the town.

This charter was in every respect similar to all the others granted in these times. Among the men who were grantees of Lancaster, Meshech Weare, Esq., and Matthew Thornton were the most eminent. But to David Page, Jr., and Emmons Stockwell belong the honor of being the first men who came to what is now Coos County for the purpose of making a permanent

settlement. It was in the autumn of 1763 that they left Haverhill, N. H., pushed boldly into the wilderness and pitched their camp on the meadows in the township of Lancaster. Here they spent the winter, felled trees, made a clearing and prepared the land so that they could put in a crop the coming spring. On the 19th of April, 1764, David Page came to Lancaster with his large family, and with him came Edwards Bucknam and several other young men. Stockwell was one of Rogers' Rangers, and is represented as having been a man of great muscular power, and Bucknam as one of the most useful men in the colony. He was a skillful and accurate surveyor, was proprietor and town-clerk, and afterwards general of militia.

Their communication with the lower settlements was chiefly by the river with boats in summer and teams in winter, but both were attended with great danger, hence the earliest settlers of Coos County depended almost altogether on their own efforts for subsistence. The first summer they had twelve acres of corn; it grew, as it seemed to them, as corn never grew before, but on a fatal night, Aug. 25th, it was killed by frost. Yesterday full of hope for the present and before them a bright and glorious future, now there was only famine and death or weary journeyings to and from the lower country, to bring food on which to subsist through a long and dreary winter. Then, if it was always to be thus, this country which had promised so much, which produced such an enormous growth of vegetation in so short a time, this country which had such glorious outlooks must be given up to wild beasts and savages. But they came here to stay, so on the open land about Beaver Brook they cut the luxuriant growth of grass for their cattle, brought corn from Haverhill, but lived chiefly on the meat of the moose. But as they opened the forest they found that they could raise corn, and only twice since, in the southern part of the country, has the corn been seriously injured by frost.

OTHER TOWNS.

It was not long before the people of Lancaster had neighbors, for in 1767 Thomas Burnside and Daniel Spaulding came with their families and settled in what is now Northumberland. This township was first called Stonington, as it appears from Holland's map, and the next year after its setttement we find that "William Moulton and James Paul, of Stonington, in the Great Cohass," presented a petition to Governor Wentworth to have a road laid out and built from Moultonborough to Stonington. The petition was favorably considered, but the project as then proposed was never carried out, for anything like a direct route between these points passes through a portion of the state that has never yet been settled. In the charter of Lancaster the north line is said to begin on the Connecticut River, at the south-west corner of Stonington, as though that township was well known, yet it probably was not except on paper, and probably not even by charter.

At a special meeting of the Governor and Council at Portsmouth, March 13, 1772, a petition was presented by the proprietors of Lancaster, Northumberland and Shelburne setting forth the utility of a road from Conway to the Connecticut River, and praying His Excellency would be pleased to order the Surveyor General of Lands to mark out a proper road, and issue such other orders as would "effectuate" the same. The pass through the White Mountain Notch was made known the year before, though the petitioners probably had in view a road through what is now the Pinkham Notch. These were the days in which townships were made. Shelburne was chartered in 1768, and then rechartered in 1771. In 1770 Cockburne (Columbia) was granted; in 1771 Maynesborough (Berlin), Paulsborough (Milan); in 1772 Betton Wood (Carroll), Durand (Randolph), and Dartmouth (Jefferson), the last regranted to M. H. Wentworth and others, it having been granted to John Goffe in 1765; in 1773 Dummer, Cambridge Success, a tract

to S. Wales & Co., one to Nash and Sawyer and Baker's Location; in 1774 Whitefield, Millsfield, Errol and Kilkenny. Besides these, Colebrook, Stuart Town (Stewartstown), New Stratford (Stratford), Piercy (Stark), Apthrop (Dalton in part), Martin's Patent, Green's Location, and Shelburne Addition (Gorham). No doubt but that the map made by Capt. Holland, chief topographer, which hung in Governor Wentworth's office at Portsmouth, and had all these towns upon it, created the illusion that the Province of New Hampshire was being rapidly populated.

In 1770 there were a few people in Lancaster, some in Northumberland; and in 1772, others say in 1768, Capt. Joseph Whipple came to Jefferson, and he brought with him twelve men and several women. Two of the latter became quite famous, one of them, Nancy, the story is often told, was deserted by her lover; she followed him in despair and perished in the snow and cold of a dreary winter. The other, Mrs. Stalbird, from the practice of medicine became known to every household in the settlement. This seems to have been the condition of affairs at the beginning of the Revolution in 1775. In Lancaster they had built a mill that was worked by horse power, and Capt. David Page had built a saw-mill on Indian Brook, but this had been burnt, and the number of inhabitants was sixty; while in Northumberland there were fifty-seven; in Stratford there were forty-one; Cockburne (Columbia) had fourteen, and Colebrook contained only four. In the last town Capt. Eleazer Rosebrook was one of the pioneers. He was afterward famous in White Mountain History, and fills a large place in the early history of that region.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

BY EDNA DEAN PROCTOR.

O the Mountain Maid, New Hampshire,
  Her steps are light and free
Whether she treads the lofty heights
  Or follows the brooks to the sea!
Her eyes are clear as the skies that hang
  Over the hills of snow,
And her hair is dark as the densest shade
  That falls where the fir trees grow—
The fir trees slender and sombre
  That climb from the vales below.

Sweet is her voice as the robin's
  In a lull of the wind of March
Wooing the sky arbutus
  At the roots of the budding larch;

And rich as the ravishing echoes
On still Franconia's lake
Where the boatman winds his magic horn
And the tongues of the wood awake,
While the huge Stone Face forgets to frown
And the hare peeps out of the brake.

The blasts of stormy December
But brighten the bloom on her cheek,
And the snows build her statelier temples
Than to goddess were reared by the Greek.
She welcomes the fervid summer
And flies to the sounding shore
Where bleak Boar's Head looks seaward,
Set in the billows' roar,
And dreams of her sailors and fishers
Till cool days come once more.

Then how fair is the maiden,
Crowned with the scarlet leaves
And wrapped in the tender, misty veil
The Indian summer weaves!—
While the aster blue, and the golden rod,
And immortelles, clustering sweet,
From Canada down to the sea have spread
A carpet for her feet;
And the faint witch-hazel buds unfold
Her latest smile to greet.

She loves the song of the reapers;
The ring of the woodman's steel;
The whirr of the glancing shuttle;
The rush of the tireless wheel.
But if war befalls, her sons she calls
From mill and forge and lea,
And bids them uphold her banner
Till the land from strife is free;
And she hews her oaks into vengeful ships
That sweep the foe from the sea.

O the Mountain Maid, New Hampshire,
For beauty and wit and will
I'll mate her today with the fairest
That rules over plain or hill!
New York is a princess in purple
By the gems of her cities crowned;
Illinois with the garland of Ceres
Her tresses of gold has bound,
Queen of the limitless prairies
Whose great sheaves heap the ground;

And, out by the far Pacific
Their gay young sisters say,
"Ours are the mines of the Indies,
And the treasures of broad Cathay;"
And the dames of the South walk proudly
Where the fig and the orange fall,
And, hid in the high magnolias,
The mocking thrushes call;
But the Mountain Maid, New Hampshire,
Is the rarest of them all!

The above beautiful tribute to her native state, by Miss Proctor, was written some twenty years ago. It attracted much attention and was extensively copied by the newspapers at that time, but is now not readily attainable in print. At the solicitation of Prof. E. D. Sanborn, Miss Proctor has recently made a new manuscript copy of the poem, which he has forwarded for republication in the GRANITE MONTHLY, accompanied by the following notes, which will be of interest to New Hampshire readers as well from their authorship as the subject.—[ED. GRANITE MONTHLY.]

[BY HON. JAMES W. PATTERSON.]

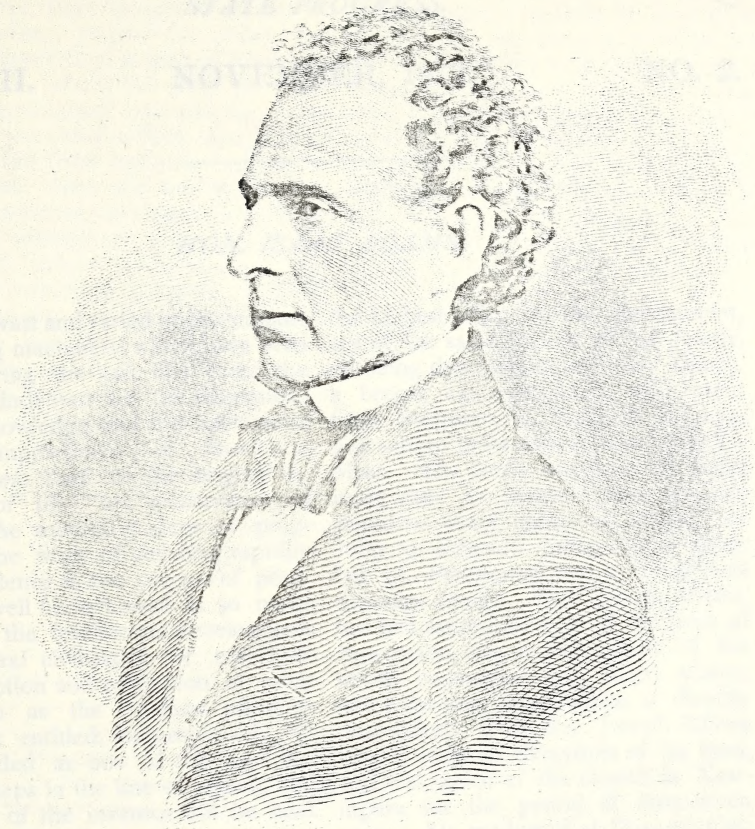
The author of this beautiful poem has poured the melody and spirit of her own nature into it. It was my good fortune to be her friend and school-mate in our academic years, and to be associated with her later as a teacher in Connecticut. I think I know Edna Dean Proctor thoroughly, and I believe her one of the purest and noblest of her sex. Hers was a foremost family of our native town and her mother a woman of great refinement and rare qualities of mind and heart. Edna resembled her mother in personal appearance and mental characteristics. She had the same grace of form, the same classic features and the same large, dark, thoughtful eyes. In the galaxy of school-girls in which she moved she shone with special lustre. She was one of the sweetest, most stainless and brilliant of them all. The intellectual products of the woman are legitimate fruits of the genius of the girl. The beauty of her character is as worthy of admiration as the music-spirit of her poems, and that should satisfy the aspirations of any lady.

[BY MISS KATE A. SANBORN.]

Miss Proctor was born in Henniker, N. H. Was educated at South Hadley, where she distinguished herself as a brilliant scholar. She taught drawing and music at Woodstock, Ct., for several years, and was afterwards governess in the family of Henry Bowen, in Brooklyn. In 1856 she published a collection of the most striking and valuable thoughts from the sermons of Mr. Beecher. She took notes at first for the sake of friends in the west, who were rejoiced to receive these choice extracts. Soon she was besought to publish them, as many wanted to share this privilege. She made her selections with great judgment and good taste, and "Life Thoughts" sold marvellously, not only in this country but in England. Two years of her life were spent abroad, travelling in princely style with the family of Mr. Charles Storrs, of Brooklyn, with whom she now resides. She was well prepared by previous reading and study for this delightful experience, and no one ever enjoyed such a trip more keenly or made better use of it. Although fascinated by eastern scenes she preferred to write only of Russia. Her "Russian Journey" is much admired.

As a poet she is remarkable for her earnestness and enthusiasm and the elaborate finish of each verse. She is a careful writer, often changing a line many ways, until the perfect rhythm and most desirable word is attained. It would be impossible for her to feign anything. What she writes comes straight from her heart and must be expressed. To write merely for pay or upon order would be impossible to her sincere and sensitive nature. For her intimate friends she will recite her own poems at times, and it is a great pleasure to listen to her deep, rich voice and watch the changing expressions of her beautiful face, lit up with such rare dark eyes as are seldom seen out of Italy.

Her poems of the war are full of patriotism and fervor. Her "Mississippi" brought her letters of congratulation from Lincoln, Chase, and many others. She has a wonderful memory, never seeming to forget dates, or names of persons and places, or what she has read. She is self-sacrificing, sympathetic, responsive and loyal to the core. In her charming home in Brooklyn she draws about her a circle of cultivated friends, and she is a woman of whom New Hampshire may well be proud.



Isaac Adams.

ENGRAVED BY S.A.SCHOFF FROM A DAGUERREOTYPE TAKEN IN PARIS
IN THE YEAR 1856



—THE—

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HON. ISAAC ADAMS.

To the vast and varied improvements in printing machinery, which have been made during the last fifty years, the world is indebted for the dissemination of knowledge, and the consequent mental improvement of humanity, scarcely less than to the original invention of the "art preservative of arts." The successive steps of progress in the work of securing rapidity and excellence in the process of printing may well be reckoned as so many steps in the intellectual development and general civilization of mankind. The invention and perfection of what is known as the "Adams printing-press" is entitled, unquestionably, to be regarded as one of the more important steps in the line of march, and the name of the inventor will be held in esteem, for generations to come, among those of the recognized benefactors of the race.

ISAAC ADAMS, to whose inventive genius and persevering industry the world is indebted for the printing-press which for more than forty years has held a reputation superior to all others for excellence in work, and which still defies competition in that regard, is a native of the old Granite State, born August 16, 1802, in the town of Rochester. The Adamses of Quincy, Mass., two representives of whom have held the highest office of the government, are of the same branch of the family, all being descendants of Henry Adams, a brewer by occupation, who came from Braintree, in England in 1634, and settled in Braintree (now Quincy), Mass. The family originated in Wales more than six hundred years ago, the primitive name being Ap Adam. Sir John Ap Adam, a distinguished member of Parliament, was a member of the same family. Rev. Joseph Adams, the first settled minister of the town of Newington, was a descendant of the fourth generation from Henry Adams, and from him Isaac Adams is directly descended. This Rev. Joseph Adams was an eminent clergyman of his time, and was pastor of the church in Newington for the period of sixty-seven years. He graduated at Harvard College in 1710, and was settled in the Newington pastorate in 1715. He was an uncle to John Adams, the second President of the United States, whose son, John Quincy Adams, distinctly remembered his visits to the old family home in Quincy. He died, May 26, 1784, at the age of 96 years. He was one of the original proprietors of the town of Rochester, and some of his descendants settled upon land in that town, belonging to his estate.

Benjamin Adams, father of Isaac,

and a great-grandson of the Rev. Joseph Adams, was a Rochester farmer whose father, James Adams, was one of the early settlers of that town. He married Elizabeth, a daughter of Isaac Horne, of Dover, but died in early life, of consumption, leaving a widow and six young children, five sons and a daughter, Isaac being the second of the number. James, the eldest, became a lawyer and settled in Norridgewock, Me., where he died in 1848. Seleucas, the third son, was for many years a merchant in Saco, Me., and is now retired from business, residing at Biddeford. Seth, the fourth, who became associated with Isaac in business, will be mentioned hereafter. The daughter, Mary Ann, remained unmarried, and is now deceased. Charles, the youngest son, went to Texas in early life, served as a colonel under Gen. Houston in the war of Texan independence, and is now a resident of Galveston, where he has been a merchant for many years.

From the age of four years until about nine, the subject of our sketch was kept at work at home upon the farm, with the exception of about three months' attendance upon the district school each year. When nine years old he was sent to live with his uncle, Eliphalet Horne, at Norway Plains, now Rochester village. This uncle, a brother of his mother, was engaged in cotton manufacturing to some extent, being the first person to engage in the business in that place. Here young Isaac remained three years, engaged most of the time in and about the mill, and enjoying no educational advantages. His first acquaintance with machinery was made in this establishment, and his interest in mechanical work there awakened. When he had been with his uncle about three years he was persuaded by a friend to go with him to visit the cotton mill in Dover, known as the "Upper Factory." His visit resulted in an engagement to work in that mill, where he remained for about two years, during which time he was variously occupied, and became familiar with the operation of all the machinery of the mill, but was for the larger portion of the time foreman in the spinning-room. The fall after he was fourteen years of age, his father having deceased, he returned to his mother's home in Rochester, where he remained until the following spring, and then went to Dover to learn the cabinet maker's trade in the shop of an uncle. He was there some time, and afterward worked in a cabinet shop at South Berwick, Me. When about eighteen years of age, he was employed by a Mr. Jewett, of Sandwich, to make a lot of furniture, and went to that town, where he remained several years, engaged a portion of the time as a journeyman cabinet-maker in the employ of Mr. Jewett, and the remainder at work on his own account. While he was there engaged, his brother Seth went up and worked with and for him, and learned his trade in his employ.

Soon after he was twenty-one years of age Mr. Adams went to Boston in search of work. He first engaged with Mr. Phineas Dow, a machinist, in the capacity of pattern maker, and was thus employed by him some two years. Subsequently he entered the service of Erastus Bartholomew, also a machinist, doing a large business. He engaged as a journeyman in the wood-working department, in which line of work he had, therefore, exclusively operated. In a short time, however, he directed his attention to iron work, and soon found himself equally proficient in that direction. He had not been long in the service of Mr. Bartholomew, who, by the way, made the repairs for most of the printing-presses in the city, before he conceived the idea of constructing a new hand press, and carried out the same as opportunity presented. This press did good work, and although it was not patented, quite a number of them were manufactured by Mr. Bartholomew and sold to printers in different sections of the country. Soon after completing the hand press he began to consider the construction of a power-press. The only power-presses then in operation were heavy, clumsy affairs; although some of them did good work,

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they were very hard to operate. Mr. Adams believed that something better could be produced, and he set himself about the work. It was some time before the machine he had conceived was perfected; but he finally got it in successful operation about the fall of 1828. This press was taken and set up in a building on Bromfield street, by Mr. Jenks, of the publishing firm of Jenks & Palmer, who soon removed to a building on the corner of Water and Devonshire streets, which building was, not long afterward, burned with its contents, including the press. Mr. Adams immediately went to work upon another press, which he completed as soon as possible. While engaged upon it, Mr. Monroe, of the Baltimore *Patriot*, went to Boston to examine presses, with a view to the purchase of one for his establishment, and with some Boston parties went to look at Mr. Adams' press. He explained its operation as thoroughly as he could in its uncompleted state, and when Mr. Monroe left it was with the understanding that the Boston parties, who had examined the press with him, should advise him as to its success in operation when completed. These parties (Messrs. Clapp & Buckingham) finally wrote him an unfavorable report of the press, and expressed a preference for a cylinder press, then coming into use, known as the Napier, which, with the numerous improvements that have been made, is now known as the Hoe press. Mr. Monroe, however, had been favorably impressed with Mr. Adams' machine, and agreed to purchase the press if he would warrant it to make nine impressions per minute, then regarded as a good rate of speed. This he agreed to do, and went on to Baltimore with the press, set it up and put it in operation in the *Patriot* office, and left Mr. Monroe abundantly satisfied, the press exhibiting a capacity for *fifteen* impressions per minute, or nine hundred per hour. The price of this press was $750. This is the style of press known as the "double-ender," with wooden frame, many of which are still in operation in different parts of the country.

Soon after this, Seth Adams, who had come to Boston some time previous, and been at work for Mr. Dow, his brother's old employer, as a woodworker, went into partnership with Mr. Bartholomew, and Isaac, who continued to work in the shop, had an arrangement with them for building his presses, for which a considerable demand soon arose. About 1833 he commenced getting up a new and improved press, all of iron (the same now generally known as the Adams press). In this enterprise he was opposed by Bartholomew and his brother Seth, upon the ground that he could devise nothing better than the old press, and should be content to "let well enough alone." He persisted in the undertaking, however, and went into the establishment of his old employer, Dow, to perfect the work. The first press, when completed, was taken on trial by William S. Damrell, who was largely engaged in the printing business, and who subsequently became a member of Congress. The press gave excellent satisfaction; others were soon wanted by other printers, and in a short time the reputation of the Adams press for superiority, for book work especially, was thoroughly established, and has never yet been successfully disputed.

In 1835 his brother Seth, having dissolved partnership with Bartholomew, bought land in South Boston and commenced the erection of a shop for himself. The following year he went into partnership with his brother, and they engaged in the manufacture of his presses. After a time they added to their business, and manufactured steam engines, sugar-mills, and other machinery. The venture in the sugar-mill manufacture was induced through the representations of a man in their employ who had spent some time in Cuba. They perfected an improved mill, and in 1840 Mr. Adams, himself, went out to Cuba and put it in operation. Its success established their reputation in this direction, and there was soon a large demand for sugar-mills of their manufacture. Their business constantly increased, and they added

to their facilities for manufacturing in a corresponding degree. The demand for printing-presses had come to be very extensive, so that at one time they had orders on hand for as many presses as they could build in a year. It was a long time before the Harper's, whom Mr. Adams had endeavored to secure as customers, would give his presses a trial in their establishment. Not until they found that their competitors, who were using the Adams press, were doing better work than they could do, were they induced to consider the arrangement. They then asked for a reduction from the regular price, in consideration of their taking six presses. This Mr. Adams refused to grant. He could see no good reason why a wealthy firm, doing an extensive business, should buy presses at a lower price than those of more limited means; nor was he able to make six presses for one firm at any smaller cost than one press each for six firms, especially so long as he had always numerous orders on hand. They finally came to his terms, and bought the presses at the regular price.

In 1856 he obtained from Congress an extension of his patent on both presses. At this time, and before, the Hoes, of New York, were infringing upon his patents. Although aware of the infringements they were committing he allowed them to continue without taking steps to secure redress, knowing very well, from what he had learned by observation, having been often called to testify as an expert in important causes, that patent litigation is the most tedious and expensive in which a man can engage. He waited, therefore, until he felt able to carry the matter through, when determining to bring the case to an issue and vindicate his rights, he went to New York, called upon the Hoes and asked them what they proposed to do. They received him graciously, informing him that they had been expecting to hear from him in reference to the matter for some time, and the result was they offered him the sum of one hundred thousand dollars for his patents, and agreed to purchase his stock, and implements and machinery for the manufacture of presses, at a fair appraisal, which offer Mr. Adams accepted.

Not long after, about 1860, he gave up his interest in the manufacturing business to his eldest son, Aquila Adams. His brother Seth had become extensively interested in sugar refining, and after a time he had been induced to engage with him, and they carried on the business with varied fortune for some time, although he took no active part in its management.

Having formed a strong attatchment for the location during his early residence in Sandwich, he naturally turned in that direction when seeking the reinvigorating influences of country life. For several successive summers he made that romantic town, hedged in by grand old mountains, his abiding place, retaining his residence in Boston, until about a dozen years ago, when he established his permanent home in Sandwich. Purchasing a small tract of land, in the first instance, that had formed a portion of the estate of the late Capt. Paul Wentworth, upon the high table land at Sandwich Corner, commanding one of the finest landscape views to be found in the state, he has made yearly additions and improvements, in buildings and land, until, at the present time, he has one of the most extensive landed estate in New Hampshire, embracing twenty-six hundred acres of land in Sandwich and Moultonborough. He has a spacious residence, with extensive and substantial out-buildings, and has shared neither pains nor expense in adding to the attractiveness of the surrounding grounds. He keeps a large number of men constantly employed upon his land, much of which he has planted with forest trees, principally English oak, chestnut, and pine, while the best portions are thoroughly improved and under a high state of cultivation.

Notwithstanding his limited educational advantages in early life, and long and close attention to a business which always taxed the strongest powers of body and mind, Mr. Adams is a man

of fine literary tastes and large general information. He has an extensive and valuable library, selected with great care, embracing all the standard works of science, history, biography, poetry, and romance, both ancient and modern, with many rare and curious volumes, purchased at almost fabulous prices. He is also a warm lover of art, and his home is adorned by rare pictures and statuary in profusion, some of which he secured in Europe, where he spent some time in travel in 1856, combining business and pleasure.

Thoroughly devoted to his business, he has never engaged in the strife of politics, although entertaining strong political convictions of the Jacksonian Democratic type. He was, however, elected a member of the Massachusetts Senate in 1848, and was at one time the candidate of his party for Mayor of Boston. He was a member of the Massachusetts delegation to the Democratic National Convention at Cincinnatti, in 1856, where he voted steadily for Pierce; and in 1868 was a delegate from this state to the New York Convention, where he as firmly supported Gen. Hancock. Since his residence in Sandwich, he has served several years as a member of the board of selectmen, and has been three times elected to the legislature, being a member of the present House. As a legislator, as well as in every other capacity, he has acted with entire independence, supporting such measures only as he deemed right, without regard to mere party policy. In this, his action has been consistent with his general character and conduct. Possessed of an inflexible will and decided convictions of duty and right, he has followed those convictions, without deviation, in all his relations in life. The great wealth which he has acquired, generally estimated to be larger than that of any other man in New Hampshire, is entirely the product of his own honest labor, tireless energy, skill, and judgment. He never wronged a man in any transaction, or gained a dollar by unjust means. While abiding by his own convictions of right, and exacting strict justice at the hands of others, his kindness and benevolence are unquestioned and actively but unostentatiously exercised.

Mr. Adams has been twice married, first in March, 1830, to Ann Rayne, a daughter of John Rayne, of Waltham, Mass., who died six years later; and again in December, 1841, to his present wife, then a widow lady, whose maiden name was Anna R. Goodrich. By the first wife he has two sons living, Aquila and Isaac; the first now cashier of the Broadway National Bank in Boston, and the second the inventor of the nickel-plating process. By his second wife he has two sons and a daughter living. Julius is a lawyer in Boston; Durward resides at Sandwich Centre; and the daughter, Elizabeth, the wife of William F. Ulman, also resides near her father in Sandwich.

DEAD LEAVES.

BY LAURA GARLAND CARR.

Adown the street, with loitering feet,
I walk this dull November day;
The fallen leaves lie ankle deep;
Sad winds through naked tree-tops sweep;
O'er all the land broods dark decay.
Who walks with me! Voices around
Seem speaking from the air and ground.

"Grim Death is near! The fading year
But pictures forth the fate that's thine.
All things that live and flourish here
Run through a changeful, marked career,
Then sink in sure decline.
Man's hope for future life is vain.
Nothing that dies can live again."

"Nay. Nothing *dies*." A voice replies—
"Nothing that is can cease to be."
Change follows change, beneath the skies;
Old objects fall, new ones arise,
And thus the world is fair to see.
How tame would be our tarry here
Without these changes that appear.

"All things must die, beneath the sky!"
Repeats the first voice, clear and shrill.
"As our dead bodies, by and by,
Mix with the earth in which they lie,
So our freed spirits—good and ill—
Blend with the spirit world; no more
To take the forms and hues they wore."

"Can mortal sight judge God aright?"
Another voice takes up the strain.
"Can man, with aid of earth's dim light,
Read and explain the infinite,
Making its meaning plain?
Put vain conjectures all aside—
Trusting that He who made can guide."

Still down the street, with lagging feet,
I walk this dull November day,
Dark, angry clouds, with motions fleet,
Above me seem to part and meet,
And fierce winds check my onward way,
But glimpses of blue sky I see—
While blithely sings the chickadee.

COMMUNISM, CIVILIZATION, SOCIALISM.

BY WM. H. KIMBALL.

The thought of the day appears much confused as to the purport of these terms, and it seems desirable to come to a better understanding.

Communism means, intrinsically, an indiscriminate commingling or chaotic massing of the human form; hence it is elementary in its nature.

Civilization means the distinct ununfolding and distribution of special forces and powers of the human form, in contrarious relations and operations; hence it is evolutionary or progressive in its nature. But as evolution or progression implies an objective as well as a subjective point,—a point of attainment as also point of departure,—civilization, as the passive term in the series, tends to Society as the full objective term.

Socialism means true society, fraternity, unity, and order in all human conditions. So it implies scientific combination, association or alliance of all forces and powers of the human form. It recognizes the communal element—the common nature—as a fundamental base or root, wherefrom the final flower and fruit derive their pith and support; and the civil element—the specializing nature — as a superstructural necessity, requisite to unfold and maintain individuality; and thence it reconciles the *natural conflict* between the common and special, through a cultivated or scientific alliance of such naturally oppugnant elements.

Civilization, while it functions to develop special character and power, and thus disrupt the common in the manifold antagonal interests and efforts of the forms it unfolds, tends, of itself alone, to perpetuate its own form. It begets all forms of isolation, unrelated self, *selfishness;* and these forms naturally struggle not only in combat with each other for superior place and power, but they also tend to oppose direct tendencies towards the higher social conditions; for the more powerful and successful give general direction to the currents; and these being satisfied, and even elated with the unsocial distinctions acquired, naturally incline to perpetuate those distinctions.

But all is commotion and unrest here. The few who come to have scientific appreciation of the oncoming society—social unity—naturally agitate with the view to spread their ideas and make them potent to produce that result. Others, who have distinguished themselves in the competitive fray in one way or another, will try to maintain the system that displays them so favorably as contrasted with others; and the surging, seething multitudes—always restive under pressure—will become turbulent and destructive, and finally, if not rightly appeased, undisguised communists.

Thus, while Socialism tends to reform and convert the warring forces of Civilization into the orderly methods of scientific society, Communism aims to annul the injustice and pressure of competition and strife inherent to Civilization in the dead-sea level of chaotic indifference.

True, the elements are mixed and much confused, and there are very few intelligent socialists with clear scientific vision. But there is naturally a felt sympathy between communist and socialist, because both are animated with humanitary wants. Both desire, mostly, truer fellowship and harmony in human conditions. But the scientific socialist knows that, practically, Communism is a fatal error. In aiming to overcome the distressing contrariety of Civilization in communal dis-

solution, it goes back into the ground, instead of forward to the harvest. It is as if the husbandman, weary with the toils attending midsummer growth, proceeded to cut down the rank, fruitless stock, and went back to a new planting in hope of realizing the fruit. Social science knows that all acquired force must be kept and reconverted to the desired result—the true social harvest. So, however it may sympathize with the actuating *feeling* of Communism, it abhors its leveling aim.

Communism, like monotone in music, would distract by perpetual sameness. Civilization, like disordered contrariety in tone, torments with its shocking discordances. Socialism, like tonal harmony, would delight with its matchless variety in combination of full scientific accordance.

In a late encyclical letter, Pope Leo calls upon his Commanders in the Church to make a war of extermination upon Socialism. He assumes that it violates family and property; and so undermines society. He especially urges a relentless combat, in order to protect property from its assaults.

The earnestness of the Pope attests his sincerity, but it does not atone for his want of intellectual acumen as to the real situation. He utterly fails to comprehend the purport and tendencies of the three elements we have indicated as ruling law in human experience. Assuming the right and permanence of present inequality and injustice, he denounces, as alike destructive and abhorrent, every tendency, whether of dissolution or reform. He sees nothing more beneficent and promising than a sickly system of alms-doling, which he earnestly urges.

Now, Socialism is the only true protector of property. Wealth is especially *proper* to those who produce or variously minister to its production. In their hands it is *property*. In the hands of those who acquire it through craft and despoiling games it is *possession*, but not *property*. The great majority of real producers know little of luxury and freedom. They are mostly pressed with hardship and want, while the few adroit and crafty spoilsmen seize upon the fruits of toil, and distinguish themselves with the opulence and ease of such *possession*. The meaning of the name *Cain* is possession. Cain was a murderer from the beginning. And so is this exclusive possession which Pope Leo volunteers to bolster and perpetuate.

God's immutable law of progress points to true society, fraternity, brotherhood; to true social harmony, wherein science shall order all production, distribution, and consumption of the goods of life in a *proper* manner. Therein, alone, may the interests and *rights of property* prevail in perfect security.

Let all rulers, both ecclesiastical and civil, rightly dispose themselves to this movement; else they will be overwhelmed and buried by the swelling tide.

THE PATRIOT STATESMEN OF THE AGE OF CHARLES I.

BY PROF. E. D. SANBORN.

The warrior by profession fights for renown; the true hero for principles. The one is stimulated by praise; the other is disheartened by reproach. The one receives his reward in the plaudits of the unthinking multitude; the other in the noiseless approbation of good men. The warrior's fame is ripened in a day and he lives to hear his own eulogies; the reputation of the moral hero requires centuries for its maturity. The warrior reaps a full harvest of glory upon the tented field; the defender of truth frequently dies unhonored and unsung. Such is the course of events in this world. Succeeding ages rectify the verdicts of those who have gone before them. The permanent respect of mankind can be acquired only by good deeds; by the manly defense of truth, virtue, and intelligence. The greatest heroes of this earth have been those fearless counsellors who have whispered truth in the ear of despots, or boldly defended it in the halls of legislation, when the tyrant's power rested like an incubus upon the heart of the nation and stifled every free pulsation. Contemplate Hannibal haranguing his frost-bitten soldiers upon the summit of the Alps, setting forth in soul-stirring eloquence his mighty projects of conquest, pointing to the rich vales beneath as the prize for which they were still farther to peril life and suffer untold anguish; consider how vast the intellect that could plan and execute such an enterprise and does the hero seem to you a great man? If so, then turn from the contemplation of his skill, his courage, his eloquence, his indomitable energy and examine his motives. Why is the warrior thus urged on through unheard of toil with an almost unparalleled sacrifice of blood and treasure? For what great principle does he do battle? Is it to extend the area of human freedom, to make new discoveries, to explore new fields of thought, to shed the light of science upon regions of mental right, or to teach the nations how to live? No! His highest motive is glory; his strongest is revenge. Compare the heroism of Hannibal with the moral daring of John Hampden, resisting the encroachments of the royal prerogative in robbing the people of their property, with the certain prospect before him of a loathsome dungeon and an ignominious death.* Was it the twenty shillings of ship-money which prompted him to resist the tyrant's requisition? No: it was right, eternal right and justice for which he periled fame and life. Weigh now the glory of Hannibal with the fame of the patriot, and which, think you, will rise in the scale? When brought into such proximity how mean appear the warrior's aims; how truly glorious those of the hero!† Take another example:

Contemplate Alexander at the passage of the Granicus, plunging into the rapid stream in the very face of the foe, amid a cloud of missiles, emerging from the stream to achieve a noble

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* Hampden, on the dissolution of Charles' second parliament was committed to a close and rigorous imprisonment in the gate-house, because he refused the king's loan.—Life, p. 313.

† This man (Hampden), who offered up his life on the altar of freedom, in defense of his country, was as bold on the battle-field and in the hall of legislation. From an old "Elegie:"

"I have seene
Him i' th' front of's regiment in greene.
When death about him did in ambush lye.
And whizzing shot like showers of arrows flye
Waving his conq'ring steele as if that he
From Mars had got the sole monopolie
Of never-failing courage; and so cheare
His fighting men."—Life, p. 377.

victory upon its banks. What courage, what manly energy, what intellect is here displayed! and for what did this warrior fight? For liberty, religion, or law? No: but for glory: for the breath of popular applause: for a bubble. Compare the physical courage of Alexander with Sir. John Elliot's manly defence of liberty and law in his impeachment of the Duke of Buckingham, the favorite of Charles I. This creature of the tyrant had been the chief instrument of his oppression. The people had been ground into the dust by his exactions. They felt their wrongs and groaned beneath their burdens but dared not speak, dared not resist. Hear the voice of the champion of liberty in closing his impeachment of the king's minion, before the assembled parliament: "Your lordships," said he, "have an idea of the man, what he is in himself, what in his affections! You have seen his power, and some, I fear, have felt it. You have known his practice; I have heard its effects. It rests then to be considered what, being such, he is in reference to the king and state, how compatible or incompatible with either? In reference to the king, he must be styled the canker in his treasure; in reference to the state, the moth of all goodness. What future hopes are to be expected your lordships may draw out of his actions and affections. In all precedents I can hardly find him a match or parallel. None so like him as Sejanus, described by Tacitus: Audax sui obtegens, in alios criminator juxta adulator et superbus. My lords, for his pride and flattery it was noted of Sejanus that he did, clientes suos provinciis adornare. Doth not this man the like? Ask England, Scotland, and Ireland, and they will tell you? Sejanus's pride was so excessive, Tacitus saith that he neglected all counsel, mixed his business and service with his prince's, seemed to confound their actions; and was often styled imperatoris laborum socius. How lately and how often hath this man commixed his actions in discourse with the actions of the king! My lords, I have done. *You see the man!* By him came all these evils; in him we find the cause; on him we expect the remedies; and to this we met your lordships in conference." Such was the conclusions of Sir John Elliot's speech, and what reward did he gain? He was left to die in prison and a succeeding generation avenged his wrongs. What is the courage of the warrior under the excitement of the occasion, with the eyes of thousands turned upon him, to this deliberate, and solemn consecration of life and property to the welfare of the people? Many heroes have spoken gloriously and acted gloriously, but Sir John Elliot has surpassed them all, when, on being told by the judges of the king, before whom he had been brought after a long imprisonment for his bold defence of the people's rights, that there was a possibility of his remaining even seven years longer in prison, he calmly replied: "I am quite prepared; my body will serve to fill the breach that is made in the public liberties as well as any other."

How the glory of war pales before the intenser light of such a patriot's fame! In battle, there is a chance that every man may escape. In the van of opposition against inveterate oppression, the leaders are almost sure to be smitten down. The best they can expect is that the tyrant's clemency may permit them to pine, and droop and die in solitary imprisonment. Such was the fate of the noble-hearted Elliot. He died, everywhere spoken against as a malefactor, a disturber of the public peace, a traitor and enemy of the king. His memory now blooms in unfading glory in the hearts of all the good and the truly great. Such is the tenor of human events. He and his faithful compeers looked abroad into a sea of troubles shoreless, and starless; they launched the Commonwealth upon it. They were wrecked, but the crew was saved. Look at Cæsar passing the Rubicon. He hesitates. He repeats to himself the senate's awful mandate; the crown glitters before his mental eye in the distance; he seem-

to hear the shouts of admiring thousands; ambition excites; lust of power urges him on; he makes the decision on which hangs life or death. The stream is past; the crown is won. How we love to contemplate the grand intellect that could grasp such mighty results in a moment! Here was mind in action; but it was stayed up by selfishness. He periled life, but it was in his own cause. The stake was great, but it was all his own. One successful enterprise might give him immortal honor. The gain or the loss affected himself only. Does such daring deserve our admiration? We can not but admire any form of greatness—mere physical prowess, feats of strength do command our admiration. The workings of intellect, the achievements of a great mind, tho' it be that of the "tall arch angel mind," do exhort unwilling homage from all beholders. But when we find the comprehensive mind and high moral worth united, we not only admire but we love.

"All love renders wise
In its degree; from love which blends with love—
Heart answers heart—to that which spends itself
In silent mad idolatry of some
Preeminent mortal—some great soul of souls—
Which ne'er will know how well it is adored."

Bonaparte commanded the admiration of the world by his intellectual greatness. Men had never witnessed such compass of thought, such genius to plan and power to execute, such an unbending will and indomitable perseverance, as he displayed in his uninterrupted career of victories. Yet, vast as were his resources, he lacked the moral elements essential to true greatness. He was supremely selfish. He despised the multitude who bore him on their shoulders; who fought his battles and gained his victories. He esteemed his poor conscripts little better than "food for cannon." Good men may *admire* but they can not *love* such an unfeeling relentless Avatar of destruction. To his own exaltation, he sacrificed even the tenderest affections of his own heart. He fought for no common principle of duty, law or religion which others might share. Self was the centre and circumference of every thought, every motion, every action. Look at this warrior at the bridge of Lodi, or on the field of Austerlitz, or any other battle ground of his numerous victories; see him facing death in every form, enduring hardships like a common soldier, fighting, toiling, suffering, and for what? That he might wear a diadem and tread upon the necks of the people. Who can love such a hero? Compare the unquestioned bravery of Napoleon with the moral daring of the acknowledged leader of the Long Parliament, the untitled yeoman of Somersetshire, John Pym. This parliament met Nov. 3d, 1640. In the preceding April a parliament had been summoned, of which Pym was a member. The national sufferings had now reached their acme; the crisis was at hand. Now there was need of bold hearts and strong arms to defend the people's rights. In the strong language of Milton on an another occasion: "Behold now that mansion house of liberty, encompassed and surrounded with God's protection; behold that shop of war, with its anvils and hammers working to fashion out the plates and instruments of armed justice in defence of beleaguered truth; behold the pens and heads there, sitting by studious lamps, musing, searching, revolving new notions and ideas, wherewith to present, as with their homage and their fealty, the approaching reformation." In battle, the moment which precedes the first onset is always one of fearful interest; often of painful silence, each party waiting in anxious expectation the signal for the attack. So it was in this new parliament, whilst men gazed upon each other, says Clarendon, looking who should begin, Mr. Pym, a man of good reputation (these are the words of an enemy), but much better known afterwards, who had been as long in those assemblies as any man then living, broke the ice, in a set discourse of two hours. After men-

tion of the king with profound reverence, and commendation of his wisdom and justice, he observed that by the long intermission of parliaments many unwarrantable things had been practised, notwithstanding the great virtue of his majesty. He then enumerated in detail, under thirteen distinct heads, all the illegal acts of the king's officers, and the grievances of his own imposing, with a force of argument and a power of eloquence which the advocates of royal oppression could neither gainsay nor resist. This speech filled the king and his ministers with alarm. The people received it with unbounded joy. The result was the immediate dissolution of the parliament. But such was the state of the nation, and particularly of the royal exchequer, that the king was compelled soon to summon a new parliament. The patriot statesmen were again returned. Pym was prompt to renew the complaints of the people and to demand a redress of grievances before granting supplies. The conclusion of his opening speech in the Long Parliament is as follows: "Tis a happy assurance, sir, of his Majesty's intention of grace to us, that our loyalty hath, at least, won him to tender the safety of the people. And certainly (all our pressures [being] well weighed this twelve years past), it will be found, that the passive loyalty of a suffering nation hath outdone the active loyalty of all times and stories. As the poet hath it:

Fortiter ille facit qui miser esse potest;

and I may as properly say, Fideliter fecimus. We have done loyally to suffer so patiently. Then since our royal lord hath in mercy visited us, let us not doubt but, in his justice, he will redeem his people. Qui timide rogat, docet negare. When religion is innovated, our liberties violated, our fundamental laws abrogated, our modern laws already obsoleted, the property of our estates alienated; *nothing left us we can call our own but our misery and our patience:* if ever any nation might justifiably, we certainly may now, now most properly and seasonably, cry out and cry aloud: Vel sacra regnet justitia, vel ruat coelum."

Such was the spirit which actuated the patriots of the Long Parliament. A more remarkable body of men never existed; remarkable for integrity, piety, love of country, and unparalleled moral heroism! The memory of such men deserves to be cherished; their example should be held in perpetual remembrance. Here was true heroism divested of self, embalmed in patriotism, and sanctified by piety. England's history has no fairer page than that which records the civil achievements of these banded enemies of oppression. The upward progress of our race has been slow and toilsome. The periods of advance have been few and brief; the intervals of inaction or patient endurance have been long and gloomy.

In this world's history there are a few pages illumined by the visible presence of God's protection. At such periods the great heart of humanity has been stirred and new life has been imparted to the slumbering millions. In past ages, the masses of men have played but a secondary part on the theatre of life. They have been used by tyrants and politicians in executing their schemes of ambition and then have been suffered to sink into obscurity and wear the iron yoke of bondage. When a nation has been roused to assert its inalienable rights and the voice of the people has become the voice of God, because of its accordance with everlasting justice, then has the world been permitted to witness scenes of more imposing sublimity and moral grandeur than were ever displayed in the courts of kings or upon the tented field. As we look back upon the night of ages past, these few brilliant epochs stand out in the firmament of history like the last beaming stars that linger in the lap of morning at the approach of the king of day. Such a period was the English rebellion. It may perhaps be admitted that the claims of Charles were not greater than those of his predecessors; but the people had long acquiesced in the tyranny of the Tudor family because of their superior

energy and intellect displayed in the government of the nation. But the Stuart family were naturally weak and imbecile. With the insatiable ambition and disgusting vanity of the preceding family, they possessed none of their royal and executive characteristics. It was the misfortune of Charles to be stationed in the highway of human progress, when the people were moving. He was too proud to bow; to obstinate to retire; too feeble to resist, and the poor old drivelling champion of royal prerogative was trampled down!

Before the meeting of Charles' third parliament in 1625, the people had been driven almost to desperation by the royal exactions.

"The king had sent commissioners into every quarter of the kingdom, with the most frightfully inquisitorial powers, to execute a general forced loan." "Ships had been ordered, foreshadowing the memorable tax of ship money. The most enormous penalties had been proclaimed against religious recusants. The pulpit had been summoned to the aid of the throne, and reverend doctors preached unlimited obedience on pain of eternal damnation. The pliant priests who propped up the tottering throne with their prostituted theology were promoted to rich sees made vacant by royal power. The humble self-denying Puritan clergy had been treated as outlaws, imprisoned, whipped, and mutilated. Close confinement in loathsome dungeons had been superadded to religious anathemas. The poor who could not meet the demands of the tyrant were pressed into the army and navy and made to fight in defence of a power they detested. The profligate remnant of a foreign army was quartered at free cost upon the hands of the wealthy citizens, in the very midst of their families; so that children were compelled to breathe an atmosphere of moral pollution. The ermine of justice was soiled by base compliance with the sovereign's mandates. The voice of justice was stifled; the cries of the poor disregarded and counsel of the wise discontinued." The king was infatuated. The dream of supreme power and illimitable obedience deluded him. He sacreligiously raised his arm against a people who knew their rights and they smote him down. The contest was not "a mere struggle for prerogative on one side, and liberty on the other." It was a strife for religious as well as political freedom. An attempt was in progress to check the impulses of the reformation and put back the human race on the highway of hope and heaven. The cramped and buried faculties of the great soul of the nation reacted with terrible energy, and public opinion was embodied in the Elliots, the Pyms, the Hampdens and Vanes of that period. These were devout men. Religion was not assumed by them as a cloak for malicious designs. It was the common vesture of the soul; the garb in which the private man, the friend, the father and husband appeared among his associates and family. The patriot leaders of this epoch were the true indices of the popular mind; that is, of the serious and thoughtful portion of the public. For a century, the progress of the reformation had made the subject of theology paramount to all others. The great doctrines of the Bible had been discussed in public and in private, till the multitude had learned the dialect of the priesthood. Popular literature, literature for the million disseminated through the land in cheap editions, was unknown. The Bible had been translated into the vulgar tongue and this became the great store-house of knowledge to all classes. Besides the ordinary preaching of zealous divines, many of the secular orators were theological debaters. In the council chamber and in parliament, the Bible was the great armory from which they drew their weapons. Statesmen sought there for the true basis of government. Puritans appealed to the word of God as the only standard of faith and the only sure guide in the organization of the church militant. The secular orator drew his illustrations from Bible history and enforced his arguments by Bible precepts. The commonwealth's men

looked upon the theocracy of Hebrews as a perfect model of government. They loved to contemplate that age of primeval liberty, when in the midst of foes, the free people of Israel, *without a king*, enjoyed the divine protection and lived in honor and security! In God's word they found lessons of divine wisdom, of heavenly consolation. They learned there the equality of the race, and began to appreciate and *defend* their own inalienable rights. They found no authority there for the divine right of kings or of priests. A conscious sense of innate freedom awoke in countless hearts. The mighty soul of the nation was stirred to its very depths. The voice of God in the soul of man became articulate, and these men who have long cowered before the rod of power and the impotent anathemas of superstition stood forth in the dignity of freemen to fight the battles of the Lord. Religion henceforth became an element of political government, and the Bible was the *vade mecum* of the Puritan statesmen. They did not despise human learning as their slanderers falsely assert. The existence of a Milton among them is enough to give the lie to such an assertion; but in the language of this same great poet, they deemed the orators of Greece and Rome:

——"Far beneath the prophets
As men divinely taught and better teaching
The solid rules of civil government
In their majestic unaffected style,
Than all the oratory of Greece and Rome,
In them is plainest taught and easier learnt,
What makes a nation happy and keeps it so."

The discipline to which the nation had been subjected for a century had given new energy to the popular mind, new decision to the popular will, and a better conscience to the popular heart. Under the reign of the Tudors, the great mass of the people but very imperfectly understood their political or spiritual relations and rights. During the thirteen years which followed the death of Henry VIII, the religion of the state was changed three times, and the people submitted to these arbitrary mutations as though their belief might be prescribed at the will of the monarch. Did this result from indifference or infidelity? Most certainly not. The people held fast the fundamental doctrines of the gospel which they regarded as common both to Catholics and Protestants. In regard to rites and ceremonies, to vestures, altars and sacrament, they were undecided. They wanted light. With the progress of discussion and agitation, light came and the people adopted their own creed and would no longer quietly submit to arbitrary innovations. The public mind throughout England and Europe was governed by new affinities. The old landmarks were obliterated; old maxims became obsolete. The prophets and apostles were the authors whose precepts were practiced and whose words were chosen to represent the new emotions of a renovated people. In the time of the Reformation, says Macauley, "Nations made war on each other with new arms; with arms which no fortification, however strong by nature or art, could resist; with arms before which rivers parted like Jordan, and ramparts fell down like the walls of Jerico. Those arms were opinions, reasons, prejudices. The great masters of fleets and armies were often reduced to confess, like Milton's warlike angel, how hard they found it

"To exclude
Spiritual substance with corporeal bar."

When the people began to *reason*, they became bold; and as they became truly religious, they resolved to maintain their rights. These remarks apply in their full meaning only to the protestant portion of the nation. Their zeal increased with their knowledge. "The Catholics, says Hume, continued ignorantly and supinely in their ancient belief, or rather their ancient practices; but the reformers, obliged to dispute on every occasion and inflamed to a degree of enthusiasm by novelty and persecution, had strongly attached themselves to their

tenets; and were ready to sacrifice their fortunes and even their lives in support of their speculative and abstract principles." Religion with them was no abstraction; no mere matter of idle speculation; it was a reality; a principle pervading every thought and giving life to every purpose.

At the commencement of the struggle between the king and his subjects, there were a few men who faithfully represented the opinions of the people on the floor of the parliament. Sir John Elliot was among the earliest leaders of the opposition. Allusion has already been made to his sufferings and sacrifices in defence of the people's rights. He early became a victim of the king's oppression. He lived not to see the flames of the civil war kindled. In 1629 he was committed to prison for words spoken in debate in the House of Commons; for words of truth and soberness; for words fitly spoken, which to the groaning millions of England were "like apples of gold in pictures of silver." For nearly four years the philosopher, the statesman, patriot and christian pined in prison. The whole county of Cornwall petitioned for his enlargement; but the king did not design to answer them. When long confinement and disease had abated his physical force and "his spirits had grown feeble and faint," he wrote to the king as follows: "Sir, your judges have committed us to prison here, in your tower of London, where by reason of the quality of the air, I am fallen into a dangerous disease, I humbly beseech your majesty you will command your judges to set me at liberty that for recovery of my health I may take some fresh air." The sainted Charles condescended to say, "It was not humble enough," and left the noble champion of freedom to die in bonds. Death came to his relief Nov. 15, 1632. So perished a man of whom the world was not worthy. His ignominous death has partially clouded his memory. His name seldom appears among the great and good who have suffered in defense of truth. When the principles he advocated become the basis of English policy, as they will be erelong, the name of Elliot will be one of the watchwords of freedom's sons. "As a leader of opposition," says Mr. Foster, "he has had no superior, probably no equal. His power of resource in case of emergency was brilliant to the last degree, and his eloquence was of the highest order. The moral structure of his mind was as nearly perfect as that of the most distinguished men who have graced humanity." The compatriots of this great statesman survived him about ten years. Pym was the leading debater of the opposition; Hampden the leading counsellor; both unequalled in their respective spheres. These two patriots were distinguished by the same immortal honor which his majesty, George the 3d, conferred upon John Hancock and Samuel Adams in the American revolution; they were both excepted from the general pardon afforded to other insurgent subjects. These men were feared and hated by Charles. He attempted to arrest them with three of their associates in the House of Commons. He did them the honor to head his own police and came in person to arrest them. But having received some intimation of the king's purpose, they withdrew till the storm passed over. The attempt was not repeated because the people had shown an evident disposition to defend their leaders. John Pym died in his bed, notwithstanding the plots of his enemies, on the 8th of December, 1643. He died with truly christian resignation. At his funeral an eloquent and earnest preacher used the following language: "Now we meet to lament the fall of this choice and excellent man, in whose death the Almighty testifies against us and even fills us with gall and wormwood. I know you come hither to mourn, so fully prepared for it, that although I am but a dull orator to move passion, I may serve well enough to draw out those tears, with which your hearts and eyes are so big and full. There is no need to call for

the mourning women that they may come; and for cunning women that they may take up a wailing to help your eyes to run down with tears, and your eyelids to gush out with waters. The very looking down upon this bier, and the naming of the man whose corpse is here placed, and a very little speech of his worth and our miserable loss is enough to make this assembly, like Rachel, not only lift up a voice of mourning, but even to refuse to be comforted. . . . I am called to speak of a man so eminent and excellent, so wise and gracious, so good and useful, whose works so praise him in every gate, that, if I should altogether hold my tongue, the children and babes (I had almost said the stones) would speak; upon whose hearse could I scatter the choicest flowers, the highest expressions of rhetoric and eloquence, you would think I fell short of his worth; you would say that his very name expresseth more than my words could do." After enumerating his numerous virtues, the good doctor adds: "Who knows not all this to be true, who knew this man's conversation? Not only since the time of this parliament but for many years together hath he been a great pillar to uphold this sinking frame, a master workman laboring to repair our ruined house, and under the weight of his work hath the Lord permitted this rare workman to be overthrown." Baxter, too, bore unequivocal testimony to this man's piety and virtue. Surely, said he, in "The Saints Everlasting Rest," "Pym is now a member of a more knowing, well-ordered, right-aiming, self-denying, unanimous, honorable, triumphant senate than that from whence he was taken." This is the man of whom it was said, "All men who knew him either loved or hated him in extremity." This brief sentence is the true key to unlock the history of this period. Every age has its partisan writer as well as its partisan politicians. Those who hated the principles of the Puritans hated their advocates. Hence the history of the times has perpetuated the prejudices of the leading men. Where they left the contest, succeeding partisans assumed it; and as among the old Germans, the children felt bound to adopt not only the friendships but the feuds of the father; so the young race of politicians esteem it their duty and privilege to adopt the prejudices and partialities of their departed leaders. Hence in all ages, good men have not wanted unscrupulous detractors; nor bad men, unprincipled defenders.

John Hampden, the other member of the immortal trio, I have mentioned above, died early in the civil war, having received a mortal wound, on the field of battle. No man has ever, successfully, impeached his character. No man acted a more conspicuous part in bringing the troubles of the afflicted nation to a crisis; no man exerted a more commanding influence in the ranks of the opposition; and no man so fully secured the unqualified respect of all parties. His dying words were: "O Lord, save my bleeding country. Have these realms in thy special keeping. Confound and level in the dust those who would rob the people of their liberty and lawful prerogative. Let the king see his error and turn the hearts of his wicked counsellors from the malice and wickedness of their designs. Lord Jesus, receive my soul." To this good man whose praise is coextensive with the true idea of liberty and patriotism, the artful and malicious Clarendon applied what was once said of Cinna: "He had a head to contrive and a tongue to persuade and a hand to execute any mischief. With the utmost coolness he adds: "His death, therefore, seemed to be a great deliverance to the nation."

In the world's past history there have been a few periods occurring at widely distant intervals, when the people have risen in their majesty and taken a new step in the onward march of freedom. The progress of liberty has been slow. It has usually advanced pari passu, with intelligence and virtue. As the human mind expands it grasps those profound ideas which underlie the whole fabric

of civil liberty. In a dependent and servile state it is difficult to elevate the common mind and stimulate the common heart to such achievements. When light breaks in, men soon begin to appreciate their strength and their position. Their chains become irksome. The mass struggles with the bonds that curb their aspirations, while the few leading spirits who have already risen above the fears of tyrants, labor assiduously to undo the heavy burdens and relieve the groaning millions. These choice spirits become the leaders of the good cause and wherever they raise the standard of reform the people flock around it; whenever they make a breach in the strong-holds of oppression, the people rush in. Such leaders find their own courage revived by the cordial support of the many. In their favorites, the people see embodied their own sentiments, and they seem to them the very incarnation of right opinions of truth and justice. The people styled Pym "the delegated voice of God." To them he seemed to act under divine guidance. Every law which the creator had written on the heart of man, seemed to vindicate his rightful claim to this title. He led the van of freedom's hosts. His voice expressed the thoughts which struggled in the breasts of millions. His great heart beat in unison with the pulsations of countless agitated and heaving bosoms. Few such periods have been known in the annals of time. Few such strides of the people towards constitutional liberty have been witnessed in the world's history. The American revolution alone can furnish a complete parallel. The patriots of '76 and the patriots of the period of the English rebellion deserve to be held in everlasting remembrance. In consequence of the partial failure of the noble plans of the English patriots and the subsequent restoration of Charles II, the memory of these heroic defenders of the people's rights has suffered from undeserved censure and reproach.

The day when justice shall be done in the premises draws nigh. It is hardly possible that the principles which they advocated and for which they suffered can much longer lie dormant in the minds of English freemen. These principles may not triumph without commotion and bloodshed. Still, we believe they are destined to obtain the ascendency in the hearts of the people. When that day arrives the virtues of Elliot, Hampden, and Pym will become the admiration of all the truly great and good, and their names will be adopted as freedom's watchwords.

IDYL OF AUTUMN.

BY MARY H. WHEELER.

O sweet October day!
The closing of the year in sunset bright,
The silent time to rest and muse and pray
Ere Winter's sombre night!

Against the cloudless sky,
Distinctly outlined are the leafless trees,
One pale, belated leaf comes floating by,
Slow borne upon the breeze.

Beneath the orchard tree
The sober cattle stand with far off gaze,
As if they, too, in pensive dreams might see
The scenes of other days.

A few late blooms we pass,
Our path is matted close with tangled weeds,
From which our garments, trailing o'er the grass,
Collect the clinging seeds.

With slowly loitering pace,
We wander on, until our aimless tread
Has brought us to the ancient burying place,
Where sleep the peaceful dead.

The golden sunbeams fall
With softened radiance in this sacred ground,
On lettered monuments and mossy wall
And o'er each grassy mound.

In yonder tree there clings
A youth, who picks the ruddy apples there,
And while he works with plaintive voice he sings
A sweet familiar air.

We hear not all the strain,
For fitful breezes bear the notes away;
Then, on the still air, wildly sweet again,
Returns the lay.

From grave to grave we stray
In tender sadness, not allied to grief,
For death to us is glorified today,
Like Autumn's falling leaf.

We think of forms we prize,
Those who have calmly left us one by one,
With folded hands and softly curtained eyes,
To rest from labors done.

Such peace enwrapeth all
We deem 't were sweet, to meet death's outstretched hand,
And with October's golden leaves to fall
Into the silent land.

The chiseled names we trace,
And dates which would their simple record save,
A moment stay a single flower to place
Upon this little grave.

The singer's work is done,
His song is ended; we no longer stray,
But in the long rays of the sinking sun
We take our homeward way.

Pittsfield October, 1879.

REV. ISAAC G. HUBBARD, D. D.

BY REV. HENRY A. COIT, D. D.

DIED,

Very suddenly, on Sunday, March 30th, the Rev. ISAAC G. HUBBARD, D. D., Rector of Union Church, West Claremont, N. H., in the sixty-first year of his age.

"He was not, for God took him." Dr. Hubbard was such an example of the faithful, self-denying Christian pastor and priest, that his life deserves a fuller and more lasting record than this brief memorial. In these days of doubt and confusion, our hearts are comforted and our faith strengthened by the lives of the holy and loyal Churchmen among us, able ministers of the New Testament, the saints of our branch of the Catholic Church, who, in quietness and confidence, have "endured hardships, wrought righteousness," and remained steadfast to the end. Whether in the East or the West, in Wisconsin or New Hampshire, their memories are blessed, and their works do follow them. Dr. Hubbard was one of these.

He was born in Claremont, N. H., April 13th, 1818, of a good old Churchly stock. His parents and family were honoured and honourable in their day and generation. Easter Sunday of this year, therefore, was the anniversary of his birth. He grew up a truth-loving, noble-minded youth, strong in body and brave in heart, eager for an education, which he attained by self-helping exertion, graduating at Trinity (then Washington) College in the year 1839. I remember his giving an amusing and graphic narrative of returning with a friend to college, from Claremont, in a boat, down the Connecticut river, and of the hairbreadth 'scapes of this rough and somewhat perilous navigation. He had even then devoted himself to the nearer service of our Lord in the ministry, and passed from college into the General Theological Seminary, New York, where he spent two years, but was compelled by his limited means to finish the prescribed course of study with the wise Bishop Carlton Chase, at Claremont. During this period of preparation he was teaching to maintain himself, and spend a year in this way in North Carolina. While studying under Bishop Chase, he officiated as lay reader at Drewsville and Bellows Falls. Thus his ordination was considerably delayed, and it was not till June 25, 1845, that he was ordained Deacon in Trinity Church, Claremont. The Rev. Dr. Sprague presented him, and the Rev. Dr. Burroughs preached the ordination sermon. He served his diaconate in Vergennes, Vt., and received priest's orders from Bishop Chase in March, 1847. The first four years of his priesthood he was rector in Potsdam, N. Y. Then for some months he was assistant of the venerable Dr. Muhlenburg, in the Church of the Holy Communion, New York. The advantages of this association were visible in all his after work, and often acknowledged by him.

In May, 1852, he became rector of S. Michael's Church, Manchester, N. H., where he remained until February, 1866. The town is the largest in New Hampshire, and draws its manufacturing population from every part of the state. The field was, in the truest sense, a missionary one, as so many of our home stations are, demanding the largest self-denial, patience, energy, wisdom, and affording work for ten men. The seal of that laborious and

patient ministry is graven deep in many hearts widely scattered now; and many more are gathered in a better land, who have reason to thank God for the teachings and example of Dr. Hubbard. The growth of the parish was real and lasting rather than strikingly apparent, for, year by year, the customary fluctuations of the population removed numbers who showed the fruits of Dr. Hubbard's training in other parishes. The great visible work accomplished was the building of the beautiful stone church,—one of the most attractive of the kind in New England,—and the securing of a lot and erection of a parsonage. The writer of these lines was witness to the noble toils and sacrifices which these works cost. Dr. Hubbard wrought with his own hands. He superintended every detail. He reduced his personal expenses to the minimum. The sacred words were in place on his lips,—"The zeal of Thine house hath eaten me up." His spirit was like that of Selwyn. He was the sort of priest in whom Bishop Selwyn would have rejoiced. He was absolutely free from worldliness and self-seeking, from all hankering after a wealthier parish, a "wider field," or what is called promotion. *O si sic omnes!* He rejoiced in that "patrimony and perpetual inheritance which the Church possessed, even when its Founder had not where to lay His head, when His disciples had but a few tattered nets and leaky boats, and had left even them, and when they went out without scrip and purse, and yet lacked nothing." His generosity to the destitute poor was well known in Manchester. He would share his last loaf with any one who needed food, and this he has been known to do in very deed, and not in will only. He did not give that which cost him nothing. I am telling the unadorned truth about a New Hampshire man of our own day and generation, to whom Divine grace, working upon and guiding a naturally benevolent disposition, gave true largeness of heart, and entire unconsciousness that there was anything unusual or praiseworthy in such munificence. But his work in Manchester proved too arduous, the self-denial too severe, and the strain upon the too willing labourer produced the usual results. In the spring of 1866 he was compelled to resign his parish, and retire to his little patrimony at Claremont; and for a year and a half he suffered that severest of all trials to a faithful clergyman,— the almost total suspenion of his sacred duties. But this sore discipline only brought out his patience and entire submission to the will of God, and a bright cheerfulness, born of peace and hope, which turned his involuntary silence into a touching and helpful lesson.

In August, 1867, he was sufficiently restored to accept the rectorship of Trinity Church, Claremont, where he remained until Easter, 1875. During this period he was forced, by a recurrence of his former trouble, to take a rest of six months, and through the kind instrumentality of a few friends he visited Europe. But his eager spirit was always urging him on to undertake more than his enfeebled health could bear. Again he sank at his post, and when he resigned his parish, in 1875, he felt as if his life work was closed. He returned to the farm which had been his childhood's home, rarely performing any priestly duty until October, 1876, when he began services at the old church (Union) West Claremont, without venturing to make any permanent engagement. The Easter following, he felt able to accept the post of Minister in charge for a year, and renewed the engagement at Easter, 1878. His devoted attachment to his old home and all its surroundings, and his exquisite enjoyment and appreciation of everything beautiful in nature, made these last years happy, in the midst of many cares and perplexities. He felt that here was to be his last resting-place on earth. "I shall never leave here," he said within the last year; "I can still do some work for the Church in the Diocese and perhaps be as useful here as anywhere. I shall never be able to take

a large parish, but perhaps I can build up the old church." It was indeed wonderful how much he accomplished in that ancient parish; how he roused to a new warmth of spiritual life and interest the old members, and added new ones; and how thoroughly he possessed the love, respect, and confidence of those among whom he had gone in and out from his childish years.

It pleased God to visit him last year with a most severe and sudden blow, in the death of his oldest child, a promising boy of sixteen years of age, who, after nearly a year of exemplary diligence and manly performance of duty at S. Paul's School, returned home the second Monday after Easter, to be seized with a malignant disease, and to die in his parents' arms in about twenty-four hours after his arrival. In this fearful trial, the hope and patience of the Christian's life were fully manifested. He wrote, a few days after,—"For ourselves, we have been wonderfully sustained. The hand of God has been beneath us to uphold us, and we have been calm in the midst of what, without the consolations of the Gospel, would have been overwhelming anguish." "We followed the remains to their resting-place near the old church yesterday evening. We strewed the coffin with flowers of the early spring, from the woods and fields, and sprigs of evergreen, and everything spoke of the Resurrection of the dead and the life of the world to come. The beautiful service was read by dear Ferguson." "Oh! when we meet *there*, these events and scenes which now so rend our hearts will be a source of grateful joy to us." Thus the waves of affliction only cast him more fully upon the Divine love, and left him more purified from earthly taint, more unselfish, more full of love and interest and sympathy for others. These last months had the evening glow. There was an indescribable sweetness and peacefulness in all he did or said. Even his bodily health improved. He was able to read and study and write more. And the sudden call on the Lord's Day, in the midst of his holy duties, seemed fitting in the case of one who was so ready to answer, "Speak, LORD, for thy servant heareth."

The Sunday previous, March 23d, which was mid-Lent Sunday, he preached from Judges 5:31: "Let them that love Him be as the sun when hs goeth forth in his might." The subject was, Advancement the test of Christian fellowship. The rising, growing Day was a type of the progress of the Divine life in the soul. He urged his people, with great earnestness, as he drew to a close, to make sure that *their* Christian life was thus a progress,—ending in these words: "May God give us all grace earnestly and faithfully to labour and strive, that we may go on to perfection, following the Lamb withersoever He goeth, that, being embraced among those who truly love Him, we may indeed be as the sun when he goeth forth in his might, and shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

His preaching was always marked by careful thought and forcible expression. His delivery was that of one whose soul was in his words, speaking with the energy of his own convictions, and with the power and fulness of personal experience.

On the 30th, Passion Sunday, he was apparently as well as usual in the morning. The hymn at family prayers was one he had selected to be sung at church,—the 383: "There is a fountain filled with blood." The last verse will be remembered:

"Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave."

This was his last hymn on earth.

On the way to church he was compelled to make a great exertion of strength that he might force his dog, which was following, back into a barn on the roadside, and was for a time much exhausted; but he revived, went into the church as usual, and arrayed the altar for the Holy Communion.

An account of his last moments I must give in the simple and touching words of his faithful wife. "Willie [his son] went into the robing-room to get hymnals, and his father told him to tell one of the wardens that he did not feel able to have service. We found him sitting, not feeling sick, but a little weak, and his breath short, though not nearly as much so as it had been on the way. He told us that he was very sorry not to have service, but it did not seem prudent to attempt it. He talked easily, and I thought at the time how very sweet and gentle his words sounded, thanking the gentlemen for every little attention, and telling them to give notice of the Wednesday evening lecture. He said he only needed rest, and would go home and lie down. He revived again in a little while, and, when ready to go, said he would sit in the back seat and let Willie drive. I had not thought of anything serious. He rested against me, and told me how to sit so that he could rest easily. He talked for some time, repeating that he only wanted to rest. We might have gone half a mile, when he suddenly clasped his arms around me and laid his head upon my shoulder, with a very slight exclamation. We stopped just to catch up some snow to put at the back of his neck, as we had done before, and I had strength to hold him up. Directly there was one more slight sound, a sound one cannot mistake, and I could have known, only I would not, that all was over." So "God gave His beloved sleep."

On the Friday following, the clergy of the Diocese gathered, with their Bishop at their head, to perform the last solemn services. No words were spoken but those the Church has provided. Only Faber's beautiful hymn was sung,—"Hark, hark, my soul! angelic songs are swelling." It was the farewell song of the ransomed, just exchanging life's toil and darkness for the rest and welcome of Paradise.

The church filled with a congregation of mourners, the holy quiet, the silent tears, the loving looks at the face of the departed as he lay surpliced in his coffin in the vestibule after the service in the church was over,—Christ's warrior "taking his rest,"—the peaceful walk across the road and through the snow-covered graveyard, and the gathering under the old pine tree beneath which we laid him by the side of his boy, were all more appropriate and impressive than anything else could have been. It was befitting the manly simplicity and faithful sincerity of his character, whose happy soul the LORD was caring for, and giving even then a foretaste of the everlasting reward.

To the Church, and to his fellow-workers in the Diocese of New Hampshire, Dr. Hubbard's loss is very heavy. For many years he has been a most true and loyal labourer, intensely interested in all the concerns of the Church abroad and at home, ready to spend and be spent in Her service.

In General Convention, in the convention of the Diocese, as a member of the Standing Committee, as Trustee of Saint Paul's School, he has habitually postponed all private wishes and aims to those sacred interests to which his life was consecrated. No one could suspect him of selfish motives or ulterior ends of any kind. He believed in the Catholic Church of Christ, visibly established here on earth, with all his heart. He thankfully accepted his lot in that branch of the Church in which he was born. He loved every one who loved Her. He was repelled by such speech and action only, as he thought lawless and disloyal. He was emphatically a Prayer-book Churchman, and thought and lived and taught in the spirit of the Prayer-book. He desired no other change than a fuller and more intelligent use of all its sacred provisions, and a more earnest and consistent endeavour to fashion the daily life according to its standard. He thought that its rule was strict enough, and its worship satisfying enough, until all our clergy have come to live like Herbert and Wilson, and to work like Breck and Selwyn.

Dr. Hubbard was a very brave man, fearless in the expression of his opinions, and so careless of popularity that

sometimes he incurred the risk of wounding the feelings of those from whom he differed. But no one who knew him could take offence. His zeal was for what he earnestly believed to be GOD'S truth, or a righteous and generous course of conduct to men. And his thorough kindness, which withheld nothing, which made him ready to do everything in his power for all who needed help and sympathy, was known as widely as he was known.

There were many traits of character which endeared him to his nearest friends, which cannot here be dwelt upon. His memory will long be cherished by those who knew him best, as one of GOD'S saints and servants; an unworldly, true, large-hearted, devoted, and holy man, whom in these days of trouble and doubt it was a blessing and a strength to know; a living witness to the power of the Gospel, and to the continued presence of the Holy Spirit in this American Church. May we who mourn for him learn the lesson from his life.

"See at the altar-side the steadfast root;
Mark well the branches, count the summer fruit;
So let a meek and faithful heart be thine,
And gather from that Tree a parable Divine."

"OVER THE RIVER."—A HISTORY.

BY REV. SILAS KETCHUM, WINDSOR, CONN.

Three poems, under the above title, appeared at no great distance of time from each other, all bearing a family resemblance, yet not sufficient to indicate that the writer of either had ever seen the others, or either of them; each differing from the others in rythm and metre, in thought and treatment, and in mechanical execution. The three were, some years ago, issued together on a broad-sheet, I suppose by Hon. Clark Jillson, of Worcester, Mass., who furnished me with a copy. A few lines of explanation accompanies the poems, but no history is given of either, nor am I able to furnish any information concerning the first two. But of the other, produced in New Hampshire, and suggested by scenery with which I was once familiar, and which won its way to the popular heart entirely on its own merits, achieving in its day a reputation rarely gained by the productions of the masters of song, I have an authentic account, never before given in print.

I

In the Boston *True Fldg* of July 7, 1855, appeared the following:

OVER THE RIVER.

Over the river, over the river—
  The river silent and deep,
When the boats are moored on the shadow-shore,
  And the waves are rocked to sleep,
When the mists so pale, like a bridal veil,
  Lie down on the limpid tide,

I hear sweet sounds in the still night time,
From the flowing river's side ;
And the boat recedes from the earthly strand,
Out o'er the liquid lea—
Over the river, the deep, dark river,
My darlings have gone from me.

Over the river, over the river,
Once in Summer time,
The boatman's call we faintly heard,
Like a vesper's distant chime ;
And a being fair, with soft dark hair,
Paused by the river's side
For the snowy boats with the golden oars,
That lay on the sleeping tide ;
And the boatman's eyes gazed into hers,
With their misty dreamlike hue—
Over the river, the silent river,
She passed the shadows through.

Over the river, over the river,
Scarce fifteen moons ago
Went a pale, young bride, with fair slight form,
And a brow as pure as snow ;
And music low, with a silver flow,
Swept down from the starry skies,
As the shadows slept in her curling hair,
And darkened her twilight eyes.
Still the boat swept on to the spirit shore,
With a motion light and free—
Over the river, the cold, death river,
My sister has gone from me !

Over the river, over the river,
When the echoes are asleep,
I hear the dip of the golden oars,
In the waters cold and deep ;
And the boatman's call, when the shadows fall,
Floats out on the evening air,
And the light winds kiss his marble brow,
And play with his wavy hair ;
And I hear the notes of Azrael's harp,
As they sweep o'er the liquid lea ;
Over the river, the peaceful river,
They are calling—calling for me !

Of the authorship of the above lines, I have no knowledge. In the broadsheet they are given anonymously. It would not surprise me to learn that Judge Jillson was himself the writer. For he was given to such things in those days ; and even now, under his gray hairs, the flavor of poetry is discernible amidst the dust of antiquity.

II

The following appeared in the Boston *Trumpet*, but under what date I am not informed, over the signature of ANNA M. BATES:

OVER THE RIVER.

Over the river gloomy and wide,
Borne on the waves of the purple tide,
With his asure eye and smile of joy,
Long ago went our little boy.
When the earth's May moon hung red and high,
And laden with flowers the breeze crept by;
Away from his home the dear one pass'd,
Like a precious pearl on the deep waves cast:
Leaving the hearts that would love forever,
For Heaven's strand shining over the river.

And another soon—the young bride fair,
With the orange wreath in her flowing hair,
With the light of joy around her shed,
Swift as an arrow's flight she sped;—
Oh, memory's harp has a mournful quiver,
When it tells how she crossed the darksome river.
Behind her a pilgrim gray and old,
Pass'd where the solemn waters rolled—
Mother and child—another twain,
Seeking a clime unknown to pain;
When the Autumn trees began to shiver,
Silently passed they over the river.

Now as I write, another dirge
Rings through my soul like a sorrowful surge,
Though above the sky is blue with May,
And the wild birds sing and the young lambs play,
For a fair young rose from its bough is torn,
A presence bright from the home-bower gone;
Yet Death can never the love-chain sever,
'T will circle us all when over the river!

Over the river! Oh, skies of May,
What charm has bended your blue today?
Though 'round me the fairest flow'rets blush,
And the grass grows green by the streamlet's gush,
I think of those who went from sight,
Like stars that pale in the dawning light;
Gone, all gone to the blessed band,
Who tread the shores of the spirit-land.
And thus where the solemn waters flow,
One by one will the dear ones go,
From the ills of life and its vain endeavor,
To the unfading, over the river!

III

NANCY A. W. PRIEST was born in Royalston, Mass., 7 Dec., 1836; and died, probably in Winchendon, an adjoining town, in which she passed the greater part of her life, 14 Sept., 1870.* Her parents were poor, hard-working people, and unable to give her more than the most meagre advantages of

*She may have died in Bartonsville, Vt.

education, a defect which she always regretted, and made strenuous efforts to remedy. Although born and inured through all her early years to poverty and toil, yet she was also an heir to

"A wish that she hardly dared to own,
For something better than she had known."

And, however cheerfully she may have taken up the burden of life and have borne it, the daily routine of manual toil, gone through not of choice but of necessity, becomes sooner or later to noble souls a drudgery and an oppression.

What this child of genius failed to obtain through the usual channels of education, she endeavored to supply, in the small seasons she could snatch from severer duties, by reading such books as came within her reach. It was the oft-repeated story reenacted, of the "pursuit of knowledge under difficulties." But while she did not neglect the more valuable sources of information, the natural temper of her mind, and inclinations of her heart, led her to prefer the poets for her companions, and the "sweet witchery of song" brightened many a weary hour. While ranging, with the freedom of youth, among such variety of authors as her limited opportunities allowed, Tennyson and Whittier became her favorites, and received the obscure homage of her soul. She began to compose verses, which she was sometimes induced by her parents to show to their friends, although apparently doing so with something the feeling of a culprit, who had been guilty of a folly. But she would not, for a long time, allow these effusions to pass out of her own hands, and it well illustrates the value which money possessed to her childish mind, that she was first induced to part with a copy of her verses to an uncle, for the compensation of a half-dime. There is, however, an epitaph upon a tomb-stone, in Winchendon cemetery, composed by her before she was twelve years old, which was probably her first appearance "in print."

In the spring or early summer of 1857, Miss Priest was an operative, employed in a paper-mill in Hinsdale, N. H. On a certain rainy day, the roads being very muddy, she carried her dinner with her to the mill. At the hour of noon, after she had partaken of her simple meal, she sat by the open window looking out across the Ashuelot river, then swollen and rapid with the rain, whose waters at their brightest are somewhat bronzed, and comparing it, in her mind, with the solemn river which separates two worlds. After musing thus for a time, without any previous premeditation or intention, she picked up a scrap of paper from the floor, and wrote for the Ages.

OVER THE RIVER.

Over the river they beckon to me,—
Loved ones who've crossed to the further side;
The gleam of their snowy robes I see,
But their voices are lost in the rushing tide.
There's one with ringlets of sunny gold,
And eyes, the reflection of heaven's own blue;
He crossed in the twilight gray and cold,
And the pale mist hid him from mortal view;
We saw not the angels who met him there,
The gates of the city we could not see,—
Over the river, over the river,
My brother stands waiting to welcome me!

Over the river the boatman pale
Carried another, the household pet;
Her brown curls wave in the gentle gale,
Darling Minnie! I see her yet.

She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands,
And fearlessly entered the phantom bark,
We felt it glide from the silver sands,
And all our sunshine grew strangely dark;
We know she is safe on the further side,
Where all the ransomed and angels be;
Over the river, the mystic river,
My childhood's idol is waiting for me.

For none return from those quiet shores,
Who cross with the boatman cold and pale;
We hear the dip of the golden oars,
And catch a gleam of the snowy sail;
And lo! they have passed from our yearning heart,
They cross the stream and are gone for aye.
We may not sunder the veil apart
That hides from our vision the gates of day,
We only know that their barks no more
May sail with us o'er life's stormy sea;
Yet somewhere I know on the unseen shore
They watch, and beckon, and wait for me.

And I sit and think when the sunset's gold
Is flushing river and hill and shore,
I shall one day stand by the water cold
And list for the sound of the boatman's oar;
I shall watch for a gleam of the flapping sail,
I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand,
I shall pass from sight with the boatman pale,
To the better shore of the spirit land;
I shall know the loved who have gone before,
And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,
When over the river, the peaceful river,
The Angel of Death shall carry me.

The scrap was laid aside, as so many other similar effusions had been, and nearly forgotten. But in August following it came to light through the columns of the *Springfield Republican*, which then had a poet for an editor. To its sweetness and simplicity, its melody and rythm, the sympathies and impulses of the public responded instantly. Almost literally she lay down to rest unknown, and awoke to find herself famous. But fame does not bring bread, and so the girl, whom all the papers were praising, toiled on in the paper-mill. Everybody who knew her was surprised by the poem, but nobody so much as she. Governor Haile, by whom she was, I think, at one time employed, told me they had never before thought her capable of such things. He described her as retiring, even to shyness, naturally reticent and uncommunicative, having few intimate acquaintances; sober-minded, diligent, self-reliant and trustworthy. Of course, he knew her only as he knew scores of other girls on his pay-roll. She doubtless produced many other good things, but of all her poems *Over the River* is the only one that will live. It was copied by the newspaper press throughout this country and England. The appreciative few treasured it among choice things; boys at school wept over it by moonlight and despaired of success in imitation; young girls in white dresses recited it on exhibition days to admiring audiences; classes in Fifth and Sixth Readers murdered and mangled it in schools; even ministers enriched with it the oratory of the pulpit; while, in 1860, Asa B. Hutchinson set the

words to music,* and the "Family" sung it to tens of thousands of delighted hearers, who listened with hushed breath, and applauded with their tears. In it the hopes of many wounded souls have been borne to the ear of Pity, and in voices burdened with sobs it was chanted at the open grave of its author, as loving hands lowered her remains to that rest in Winchendon church-yard, that "shall know no waking till the heavens be no more."

With her in the paper-mill at Hinsdale was employed a young man from Bartonsville, Vt., by the name of Arrington C. Wakefield. Between the two grew up a friendly interest, which was interrupted by the breaking out of the civil war, when Mr. Wakefield enlisted in the 3d Vt. Regiment, in which he served four years: rising to the rank of a lieutenant. But to the camp and the martial field he carried a lively remembrance of the one who had shared his toil, and he testifies that to the influence of her pure thoughts and elevated sentiments, he owed his preservation from the demoralization and vices of the camp. In the third year of the war, he wrote to her for the first time, to which she replied, and the correspondence was continued until his return in July, 1865, and on the 22d of December following they were married, taking up their residence at Bartonsville. To them were born two sons: Frank Arrington, born 6 July, 1867, and Harry Cavano, born 28 May, 1869; and a daughter, who was twenty-nine days old when the mother died.

I have, in her own hand, written at Bartonsville, near the close of her life, and signed with her full name, the following little poem which, I have reason to believe, has never before been printed:

A FRAGMENT.

I cast it to the ruddy flame,
Without one pang of painful feeling;
And saw around thy once loved name,
The greedy flame-tongues slowly stealing.

And thus shall pass thy memory
Thus, thus each brittle tie I'll sever;
Thus cast aside each thought of thee,
To sleep in Lethe's wave forever.

Ah! woman's love is strong I know,
But build some hope of change upon it;
For woman's pride is *stronger still*,
And *mine* will keep my heart from breaking.

* Published by Russell & Tolman, Boston.

POOR'S BRIGADE.

BY AMOS HADLEY.

[From a speech delivered at the Newtown Centennial, Aug. 29, 1879.]

The prime components of Poor's Brigade, which acted an important part in the expedition culminating in the Battle of Newtown, one hundred years ago today, were the First, Second and Third New Hampshire Continental Regiments, enlisted in the winter of 1776–7, for service during the war. It has fallen to my lot to sketch the biography of its commander, and of his immediate subordinates.

The commander of the corps was Gen. Enoch Poor. He was born in Andover, Mass., June 21, 1736, but in early manhood removed to Exeter, where he became a successful shipbuilder. Immediately after the battle of Lexington, April 19, 1775, he raised a regiment and was appointed its Colonel. This regiment was at this time numbered the "Second;" John Stark's being the "First," and James Reid's the "Third." Poor's regiment did not participate in the battle of Bunker Hill, June 17, 1775, being detained for home defense against an anticipated attempt of the British to burn Portsmouth. The Colonel and a part of his men were employed in constructing fire-rafts at Exeter.

During the siege of Boston he was at Winter Hill with the New Hampshire troops, until the British evacuation in March, 1776. After this, his

and the two other New Hampshire regiments went with Sullivan on an expedition to Canada, in the fruitless attempt to retrieve the disaster which had befallen the previous invading forces under Arnold and Montgomery.

In 1777 he was appointed Brigadier-General by the Continental Congress. His appointment was a supersedure of Stark, who resigned his commission and retired from the service, but without losing his patriotic interest in the cause of his country's liberty. Time waited not long for its revenge in his case; only a few short months and he became the hero of Bennington, and extorted the promotion which he deserved.

Early in 1777, the three original regiments were reorganized into regular ones for service during the war, and some change of numbering ensued. Stark's old regiment remained the "First" and Joseph Cilley, who had reached the Lieutenant-Colonecy of Poor's "Second," was appointed Colonel of the "First," with George Reid, of Londonderry as Lieutenant-Colonel. Poor's "Second" became the "Third," with Alexander Scammell of Durham, who had been Brigade-Major on Sullivan's staff, as Colonel, and Henry Dearborn, of Nottingham, a Captain in Stark's regiment, as Lieutenant-Colonel. Col. James Reid, a gallant officer, had become disabled, and his "Third" regiment became the "Second," with Nathan Hale of Rindge, for Colonel.

The three regiments had first rendezvoused at Ticonderoga, in brigade under Poor. That post having been evacuated at the advance of Burgoyne, finally, in September, 1777, the Brigade found itself in the vicinity of Saratoga. It participated with great distinction in the battles that brought the surrender of Burgoyne. In the battle of September 19, "the stress of the action on our part," says Wilkinson, Asst. Adjutant-Gen. of the Northern Army, "was borne by Morgan's regiment and Poor's brigade." That this is true, may be inferred from the loss of men. Poor's brigade lost 217 men of the 321 total loss. The loss sustained by troops of other States fighting that day in this brigade was 99, making the real New Hampshire loss 118, or more than three-eighths of the whole. Nor does this include that sustained by Dearborn's battalion of 300, made up of New Hampshire men, not belonging to the three regular regiments; for such a battalion Lieut.-Col. Dearborn commanded at the two Saratoga battles. The loss of New Hampshire men in the decisive battle of Oct. 7th, was about the same as in the indecisive one of Sept. 19.

Poor's brigade fought nobly at Monmouth, June 28, 1778. In 1779, it was of the expedition against the Indians of New York,—an expedition led by Gen. John Sullivan, with instructions from Gen. Washington, declaring "the immediate object" to be "the total destruction and devastation of the hostile tribes of the Six Nations of Indians. with their associates and adherents, * * * so that the country may not be merely overrun, but destroyed." The army on its destroying march, having reached Newtown, "a large scattered settlement," on the morning of Sunday, Aug. 29, 1779, found the enemy, under command of Butler, Brant, and McDonald, in strong position. A sharp engagement ensued. A difficult flanking movement upon the enemy's stronghold, along a high, steep hill, was assigned to Poor's brigade, and was gallantly accomplished. In this movement, Col. Cilley held the right of the brigade; Col. Dearborn, the centre; and Col. Reid, the left. The American loss in this engagement was 4 killed, and 38 wounded. All the killed belonged to Poor's brigade, and all but four of the wounded. Thus prominent was the part performed by New Hampshire valor in the Battle of Newtown. The heart of the savage enemy was broken; Wyoming was avenged; the death blow to the great Confederacy of the Iroquois had been given; the strength of England's savage alliance had become weakness.

In 1780, two brigades of light infantry were assigned to Gen. Lafayette,

and at his request Gen. Poor was appointed to the command of one of them. While in this command, and stationed in New Jersey, he died, Sept. 8, 1781, at Hackensack, and was buried with the honors due his rank and merits. He enjoyed the high esteem of Washington and Lafayette, the affection of his troops, and popularity with the army. While Lafayette was on his visit to this country, nearly half a century later, he visited the grave of Poor, and turning away deeply affected, exclaimed, "Ah! that was one of my generals!" And at his reception in Concord, N. H., in 1825, the noble Frenchman proposed, with deep emotion, as a sentiment: "The memories of Light Infantry Poor and Yorktown Scammell."

Col. Joseph Cilley, the commander of the First New Hampshire Regiment, was born in Nottingham, N. H., in 1734. He was an early and zealous Revolutionary patriot. With Sullivan, Langdon, and other resolute spirits, he engaged in the attack upon Fort William and Mary, at Portsmouth, on the 14th of December, 1774. For when Paul Revere, the famous rider, came post from Boston to Portsmouth with the news that the King had prohibited the exportation of military stores from England, and that orders had been issued to seize all munitions of war in the restive colonies, and the rumor spread that two royal regiments were coming to the Capital of Province, then it was that John Sullivan led twenty men as bold as himself, to attack a royal fort, daring the pains and penalties of "Treason," and taking away ninety-seven barrels of powder,—to be stored up against the day of Bunker Hill,—together with all the arms that could be removed. That was the *first* armed blow struck at Great Britain in the American Revolution, and Joseph Cilley helped strike it.

When the news of Lexington came, he, with men of Nottingham and neighboring towns,—towards a hundred,—hastened to the scene of strife. He was soon appointed Major of Poor's regiment, and the next year became its Lieutenant-Colonel. Upon the reorganization of the regiments, he became Colonel of the "First."

He fought with distinguished bravery in the two battles of Saratoga. In that of Oct. 7th, Morgan, with his riflemen, began "the game," in accordance with the quaint order of Gen. Gates; the turn to "play" next came to the men of New Hampshire, with Cilley, Reid, Scammell, and Dearborn at their head —and a strong, fierce, winning hand they played. After less than an hour of bloody encounter, the enemy, commanded by Burgoyne in person, "were obliged to quit the field between the two camps into which they had advanced, and retire to their work," leaving their cannon, and being hotly pursued by the Americans. It was during this "warm dispute,"—as Lieutenant Blake, of Cilley's regiment, has quietly characterized it in his diary,—that a single cannon was taken and retaken five times, until, finally, the commander of the New Hampshire First, leaping upon it, and brandishing his sword, "dedicated the gun to the American cause," and, with his own hand, turned it upon the enemy. Wilkinson, "only fifty-two minutes after the first shot was fired, found the courageous Col. Cilley, astraddle of a brass twelve-pounder, and exulting in the capture." This was, indeed, a novel steed on which to ride to victory—the victory which he had prophesied a few months before, on the march from Ticonderoga. For on leaving that place, his son Jonathan, a lad left behind, was captured, but soon released with his pockets full of Burgoyne's flaming proclamations. The boy found his father in front of his regiment on parade. The Colonel seized one of the handbills, and noting its contents, tore it into bits, and scattering them to the winds, exclaimed, "Thus shall his army be scattered."

In the battle of Monmouth, Cilley did effective service, acting, for a part of the time, under the direct orders of Washington. In this service he was especially aided by Lieutenant-Colonel Dearborn, of the Third. The good conduct of their men, under their leadership that day, elicited Washing-

ton's hearty approval, and he forebore not to bestow the priceless compliment, "They are my brave New Hampshire boys."

In 1781 the regiment, having become much reduced in numbers, the Second and Third were merged into the First. Col. Cilley retired from the service with honor, and Scammell took command, preferring the position of Colonel under the new arrangement to that of Adjutant-General of the Army, which he had held most acceptably for more than a year. Henry Dearborn was made his Lieutenant-Colonel.

After the war Col. Cilley was much in civil and military office, always enjoying the confidence and respect of the people. He died in 1799, at the age of sixty-five.

Col. George Reid, who was the commander of the Second regiment, was born in Londonderry, N. H., in 1733. He joined Col. Stark's regiment, and fought as a Captain at Bunker Hill. In the spring of 1777, he became Lieutenant-Colonel of the reorganized Second New Hampshire Regiment, of which Nathan Hale was Colonel. In the succeeding summer, when Col. Hale was taken prisoner in the untoward affair at Hubbardton, Vt., Reid succeeded him as Colonel, and continued as such until 1781. He shares deservedly in the honors of his comrade commanders in General Poor's Brigade, as he ably shared in their achievements. In the battle of Newtown, his regiment, from its position on the left of the brigade, was more severely pressed, and suffered more heavily than the rest, but sustained itself well, against a heavy force led by Brant himself. With the timely aid of Col. Dearborn's regiment, a staggering blow was dealt the enemy, who was soon in precipitous retreat.

After the Revolution, he served his fellow-citizens in various civil and military capacities. He died in 1815, at the age of eighty-two, leaving a memory that deserves to be gratefully cherished by all who enjoy the blessings for which the fathers fought.

Col. Alexander Scammell, commander of the Third Regiment, was born in Milford, Mass., and graduated at Harvard, in 1769. He taught awhile in his native state, but, in 1771, he went to Portsmouth, N. H., and engaged in surveying and exploring lands, under the employ of the government. He also assisted Capt. Holland in making surveys for a map of New Hampshire. He taught school at Berwick, the home of the famous school-master, Sullivan, in the office of whose son John, at Durham, young Scammell afterwards entered as a student of law. But the practice of law was not to occupy his few brilliant years.

He entered warmly into the contest for American rights; the ardent patriotism of his teacher was his. Nor was he disappointed in finding early a position of distinguished activity. When, in 1775, Sullivan was appointed a Brigadier-General in the Continental Army, Scammell became Brigade-Major. On the reorganization of the regiments, and the promotion of Poor, he was appointed Colonel of that which was henceforth to be the "Third." Wherever Poor's Brigade fought (save in the battle of Newtown, at which he was not present, being on duty with Washington), Scammell fought bravely among the bravest. In the battle of October 7th, at Saratoga, he was severely wounded. In 1780 he was appointed Adjutant-General of the army, and fulfilled its duties with characteristic ability. But in 1781 he resigned that position to become Colonel of the consolidated New Hampshire First, on duty before Yorktown.

On the 30th of September, 1781, during the siege of Yorktown, while, as officer of the day, he was reconnoitering, he was captured by the enemy. He received a fatal wound, of which he died at Williamsburg, Va., on the 6th of October, just before the closing scene of the war in which he had performed so noble a part. He had but reached the meridian of manhood, when he was laid to rest in his honored grave.

Henry Dearborn was born in Hampton, N. H., March, 1751, being the youngest of those who held the com-

mand of the three New Hampshire regiments. He studied medicine, and settled at Nottingham, in its practice. He was among the foremost in the Province of New Hampshire, in the purpose to resist to the bitter end the oppressive policy of the British government. Deeming it best to be prepared for the worst, he had been drilling a company of his townsmen in the military art during the winter of 1774–5. When the courier came announcing Lexington, he was ready forthwith to go to the front. With his townsman, Joseph Cilley; with Andrew McClary of Epsom,—who fell on the same day as Warren, and deserves like meed of praise,—and with more than three score other heroic souls, he hastened to the rendezvous at Medford. He became a Captain in Stark's regiment, and marched with his veteran superior upon Bunker Hill, across Charlestown Neck, with its galling British fire. The young officer flinched not, and his men marched steady. However, he would naturally fain quicken his step, but the war-seasoned veteran suggested the well-received advice, "one fresh man is worth more in battle than a dozen tired ones." His company fought on that day upon the right of Stark's line, behind the rail-fence breastwork.

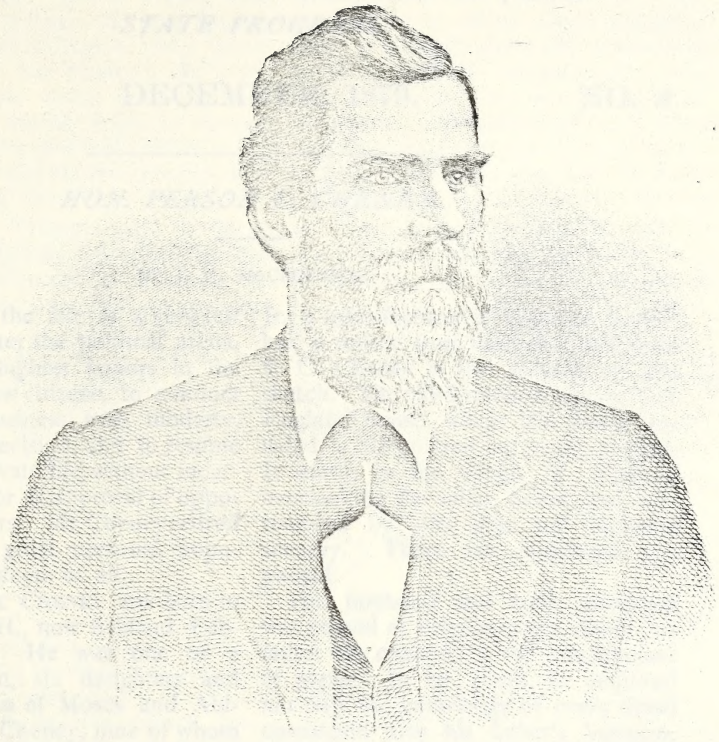
He longed for active service; so in September, 1775, when Arnold and Montgomery led their forces into Canada,—the former through the wilds of Maine; the latter by way of Lake Champlain,—Dearborn enlisted 77 men from the regiments of Stark and Poor, and, as their Captain, accompanied Arnold to Quebec. As is known, this expedition, though distinguished by heroic endurance, and feats of wondrous valor, was unsuccessful. Montgomery fell; Capt. Dearborn was taken prisoner.

Having been exchanged in 1779, he was appointed Major of Scammell's Regiment. At the battles of Saratoga, he commanded a separate battalion, made up largely of various bodies of New Hampshire troops, and behaved with such gallantry as to receive special commendation in the orders of General Gates. He did much at Monmouth towards retrieving the disaster of Lee's ill-natured retreat. In the expedition of General Sullivan against the Indians of New York, he led the Third regiment—Scammell being on duty with Washington. He was at the siege of Yorktown, and in 1781, on the death of Scammell, became the colonel of the First Regiment, which had been consolidated from the three. And this other fact may as well be noticed here, that after the resignation of Washington in 1783, on his suggestion, a battalion was detached from the First New Hampshire, and united with one from Massachusetts, under the command of Col. Jackson, of that State. This was stationed at West Point, and was not mustered out until June 6, 1784. Thus the First Regiment was the *first* in the service in 1775, and the *last* out in 1784.

After the war, he went to reside in Maine, then a part of Massachusetts, and was marshal of the district by appointment of Washington. Having served two terms in Congress, he became a member of Thomas Jefferson's Cabinet, being Secretary of War for eight years. In the war of 1812 he served as senior major-general of the U. S. Army until 1813, when, his health being impaired, he was recalled from the frontier and placed in command of the military district of New York city. In 1822 he was appointed minister to Portugal, and, serving two years, was recalled at his own request. He spent the few remaining years of his well-rounded life, which had been devoted to the public service in war, statesmanship, and diplomacy, quietly in Boston. He died June 6, 1829, aged 78 years.

* * * * * *

Such were some of the heroic men whose actions one hundred years ago, on this spot, and in this neighborhood, we are here to commemorate. Beautiful and appropriate as yon monument is, their life and character are more perennial than the most precious stone, their memory more fragrant than any incense of praise.



Engd by A. H. Ritchie

D. C. Chaney

—THE—

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HON. PERSON C. CHENEY.

BY J. N. McCLINTOCK.

It has been the fate of a very few gentlemen to enter the political arena, to carry off the highest honors in the gift of their fellow citizens, to conduct their official business with modesty, judgment, and decision, and to resume the duties of private life, without incurring the enmity or disapproval of opponents or supporters. Mr. Cheney retired from office with great personal popularity, and the esteem of all.

PERSON COLBY CHENEY was born in Holderness, N. H., now Ashland, February 25, 1828. He was one of a family of eleven, six daughters and five sons, children of Moses and Abigail (Morrison) Cheney, nine of whom are preserved for lives of active usefulness. Of that family Sarah B. is the wife of Rev. S. D. Abbott, of Needham, Mass.; Abby M. is the wife of George Washburn, of Ashland, N. H.; Ruth E. is the wife of Joseph W. Lord, of Wollaston, Mass.; Marcia A. is the wife of J. P. F. Smith, of Meredith, N. H.; Hattie O. is the wife of Dr. C. F. Bonney, of Manchester, N. H.; Rev. O. B. Cheney, D. D., is the president of Bates College, Lewiston, Maine, and really the founder of the success and popularity of that great institution of learning; E. H. Cheney is the proprietor and editor of the *Granite State Free Press*, of Lebanon, N. H.; Moses Cheney, Jr., a manufacturer of paper at Henniker, is retired from business; and Hon. P. C. Cheney is the subject of this sketch. The old-fashioned, square New England house, where the family resided, is still pointed out to the stranger. It stands in the village of Ashland, overlooking the valley below, and surrounded by lofty hills and beautiful scenery. There his childhood was passed.

His boyhood and early manhood was passed at Peterborough, where his father was engaged in the manufacture of paper. In his youth, he acquired not only the knowledge of every detail connected with his father's business, habits of industry, self-reliance and business foresight, but he laid the foundation for a solid education in studies pursued at the academies at Peterborough and Hancock, N. H., and Parsonsfield, Maine. On his father's return to Holderness, he was entrusted, by A. P. Morrison, his father's successor, with the management of the mill. In 1853 Mr. Cheney was one of a firm to build a paper-mill, and start in business at Peterborough; but buying the interest of his associates, the business was soon established in his own name. Mr. Cheney represented the town of Peterborough in the legislature in 1853 and 1854.

In August, 1862 Mr. Cheney was appointed Quarter-master of the Thirteenth regiment New Hampshire Volunteers, and followed the fortune of that regiment from its breaking camp at Concord until exposure and overwork in the campaign before Fredericksburg brought on a sickness which necessitated his return home, and forced him to resign. He was honorably discharged in August, 1863. Since his return he has enjoyed the confidence of the state, and has frequently been called upon to accept high trusts and grave responsibilities.

In 1864 he was chosen railroad commissioner. In 1866 Mr. Cheney removed from Peterborough to Manchester and formed a partnership with Thomas L. Thrope, as a dealer in paper stock, and manufacturer of paper at Goffstown. In 1868 the firm of E. M. Tubbs & Co., of which Mr. Cheney had been a member for three years, bought out the interest of Mr. Thrope, and the business was continued under the name of P. C. Cheney & Co. In 1871 their mill at Goffstown was destroyed by fire, but was replaced by a new mill, and their business enlarged in rebuilding the old mill at Amoskeag village. In the same year Mr. Cheney was elected Mayor of Manchester by the largest majority received by any candidate in the mayoralty election, after 1863. In 1874, at its organization, he was chosen president of the People's Savings Bank and still retains the office. In 1875 Mr. Cheney was elected governor of New Hampshire by the legislature, having failed of a popular election, yet having a plurality of the votes cast. Judge Roberts, his opponent, received the heaviest vote his party has ever polled in New Hampshire. In 1876 Mr. Cheney was again a candidate, and re-elected by a flattering majority. More votes were polled at that election than at any ever held in this state.

Governor Cheney took with him into office thorough business habits, a love for the state, and a respect for her good name at home and abroad, good executive ability, a commanding presence, suavity of manners, and tact. "Mr. Cheney is a man of clear and vigorous insight, of an earnest and strongly sympathetic nature, generous, patriotic, and high-minded."*

His administration was during the hard times, and retrenchment was in order; the state debt was materially reduced, and the affairs of the Adjutant-General's office were reclaimed from a chaotic state, and a thorough business system inaugurated. The prominent part New Hampshire took in initiating the Centennial Exposition, and thus opening the markets of the world to the manufacturers of the United States in general, and the products of New Hampshire in particular, was due largely to his foresight, his faith in its benefits, and his active support of the necessary measures. The brilliant success of "New Hampshire Day" may be credited to his account. The reception which Governor and Mrs. Cheney gave the members of the legislature and the citizens of Concord at White's Opera House, during his term of office, has been the most memorable social success of the decade. Since retiring from office Mr. Cheney has devoted himself closely to business. On the death of his partner, Dr. Tubbs, in 1878, the business was turned over to a corporation, the stock of which has since been entirely purchased by Mr. Cheney. The corporation owns and carries on a wood-pulp mill at Peterborough, a wood-pulp mill at Goffstown, a paper-mill and wasteworks at Amoskeag village, and a paper-store at 1104 Elm street.

In 1850, May 22, he was married to Miss S. Anna Moore, who died January 8th, 1858, leaving no children. He married, June 29, 1859, Mrs. Sarah W. Keith, daughter of Jonathan White, formerly of Lowell, Mass., by whom he has one daughter, Agnes Annie Cheney.

His residence, on 136 Lowell street, is a home of modest elegance, of courtly hospitality, and the centre of a refined circle.

* Col. John B. Clarke's History of Manchester.

Mr. Cheney is identified with the First Unitarian Church of Manchester, having been a director and president of the society. He is a Royal Arch Mason and member of the Altemont Lodge; also, a member of the Peterborough Lodge, I. O. O. F.

Mr. Cheney is in the prime of life, in the best of health, and from his ability and popularity, is a power in the state. "Possessing great administrative capacity, he has been a very successful man of business. Untiring in his efforts for the good of others, he cares more for his friends than himself, and in consequence, when an opportunity is afforded them to do him a favor, he meets with a most cordial support. Interested in all movements for the public good, he is very popular in whatever capacity he appears before the people."*

Like Cincinnattus, Mr. Cheney may be drawn from the seclusion of private life and the unremitting toil of active business, to lend his aid to the councils of a nation. The American public does not forget its public servants who have been tried and have not been found wanting in all that statecraft demands.

* Col. John B. Clarke's History of Manchester.

COLLEGE JOURNALISM AT DARTMOUTH.

BY GEORGE W. WRIGHT, B. S.

Nothing better illustrates the progressive spirit of the American people than the manner in which they have sought to develop college journalism, and the extraordinary success that has crowned their efforts. While we have many rivals in other nations in political, religious, art, and scientific news, yet in this department America stands almost alone. Sixty papers, out of the two hundred and twenty-five in existence, are of the first rank; of these one is from England, two from Canada, and the rest from the United States. While Harvard alone supports three papers ("*The Crimson*," "*Advocate*," and "*Lampoon*," the latter an illustrated paper), the Universities of England combine to publish a dingy, dirty looking sheet (*The Oxford and Cambridge Under-graduates Journal*) whose chief merit consists in its faithful and accurate record of Atheletic Sports. The Universities of the Continent, too, are as deficient in this means of undergraduate sentiment as are the educational institutions of South America.

The influence of a properly conducted college paper cannot be overestimated; expressing, as it does, the opinions of the foremost men in college, it easily finds followers everywhere, and therefore it is very important that the paper should be the advocate of the better class of students. Its public is the students, the College Press and the Faculty. Upon the students it depends for support financially, upon the College Press for its standing with its contemporaries, and upon the Faculty as to how long the editors shall remain members of the college. Candid and out-spoken, the first duty of the editors (and one not often neglected) is to criticise in an appropriate way every dishonorable or unjust act, whether done by the Faculty or students, and it is in consequence of this that few papers escape suspension at some period of the year. The Faculty

have a way of resenting discussions of college discipline, that is far from agreeable or even just, but an honest editor (honest in his convictions) usually allows that to make very little difference to him. He may be suspended, but eventually he will come back, and then—the thing has been said. Undoubtedly the students sometimes abuse the position to gratify personal ends, but are the Faculty of any college entirely free from the reproach of despotism? The success of the paper depends on the wit of its local items and the soundness of the editorial reasoning. As the paper is not published for gain (that comes into the account however) the principal object is to make it as interesting in those particulars as possible. Somehow very few of these papers pay; whether it is owing to bad management or not it is hard to tell, but usually the editors find themselves out of pocket at the end of the year. When the edition of most papers is never less than seven hundred, and sometimes double that number, it is evident it is not for lack of subscribers.

One hundred years ago there was not in existence a single paper which, by the most liberal construction, could be called a college journal. Universities and colleges there were on both continents, but no papers. The Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, though founded many centuries previously, still lacked any more civilized means of expressing undergraduate sentiment than by mob law, and it was left for a small and comparatively obscure college in the wilds of northern New Hampshire to project and carry out to the utmost the college paper in all its variety of forms; from the monthly magazine, filled with weighty articles and high-sounding verse, to the daily newspaper with its sparkling jokes and current news.

The first paper published in Hanover, of which we have any knowledge, was "*The Eagle*," a folio, eighteen by twenty-nine inches, "printed at the north-west corner of the college square, in the Academy, by Benjamin True." The copy I have before me is No. 13 of Vol. VI, bearing the date Tuesday, Oct. 16th, 1798, and as most of the papers of that time had two volumes to the year, "*The Eagle*" was certainly published as early as 1795 and perhaps earlier.

It possesses the usual variety of home and foreign intelligence common to such papers, a department of miscellaneous short essays, the "Aonian Rill" of some very turbid verse, and finally some columns of curiously worded advertisments. No editorial notes were attempted nor any local items given. It must have suspended publication sometime in 1798, or early in the following year, as no mention is made of it in the Gazette. A copy of this paper can be found at the N. H. Historical Rooms in Concord, and is probably the only one in existence.

No. 1, Vol. I, of the "*Dartmouth Gazette*," *the first college paper ever published*. The *Gazette* was twenty by twelve inches in size, and was published continuously for at least twenty years. It differed greatly from the college paper of the present day. Drawing its sustenance, as it did, from the people of Hanover and adjacent towns it could not devote its columns exclusively to college matters as can its modern successor, which is supported by the students and alumni. Hence we find in the *Gazette* a careful summary of foreign and home news, political letters, essays, poetry, and an accurate record of local events relating both to the town and to the college. Editorials at first were lacking, but in the course of time they made their appearance, though they were never very long nor prominent. The original articles were many and various: for the most part they were furnished by the students. Daniel Webster was a frequent contributor of prose and poetry both before and after graduation. In January, 1803, he wrote the Newsboy's address, "a genuinely Federal address" it was pronounced. During the years of 1802–3 he contributed many political articles over the pseudonym of "Icarus," a signature at that

time unacknowledged, but which some time later Mr. Webster declared his own. The poetry of Mr. Webster was always serious and elevated. In December, 1799, he published a poem on Winter, which was as follows:

Happy are they who far removed from war,
And all its train of woes, in tranquil peace
And joyful plenty, pass the winter's eve.
Such bliss is thine, Columbia! Bless thy God!
The toil and labor of the year now o'er,
While Sol scarce darts a glimmering, trembling beam,
While Boreas' blast blows bleak along the plain;
Around the social fire, content and free,
Thy sons shall taste the sweets Pomona gives,
Or reap the blessings of domestic ease.
Or else, in transport, tread the mountain snows,
And leap the craggy cliff, robust and strong—
Till from the lucid chambers of the South
The joyous Spring looks forth and hails the world.

That the "*Dartmouth Gazette*" was a college paper is shown by two facts, (1) it takes its name from the college rather than from the town, and (2) it was always the organ of the college. During the celebrated controversy it was an eloquent champion for her defence, and many of the ablest and most powerful arguments first saw light in its columns. This might be decided more definitely were it known for certain who the editors were, but it was customary at that time to keep such things secret, so that we can only draw our conclusions from what knowledge we now possess. On Saturday, Aug. 6th, 1803, the first number of the "*Literary Tablet*" was published. This was a folio of four pages, each fourteen by twelve inches in size, and with three columns to the page. It was issued by "Nicholas Orlands" every other Saturday, with a subscription price of one dollar per year, fifty cents in advance. It is not known when this died. The "*Dartmouth Gazette*" was succeeded by the "*Dartmouth Herald*," in June, 1820, the original articles of which were furnished by a society of gentlemen. It was a small weekly folio of about the same size and make-up as its predecessor. Its columns were filled with news and original contributions, many of them of excellent character. It had but a brief existence, however.

Up to this time the papers had been of a mixed character, but from this onward (with one exception, "*The Anvil*") they were devoted almost entirely to college news. On Oct. 21st, 1835, appeared "*The Magnet*," an octavo of sixteen pages with the motto, "Thoughts shut up, want air." It was published by T. Mann for the "Social Conclave," and was issued once in two weeks. At this time there was a rival paper called the "*Independent Chronicle*," which suspended publication, however, in December, 1835. Both the dates of the origin of the "*Chronicle*" and the decease of the "*Magnet*" are involved in obscurity. In October, 1837, the "*Scrap-Book*" was issued. The size was similar to the "*Magnet*," and it was conducted "by a literary club of under-graduates in Dartmouth College." It was destined to be short-lived. In November, 1839, the first number of "*The Dartmouth*" was put forth. The editors were chosen by the Senior Class. The first number was an octavo of thirty-two pages, twenty-five of which were editorials. Literary matter was probably very scarce. There was a poem in this number entitled "Lexington," which was written by Oliver Wendell Holmes, then a Professor in the Medical Department. For five years the *Dartmouth* made its appearance regularly as a monthly, and no college paper can boast of ten better volumes than was produced in that time. The publisher, Mr. E. A. Allen, put forth several ventures in this line while still engaged with "*The Dartmouth*." He started a paper in 1840–1, called "*The Experiment*," which was edited by J. O. Adams, who was also an editor of "*The Dartmouth*." Subsequently this was changed to quarto form and called "*The Armlet*." In 1840, Allen also started another paper, "*The Iris and*

Record." It was published monthly, and was a magazine of thirty-two royal octavo pages; two volumes to the year. It was edited by an association of gentlemen, and filled with well selected and original literary articles. It had quite a success during its short life. There was an interregnum of silence from the suspension of "*The Dartmouth*," in 1844, until April 24th, 1851, when the first number of the "*Dartmouth Index*" made its appearance. This contained only the names of the Faculty and of the students as they were distributed in their literary and secret societies, and with a column or two of miscellaneous editorial matter. The size was a four-paged folio, ten inches by twelve. It was to have been published by the junior class yearly, but the next number was published in October of the same year. It was then changed to a quarto, six and a half by nine and a half inches; containing nothing but the catalogue of students. After a publication of four years it gave way to the "*Dartmouth Phenix*." The first number of this was published in July, 1855, and was a quarto, twelve inches by nineteen. The second number was issued in September of that year and until 1858, when the name was changed to "*The Ægis*," the paper was published three times a year in September, March and June. The *Ægis* continued to be published as a paper until 1867, when, owing to the revival of the *Dartmouth*, some important changes were made. From a quarto of four pages to one of thirty-four, from three issues a year to one in the fall term, and in price from five to fifty cents.

In 1863 a paper was published in the interests of the Scientific Department. It was a folio, eighteen by twenty-six inches, called "*La Scientifique*" and was edited by J. E. Johnson, C. S. D. '65 and A. D. '66. Only a few numbers were published; evidently there was not enough feeling between the two departments to keep the paper alive. In 1866 a small paper was published by David Kimball entitled the "*Parent's Monitor*." It lived perhaps six months. In 1867 the "*Dartmouth*" was again revived and put in the hands of the senior class, who still conduct it. At first it was published as a monthly octavo, and issued monthly. This was continued until 1875, when the success of "*The Anvil*" had demonstrated that a weekly paper might be made to pay; then the Class of '76 made the important change from a monthly magazine to a weekly newspaper, seven inches by ten. Four years it was published weekly, but in September, 1879, it was changed to a fortnightly, and in this form is now issued. During its existence as a weekly it was the only college paper so published in New England, and was one of the three large college weeklies in the world. The subscription price has always been two dollars per year. The editors were at first chosen from the Academies alone, but now two of the nine came from the Scientific. This latter move was made in 1873. In 1872 "*The Anvil*" made its appearance. It was a weekly paper of sixteen pages, nine and a half by twelve inches. It had a wide circulation and was a great success. It lived until the spring of 1875. In the fall of 1876 the "*Dartmouth Extra*" first appeared. This was a daily paper, edited by Sully and Hills of '78. It was only published during the presidential campaign, and was filled with miscellaneous matter relating to college and outside affairs, with a prominence given, however, to the electoral contest then in progress. It was very popular during its short life. In the spring of 1877 the first number of the "*T. D.*," a paper devoted to the literature of smoking, and issued by a certain clique in the college, was published. Although much of the matter was of an excellent character, yet the enterprise of the editors did not meet with the approval of the students at large, so the paper died a deserved death.

MEDITATION.

BY HOPE HUNTINGTON.

Upon a mossy bank I lie,—
  The summer sun is low;
The rippling stream that wanders by
Reflects the radiance of the sky,
  And spreads a heavenly glow.

Enchanted, long I fondly gaze,
  Wrapt in sweet Lethe dreams,
Lost are the clouds of by-gone days,
Amid the golden beaming rays,
  Of what the present seems!

Ah! skies of dreamy violet!
  What amaranthine bloom?
What varied jewel deeply set
In hues of Heaven's own coronet,
  Lightens the nether gloom?

From out the cloud-land of the West
  There breaks a sudden light;—
It touches stream and mountain crest,
And Nature's wildest haunts are drest
  With roses ever bright!

How blest it were to crown our days
  With radiance from above!
Along Life's rude and rugged ways,
To scatter warm, effulgent rays,
  Of peace and holy love.

And when, o'er earthly glory, bends
  The infinite, the grand,—
A life to noble, loving ends,
Where every action upwards tends,
  May grace a fairer land.

JOHN DARWIN CURRIER.

BY C. C. LORD.

The life of the subject of this sketch is interesting, not only as illustrative of a creditable degree of vigorous enterprise exhibited by a young man, but also because of his peculiar experiences in the wilds of Africa, which, in his day, was much more a *terra incognita* than at the present time.

JOHN DARWIN CURRIER was a son of Stephen Currier, of Hopkinton, N. H., a successful and reputable physician of the earlier times, and whose home was in the lower village of the town, where he occupied the present remodelled summer residence of Mr. Robert Barclay Currier, of New York City, also a son of Dr. Currier and a brother of John Darwin Currier.

John Darwin Currier was born not far from the year 1810, and grew to be an ambitious, energetic and intelligent young man, who at first gave his attention to mercantile pursuits, serving as a clerk in his native town and also in Salem, Mass. A threatening condition of health induced him to venture his luck on a foreign voyage in a capacity of sufficient responsibility and danger to demand the most intrepid adventurer to fill it. Young Currier was bold, persevering and executive in personal genius, and he performed his part with a success worthy of the highest commendation. This voyage was taken to Africa, in the capacity of supercargo of the brig *Sciot*, and in the employ of Robert Brookhouse, of Salem. The object of this voyage was the collection of ivory on the western African coast, the particular destination being Ambriz, in Lower Guinea, where was a general trading station, and where different parties engaged in the accumulation of ivory established private trading-posts, or "factories," where they were often visited by natives from the interior of the country in search of bargains. A spirit of business enterprise among owners of different factories tended to induce personal adventures into the wilderness itself, in the hope of securing advantages by virtue of earlier contacts with advancing parties of natives proposing trade. In such a place and circumstances, such advantages were gained only with imminent danger to both health and life. The wilderness, the climate, the ferocious beasts, and the savage men presented an array of obstacles which none but the most resolute and persevering would naturally think of encountering.

In view of his contemplated voyage in the *Sciot*, young Currier, on the 5th of February, 1835, at the Salem Custom House, took out a "Protection," the record of which is as follows:

"No. 915. John Darwin Currier; born in Hopkinton, N. H.; Age, 24; Height, 5 feet, 6 1–4 inches; Complexion, fair; Hair, dark."

The *Sciot* sailed from the harbor of Salem on the 8th of February and returned on the 15th of the following November, the day of both his departure and return being Sunday. Young Currier kept a daily journal of this voyage, which has happily been preserved, being now in the possession of George W. Currier, Esq., of Hopkinton, a brother of John Darwin Currier. The following is the unfinished caption of this journal record:

"Journal of a voyage from Salem to the West Coast of Africa, in the Brig *Sciot*, commanded by Nathaniel Black; begun February 8, 1835, and terminated——, 18——."

The daily entries in this record of a voyage are largely composed of brief annotations of the different facts and experiences coming within the observation and career of the voyager, though at particular times and on special occasions the remarks are more extended.

The following entry of the first day of the voyage bears its own attestation of character:

"Remarks on board, Sunday, 8th February, 1835. Commences: fresh breezes and good weather. At 2 P. M., the crew came on board; at 3, weighed anchor and proceeded out to sea. May God prosper our intended voyage! At 7 P. M., Cape Ann Light, bearing N. N. W. by compass; distance about 10 miles. At 3 A. M., handed the mainsail and jib. Latter part strong breezes and very cold; cloudy, with snow at intervals. At meridian, close reefed the foretopsail; many fingers and ears frozen.."

On Sunday, the 22d day of March, the *Sciot* reached Monrovia, in Liberia. The journal says: "At 2:30, were boarded by the harbor-master and other gentlemen of the colony." The hour was in the afternoon. The *Sciot* remained at Liberia till the 22d of March, when she left on a southern course, touching at various points, and reaching Ambriz on the 17th of June.

Ambriz was probably near the river of the same name, flowing south of Loango. The conduct of the business enterprise on which the *Sciot* was bent met with a slight delay, owing to the discovery that the factory which the authority of the brig expected to occupy as a trading-post had been burned by the natives. This factory had been built by a Captain Hunt, of a vessel possibly named the *Gleanor*—the name is scarcely legible. There was no delay, however, in constructing another factory; on the second day after the arrival, a hundred men and boys were engaged on a new one, of which sticks and grass entered largely into the construction.

That Ambriz at this time was an important business station may be inferred from the fact that when the *Sciot* arrived there she found one Spanish, one Portuguese, and two American vessels already in port. The next day a large French brig arrived. Vessels were coming and going during the entire stay of young Currier at this point.

In purchasing ivory for a cargo for the *Sciot*, two qualities were found. There was a "prime" quality and a variety called "scrivelloes." Trade in both kinds was tolerably brisk, notwithstanding the sharp competition between the representatives of different factories. Purchases were very irregular in quantity—all the way from a few up to one or two hundred pounds at a time. So far as we can discover, the journal of this voyage contains no annotations of prices paid for ivory, though such were possibly embodied in some form of exchange other than a pecuniary one.

The slave trade seems to have been the principal object of the Spanish and Portuguese at Ambriz. When the landing from the *Sciot* took place, there were found on shore one hundred slaves waiting for transportation to a Spanish vessel. On the 18th of June, young Currier made a marginal note in his journal, as follows: "Sailed the Brig —— with four hundred slaves." On the afternoon of the 3d of July, he visited certain Spanish and Portuguese slave factories, where the captured inmates were found whiling away their time with singing and dancing. These slaves were doubtless captives in native wars who had been brought from the interior of the country for sale to foreign traders.

On the 29th of June, the *Sciot* sailed from Ambriz for Mayumba, leaving John Darwin Currier to superintend the factory while she was coasting. In the business of superintendence, young Currier seems to have had more or less of the time a companion, a Mr. Perry, whom we also find on board the *Sciot* on the return of the voyage. The African climate soon began to severely affect young Currier's health. On the 27th of June, he complained of illness. On the 14th of July, he was visited by Captain Hooper, of the brig *John Decatur*, of Boston, lying at Ambriz, and the conversation turned upon the subject of death. Said Currier, "I am not afraid to die. Tell my friends that if I die here, I die happy, hoping to meet each of them in Heaven." Despite the severity of

the illness, the business persistency of the young man was intense. On the 25th of July he wrote, "This morning feel more comfortable; no fever; arose late in the morning and crawled about my factory. A large Cabucur having arrived with ivory, I felt anxious to have my share; purchased 120 lbs. ivory and went again into my hammock, much fatigued, early in the afternoon." An examination of the state of his penmanship, about this time, reveals a partial index of his vascillating condition of body. In better states of health he wrote better; in worse, worse.

The *Sciot* sailed homeward from Ambriz on the 24th of August, directing her course to the island of St. Thomas, which lies west of Gaboon, and just north of the equator, in the Gulf of Guinea. That day young Currier inscribed in his journal the following expression of adieu: "Farewell, Ambriz, and your savage sons!" St. Thomas was made on the 2d of September. Two days after, Jose de Castro Rosa, king of the island, came on board and settled some accounts, also purchasing some new goods, the business being transacted before 10 o'clock A. M., at which hour the *Sciot* stood out for Salem. On the 6th of September, a slight but exciting episode is thus recorded in the aforementioned journal: "At 4 P. M., saw a sail to the windward coming down upon us; proved to be the British brig of war *Curlew*, as we found out by his impudence in firing a shot across our stern, which brought us to; was boarded by a lieutenant, &c., supposing us to be a slaver. So ends this Sabbath day."

The following extract from the journal of this voyage complements another, made first in the order of these quotations, it being the entry of the closing day:

"Sunday, November 15. This morning at 5 o'clock made Thatcher's Island lights, bearing west by compass 12 miles distant. Sunrise: saw the land of Cape Ann. This forenoon have made but little headway, being nearly becalmed; saw two whales; also many vessels bound in; spoke the brig *William*, of Marblehead, from Aux Cayes, St. Domingo. At sunset heard the bell ring from Sandy Bay. A robin came on board."

John Darwin Currier made in all several voyages to Africa on similar errands, but only the journal of the first is known to be extant. This fact is unfortunate, since some of the most important facts in his foreign career are unnoticed in the preserved journal. Subsequent voyages were attended by more adventurous experiences. Determined to open new centres of trade, young Currier ventured into the territories of Biafra and Loango, and perhaps other places in the vicinity, establishing factories, advancing towards the interior and trading with the natives. Mementoes of this hazardous course are still extant in the Currier family. Among the curiosities brought home from the dark land of Africa were jewels of unadulterated, native gold, so flexible they were easily bent by the fingers. These were remodeled into more practically desirable forms. In the old Dr. Currier homestead in Hopkinton village is a leopard skin, taken and tanned in South Africa, and used as a floor-mat.

On one of young Currier's homeward trips, he took along as companion a son of the aforementioned king of the island of St. Thomas, a mere youngster, who was known here as Jose de Castro. Like his father, he was of African blood. While here, he made his home with Dr. Stephen Currier, who treated him kindly and sent him to school a portion of the time. After a visit of some length, the boy returned to his father, who was so well pleased with his new-found social facilities and personal friends that he solicited Dr. Currier to assume the guardianship of his son till he could be educated. The proposed trust was accepted, and Dr. Currier at length received a notification of the boy's departure for his new residence in America. All knowledge of the lad ended here. Since he never arrived at Dr. Currier's, and since no further

information of him was ever obtained, it was presumed that he was betrayed and sold into slavery.

Superinduced upon an enfeebled constitution, the labors and perils of John Darwin Currier in Africa ultimately cost him his life. The fever contracted in the malarious districts of the African wilderness wore upon him and his strength succumbed. He died on the 14th of June, 1837, on board the barque *Active*, of Salem, while cruising near the island of St. Thomas. His personal character was as irreproachable as his business abilities were proficient. He was a devout Christian, whose faith was embodied in the doctrines of the Protestant Episcopal church, upon the rolls of which his name was inscribed.

THE POET'S MITE.

BY WILLIAM C. STUROC.

An ancient epitaph thus quaintly reads,
Engraved on marble, o'er the worthy dead:
"Whate'er we *had*, to meet our human needs,
We freely *gave* to feed the poor with bread;
And all we *gave* with free and kindly will
We *have* once more—the darksome river cross'd;
But what we *left*, that went no void to fill,
We ne'er shall find,—'twas profitless, 'tis lost!"

So what we have of gifts and graces given
Are only lent us for life's better day:
Nor shall we do the high behest of Heaven
If gifts are hidden, or be cast away;
And whom the hand of destiny hath sealed
As seer and singer for his fellows all,
'Tis his to scatter o'er earth's fertile field
The seeds that drop at Inspiration's call.

And what he sows amid the mist of tears,
Or in the sunshine of the fairest May,
Perchance shall blossom thro' the future years,
And charm the nations, near and far away!
On wings of light his raptured dreams may soar,
Thro' every clime in earth's remotest bound,
And break in beauty on the glittering shore,
Where ebb and flow the waves of Thought profound!

Then let me sing! O worlding, let me sing!
Mayhap my warblings with their notes of cheer,
Will heal some heart that cherishes a sting,
Or wake the hopeless from their sleep of fear!
And thus I give what first to me is given;
My heart still grasping at the good and true,
And trust the rest to high and holy Heaven,
Which measures doing by the power to do.

Sunapee, Dec. 2d, 1879.

THE LANGDON MANSION.

BY FRED MYRON COLBY.

Portsmouth, N. H., is an interesting place to visit. The traveller who journeys to this quaint city by the sea, either from Boston by the Eastern railroad, or from Manchester by the Concord and Portsmouth road, will notice a strange contrast between the city he has left and the one that he is entering into. He is conscious at once of having stepped into a new atmosphere. There is considerable business done in Portsmouth, nor is its population of ten thousand to be laughed at; but nobody is in a hurry. Nowhere does there seem to be any demand for haste. The very air seems drousy above your heads. The quiet harbor and the far off ocean, slumbering beside the Isles of Shoals, are covered by a soft violet haze, or else a fog whose density is hardly broken by a sound. You see quaint, short, narrow streets with old weather-beaten wooden houses, mingled with some statelier mansions, very dignified, but sadly decayed in most instances. By and by you come to wider, nobler streets, and then you observe, for the first time, that this is a modern city. Stately blocks look down upon you, the hum of traffic is heard, and, for a moment, you believe that you have mistaken the character of the city. But, wandering down any of the streets, or go down among the reach of docks fallen into disuse, and the few vessels that carry on the little legitimate trade of the old town, note those and you will again be reminded that you are looking upon the seat of past prosperity. And you are correct. Like Newport in Rhode Island, and Salem in Massachusetts, Portsmouth has seen its most flourishing and brilliant days.

Little does Mr. Worldly Wise, who passes through the city for the beaches beyond, or Mr. Catchpenny, who drives a thriving business at the Square, suspect that for fifty years prior to the Revolution, and for thirty years after that period Portsmouth carried on a foreign and domestic trade nearly as extensive as that of Boston or New York. Little does young Adolphus Catchpenny and Miss Doshamer, as they talk of bucolics in the parlor of the latter, or ride behind the spanking span of the former, little do they recall the stately and historic figures of that last century society in Portsmouth, which was honored by the favorites of royalty, and even by royalty itself. Young Catchpenny would care little if he knew of the brilliant vice-regal festivals where belted earls and admirals, and princes of the blood royal forgot, in the sweet virgin innocence and loveliness of the colonial belles the fascinations of polished and profligate continental beauties. But the remembrance should teach the Catchpenny and Worldly Wise families reverence for the good old town. Those streets that Miss Doshamer scarcely deigns to look at are historically famous and have been trodden by men whose names belong to the roll of fame. From those old counting-houses on the wharves, stately gentlemen in ruff and broadcloth, knee-breeches and silver shoe-buckles, watched then ships coming into harbor,—ships from Java, the West Indies, Spain, and Arabia, ships that had circumnavigated the world.

It might possibly interest some of Mr. Catchpenny's friends to know that the site of Portsmouth was first visited as long ago as 1603, by the English discoverer, Matin Pring, in the Speedwell and the Discoverer; and that nine years afterwards the famous John Smith after having slain Turks in single combat, and making love to French and Turkish ladies and Italian princesses

came one summer day to Portsmouth and examined and extolled its charms. We might speak of these and many other things; of the romance that is connected with many of the tall, discolored houses, of gorgeous pageants that have reflected splendor on these streets; of courtly festivals; of many an old-time legend; but we wish to pause here and concentrate our attention upon the Langdon Mansion and the Langdon family, especially upon Governor John Langdon, who, with his personal graces, his diverse accomplishments, and his distinguished career, resembles a brilliant star set in those early skies of New Hampshire history.

The house and the governor are excellent types. John Langdon was the beau ideal of a northern aristocrat, not so formal, stately, and chivalric as his southern congeners, Washington, Lee, Mason, Nelson, Jefferson, and Bland, perhaps, for diversity of blood, of climate, of habits, created varying shades of character between the Virginian planter and the New Hampshire merchant; yet deriving descent from the proudest of puritan lineage, our hero was as haughty in his way as the cavaliers in theirs, and worthy of all honor. He was rich, too, and that was something which all of those Virginian nobles were not, though they dispensed hospitality under the roofs of houses as noble as their names. He had a whole household of slaves, for African bondage was then as fashiouable at the north as at the south. He had spacious warehouses crowded with merchandise. From the windows of his old counting-room near Spring Market, which overlooked the Piscataqua, he could see whole fleets of his vessels come into port, from China, the Indies, and the Mediterranean, bearing silks and wines, tobacco, and the fruits and manufactures of foreign climes. Here in this grand old mansion, which we are about to glance at, the art of whose building has been lost these fifty years, he lived; and perhaps the dadoed walls, the great trees, and the chair he once sat in, will serve to take us back to his times.

Without these adjuncts John Langdon is indeed a mere historic figure; but as we stand here at the mansion he inhabited, the same trees over us which often rustled above his head, he assumes something of the proportions of an actual personage. We can almost imagine him smiling and bowing before us and bidding his visitors welcome as he was wont to do in the flesh, in those far away days of the eighteenth century. Standing on the street and gazing on the ancient homestead, at the walls, windows, and gateways, at the little balcony over the front door, supported by two white Ionic columns, or wandering in the large garden attached to the house, where venerable trees revive memories of the ancient regime, one cannot help being visibly affected. It is the atmosphere of 1775, rather than that of Anno Domini, 1879, which surrounds you, and you are living in the old days in company with the stately and beautiful figures which illustrated them. Alas! dust is all that remains of these figures of lovely dames and gallant gentlemen; it is only as you muse with the murmur of aged trees in your ears, that you catch a glimpse of them today.

It has been said by Madam de Stael, that "the homes and haunts of the great ever bear impress of their individuality." I believe this is so. In the presence of the Langdon house you seem to stand before John Langdon. The lofty front, the ample halls, the grand salon, are indicative of the man who was New Hampshire's greatest patriot in the Revolution. The man was great, august. The house is like him. No mansion in America, save the Stratford House alone, is so commanding in its construction; no house, save Mt. Vernon, so august in its memories as this one is.

The house fronts the west, looking out upon Pleasant street, and standing back a decorous distance from the dust and turmoil of its rush and flow of life. Patriarchal shade trees, horse-chestnuts and oaks, flicker above the roof—that symbol of unfaltering

protection, the shield against how many storms, the seal of how many secrets! Among their branches and above them rise two great stacks of chimneys. A treselated marble walk conducts you to the door through which you enter between the two slender white pillars which support the graceful carved balcony. A creeping vine interweaves its twisted branches up the supports of the over-hanging chamber, under which the gentle mistress sometimes sits with her embroidery or books. On entering the hall, which extends through the mansion, and is elaborately carved and paneled, you have on one side grand reception-rooms, heavily wainscoted, with ornamental cornices, mantel-pieces of considerable elegance for the period, and other evidences of wealth and taste; and, on the other, the library and dining-rooms finished in the same manner.

The mansion is full of contradictory features. The mind is perplexed between its modern charms and its old-fashioned peculiarities. The parlor is the south-western corner room, to the right of the entrance hall. It has four large windows, two of which look out upon the front yard and the street. The wood work of the room is pine, painted white. The carving is very remarkable and abundant, that of the mantle-piece in particular being exquisite. The furniture is entirely modern, from the dark Axminster carpet on the floor to the maroon lambrequins and white lace curtains of the windows.

The gem of the Langdon mansion is the great library at the left of the hall. It is large and spacious, being thirty-five feet long and twenty deep, half the size of the famous East Room of the White House. The room is higher studded than any of the other apartments on the first floor, therefore the chambers above it are approached by a step. The wood work of the ceiling is painted a good grey. The carving is very fine, and many French ideas are visible in it. The wall on one side is lined to the ceiling with books. A glance over the title pages enlarges the human understanding as to the variety of topics, from the classics to horticulture, from theology to poetry, from politics to fiction, which may be embraced in one collection. From the western windows there is a superb and pleasant view out of doors. A tresselated walk of black and white marble leads to the street. On either side is shrubbery. A long stretch of Pleasant street is visible, and beyond and nearly opposite is the Universalist church, its tall spire rising scarce higher than the chimneys of the old mansion.

The hall-way is fifteen feet wide. Its walls are adorned with maps and paintings. The staircase is very spacious, with mahogany balusters and rail, with white painted sides to it. The newel is remarkable, being a double spiral within four bent uprights. Going up the steps, that have been trodden by most of the early military and civil celebrities of our country, we take a peep at the rooms on the second floor. This chamber at the right, above the parlor, is known as the Louis Phillipe chamber. In it have slept Washington, Lafayette, Louis Philippe, and his brothers, and many other great men. Four other large rooms are on this floor. One chamber is called the Governor's room. It was the sleeping room of John Langdon, and everything in it is preserved entirely as it was in his day,—paper, furniture and all.

An ell or rear wing, forty by thirty feet, and two stories high, extends backward from the main mansion, its roof embowered by gigantic locust trees. In the chambers are all the servants' sleeping-rooms. On the lower floor, the kitchen and store-rooms occupy most of the space. A door opens into the garden, where a dozen paths leads among flower-beds and fruit trees. The main walk leads directly from the broad hall-door through an arbor of grape vines that bisects the garden. On one side of this is the orchard; on the other, the flower-beds. The grounds occupy about an acre. Everything is roomy; you feel a freedom, an ease, that is not experienced in the cramped narrow limits of a modern yard.

The house is grand in front; in the rear it loses none of its stateliness. It rises up high, like a castle, dwarfing everything else beside it. The observatory on the roof is fifty feet up among the tree branches. The out-houses look small beside the longer structure, though their dimensions are not miniature. These consist of a large building at one end of the garden, which is used as a stable and carriage-house, and the porter's lodge and tool-house, which stand on either side of the gate, small, square brick buildings, one story in height, at the distance of one hundred and fifty feet apart.

No building in Portsmouth has sheltered so many people of eminence as the Langdon house. At the door of the generous drawing-room the courtly Langdon has welcomed many an illustrious personage. The entrance seems like a frieze, with an endless procession of figures. Let us stand by one of those Ionic pillars and count the stately throng as it passes by.

First of all is a tall commanding figure. Looming on horse-back, that form has led many an army to battle. Those calm gray eyes looked through the mist of Trenton and the smoke of Monmouth. The epaulets, the velvet suit, the plumed three-cornered hat, the Roman face, bore the insignia of authority and command. Bare your heads; it is Washington, our pater patriæ. Behind him walks one whose carriage is noble and his manners frank and winning. He has deep red hair, which is unpowdered, and his forehead is rather receding, but a good-looking man withall, with bright hazel eyes, a beautiful mouth and a very good chin; that form had stood in Versailles, before the pomp and pride of kings, it had seen the throne overturned, and the proud and beautiful heads brought to dust,—Lafayette.

The figure that succeeds is that of Henry Knox, "that stalwart man, two officers in size, and three in lungs." Knox was Washington's favorite general, and Lafayette came next in his estimation. Green, Wayne, and Arnold were better generals than either, and possessed after them the most influence in the councils of their commander. A small, slender intellectual looking man, nervous in his movements, with quick keen eyes, approaches next. It is Elbridge Gerry, vice-president of the United States.

But who are those young men bare-headed, and wearing citizens' clothing, but with the air of princes, who are marching by? The oldest is not over twenty-three; the youngest, scarcely eighteen. The Bourbon blood shows plainly in their faces. Though the relatives of monarchs they are in exile from their native land. Two of them never return, the other goes back to win a crown, and a son of the hated Egalite becomes Louis Philippe, king of the French. When on the throne forty years afterwards, he remembered his sojourn in the old mansion, and once asked of an American lady, who was presented at his court, if the Langdon house was then standing.

Another American of greatest note, who had sat in the first Continental Congress as its president, and whose bold signature heads the list on that memorable charter of our liberties, the Declaration of Independence, stands by the master of Langdon house as stately and courtly as he. What a noble pair! Hancock and the man whose patriotism defeated Burgoyne, standing together.

And so we might go on for pages, for the procession is as long as the cortege that follows a hero to his grave, but we wish to glance at the owner himself. We must not forget, however, to mention the noble Marquis de Chastellux, who served in Count Rochambeau's army during the Revolution, and who visited here in 1781. The Frenchman kept a journal in which he made pleasant mention of his host and hostess. He describes Governor Langdon as a handsome man, of noble presence, and a pleasing, refined face. Mrs. Langdon was some younger than her husband, and quite a beauty in her day. The Marquis did not possess the usual gallantry of his race, or he belied himself, for he says that he con-

versed much less with her than with the governor, giving as a reason a strong predisposition in his favor on account of his ability and patriotism.

John Langdon shames not his associates. His portrait in the capitol shows him a handsome, dignified gentleman, who wore his ruffles, his long queu, his diamond buckles, as proudly as any of the colonial magnates. The blue eyes are very calm and courteous, but the face has strength. The forehead is broad; the jaws, lion-like; the mouth, determined. Even in his personal appearance this New Hampshire worthy equalled any of his guests.

In renown, in worthy deeds, in dignity of high emoluments, John Langdon outvied many of those whom he feted in his mansion. There is no purer name in the history of our Revolution, or in any truthfully written history, than that of the master of Langdon house. His Revolutionary services were all of priceless value, and they were all greater because they involved large personal sacrifices. But for him the battle of Bennington would never have been fought and won, and in all probability Burgoyne would have succeeded in his purpose of effecting a junction with Clinton, not long after Howe had entered Philadelphia; and in that case the American cause would have been placed on the verge of ruin, —and that ever hungry gulf, which is as insatiable as the sea, might have swallowed it. Few sacrifices were greater than the one he made; with strong instincts of hospitality and courtesy, yet he pawned the family plate that was wont to glow upon his table. Washington never done as much. No other man thought of doing as much, yet John Langdon did it, and great was his reward. Today there are few memories as august as his. He held many public trusts during that seven years' struggle, both civil and military, and he had been very active before the war began. He served several terms in the Continental Congress, and in the Legislature of New Hampshire; and for some time he was a judge.

He was president of New Hampshire two years under the old constitution, and under the new one was governor of the state six years, his last term expiring in 1811. For twelve years Mr. Langdon was United States senator for New Hampshire, and for half of that time he was the president of the Senate, being the first presiding officer of that body. He was chosen to that office in 1789, in order that the electoral votes for President of the United States might be counted; and later he was chosen President of the Senate before either the President or Vice-President of the United States had a legal existence,—so that the presidency of the Senate is an older office than the vice-presidency of the United States. In 1812 the Republican congressional caucus offered Langdon the nomination of Vice-President of the United States on the ticket with Mr. Madison, but this honor he refused on the score of age and infirmities.

Who was this man of hospitable guise, of exalted patriotism, wealthy as an English noble, the friend of princes, and more than kings, whom the world delighted to honor? There was good blood in his veins. His great-grandfather was Captain Tobias Langdon, who settled in Portsmouth in 1687. All his ancestors were prominent and influential citizens. The military commissions of his fathers for four generations, signed by Gov. Usher, Gov. Belcher, and Gov. Wentworth, are preserved in the family. So the patriotic and military spirit their great descendant exhibited was well accounted for. John was born on the family farm, and in early life attended Major Hale's school. He received his mercantile education in the counting-room of Daniel Rindge, and afterwards entered upon a seafaring life, in which he made many successful ventures. He built the great mansion, in which he resided all his after life, in 1781.

John Langdon married at the age of thirty. His choice was a fortunate one. Elizabeth Sherburne was worthy to be the wife of such a husband. She was a beauty and a belle, and her mind was as interesting as her face. The

Sherburnes were of high English lineage. In the old world the family had intermarried with De Cheneys and Howards. In the new, they lost not their prestige. They have mingled their blood with that of the Langdons, the Warners, and the Wentworths. The father of Mrs. Langdon was John Sherburne, Esq., one of the old nabobs of the colonial metropolis. A brother of the bride was the afterwards famous Judge John S. Sherburne.

Mrs. Langdon was well fitted to preside over the elegant establishment of her husband. She possessed the social graces to a high degree, and she filled her sphere well. The Langdon salon, which today is larger than can be found in any other private house in Portsmouth, was a focal point for all that was dazzling in the social life of the Province. The brilliant assemblies that gathered there vied with those stately coteries that the vice-regal Wentworths brought around them. And among them all, Elizabeth Langdon shone a queen, resplendent in her costly robes, her maternal beauty, her charming grace. But the beautiful lady of the manor house has long been dead. The quaint attire, the stately grace, the winning smile, we shall see no more. All have gone into the darkness of death.

And at a ripe old age John Langdon died too. High renown and exalted position could not save the hero from the stroke of the death angel. The thick walls of his stately mansion house could not bar out his visit. But it found the great patriot ready. He was already past his four-score years, and he had lived his life. Death came to him easy, like a shadow from a passing cloud. Sept. 18th, 1819, was the day in which all that was mortal of John Langdon passed away. His ashes and those of his wife rest under an elegant monument in one of the Portsmouth cemeteries.

His great mansion has since passed through various hands. Rev. Charles Burroughs, who was the pastor of St. John's Church for forty-seven years, owned and occupied the house during most of his pastorate. The present owner is Dr. Langdon, a grand-nephew of the Governor, who keeps the house on its best behavior, and is a genial and courteous gentleman, with a marked Langdon countenance.

SNOWED UP.

A CHRISTMAS STORY OF AN OLD HEARTH AND HOME.

BY WILLIAM O. CLOUGH.

Christmas eve, 1879. We imagine ourselves an unseen and unobtrusive visitor at the circle in your happy home. The gas has been lighted and you have gathered about the centre-table to play innocent games of amusement and chat merrily in anticipation of the gifts of affection that will be yours on the morrow. The wind pipes and whistles outside the door, sighs through the leafless branches of the trees and around your windows in mournful cadence. The snowy elves are moving deftly through the frosty air, and tossing their white spray against the panes with dainty motion; they flutter and dance over your chimney-top in the lazy smoke, the graceful blue scrolls of which make the white night whiter by contrast; they float

away in the warm spiral column and are lost. Up the chimney the sparks are whirling, eddying, and frolicing in mad delight, knowing no care in the world and joyous as if their lives were to last forever and grow no less bright. Never a thought do the dainty sparks give to the wind as they ramble and scramble in the flue. Never a thought of the furious reception that awaits them in the open air. Never a thought of old King Winter with his white locks and beard from which the icicles hang in prismatic clusters. Never a thought of the home circle at which we are a visitor, for, to trespass upon the fairy realm, they are whispering secrets in each others' ear, and racing in the crazy delight of merry christmas. Ah, young friends, what secrets do they whisper, what reports bring from the open grate as they sparkle and make merry in the warring elements? "Listen!" they shout as they leap over one another, rise, fall, fade or become lost in the storm. "Listen!" repeat the snowflakes, as they peep cautiously into the chasm below. "Listen! listen! there is love and contentment below!" And old King Winter repeats the refrain, and the wind wafts a carol to cheer other homes with the message "There is love below!"

"What do I hear?" queried Miss Jennie.

"It was only the moan of the wind," replied mamma, who was busy in anticipation of the morrow.

"Only the moan of the wind," repeated little Johnny.

"Only the moan of the wind," we whisper.

"Papa!" shouts practical baby May.

Sure enough, it was papa. You were all deceived. And after he has had his tea, and Jenny has helped him to his dressing-gown and slippers, he produces a copy of the GRANITE MONTHLY and reads to you the—to him a tale that is real and which awakens strange memories—following story of

AN OLD HEARTH AND HOME.

Among the snow-capped hills just north of the Winnipesaukee, there is a deserted farm house, where, not many years ago, there was a hearth and home that was famous for miles around as a place of rare creature comfort for man and beast. From its closed portals two generations have passed to the grave or other homes, while a third is absent in the excitement of the busy marts of trade and commerce. The old house, however, now so desolate and a prey to the elements, has a history concerning which many interesting tales might be written. Here, in the good old times, the farmers' wives gathered from miles around at Thursday afternoon tea parties and sewing circles. Here they enjoyed quilting assemblies and conference meetings. Here they told their troubles to one another and sought advice and sympathy. Here they discoursed wisely concerning the young men and young women of the neighborhood. Here, also, they discoursed wisely about the future prospects of their sons and daughters; chatted freely about the affairs of the church and the last sermon; remarked approvingly, or otherwise of the last marriage in the vicinity; exchanged receipts for all sorts of decoctions, and compared notes on the remedies for all the diseases to which flesh is heir. Here, too, the boys and girls of the district met to enjoy social intercourse, to "thread the needle," and play at other games; to pull molasses candy, husk corn, or frolic at apple-bees. Here the youth of an innocent generation sang songs and chanted carols; here they dreamed dreams and speculated on the wonders of the wonderful world of which they had only a vague and imperfect idea. It was, withal, a place where travelers reined up their horses for rest and refreshment; where the change of horses was made on the stage line. In short, this hearth and home in the mountains was the castle of honest old Farmer Maple,—as he was known far and near,—a half-way house, a place noted for the cheerfulness of its occupants and the bounty of its hospitality and although the honest old yeoman

"put money in his purse," he enjoyed the confidence and esteem of all who knew him. He was a man of unquestioned probity and moderate piety.

Everything is changed now. The former well-tilled fields are rank with weeds and bushes; a sickly growth of grass, from which droves of cattle from other states are fatted for the butcher's knife, is all there is to be seen where wheat, rye and barley, corn and potatoes, once met the eye. The husbandman, who labored in honest pride to excell his neighbor, is no more; while the farm buildings, like hundreds of others scattered about New England, are slowly but surely approaching worthlessness. The farm implements—the carts, rakes and other utensils have succumbed to summer heat and winter cold, and the wind howls in mournful cadence through the tumble-down barns and sheds. Wild thorns and weeds have grown where the proud housewife's flowers blossomed. Dead and untrimmed rose bushes cover the lattice above the windows, and moss has gathered on the door stones, threshold and roof. The paths in which happy children went cross-lots to school are obscure, the fences are rotten and unsightly, and the ever flourishing orchard neglected and unvisited by the pruning knife. The bucket has fallen in the well; the water-trough by the roadside is empty, and the dog that saluted the passers-by is forgotten. The chimneys are toppled; the windows are boarded over and the clapboards are falling. Swallows build their nests under the rafters, and the snow finds lodgment in what was once a tidy sitting-room and kitchen. The cellar emits an noxious and offensive odor from drain and decayed rubbish; the empty rooms cause the visitor to become a momentary dreamer, and the mind to produce strange and fascinating pictures of events of the good old times that will never be renewed at this former joyous hearth and home. In fact, a little reflection gives a sombre and melancholly view of the place and its surroundings and forces the interrogatory: "Would not the descendants of the pioneer whose work is naught, have been far happier in the pursuits which it offers, than it is possible to be in the more perplexing and uncertain avocations of village and city?" The problem admits of no special analysis in this connection.

But there is no pleasure in contemplating what was and what might have been, and consequently ours be the task to make record of what occurred in this forsaken dwelling-house on Christmas eve, 1864.

THE FIRST DRIFT.

A terrible storm was raging, sweeping down the mountain and through the valley with great furry. Farmer Maple had housed and fed his live stock, bedded his horses, replenished the wood-box in the corner, added a huge log to the fire, and finished his evening chores. Everything was snug and warm for the night, and, so far as temporal things were concerned, there was nothing lacking that could, by any possibility contribute to his comfort, or that of the good mother who had shared his joys and sorrows for more than half a century.

"Why, it air een-most a hurrycane!" exclaimed Mother Maple, cautiously peeping behind the window curtain to the highway.

"Jest so!" said father. "It'll be a putty dubious chance for anybody what's caught on the mountain road to-night. Fact is, the valley is in a bad way. Looks as ef 'twa solid wi' drifted snow."

"Did you say 'twa drifted snow," queried mother, the while endeavoring to light a candle with a live coal, which she held in the tongs, and blew with earnestness.

"Wal, yes, I ventured to guess how the snow is gitting piled up some," responded the farmer cheerfully as he busied himself in putting his striped homespun mittens in the ring of the andirons, and turning his pockets the inside out, and shaking his coat free from snow, in the chimney corner.

"Think the stage will worry through?" continued Mrs. Maple.

"Don't know 'bout that," responded the old man in a tone that indicated a little impatience.

"S'pose we'll git a letter?"

"There, there, mother, don't begin the evenin' in worry 'bout letters," replied Farmer Maple with increased impatience. Mr. Maple's impatience was occasioned because of his inability to find the boot-jack, which his wife had placed at the wrong end of the settle.

"Think there'll be any news?" Mother Maple was getting impatient, and, although she must have known that he could give her no satisfactory answer, continued her interrogatories. "Think we'll hear anything?" she added after o moment's pause.

"Goodness, gracious, mother, how you do run on!" said the farmer. "Don't you know jest as well as I can tell ye that there aint no mails sence the storm. Everything air snowed up tighter nor a drum. Can't you hear the storm howlin' through the mountain passes? Heve ye forgot there's a regular old tempest?" Mr. Maple looked up to the open fire and was silent for several minutes. "Gerusalem!" he exclaimed suddenly, "how it does whistle down the chimney! Lucky I had the barn patched and shingled last fall!"

"So it is, Thomas. Think the stage will pull through?"

"Doubtful, mother, extremely doubtful!"

"Do yer bl' 've Peter'll see ef there's a letter for us?"

"Doubtful! Doubtful! Howsomedever, wife, I don't mind ef I have a mouthful of hot tea an' a bit of somethin' to eat."

"It's all ready for ye, Thomas. Sit right up to the table."

"Thank 'ee, mother. Thank 'ee. You was always thoughtful."

Thomas Maple had been a patient, cheerful, and model husband of the old school for more than fifty years. Sometimes he was absent-minded—often he evaded mother's direct questions, and thousands of times he had failed to answer "yes" or "no," to the infinite disgust of his good wife. However, she never fretted him with complaints, and, for reasons which will hereafter appear in this narrative, they were now in more tender sympathy than at any other period of their wedded life.

"I shall be greatly disappointed if Peter don't pull through somehow or other," said Mrs. Maple, resuming her knitting-work and familiar arm chair in the corner. "He never fails, regardless of wind and weather. Besides, you know, he might possibly bring us a letter," she continued, wiping her eyes with the corner of her apron.

"True, Nancy, he might bring us a letter, though I've most gin up lookin' for one."

"Don't say that, father," and mother choked with emotion she could not control.

"Wal, I can't help losin' faith. You know I never did have the grit to wait. Perhaps though, it'll be all fur the best."

"Have some more tea?"

"No, thank'ee."

The old man pushed slowly back from the table, and after stirring up the fire and "mending" it with some split sticks, seated himself in his accustomed leather-bottomed chair, preparatory to enjoying his evening pipe and mug of hard cider.

"It 'pears to me you are more than commonly quiet, to-night, Thomas," said mother, after a painfully long pause.

"Wal, yes, dear, I was thinkin'."

True, father was thinking. Thinking, as he watched the old wife's fingers ply the knitting-needles, and looked into her calm, sweet face, of all the years she had toiled by his side in their struggles to bring up their children, educate them and save something to pilot them down the decline of life. Thinking how patiently she had shared all his labors and troubles, his joys and his sorrows, year after year, without complaint or murmur. Thinking, too, of the dear ones that so many years ago had cuddled upon his knees and hid their coyish faces in his bosom. Thinking of those happy days, those little folks—now scattered far and near—

who watched for his coming with eager faces when the shadows fell across the door and night drew her mantle over the labor and fatigue of the day. Thinking — dreaming — living in the past. Ah, what strange, what tender emotions memory reviews in the bosoms of such old pilgrims on the journey of life, when in the quietude of evening the fancy stretches out and takes in the seeming present-past, and the vision spans nearly the whole horison from dawn to close of life. Dear old memories! Dear old folks at home! These hours of evening review bring you true consolation. They are your joy, and you are more truly happy when, in forgetfulness of your infirmities, you look back to the time when there was no vacant chair at the old hearth and home.

"All gone! All gone!" murmured father, while unconsciously lisping his reverie.

"The report only said 'missing,'" remarked mother, who had been interrupted in her dreams by father's words.

"I remember. I remember, mother. *Only* missing," and the tears flowed.

"But it may not be true," added mother, again wiping a tear from her eye and resuming her knitting nervously.

"We will continue to hope it is not, Nancy."

Hope! This was the one ray of light. It was their beacon, and they clung to it with all the tenacity that drowning men do to straws. Only *missing!* this was what the Colonel said in his letter, and so they lived on in hope. Hope, that now when every breeze from the North kissed a victorious banner of the union, and every message from the South indicated that peace and good will were soon to assert their sway, he would return. This was the refuge behind which they sought shelter in gloomy hours; this and this only restored contentment to their troubled minds when they contemplated that word of awful significance—"missing."

But who was John?

John! why, he was the youngest child of mother and father's family. When the call came for seventy-five thousand volunteers for three months, he was among the first to shoulder his musket, buckle on the knapsack, and seek the front. The three months' campaign having ended in a failure, he again wrote his name among his country's defenders and had borne himself like a true man in the severest battles of the grand old army of the Potomac. Chancellorsville had been lost and Gettysburg won, and he had reported to the old folks at home that he was unscarred, in perfect health, promoted to captain for meritorious conduct on the field, and was in the front line of battle.

Suddenly, and at a time when the armies were resting on their arms, the stage-driver brought a message that he was missing. Little was known of how it happened, and his colonel, who wrote the message, gave no satisfactory explanation. Only missing! and this was the ghost that hovered around the old hearth and home in the mountains of New Hampshire. "Is he dead?" was the oft-repeated and hushed murmur which came to the lips that dare not speak aloud lest the utterance of such words should add more sorrow to doubting, yet hopefully waiting hearts. Would he some day return to bless and comfort their declining years, or had he been wounded and taken to some Southern prison pen to die from cruelty and starvation. It was a problem they could not solve, a mystery that had no loop-hole of escape save that of constant waiting and watching.

The bleak, winter winds swept the barren fields, dashing its white spray of drifting snow against the windows, rattling the old storm-worn sashes, anon screaming down the chimney and driving the smoke and cinders into the room, and yet this aged couple sat sleepily talking of their boy and speculating upon the probabilities of his being in some far-off hospital and cared for by tender nurses, of whom they had read in the weekly paper.

"He'd never have gone ef I'd done the fair thing by him!" said the farmer,

whose conscience was reproaching him for hastily spoken words—words that had never seemed so terrible in their meaning till John had gone to the front and he could not recall them. "I feel guilty, mother, every time I think on't," he continued, brushing the coal and ashes back into the fire-place with the turkey wing kept for that purpose.

Now, Mother Maple was a true woman. Years of experience and the old church had been kind teachers to her, and she had profited by the lessons. Instead of adding to father's remorse by insisting that he was guilty of all he would have himself think, she helped him bear his burdens. "I wouldn't say that, father," was her familiar appeal. "To be sure you and John couldn't agree on political matters and so when the war broke out you said it was all owing to the abolitionists, and stumped him to show his honesty by backin' up his principles with his musket. He was too proud-spirited, and too much in earnest to bear that, and so he enlisted. I felt as badly as any one to have him go, but then I've always tried hard to make the best on't, help his cause all I could with my hands and my prayers, and take a parent's pride in his record. He ain't no coward, father, if he is my son. He's stood by the flag through sunshine and storm. He believes every man is born free, and he ain't afraid to own it or fight to make a reality of it. I feel putty bad, and if I know my heart I'd willingly die for him; but if I had it all to live over again—all the years of anxiety—I'd jest say, 'Go, John, and don't come back to your mother until they're whipped.' I don't think you are as much to blame as you imagine. It's only because you are low spirited and imagine things that ain't true. I've got faith we shall hear from him, and that he's all right."

"Meb'be, you're right, Nancy. Somebody had to go or there'd have been an end to the country. I shouldn't want to live to see that."

"No more should I," said mother. "Besides, John never blamed you. On the contrary, he always wrote home the kindest of letters and was particular to say that he was more and more convinced that he was right. Didn't he say in one of his letters that if it was all to be repeated again he should be in the army? Don't you remember, father?"

"Wal, yes, Nancy, I do remember, but then———"

"I wouldn't say it, father. You'll only get yourself to thinkin', and so lose your sleep."

"Wal, then, I wont."

"I thought I heard voices," said mother, rising and going to the window. "I hope none of the neighbors are sick on such a night as this."

Nancy Maple was one of the village mothers who was always called into the sick room on important occasions and hence her momentary anxiety.

"Why, if I can believe my eyes it's the stage!" exclaimed mother. "S'pose we'll hear from John?"

"We'll see, we'll see, mother. Now, I wonder where I put my other boot?"

THE SECOND DRIFT.

"Halloo, there, Maple! Wake up, you old philosopher! Tote yer larntern, an' be putty danged spry 'bout it. Wake up!"

The voice that sounded so terrible and unearthly as it mingled with the storm, was that of Peter Hines, an old-line whip, whose portly physique, oddities and peculiarities of speech have been often sketched by correspondents and are therefore familiar to the readers of current literature.

"Halloo, there, landlord," was quickly repeated. "Rouse yourself!" he shouted, making a tremendous effort for a man of his corpulent flesh and phthisicky breathing to be heard above the roar of the storm. "Come, man the ship! Whoa, there, Joseph!" he cried to his leader.

Pete—everybody, from the dignified parson and pedagogue, the summer boarder and the tourist, to the stable boy, called him Pete—continued his bawling and shouting for the proprietor of the Mountain House, and the proprietor the search for his boots. Pete made not the slightest effort to help

himself or the unfortunate victims of circumstances who had engaged passage with him, and the latter had become so excited in the search for the needed boot and Hines' hallooing that he was nearly useless. The passengers were in a state of chronic rebellion, but Mr. Hines turned a deaf ear to their complaints and continued his noise.

"Let 'em grumble and growl to their hearts' content," was his motto, and there was no exigency of travel which could induce him to depart from it. "Fact is," he would often remark, they have got just about so much to say whether it's foul or fair weather, and tryin' to smooth matters only makes 'em more bothersome." Mr. Hines was a genial, jolly, old whip. Everybody liked him, and yet he was so calloused by the whims of the people that their satisfaction or dissatisfaction signified nothing in his mind.

"Oh, you've got along at last, have you?" remarked Pete, when farmer Maple put in an appearance. Why, I've been howlin' like a hurricane for you for more'n twenty minutes by the tick of the patent lever, an' you, you old stupid, was ponderin' the weather prognostics in old Master Leavitt's almanac, I s'pose. Most bust myself tryin' to git you out. Don't you see we are snowed up an' can't go no further to-night?"

"Yes, I see."

"Put us up?"

"Certainly. But you see, Pete, I didn't think you'd get through so I took off my boots."

"Didn't think I'd git through! Well, that's a good one. Didn't think I'd git through! Why, dang it, man, you ought to know by this time of your life that I'd be here if 'twant afore midnight."

"I ain't so dead sure of that Mr. Hinds."

"Ain't so dead sure, Mr. Hines! When did I miss on't? Once more than forty years ago. I should have got through then if the brakes hadn't went back on me an' the whole concern flopped over the precipice. It didn't kill but a few on 'em."

"I remember, replied Mr. Maple, "It only killed a few of 'em. Wal, I s'pose it air as long ago as you say, though it don't seem hardly possible."

"Got a letter for me!" shouted Mother Maple, who, in her impatience, had come to the door.

"No letters, aunt Nancy."

"Any news from the army?" she repeated.

"All quiet on the Potomac!" replied Hines, half reproaching himself for uttering the standing joke of the newspapers.

"Any passengers?" inquired the farmer.

"Two weary sojourners inside. Guess you'd better help 'em out."

Farmer Maple made a path to the door of the house, and helped out the nearly frozen occupants of the stage. They were received cordially by Mother Maple and quickly made comfortable by the kitchen fire.

Peter descended from the stage, shook the snow from his cap and coat, and the while joking glibly with the farmer assisted in putting the horses in the barn where they were blanketed and made warm for the night.

THE THIRD DRIFT.

The arrival of the stage on such a wild night, and in such a boisterous storm was an event which caused Peter and Mr. Maple to rehearse, in brief, the like events in their thirty odd years' experience as servants of an ungrateful public. They commenced comparing notes while at the barn, and they discoursed fluently at the house while the old whip removed sundry great coats, his leggings and boots, and became seated in the chimney-corner. Their comprehensive statements would doubtless have continued the greater part of the night had not Mother Maple, who had been busily engaged in arranging things about the house for the accommodation of her unexpected guests, interrupted them with the inquiry:

"It's very strange, Peter, that yer don't bring me no letter. I'm afeared I've most lost my faith."

"Lost faith, good mother! Why

brace up and have courage. The darkest night has the brightest break-o' day."

"Yes, yes, but I'm most discouraged."

"Wal, I'm truly sorry for that,"—in a tone of voice that exhibited his sympathy for the good mother.

There was a lull in the conversation. The travelers, who had been noticeably silent and undemonstrative, huddled together on the high-backed settle, and appeared at home. Mrs. Maple busied herself laying the crockery on the table, and preparing tea and toast, and Peter and Mr. Maple resumed some reminiscences of big storms of many years ago. Is was a cosy scene.

"It a'pears to me that you young fellers ain't quite so comfortable as you ought ter be," remarked Mr. Maple, during a pause in the conversation between himself and Pete." "Hope ye make yerselves to home wi' us. Mother'll heve ye some warm drink and a bite o' something tu eat putty soon, hey mother?"

"I'm hurrying as fast as I can," responded Mrs. Maple. "Thank you, Father Maple, you are exceedingly kind," said one young man, and the other nodded a thousand thanks.

Some pieces of wood broke and fell from the andirons to the hearth, the fire streamed up cheerfully, and although the wind whistled in terror about the house and shook the rickety windows of the shed, there was an air of hail comfort and cheer about that old hearth and home, such as is rarely witnessed in places of more pretention.

"Has any of the boys from the Centre been heard from lately?" inquired mother of Peter.

"Don't run on so, mother," said Mr. Maple. "Fact is we oughter try and fergit our troubles once in a while. "So we ought. But ye see," she continued addressing the strangers, "I'm een most crazy to hear from my boy in the army. We ain't heard but once since the last battle. He's missing! and the tears started from her eyes, and a broken sob told the story of the mental suffering she was undergoing.

"In the army?" asked the six-footer of the strangers.

"That's what she said!" responded Pete. "In the army. A cap'n in the army! Perhaps you don't know nuthin' about how it is yerself with people who heve friends in the army, and can't hear from 'em?"

"Perhaps I don't, and then again perhaps I do."

"Eh?"

"I've been there."

"Been where?"

"In the army!"

"What, both on ye."

"No, not exactly."

"Wal, I must say you're a green sort of a chick'n anyhow. What was yer persish?"

"Never you mind about my rank."

"There ain't any doubt but he was a soldier," insisted the "little fellow." "I can swear to that, good and true;" and he peeped out from behind the old buffalo overcoat which concealed his person with an air that implied "Now what are you going to do about it?"

"A putty 'feminate sort of one you was, I guess," retorted Pete, who was a little bit touched.

"Supper is ready," announced Mother Maple.

"Let's see, what might your name be?" inquired Hines. He was determined to probe these young fellows now that he had opened on them.

"It might be Pete, but it isn't!"

"There, there, Mr. Hines, leave them to eat their supper."

Peter dropped the subject with bad humor, and turned toward Mr. Maple, with whom he entered into a discussion on the state of the country and the prospects of peace. "If Sherman's grand army could only reach the sea, then the Confederacy was busted and might as well fold its banners," was the ultimatum of the conversation.

Supper being over, he resumed the broken conversation with the strangers, being careful not to again inquire what their names might be.

"Seen some pretty hard fightin', hey, boys?"

"Yes, should say we had."

"S'pose, then, you tell us somein' 'bout it."

"I've an idea it might be interestin'," urged Mr. Maple.

"You see we're snowed up, an' you 'pears to be fellers wat can make an hour pass pretty 'greeable when yer take a notion ter."

Mrs. Maple urged that nothing would please her more than to hear how battles were fought and victories were won, and therefore, after considerable coaxing, the youngest of the two unknowns proceeded, as follows:

THE FOURTH DRIFT.

"I've been in some pretty tight places within the last three years, but, like my comrade, have not had the glory and honor to be reckoned where the fight was the deadliest. However, I don't claim to be a hero or a miracle of bullet-proof humanity; therefore I won't have the effrontery to relate anything unnecessary to the narrative of what has happened to myself. No, indeed. The little story of real romance I am thinking of at the present moment, and the sequel of which is at my tongue's end, concerns a companion in arms—a comrade of mine who is too modest to sound his own praise and who had rather face a score of mounted and regularly equipped rebel horsemen than be made the hero of a romance or war-drama."

"Hold up there, old chum!" exclaimed his companion. "You are overdoing this thing from the start."

"Don't get uneasy, my friend," said the first speaker, with a patronizing air, "I'll promise not to damage your character if you remain passive."

"But———"

"There, now, old fellow, no apology is needed. If I don't do you impartial justice, why, then, I'll cry quits on numerous old scores where I have been the subject on which you have got the laugh."

"The captain—that's this fellow—is my hero," continued the youth in the buffalo overcoat, addressing himself to to mother Maple. "Everybody has their own particular ideal soldier in these times, you know. But possibly you haven't got a hero, and don't want one, and had rather I wouldn't tell the story."

"Sartin, we've got *our* hero!" said the farmer, with all the fire and enthusiasm he could muster.

Mother Maple used the corner of her apron to wipe her eyes, as she repeated after her husband, "We've got *our* hero."

"Shall I relate the adventure?"

"Wal, we'd think it putty hard on ye ef ye didn't," said Peter. "Truth on't is the old folks air jest a bit thin skinned, to-night. Move on."

"Well, then. It all happened during the time when General Sheridan and General Early were playing 'hide-and seek' in the Shenandoah Valley. You doubtless have read of the lively times that valiant soldier, with his army of as brave fighters as ever responded to a bugle call, had, and of the double-quick he did from Winchester on the occasion of that twenty-mile ride of Phil's. I have a vivid recollection of it, for, curious as it may seem, this handsome figure of mine was exposed to several thunder-showers of bullets. However, I don't care to indulge in the foolish fancy that I was of any service to the Union cause, for the very excellent reason that I was—hold your breath—a rebel."

"That will do for you, old comrade," said his companion. "You are getting on very delicate ground besides taking the risk of being shown out of the house, an experience—wind and weather considered—that wouldn't be at all desirable."

"No, no, don't interrupt him," insisted Farmer Maple. "Don't discourage him. I dare say he was a brave lad whichever side he was on."

"Heave ahead, young fellow," remarked Hines.

"Thank you for the compliment, Farmer Maple!" said the stranger, without the least show of concern. "As it makes no particular difference to any one except the captain, I will pass as a rebel, and proceed with my narration."

"Fact is," interrupted Mr. Hines, "I ain't over fond of rebels myself, neither am I afeard to speak my mind."

"But, then, you know, Peter," said mother.

"Yes, I know," responded the old whip, "it's your house, not mine. Fire away with your story, my little man!"

"Well, then, I'm a Johnny Reb," said the pretty spoken youth, without the slightest chagrin. "That is, I had the fortune, which is not the only fortune the war has left me, to be in their lines at Winchester, and as my life depended upon my principles, why, I was just good square heathen enough to espouse their cause and become one of 'em without any of the pomp and circumstance of war attending my sudden espousal of their cause. There, now, if I am not a good rebel, will you be kind enough to suggest what I am?"

The last remark was directed to Mr. Hines, who saw he was in a fix and extricated himself with the same frankness of speech with which he previously spoke.

"Young feller," said Farmer Maple, "I don't think I fully comprehend what you mean by the pomp and circumstance of war, but then a candid opinion compels me to remark that I should think you were once a rebel, if you are not now."

"Oh, but I have not said I am not a rebel now."

"Just so!" exclaimed the farmer. It was evident that mine host had taken a queer and somewhat sudden fancy to the adventurer and the story of his adventures.

"Well, as I was about to say, my friend here is a strange, masquerading sort of a fellow, who isn't accustomed to the ordinary, steady, eight-day clock way of doing things. His roving desires must be gratified at all hazards, and therefore I do not claim for him that prominence of character which entitles a man to a first-class reputation for good judgment."

"Just like our John," remarked mother. "You didn't happen to meet him, did you?"

"Can't say that I did."

"Waltz along with your old ambulance train," slyly remarked the old whip. "The duce on it, there's too much introduction to what you have to relate."

"I heartily concur in your opinion," added the story-teller, and then he proceeded to say:

"One dark and gloomy night while in command of a picket line, he actually had the audacity to go wandering about in search of a young woman with whom he had fallen desperately in love—"

"Not desperately, old fellow."

"I affirm that he fell desperately in love with the woman while on a former campaign, and that he had good and sufficient reason for the belief that she was a Union woman."

"Have your own way about it," said the captain, as he hitched his end of the settle nearer the blazing fire.

"Of course I shall have my own way if I am allowed to tell the story."

The captain took the hint and said no more.

"The night of which I am speaking was dark and gloomy, just the weather when an enthusiastic lover would leave his caution in camp, and imagine restless Johnny Reb smoking his pipe contentedly by his own camp-fire. However, all signs fail in war as in love. You cannot estimate your loss until the smoke of battle has cleared away."

"I decidedly object," muttered the captain, who was evidently a good deal embarrassed by the sequel which he had reason to believe was coming out.

"Did he get gobbled up?" queried mother.

"I should say he did," continued the story-teller. "While he was whispering sentiment into the ear of the woman, to meet whom he had rode ten miles into the enemy's country, and fancying himself secure from the foes and intruders, a loitering band of brother Morgan's braves had the cool audacity to surround the house and demand the unconditional surrender of its inmates."

THE FIFTH DRIFT.

The excitement attending the recital

of this narrative caused the perspiration to ooze out in large drops on Mr. Maple's face and his nerves to become so uncontrollable that it was with considerable difficulty that he managed his patience to await the slow progress of the story.

"The prospect of getting safely out of this perplexing situation," continued the rebel(?) youth, "with a whole skin and in a condition to continue serviceable in the Union army was anything but flattering; while the probability that death, or the worse fate of a captive, would ensue, was almost certain. It was then the captain doubted the faithfulness of the young woman, and although there was no opportunity to express his convictions, he saw, or imagined he did, that she had managed his capture. He was equal, however, to the emergency. He had been in dangerous places before and came out safe, and so he determined to make a bold strike for freedom. He was not long in determining what to do. He had left his horse in a secluded place in the garden. If he could but reach him and get securely into the saddle he might run a chance, such as it was, of regaining the picket line he had deserted. In the meantime Morgan's scouts were clamorous for admission to the house, and had hinted, in words more expressive than polite, that unless their request was immediately granted the door would be smashed in and confiscation and death follow."

"What did he do then," inquired mother. The good woman had become greatly agitated.

"Why, he opened the door and calling to an imaginary squad to follow him, faced the intruders. It so happened, however, that his enemies were old hands in the business, and didn't believe in an army they could not see. They were not to be deceived with that sort of subterfuge, consequently, they faced the music 'right smart' and my friend, the captain, found himself confronted by poised bayonets."

The good mother put her knitting-work on the table, drew a long breath and folded her arms. She was excited, all attention. The farmer turned and twisted in his chair, and, apparently for the purpose of obtaining relief from the excitement that pressed him, gave the fire a tremendous shaking up. Peter lighted his pipe for the twentieth time, and in his nervous debility burned his finger when crowding the tobacco to the bottom of the bowl.

"It was madness, foolhardiness, to attempt to pass them," continued the speaker, "and folly to think of retreat. Withal, there was no time to consider. Death stared him in the face, and he must act promptly or all was lost and his campaign at an inglorious end."

"And then!" exclaimed good mother Maple.

"He made a sudden thrust with his sabre, threw up the glistening bayonets and rushed furiously upon them. It was quick and exciting work. One fell at the first parry, another received an ugly wound in the shoulder, while the third fell back confused by the suddenness of the deadly encounter. The attack was so terrible in the results that the rebels did not recover their lost prestige, sufficient to call reinforcements, until the captain was in his saddle and a good distance on his way to the Union lines."

The old farmer sprang to his feet excitedly.

"A volley from the wounded men's companions, who had meantime come to the rescue, was apparently wide of the mark, for he spurred his horse and was soon a mere outline in the moonlight."

The old folks breathed easier.

"But my story does not end here," continued the stranger. "Shall I go on?"

"Sartin', sartin'," said Hines. "Hurry it up!"

"Yes, yes," cried father and mother in unison. "What became on 'em?"

THE SIXTH DRIFT.

"The infuriated raiders were so chagrined and maddened that they hurriedly gathered up their wounded, set the house on fire and rode away, cursing their luck and swearing vengeance

on the first Union man that fell into their hands."

"What became of the woman?" queried mother.

"That is the sequel I am coming to," replied the story-teller. "When the house was set on fire the woman escaped through a rear door and followed her lover. She had not travelled far, however, when she discovered, to her horror and dismay, the object of her affection lying prostrate in the road, with an ugly bullet wound in his side, from which the blood was flowing freely. What could they do? Why, just what hundreds of others have done when in similar situations—submit, without a murmur, to circumstances over which they had but little or no control. They agreed that it was useless to try to reach the Union lines that night, and also that it was not safe to seek relief at the rebel lines. They were between two fires, but necessity, the mother of invention, came to the rescue, and they planned a way of escape. The woman returned to the smouldering ruins of her once happy home, and stripped the clothing from the rebel her lover had killed in his fight for freedom. In this uniform he was disguised, and, assisted by her, he reached a house where she was known as a Confederate. She told the story of his hardships and battles in the Southern army with tearful eyes; of how he had been shot by a Federal scout, who had fired her house; claimed protection, and finally compelled the contrary old gentleman, by presenting a pistol at his head, to take them in."

"What became of him?" inquired mother.

"Did he die of his wounds?" asked father.

"She was a brave little woman!" exclaimed Peter, again attempting to light his pipe.

"He again came very near death, but with patient nursing recovered."

"And where is he?"

"At home! But let me conclude my story, for it is most bed-time."

"Move on," urged Peter.

"Well, one day the Union cavalry scouted through the vicinity, and the last outpost of the Confederate army withdrew to participate in the final struggle around Richmond. They made their exit from the valley as though propelled by the wind and storm that prevail in the mountains at this time, and their departure left the captain and his little rebel nurse once more under the folds of the Union flag, and now free in that liberty that no mortal can appreciate until it has been for months denied him. They came North as soon as possible, and here my story ends."

"No, no, not here!" exclaimed the trio.

"Did the captain marry the little rebel?" mother demanded to know. Mother had an idea, like all her sex, that all genuine stories naturally ended with a happy marriage, and she could not understand why this should be an exception.

Well, yes,—yes, they were married."

"And what became of them?" queried mother, forgetting that the silent man present was the person of whom the story-teller was speaking.

"O that's easy enough told. They are snowed up!"

"Snowed up!" exclaimed Father Maple and Mr. Hines in unison.

"Yes, snowed up!"

"But at home!" added the captain, rising excitedly, approaching mother and imprinting a kiss upon her lips. "The soldier to claim the filial greeting of his father and mother and to ask the same blessing for a daughter."

The youth threw off the old buffalo coat, in which he had concealed himself, and stood before the astonished old people and Peter—a woman!

It required no argument to convince them that John had really come home. They were in the speechless ecstacy of new found joy, and could not express their pride and pleasure. The welcome, however, was from the heart—warm, tender and earnest. The embrace of father, mother, son and daughter was rugged and tearful. Questions were asked and answered in rapid succession, and John and his rebel wife were

not permitted to rest from relating the minutest particulars of all their adventures till the wee sma' hours of the morning. Peter looked on complacently and smoked. He was as happy, in his way, as the old folks. "Never mind about a letter!" he remarked jocosely to mother, and then, when the little rebel kissed him, he nearly fainted with fright.

THE DENOUEMENT.

The denouement of this story of an old hearth and home is very tame and commonplace. It is lacking in all the elements of sensation, and there is so little dramatic fervor about it that it can hardly be called a denouement. Captain John Maple and Mrs. Ruth Maple, the rebel wife, remained at the old homestead in the hills three or four years, and after the good old father and mother were gathered in the land where their kindred had gone before them, they removed to the city. Children have been born to them; they have prospered, and they have been conspicuous workers in all things for the public weal.

Mr. Hines—the jolly old whip who was conspicuous on that stormy Christmas eve in '64—long since resigned his ribbons. If he be living, he is entitled to good cheer and comfort. If he be dead, his memory should be kept green by a public he served with fidelity for many years.

And now, while standing in memory's hall with uncovered head, we again contemplate the picture, and, ere we part, impress its outline upon our memory. It was a happy home; it had happy associations; it richly merits a benediction. The bleak wind pipes and whistles down the chimney, from which no blue scrolls of smoke linger in the frosty air; it rattles broken windows that no longer contain a beacon light to guide the weary traveller to a hospitable shelter from the storm; it moans and sighs through doors that no longer echo the tread of paternal feet, and its passing cadence suggests no tale of the once happy home. The hardships of the pioneer generation, its heriosm in felling the forest, its fortitude, sacrifices and patience under adversity, the heirlooms it transmitted to the children, and which should have been handed down from generation to generation, are known of no man or woman, and the interesting and instructive history of events which were dear to them are forgotten. It is as though they never had lived, save as the passer-by calls to mind that some one must have labored to "clear up" and make the fields which once were tilled. And so we come to our last paragraph, and we exclaim:

Alas, old homestead! A shrine to which some weary pilgrim from the broad Savannah of the world will one day return, and, with throbbing heart, feel the tear moisten the cheek, as the mind recounts the joys of his childhood, and his memory recalls the tender words that were spoken, and the loving acts that were performed by lips and hands now silent in the grave, by father and mother! Alas, old homestead! Dear old hearth and home! "Hail, and farewell!"

"There is a tear in your eye, papa," said Johnny

"And in yours, too, mamma," said Jennie.

After a painful pause you both demand to know why the story affected them so visibly, and mamma gratifies your curiosity by saying:

"Your father is the captain, and I am the rebel."

You are surprised, and, unmindful that the elements are in wild carnival, you wonder—in the intermission of guessing what gifts will be yours on the morrow—whether or no the summer vacation, when you have been promised a visit to the old hearth and home, will ever come. Good night, and pleasant dreams.

THE DEPARTING YEAR.

BY ABBA GOOLD WOOLSON.

He came, he brought us meadow-bloom and grasses,
And bird-songs carrolling the heavens through ;
Now not a green blade flutters as he passes,
Nor stays one thrush to hymn a sweet adieu.

Dry, rattling stalks and clumps of frozen rushes
Are all that tremble to his parting tread ;
From cottage windows where the home-light flushes
No face looks out, no last farewell is said.

Bare are the walls where blushed his garden roses,
And bare the tree-boughs swaying o'er the lawn ;
The grape-hung lattice not a leaf discloses,
And no late watcher sighs that he is gone ;—

Gone with the beauty of the summer morning,
The dreamy loveliness of vanished days,
The sky's soft glory and the earth's adorning,
June's rosy light and Autumn's mellow haze.

I begged, when first he shone with lavish splendor,
A prince triumphant come to rule his own,
That he some token of his grace would render
To me, a suppliant, on his bounty thrown.

He bent and proffered, without stint or measure,
The utmost that my daring words could crave ;
With full arms closing round each hoarded treasure
My lips forgot to bless the hand that gave.

He made the evening glad, the sunrise golden,
And all existence richer that he came ;
Yet scarcely finds my spirit, thus beholden,
The time to weave this chaplet to his name.

O kingly giver, old and unattended,
The world's poor gratitude is not for thee :
It leaves unsung the reign that is not ended,
And turns to hail the king that is to be.

LACONIA.

BY J. N. McCLINTOCK.

The village of Laconia is situated on the Boston, Concord and Montreal railroad, about twenty-five miles north of Concord, at the outlet of the Winnipesaukee River into Winnisquam Lake. Its general appearance is very attractive; the streets are straight, wide, well shaded and clean; the fences are in order; the private residences are substantial,—many of them very elegant,—and in good repair; the business street is bordered by fine blocks; several beautiful churches are conspicuous; large factories and machine-shops are numerous; pleasantly situated hotels and summer boarding-houses welcome the traveller and pleasure seeker; the court-house gives warning to the evil-doer that Laconia is a law-abiding community; the convenient school-houses are evidences of the care of education; and the concourse of teams and pedestrians emphasize the fact that the village controlls not only a large home trade, but attracts an important wholesale business. The township of Laconia is very irregular in shape, the greater portion lying between Long Bay and Winnisquam Lake, embracing Round Bay; the village is laid out on both sides of the river, and the town includes about a square mile on the east side adjacent to Belmont and Gilford. The township is not extensive, but contains many fine farms, and the people are reputed to be well-informed, hospitable, industrious and wealthy. The site of the village was admirably chosen for the advantages offered to the manufactures, by the falls, and for the purposes of commanding the trade of the mountain and lake districts of New Hampshire, of which it is the natural gateway. Of late it has become a popular resort for the pleasure-seeker and tourist, who find in its neighborhood mountain and lake scenery, approached by charming drives over well-kept roads. The real importance of the town has long depended upon the skill of its mechanics, the enterprise of its manufacturers, and the fair dealing of its merchants.

The affairs of the town are entrusted to Frank W. Reeves, Sylvester J. Lamprey and Paul C. Smith, selectmen. George F. Leavitt is town-clerk.

The town contains about 3500 inhabitants, and is valued at $1,582,104. The tax rate is $12.50 on $1000. The precinct tax is 97 cents on $1000. The town maintains a well selected public library of 2100 volumes, constantly being added to. It also sustains a thoroughly organized fire department, with one steam fire engine, the "Laconia;" one hand engine, the "Torrent;" nine rotary force pumps, each with nearly the capacity of a steam fire engine, commanding the factories and business centre of the village; a hook and ladder, and a hose company; a paid fire department of fifty members, and a fire alarm telegraph to render the whole effective. The highways and bridges are kept in good repair by a liberal annual appropriation.

THE SCHOOLS of the town are embraced in four districts. The first district includes the village, and is under the management of a board of education, consisting of Hon. E. A. Hibbard, W. L. Melcher, Dr. N. L. True, John T. Busiel, Charles F. Stone and George L. Mead. Two hundred and forty-six boys and two hundred and fifty-six girls are enrolled as scholars. In this district there are three primary, two intermediate, two grammar, and one English high school. $4,652.28 is the school appropriation for 1879.

THE CHURCHES, with their spires pointing upward, indicate the regard paid to religion. The Congregationalist society own a large, substantial church edifice, with a clock tower supporting a lofty and graceful spire. The interior of the building is conveniently arranged; a large vestry below, capable of accomodating three hundred people, and a smaller vestry, afford space for religious and social gatherings; a spacious and beautiful audience-room above presents one of the most pleasing interiors in the state. The organ is one of fine tone; the furniture of the church is unique and elegant. The church was organized in 1824, through the labors of Rev. N. W. Fiske, afterwards professor at Amherst College. Rev. Francis Norwood was settled from 1825 to 1850. Rev. John K. Young, D. D., under whose ministration the membership of the church increased to one hundred and seventy-two, was settled from 1831 to 1866; Rev. H. M. Stone, from 1868 to 1871; and Rev. William F. Bacon, from 1871 to 1876. The present pastor, Rev. J. E. Fullerton, A. M., Bowdoin College, 1865, was settled in 1877.

The Unitarian society own a beautiful church edifice near the centre of the village, and the most conspicuous building in the town. The interior is elaborately finished, containing in the basement a Sunday-school-room, a study, a dining-room, and a kitchen; and above, a large audience-room, lighted by cathedral windows, with elegantly panneled walls and ceiling, and rich walnut furniture. The general effect of the room is pleasing, and expresses quiet elegance. The church was organized in 1864; the building was consecrated in 1868. Rev. Enoch Powell is the pastor.

The Methodist Episcopal Church edifice is on Lake street, and is a modest and attractive building of familiar New England architecture, having a tower with a bell and a pretty, tapering spire. The audience-room is tastefully frescoed, contains a fine organ and appropriate appointments. Rev. E. R. Wilkins is the pastor.

The St. Joseph (Roman Catholic) Church is of Gothic arcitecture, cruciform, with tower on the epistle side, and was built during 1879, at an expense of $6,000. It is on a spacious lot on Messer street. Rev. John Lambert is the pastor.

The Free-Will Baptist Society own, free from debt, a new and beautiful church edifice on Court street. Their former building was repaired, at an expense of about $12,000, and was burned while uninsured and $1,500 behindhand, on the 13th of October, 1876. The present structure cost nearly $10,000. The basement of the interior contains a vestry neatly finished, a ladies' room, a library and a kitchen.

The audience-room is lighted by cathedral windows, admitting a soft and mellow light; the south window contains a figure piece of antique glass; the floor is inclined toward the pulpit; the pews of chestnut and black-walnut, upholstered like car seats, are arranged in the tabernacle style; and the walls and ceilings are frescoed in an appropriate manner. There is a full chorus choir. Rev. Louis Malvern is pastor. Mr. Malvern is a native of Cheltenham, England; born in 1846, a graduate of Cheltenham College class of 1865, and settled in this village in 1876.

THE PHYSICIANS of the body, of Laconia, represent various schools of practice, and minister to the temporal ills humanity is heir to. Dr. Albert Lindsey, aged 57, is a native of Wakefield, N. H., and grandson of Dr. Thomas Lindsey; graduated from the Homœopathic Medical College in 1851; settled in Laconia in 1856, being the oldest resident physician. Dr. Noah L. True, aged 51, is a native of Meredith, N. H.; read with Dr. William Leach, of Laconia; graduated at Worcester Medical College in 1851; practiced in Dover until 1859; in Meredith until 1865; and since then in Laconia. Dr. Timothy S. Foster, aged 50, is a native of Brunswick, Maine; graduated at Bowdoin Medical College in 1862; settled in Brunswick; served during the war one year in hospital practice; since 1865 has been

practicing in Laconia. Dr. Davis B. Nelson, aged 57, is a native of Roxbury, N. H.; son of Rev. William Nelson; studied with Dr. E. Buck, of Boston; graduated at Harvard Medical College in 1849, and commenced the practice of his profession in Manchester. In 1861 Dr. Nelson was a member of Governor Berry's staff; organized the First Battalion New Hampshire Cavalry, and lead it into the field with the rank of Major. Upon his resignation he settled in Laconia. He is U. S. examining surgeon for pensions, and medical director N. H. department G. A. R. Dr. Edwin G. Wilson, aged 31, is a native of Hopkinton; son of Dr. J. W. Wilson, and grandson of Dr. Job Wilson of Franklin. He graduated at Bellevue Hospital Medical College in 1872; commenced to practice at Griggsville, Ill.; has practiced in Laconia since 1876. Dr. Henry C. Wells, aged 24, is a native of Bristol, N. H., son of J. W. Wells. He graduated at St. Louis Hahnemann Medical College in 1876; settled in Laconia in 1878. Dr. Herbert E. Mace, aged 37, son of Dr. Richard Mace of Yarmouth, Maine, graduated at Bowdoin Medical College in 1867; has since practiced in Bartlett and Northwood, and settled in Laconia in April, 1879. Dr. George L. Mason, son of the well known surgeon and physician, Dr. W. H. H. Mason, of Moultonborough, is 25 years of age; studied medicine with his father; graduated at Bellevue Hospital Medical College in 1876, commenced practice in Moultonborough, and established himself in Laconia, December 1, 1879, bringing with him the best of antecedents and the highest recommendations.

Dentistry in the village is practiced by George V. Pickering, aged 60, a native of Gilford, N. H. Dr. Pickering studied with Dr. A. L. Hoit, of Boston, and commenced to practice in that city in 1845. In 1850 he removed to Laconia.

The Law is a profession greatly respected in Laconia, and is represented by able and experienced gentlemen. Col. Thomas J. Whipple is 63 years of age, and a native of Wentworth. He read law with Josiah Quincy, of Rumney, and was admitted to the bar in 1839. He practiced in Wentworth until he joined the 9th New England Regiment as Adjutant during the Mexican war. He returned with the rank of Acting Assistant Adjutant-General and settled in Laconia. During the war of the Rebellion he served as Lieut. Col. of the 1st N. H. Regt., Colonel of the 4th, and was chosen Colonel of the 12th. During the piping times of peace he practices law. Col. Whipple has a highly cultivated farm of thirty acres, on the border of the lake. Hon. Ellery A. Hibbard, born in St. Johnsbury, Vt., July 31, 1826; was educated at the Derby Academy; read law with Nathan B. Felton, of Haverhill, Charles R. Morrison of Manchester, and Henry F. French, Assistant Secretary U. S. Treasury; was admitted to the bar in 1849; settled in Plymouth, and came to Laconia in 1853. He has served one term in the U. S. House of Representatives, and has been a member of the Supreme Court of New Hampshire. Erastus P. Jewell, 42 years of age, is a native of Sandwich; studied at New Hampton; read law with Col. Whipple, and was admitted to the bar in 1859, and has since practiced in Laconia. Charles F. Stone is a native of Cabot, Vt, and is thirty-six years of age. He fitted at Barre Academy, and graduated at Middlebury College in the class of 1869; read law with Gov. Stuart and Judge Hibbard; was admitted to the bar in 1872, and has since practiced in Laconia. John W. Ashman and Clarence H. Pearson, with Mr. Jewell, and Stephen S. Jewett with Mr. Stone, are in the line of legal promotion.

The Manufacturers of Laconia are among the best known business men of New England, and their products take high rank throughout the country.

The Belknap Mills, owned by George W. Armstrong of Boston, William C. Marshall of Laconia, J. W. Johnson of Boston, and L. A. Roby of Nashua, produce indigo-blue cloths,

fancy cassimeres, carriage cloths, and cottonades; use ten sets of woolen machinery and 3,000 spindles, employ from 275 to 425 hands; finish monthly about 90,000 yards of cotton and woolen goods, aggregating in value $500,000 per year. Elbert Wheeler is clerk and paymaster.

The WHITE MOUNTAIN MILLS, owned by Lewis F. Busiel, produce underclothing and stockings, of wool and of cotton, of all sizes. The first successful attempt ever made in this country to reproduce the French full-fashioned stockings by power was accomplished at Mr. Busiel's establishment. Like an automaton, the machine makes a perfect welt, fashions the leg and heel, narrows in the instep, puts in the French tape narrowing in the toe, and seams on the bottoms, producing a perfect reproduction of the French hand-made goods. This machine may revolutionize the stocking trade of the world. Two sets of woolen machinery are used, and from 50 to 60 hands employed. The annual products of the mill amount to $75,000. Mr. Busiel was among the first to manufacture stockings by power. He superintends his own work.

FRANK P. HOLT manufacturer of hosiery gives employment to 75 hands in his mill, and 300 families outside. The average production is 100 dozen per day. The annual sales amount to $100,000.

The PITMAN MANUFACTURING COMPANY use five sets of woollen machinery, employ 125 operatives, and produce 60,000 dozen stockings per year. The capital stock is $54,000. J. P. Pitman is president; D. A. Tilton, treasurer; and C. F. Pitman, agent.

W. S. THOMAS manufactures Abel's Knitting Machines, and employs from 15 to 20 workmen. There is a sash and door factory next door, giving employment to ten men.

THE WHITE MOUNTAIN FREEZER COMPANY manufacture the celebrated freezer. This company, of which Dr. A. Lindsey is president and Thomas Sands, agent, give employment to 40 workmen, and do a very extensive business, aggregating, it is claimed, $200,000 per annum.

The LACONIA CAR COMPANY, reorganized in June, 1879, occupy, with their shops, nearly six acres, and manufacture passenger, baggage, freight, dump, gondola, ore, hand, and push cars, turning out three first-class passenger cars every month. Employment is given to from 80 to 125 workmen, and 60 horse-power is utilized. Their present contract is with the Lowell railroad. John C. Moulton is president; Perley Putnam superintendent; and S. M. S. Moulton secretary.

J. W. BUSIEL & COMPANY [Charles A., John T., and Frank E. Busiel] succeeded to their father's business on his death in 1872. J. W. Busiel commenced to manufacture yarn at Meredith in 1838, removing to this village in 1846. He was, with his brother, the first to take advantage of the knitting machines, introducing them into his mill immediately after they were invented. His goods received the highest premiums, gave the stocking trade at Laconia the highest rank, and in no small degree helped to build the village of today. The present factory was built in 1852, and enlarged successively in 1873, 1876 and 1877, to meet the demand of growing business. They have seven sets of woollen machinery, employ 150 operatives in their mill, 300 to 400 outside, and manufacture goods to the value of $175,000 to $250,000 per annum, according to quality. Charles A. Busiel is chief engineer of the fire department. John T. Busiel, a graduate of Harvard College, class of 1867, is actively interested in the various interests of the town. Frank A. Busiel is junior member. A part of the mill, used now as a dye house, original the Bean Mill, was the first mill in the village. It was built prior to 1800.

J. H. HINCH, manufacturer of cutlery, employs two operatives, and produces first-class knives, knife blades and edged tools. He has been in business two years, and his work sustains a good reputation.

WARREN D. HUSE manufactures and repairs knitting machines, making

specialty of his own patents, which cover a material improvement in the knitting machines. He has been engaged in this business for 15 years, but only lately alone.

WILLIAM BUSIEL, brother of the late J. W. Busiel, is engaged in the manufacture of the so-called shoddy. He uses ten-horse power, employs two operatives, and produces about 1000 pounds every week. His machinery, which is very perfect in its effect, is mostly of his own design. He has been in business in the village over 30 years. The products of his factory aggregate $10,000 a year.

N. P. BURNHAM & CO. have a machine shop, and manufacture lathes and repair machinery, employing 8 operatives

The GILFORD HOSIERY COMPANY employ 155 hands in the mill, and 300 to 400 outside. The daily product of the mill is 250 dozen pairs fashioned hose, mostly of the highest class of goods, of the annual value of $200,000. S. M. S. Moulton is president; John C. Moulton, treasurer; and H. Frank Moulton, superintendent.

The LACONIA GRIST MILL has four sets of stones, and can produce 25 barrels of flour every day. 30,000 bushels of corn have been ground during the year. The mill has a storage capacity of thirty carloads, elevators, scales and first-class appointments. It is conducted by Sylvester S. Wiggin.

The BELKNAP IRON FOUNDRY, Arthur V. Smith, proprietor, gives employment to 10 men, and turns out nearly a ton of castings each day. Most of the work is done for manufacturers of machines in this vicinity.

GARDINER COOK manufactures all kinds of building materials, at his sawmill and sash, door and blind factory. He has been established 28 years; employs 28 workmen, and does business of from $30,000 to $60,000 every year.

ROLLINS' IRON and BRASS FOUNDRY, owned by George S. Rollins, gives employment to six workmen, and produces agricultural implements and castings for machinery. Mr. Rollins has been established since 1872.

HOTELS.

The hotel facilities of Laconia are of a very superior order. The BAY VIEW HOUSE, half a mile below the centre of the village, is a delightfully situated and attractive modern structure, designed to entertain guests during the summer months. It contains 25 apartments, and is conducted by Stephen L. Taylor. The view of the lake and distant mountains is unrivaled.

The LACONIA HOTEL, opposite the Court House, is a new building containing 31 large and nicely furnished chambers. It is conducted by John Blaisdell and Harry D. Cilley, who refurnished it, in 1879, in a manner to meet the approval of the travelling public. A livery stable is attached.

The CENTRAL HOUSE is a small, home-like, well-kept hotel near the business centre, conducted by Mrs. M. H. Fernald. It is managed by John D. Smith. The rooms are nicely furnished throughout.

The WILLARD HOUSE is a hotel well-known to the travelling public, kept by the popular landlord, George F. Everett. A livery stable is attached.

The ELMWOOD HOUSE is a nice hotel for families and summer boarders. The rooms are in suits.

BANKS.

THE LACONIA NATIONAL BANK has a capital of $150,000, and a surplus of $15,000. John C. Moulton is president; Daniel S. Dinsmore, cashier.

The LACONIA SAVINGS BANK, established in 1832, has a deposit of $600,000. Albert G. Folsom is president; W. L. Melcher, treasurer.

THE BELKNAP SAVINGS BANK, established in 1868, has on deposit $360,000. N. B. Gale is president; B. P. Gale, treasurer.

GENERAL MERCANTILE BUSINESS.

O'SHEA BROTHERS (Dennis and John O'Shea, Jr.), retailers and jobbers in dry goods, carpets and clothing, have been established five years, and have built up a large business. They occupy two stores connected, and carry a very extensive stock.

SMITH, LOUGEE BROTHERS AND COM-

specially of his own patents, which cover a material improvement in the [illegible] for 15 years, but only lately in use.

WILLIAM BLAIR, brother of the late J. W. Blair, is engaged in the manufacture of the so-called shoddy. He uses ten horse power, employs two operatives, and produces about 1000 pounds every week. His machinery, which is very perfect in its effect, is mostly of his own design. He has been in business in the village over 30 years. The products of his factory aggregate $12,000 a year.

S. P. BURNHAM & CO. have a machine shop and manufactory [illegible] and repair machinery, employ [illegible] operatives.

The GILMAN WOOLEN COMPANY employ 155 hands in the mill, and 300 to 400 outside. The daily product of the mill is 2200 dozen pairs fashioned hose, mostly of the highest class of goods, of the annual value of $2[illegible]000.

S. M. S. MORTON is president; John C. Moulton, treasurer; and H. Frank Moulton, superintendent.

The LACONIA CAST NUT Co. has four sets of stones, and can produce 25 barrels of flour every day. 30,000 bushels of corn have been ground during the year. The mill [illegible] a storage capacity of thirty carloads, elevators, scales and first-class appointments. It is conducted by Sylvester S. Wiggin.

The HEARSEY-LOCK FACTORY, Arthur V. Smith, proprietor, gives employment to 10 men, and turns out nearly a ton of castings each day. Most of the work is done for manufacturers of spinning in this vicinity.

GEORGE COOK manufactures all kinds of building material, at his saw-mill and [illegible], door and blind factory. He has been established 25 years; employs 25 workmen, and does business of from $30,000 to $60,000 every year.

MORRISS' Mills and Barn Factory, owned by GEORGE S. BEDEL, gives employment to six workmen, and produces [illegible] for manufacturers. Mr. BEDEL has been established since 1852.

PANY (S. B. Smith, F. H. and Oscar A. Lougee) are dealers, wholesale and retail, in gentlemen's furnishing goods, dry goods, millinery, boots, hats and carpets. They occupy one of the most extensive establishments in the state, really four stores, all connected, in the business centre of the town. Their trade extends throughout Belknap county and central and northern New Hampshire.

RICHARD GOVE, jeweller, established in the village since 1833, carries a stock in trade valued at over $20,000. Mr. Gove was born in Dover, April 10, 1815, and served his apprenticeship in Boston. He has been twice married; his first wife, Mary A. P., was the daughter of John P. Smith, of Gilford, and died September 20th, 1872. He was married since to Mary E., daughter of Smith Neal, of Sanbornton. Mr. Gove has been closely identified with the growth of the village. He owns two beautiful residences and several other fine buildings. His friends throughout the state may know that the "Gove diamond" 20 1-2 carets, which has attracted so much attention, is safe. Mr. Gove has served his town in the legislature, and the county as commissioner. His store on Main street is filled with fine American and foreign watches, silver ware, gold goods in the greatest variety, and spectacles and cutlery made expressly for him.



RESIDENCE OF RICHARD GOVE.

DANIEL J. DINSMORE is manufacturer of and dealer in harnesses, and deals in trunks, valises, whips, robes and blankets. He has been in business in the village forty-five years.

GEO. H. WILKINSON AND C. H. WILKINSON manufacture and deal in stoves, tin, sheet-iron and copper goods, and occupy a large store on Main street, and carry a full stock.

NATHAN JOHNSON, Jr., deals in books, stationery, fancy goods, toys and periodicals, and has been in business twelve years.

GEO. A. HATCH has a well appointed apothecary store. Mr. Hatch is a native of Meredith, and during his five years' residence in Laconia has served the town as clerk two years, and as representative two years.

CHARLES K. SANBORN, dealer in groceries, crockery, flour, grain and coun-



try produce, has been established in business twelve years. He is centrally located and commands a large trade.

MISS SARAH F. EVERETT is located at No. 3 Sanders' block, and has a fine assortment of articles calculated to please the ladies—millinery, laces and jet goods. Her store is light and attractive.

SAMUEL W. SANDERS occupies a store in his own block, and manufactures and deals in stoves, sheet-iron and tin ware, and has lived in the village since 1841.

GEO. F. MALLARD is proprietor of "the People's Drug store." He is a native of the village, and has been in the present business for twenty years. His store is well stocked, well patronized, and deservedly popular.

WIGGIN AND KEASER, (S. S. Wiggin and Frank Keaser) deal in groceries, general merchandise, paints and oils, hardware, crockery, boots, rubbers, dry goods, and builders' supplies.

J. P. PITMAN is one of the longest established merchants of the village. His store is devoted to general merchandise, including everything found at a country store.

MISS IDELLA J. BEAN has a very pretty and well furnished millinery store, where the latest fashions are tastily arranged. Hair goods are a specialty.

FRANK H. CHAMPLIN keeps a variety and ninety-nine cent store, with the usual great variety generally to be found at such a store.

A. C. LEAVITT, station agent for twenty-seven years, deals in coal, wood, hay, lumber and bricks.

J. W. SANBORN deals in West India goods and groceries. He has done business in the village for fifteen years.

FRANKLIN MANSUR AND W. F. KNIGHT deal in furniture, mattresses and furnishing goods. They occupy a large store corner of Main and Mill streets.

J. P. ATKINSON, Jr., has a well stocked grocery store, and deals in crockery and wooden ware. He has been established thirteen years.

GEO. L. MEAD carries a general assortment of groceries, patent medicines, crockery, stone and wooden ware. His is one of the oldest stands in the village.

NEWSPAPER.

THE LACONIA DEMOCRAT is a popular weekly, under the management of Col. E. C. Lewis and F. W. Sanborn. It has a circulation of over 1800.

FRANK H. COFFIN manages a printing-office in Central block. Hosiery labels and bands are his specialty.

MILITARY.

Belknap Rifles, Company K, Third Regiment N. H. N. G., is a crack company of fifty-three men, rank and file. Elbert Wheeler, a graduate of West Point, class of 1875, is captain, and has bestowed much attention to the company. Edward Tetley is 1st Lieut.; Martin B. Plummer is 2nd Lieut.

THE OBSERVATORY is a monument of private enterprise of J. R. Champlin. It occupies a commanding position to the east of the village, and is equipped with several fine astronomical telescopes. It is thirty-eight feet high, and neatly finished. Mr. Champlin makes his own instruments.

GOVE'S POINT is a charming body of land extending out into the waters of Winnisquam Lake, and offering an airy retreat to the citizens during the warm summer days. A carriage drive extending around the shore and a fine grove are among its attractions.

PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

The Court House is a solid wooden structure, and besides the court room for Belnap County contains the court offices. Martin A. Haynes, editor of the Lake Village Times, is county clerk; James P. Boodey [father of Mary Helen Boodey], is register of deeds, having held the office for twenty-one years; Joseph P. Dearborn, of Tilton, Frank W. Rollins, of Gilford, and Charles Rollins, of Alton, are county commissioners; Frank Edgerly is register of probate, and James W. Cogswell, is high sheriff. The county farm and jail are about a mile out of the village,

The drives about the village and town are very pleasant. The scenery

is picturesque. Belknap Mountains are very near; the White Mountains are plainly seen, and Sanbornton Mountain and Kearsarge make up the panorama. A fine view of the town can be obtained from the hill crowned by the farm of Charles L. Prescott. This farm is worthy of note. It comprises seventy-five acres, twenty-six of which are in tillage. Mr. Prescott cuts fifty tons of hay, and maintains twenty nine head of cattle and three horses. If his farm is a fair sample, Laconia deserves her high reputation as a farming-town. We leave Laconia with regret and wish for it as bright a future as its present promises.

WEIRS,

The station on the Boston, Concord and Montreal railroad, on the borders of Lake Winnipesaukee, is in the town of Laconia, and is the most popular resort for New Hampshire people, in the state. It will receive appropriate notice in a future article upon Lake Winnipesaukee.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The book-stores at this season of the year are very attractive places. Edson C. Eastman has an unusually large assortment of books, suited to all ages and tastes—the expensively bound and beautifully illustrated gift books; the books designed to please the children; solid works of standard authorities; biography, history, poetry, fiction, science and art; old books to please the antiquarian; new books fresh from the press; bound volumes of the GRANITE MONTHLY; town histories; Robinson Crusoe; the Arabian Nights. The Pirate and Three Cutters, by Captain Marryatt, an old standard favorite, Mr. Eastman publishes himself and sells for one dollar. We may as well give a list of the books he has had the enterprise to publish, with the price of each:

The Memoir and Official Correspondence of Gen. John Stark, by Caleb Stark. $3.00

Eloquence for Recitation and Reading, by Chas. Dudley Warner. $1.50.

A Biography of Walter Savage Lander, by John Forester. $3.00.

Gotthold's Emblems, a good and beautiful gift book for mother, relative or friend. $2.50.

A Boy's Adventure in the Wilds of Australia, by William Howitt. $1.50

And many others. Of course he has on hand all the latest publications.

Pilgrim's Progress, by John Bunyan, published by Houghton, Osgood & Co., contains a memoir of the author by Archdeacon Allen, and an essay by T. B. Macauly. The work is beautifully illustrated, but the chief value of this edition is in the large print. For sale by E. C. Eastman; price $2.50.

Gaspard de Coligny (Marquis de Chatillon), by Walter Besant, A. M., published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, is the second volume of the new Plutarch series. The name of the great admiral is associated for all time with the rise of the new faith in France; and his tragic death, with thousands of his countrymen, on St. Bartholomew's day, must vividly perpetuate the memory of that great crime. This book is an addition to English literature; it is terse and strong in its style, happy in its diction, and commemorates a life which

all patriots venerate. For sale by E. C. Eastman; price $1.00.

A Strange Disappearance, by Anna Katherine Green, published by G. P. Putnam's Sons is one of the Knickerbocker novels—a series destined to become very popular. This story is intensely interesting, riveting the reader's attention from the first to the last page. The plot is natural and ingenius. For sale by E. C. Eastman; price $0.60 and $1.00.

Christmas time brings to the front books for the children.

Art in the Nursery is one of these, and a very pleasing little volume it is to children of all ages. D. Lothrop & Co., are the publishers. E. C. Eastman has it for sale; price $0.50.

Christmas Pie, by Ella M. Baker, is a delightful collection of Christmas adventures and stories, all related together in a pleasant narrative. It is a great success. D. Lothrop & Co. $1.25. For sale by E. C. Eastman.

St. Aspenquid of Mt. Agamenticus, an Indian idyl, by John Albee, is a poem which the author's many friends and admirers throughout the country, will welcome with pleasure. Published by Lewis W. Brewster, Portsmouth, N. H.

The Dogberry Bunch, by Mary Hartwell Catherwood, is a charming book for the young people, and will make a very appropriate gift for Christmas. We predict for the book a hearty welcome in every family where children and youths are loved. The self-reliance, the affection for each other, the planning for the mutual comfort of their children, convey many pleasing lessons for the guidance of child-life, and the instruction of their parents. D. Lothrop & Co., publishers. $1.50. For sale by E. C. Eastman.

"A Fool's Errand, by One of the Fools, is not aptly named. Neither errand nor writer was foolish. It is the record of the experience of a Union officer who went South to live after peace was declared. It is a wise, impartial, and patriotic book, with a dash of romance. It puts reconstruction before the reader with great skill and with successful candor, as viewed by Southerners. It shows how the North has misunderstood and mismanaged the situation, and how the South has been in error on its part and has opposed its own interests. The condition of the negroes, the sentiments of the ex-rebels, the rise and fall of the Ku-Klux-Klan, and all the various social phases of reconstruction are explained in a masterly and vivid fashion. The South is depicted as it is, and not merely as politicians here or there describe it. We know of no other book which does, or attempts, the same work. It deserves to be not merely read but studied carefully by every good citizen, North and South alike. Evidently it is as truthful as it is judicious and timely. Its influence cannot fail to be most useful." Fords, Howard & Hurlbert. $1.00. For sale by E. C. Eastman.

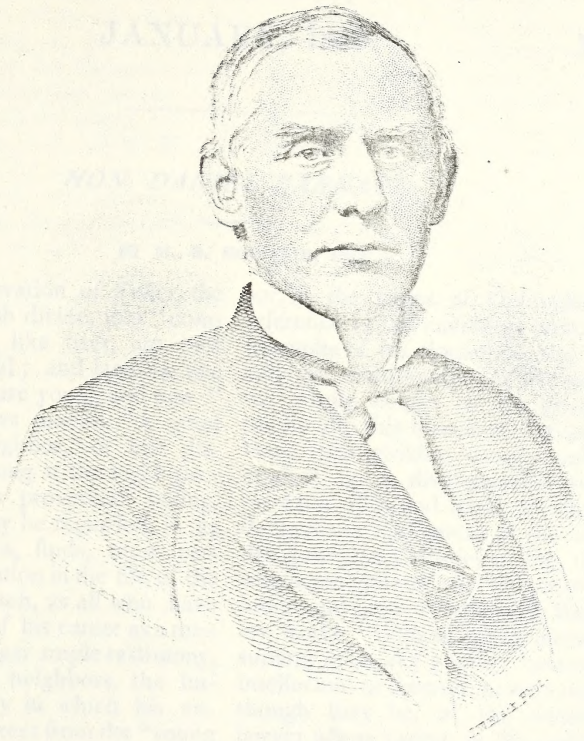
THE EGOTIST. ESSAYS OF LIFE: ITS WORK AND ITS FORTUNES, ITS JOYS AND ITS SORROWS, ITS SUCCESS AND ITS FAILURE. By Henry T. King. Philadelphia: Claxton, Remson & Haffelfinger, publishers, 624, 626 and 628 Market street. 270 pp. 12 mo., cloth. Price $1.50.

"It may seem extravagant to say so, but it is true, that this is one of the most original books ever published. In brutal directness it sometimes vies with the maxims of La Rochefoucault, while its worldly wisdom recalls the advice of Polonius to his son, and the essays of Francis Bacon. It is full of thought and spicy, and it does not fear to contradict the conventional statements poured from one book to another about the characteristics of man. In the author's view he is still a bit of a barbarian and a great deal of a hypocrite. It is not very complimentary to human nature, but it is true, as the author says, that public opinion is always lying in wait for reputations, and that the elect have reprobate sons, because under the surface they are retrobates themselves."

"All persons wishing to sell the NEW-HAMPSHIRE REGISTER for 1880 are requested to send in their orders *immediately* in order that they may be sure to secure as many as they want, and also in order that we may ship all advance orders on the same day. The edition is limited, and dealers and canvassers who have not been informed that their orders are entered will govern themselves accordingly. The publishers will send a single copy by mail for 25 cents. Address Claremont Manufacturing Company, Claremont, N. H."

NOTICE.

The GRANITE MONTHLY will be conducted hereafter by JOHN N. MCCLINTOCK. The office is located in Sanborn's Block, where the magazine is printed,—with Evans, Sleeper & Evans. Back numbers for binding, contributions, and subscriptions will be received there; at E. C. Eastman's bookstore, Eagle Hotel Block; or at F. S. Crawford's Bindery, Statesman Building.



Daniel Barnard



—THE—

GRANITE MONTHLY.

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HON. DANIEL BARNARD.

BY M. B. GOODWIN, ESQ.

It was an observation of Fuller, the sturdy old English divine, that "commonly physicians, like beer, are best when they are old; and lawyers, like bread, when they are young and new;" and there is another maxim, "A good lawyer, an evil neighbor," of like disparaging import flung at the legal profession. But this proverbial railing, however just it may be regarded in its general application, finds, most certainly, no corroboration in the life of the subject of this sketch, as all who have taken knowledge of his career as a man and a lawyer will bear ample testimony, and especially his neighbors, the immediate community in which his entire professional career from the "young and new" to its generous maturity, has been lived, without spot or wrinkle or any such thing. They will also bear emphatic witness to the generous public spirit as a citizen, and the rare exemplification of the true, the beautiful and the good in social and domestic life which have perpetually adorned his private walks and made him so peculiarly honored and idolized at home.

Vir bonus dicendi peritus—a virtuous man skilled in the art of speaking—is the definition of an orator which comes down to us from Cato, the censor, in the pages of Quinctilian. In reference to the matchless powers and triumphs of his eloquence, and especially in consideration of the purity of the whole course of his private and public life, this maxim of antiquity has been with striking fitness and force applied by a distinguished author to the Hon. Edmund Burke, the immortal defender in Parliament of the cause of the American Colonies in the troubles which precipitated the American Revolution and gave Freedom to this western world. Without for an instant presuming upon any parallel between the intellectual or forensic powers, superior though they be, of the unassuming lawyer whose career is the subject of this biographical notice, and the transcendent splendors of the illustrious English statesman and orator, it is certainly neither unjust or unbefitting to apply the sententious words of the old Roman to the case in hand,—to attribute the conspicuous success whether at the bar, on the rostrum, in legislative halls, or elsewhere, of the subject of this notice, to the all-pervading combination in his character and conduct of the highest moral qualities, incorruptible honor, with rare intellectual and persuasive powers.

HON. DANIEL BARNARD was born in

Orange, January 23, 1827, and is now consequently fifty-three years of age. His father, Thomas Barnard, a native of Warner, originally settled in that town, but some six years subsequently, in the autumn of 1826, removed with his young family to the town of Orange in Grafton county. This town, though it received some settlers under its original name of Cardigan as early as 1773, was in 1826, for the most part, still an unbroken wilderness. When Thomas Barnard went up there and planted his home on his lot of three hundred acres on the highlands dividing the waters which flow into the Pemigewasset from those which flow into the Connecticut, the whole territory was still covered by the primeval forest. But rugged, courageous hearts and hands in due time converted forest into field, and while a troupe of seven sons and a daughter was springing up in the rugged mountain home, a good farm was opened which with its abundant crops of grass, the stocks of cattle and very large flocks of sheep allowed no place for idleness summer or winter. The church and the district school stood together more than three miles off, and so continued till the subject of this notice, the fifth child of the family, was fourteen years old, no regular school being established nearer till he was eighteen years old. But the father being a man of sense and intelligence, and the mother an uncommonly bright, capable woman, they not only made the utmost exertion to give their children the full benefit of the meager chances of the district school, but also systematically supplemented these opportunities with regular study and teaching in the long winter evenings at home. The father, a good mathematician, managed the flock in arithmetic, and the mother handled them in other branches. At the age of seventeen, Daniel, the fourth son, was at the Academy in Canaan, several miles from home, during the winter, and subsequently continued to work on the farm in the summers, and study at the Academy in the winters till he became of age. During the summer of his twenty-first year, he worked on the farm of a near neighbor to his father's for the very handsome wages of $1.50 a day and board, a pretty good evidence that he was at that time able and willing to do a rugged man's work.

At this time his thoughts began to turn earnestly towards college, and the next four years he taught school during the winters in his native town, in Grafton, Groton, Lyme, Enfield, Amherst, earnestly prosecuting his preparatory studies at Canaan Union Academy and at the Academy in Boscawen, during the summers till about fitted for college, subsequently prosecuting his education for some time as a special student at Reed's Ferry in the noted Normal Institute, under Prof. William Russell of noble memory, to whom the pupil always recurs with expressions of grateful reverence.

But during these academic years, Providence was drilling this pupil in another school not leading to college. Thomas Barnard was a Democrat of the Jeffersonian and Jackson school, willing to fully abide by the constitution with all its provisions, but no lover of slavery. When the slavery-extension struggle came he sternly and promptly took his place with the Free-soil Democrats, and when this son cast his first vote in 1848, he not only took his stand with the little band of Independents to which his father belonged but was elected a representative of the town, a position to which he was annually re-elected the three subsequent years, till he removed from the town. Those were years in which great, fundamental principles of the American constitution, and of public law, were in stern and solemn controversy in the New Hampshire Legislature; and there was, moreover, during those years a very large number of able, enlightened men in the legislature competent to handle the momentous questions which confronted them. Of this rare cluster of wise, statesmen-like men, without naming those still living, among whom are some of the strongest of them, may be mentioned, Thomas

M. Edwards and Levi Chamberlain of Keene, Moses Norris and Charles H. Butters of Pittsfield, Jonathan Kittredge of Canaan, Daniel M. Christie and Thomas E. Sawyer of Dover, Samuel H. Ayers of Hillsborough, Ichabod Bartlett and W. H. Y. Hackett of Portsmouth, Edmund H. Parker and Charles F. Gove of Nashua, Josiah Quincy of Rumney, James M. Rix of Lancaster, and Nathaniel B. Baker of Concord, Harry Hibbard and John S. Wells being in the same period presiding officers in the Senate.

Mr. Barnard was well known in the House from his first appearance in that body, not merely because so youthful in appearance but because, also, of the uncommon capacity, the sincerity and sagacity with which in unassuming, almost diffident ways, he met all his duties; and in the latter sessions of the four years' service he became a leader of the Independent party in the House, an influential member of that body. At home during the same period he was sleepless in his vigilance contriving by sagacious management to hold the little hand of Free-soil Democrats in a solid column, and annually to carry the town till he left it in the autumn of 1851. It was during the first year of his legislative experience that through his intercourse with the lawyers of the house, he made up his mind to drop his college scheme and to strike more directly into the law; and it was with this purpose that he sought Prof. Russell's instruction at Reed's Ferry.

At the close of the legislative session of 1851, with fixed professional aims he went to Franklin, entered upon the study of the law in the office of Nesmith and Pike, and in 1854 on admission to the bar, became at once the junior partner with Mr. Pike, in the office in which he had read his profession, Mr. Nesmith at that time retiring from the office and extensive business which he had so honorably founded and built into its large proportions. In 1863 Mr. Barnard withdrew from the firm and established himself alone in his profession in the same village, rapidly rising into the very large, wide and lucrative business which for more than fifteen years has allowed him not so much as a week or scarcely a day of vacation in the year. During this period he has had as many students in his office constantly as the circumstances of his office would admit, and has nearly all the time had a partner in a temporary way. His partner now is his eldest son, who graduated at Dartmouth College with superior rank, in 1876, at the age of twenty years; studied his profession in his father's office and at the Boston Law School, and was admitted to the bar and into partnership with his father in 1879. In relation to the business of the office, it is perfectly safe to add that there has been no time within the last ten years in which there has not been a formidable amount of business piled up awaiting attention, notwithstanding the most sleepless indefatigable industry which Mr. Barnard has brought to his duties. For the last ten years he has not only regularly attended all the courts in the counties of Merrimack, Belknap, and the Plymouth sessions of Grafton, but has constantly attended the U. S. Circuit courts, practicing in bankrupt, patent and revenue cases. The reports of the courts fully support the statements here made on this subject.

The esteem in which Mr. Barnard is held by the immediate community in which he lives has been casually mentioned. Though never seeking office, he has been often chosen to places of responsibility by his townsmen. In 1860 and 1862 he represented the town in the legislature, and in all political contests in the town in which he has been candidate for the suffrages of his townsmen, he has always run much ahead of the party ticket. In 1865 and 1866 he was a member of the state Senate, presiding over that body in the latter named year; in 1870 and 1871 he was a member of the Governor's Council; and in 1872 was a member of the National Republican Convention at Philadelphia. He was solicitor of Merrimack county from

1867 till declining reappointment in 1872, the position being again tendered to him and declined in 1877.

He was a firm, earnest supporter of the Homestead Exemption law of 1850, which was opposed by most of the profession through the state, and introduced the resolution in the House which first gave the members a daily paper. As a member of the Senate in 1867, he took a profound interest in the Amendment of the Federal Constitution prohibiting slavery, making an able and effective argument in its support in that body.

In the cause of education he has always been a foremost friend in Franklin and throughout the state. His own early struggles have doubtless contributed to make him peculiarly a friend of the common school, and his experience as a teacher in his early years gives him practical wisdom in the cause. While studying his profession in Franklin, he was from year to year employed in the Teachers' Institutes, which did a large work in awakening higher ideas of the mission of the common school in New Hampshire during that period, and in that business was in nearly every county of the state. Sensible of his own personal misfortune in having so little early chance for schooling, his voice and his open hand are always on the side which aims to give enlargement to the education of the masses of the people, and in his own family is seen his appreciation of the higher grades of education. His eldest son, educated at Exeter Academy, Dartmouth College, and the Boston Law School, has been mentioned. The elder of the two daughters finished her education three years ago at Miss Morgan's Seminary in Portsmouth, the younger daughter is a member of the junior class of Smith College, at Northampton; James, a younger son, is preparing for college in the fitting school recently founded at the Livermore Place near Plymouth village, the two youngest of the six children being in the primary work of the public schools. In 1867, the honorary degree of Master of Arts was conferred upon Mr. Barnard by Dartmouth College.

Mr. Barnard has been prominently identified with all the great industries which have been established in Franklin and which have so remarkably built up the town within the last twenty years; procured the charters and helped organize all the great corporations; has been a trustee of the Franklin Savings Bank since its establishment in 1865; legal counsel of the Franklin Falls Land and Water Power Company from its organization in 1864, and the last eight years its agent, and is a Director of Franklin National Bank, recently established in the town.

In the social, humane and religious work of the community, he has always been active and efficient, generous almost to a fault in every good enterprise, and in these spheres of duty he has ever had the efficient cooperation of a cultivated, and it is not too much to add a model Christian wife,—Amelia only child of Rev. William Morse, a Unitarian clergyman of Chelmsford Mass., at the time of the marriage,—to whom he was married Nov. 8, 1854. Mr. Morse, now deceased, was one of the pioneer clergymen of the Unitarian faith in this country, was many years pastor of the Callow Hill Street Church Philadelphia, and an able and excellent minister. His wife was Sophronia daughter of Abner Kneeland of Boston, an able and upright man, whose trial on the technical charge of blasphemy, but really for the publication of heretical religious doctrines was a most noted episode in New England forty years ago. Mrs. Morse was a noble woman. Mr. Morse and his wife resided during the last years of their pleasant lives in Franklin near their daughter, who watched with singular tenderness over the closing years of the parents to whom she is indebted for superior training as well as superior blood.

Though Mr. Barnard and his wife were Unitarians when they came to Franklin, they were constant worshippers with the Orthodox Congregational church of the town and very liber-

contributors to the support of its ministry and its religious work till a Unitarian society has within the present year been established in the town, but at the same time in characteristic spirit still continues a generous subscription to the support of the old society. It is scarcely necessary to add that Mr. Barnard is an exemplary Christian man at home, as he is known to be in all his walks abroad.

With refined natural tastes which were uncommonly well cultivated by most industrious, systematic readings of the best English and foreign literature, before becoming overwhelmed with professional work, Mr. Barnard still contrives to keep well informed in the realms of literature and art; knows what his well selected miscellaneous library contains, and takes delight in grasping an hour from his laborious calling at any time when it is possible to do so, and devoting it to excursions in the domains of literature and philosophy with cultured friends.

Capt. Jonathan Barnard, commander of a company of his majesty's militia and "Innholder in Amesbury," Mass., at a place known as "The Lion's Mouth," was the great-grandfather of Hon. Daniel Barnard, of Franklin. The genealogy of the family of Capt. Jonathan is not at hand, but it seems quite certainly to have sprung from John who came from Ipswich, England, in the Elizabeth, and settled in Watertown in 1634. He had a son John, who had a son Jonathan, and a son Samuel, which were both very frequent names in the line of the Watertown and Amesbury Barnard families. Capt. Jonathan was one of the sixty petitioners of Amesbury and Salisbury, mostly of Amesbury, to whom the township of Warner was granted under the name of *Number One** in 1735, and there was also a Samuel Barnard among the grantees. When *Number One* was regranted by the Masonian proprietors in 1767, the revised list of sixty proprietors contained, in addition to the names of Capt. Jonathan and Samuel, those of Thomas and Samuel Barnard, Jr. As the latter of these two new proprietors was quite certainly a son of Samuel, of the old grantees, it seems quite probably that Thomas was a son of Capt. Jonathan, and that Thomas of Orange was therefore named for his uncle. This conjecture is in some degree supported by the Amesbury records, which show the name among its citizens as early as 1669, when Thomas Barnard was "Clerk of the Market." There was also a Thomas of Amesbury killed by the Indians prior to 1667. It is not impossible, however, that Thomas, the New Almsbury proprietor, may have been of Salisbury. There was a succession of Thomas Barnards in the Salisbury family. Thomas born 1764, who was a son of Thomas born 1641, who was a son of Thomas first of the name in Salisbury, and undoubtedly the ancestor of all the Nantucket Barnards. In 1659 Thomas Macy, of Salisbury,—a name noted in our Colonial annals on account of his persecutions for entertaining Quakers in violation of the intolerant law of 1657,—in company with Thomas Barnard and eight other men of that town, seeking more freedom of conscience, bought the island of Nantucket then containing 3000 Indian and no white settlers, and fled to that place for a home, Barnard being subsequently killed there by the Indians. They bought the island of Thomas Mayhew, who had his title from Lord Sterling, to whom it had been granted by Sir Ferdinado Gorges. The history of Nantucket, which is just announced as published, will, doubtless, furnish much new information touching the Barnard genealogy. The name of Thomas ranges with singular frequency through all branches of the Barnard family both in New England and elsewhere, and running down through more than two hundred years of New England history. Among them may be mentioned Rev. Thomas,

* Almsbury is the form in which the name of the old town appears in the ancient records, and *Number One* is usually called *New Almsbury* in the old Warner records.

Minister of Andover, 1682; Rev. Thomas, son of Rev. John of Andover, minister of Salem, born 1714, died 1776; and Rev. Thomas, D. D., son and successor of last mentioned, born in Newbury, 1748, died 1814. There is no doubt at all that the Amesbury, Watertown, Nantucket, Hartford, and other New England Barnard families all sprang from the same ancestry in various degrees of remoteness, and that Thomas Barnard, the father of Hon. Daniel Barnard, was one of the long and manifold successions of that name in the New England Barnard family.

That Capt. Jonathan was a very important man among the old grantees of Number One is clearly shown from the Proprietory records as presented in ex-Gov. Harriman's History of Warner, a recent and valuable contribution to the local annals of New Hampshire. In 1738 the proprietors voted to "Bild a saw-mill," and "At ye same meeting Jonathan Barnard was chosen to a Gree with a man or men to Bild said saw-mill and Iron Work." At a subsequent meeting the same season, Jonathan Barnard was chosen "to go up to No. One and view the Saw-mill there building, and the highway cleared to said township, and also to select a place and agree with a man or men to build a dam for said Mill." At the annual meeting of the proprietors, March 19, 1740, at "Jonathan Barnard's, Innholder in Almsbury," after choosing John Hoyt moderator, and Jonathan Barnard clerk, the meeting adjourned to "the old camp" in Number One, and from the old camp, the proprietors adjourned back to Captain Jonathan Barnard's again, the meetings continuing to be usually holden at "Jonathan Barnard's, Innholder at Amesbury," for many subsequent years. When the troubles with the Masonian Proprietors came to a crisis in 1767, Capt. Jonathan Barnard was chairman of a committee "to treat with the Proprietors of Mason's *Patten*, so called." He reported at an adjourned meeting, that "he and they had not settled the affair." The committee was therefore instructed to go immediately to Portsmouth and get "the best terms on which they would relinquish this claim." The result was that they paid the Masonian Proprietors their price, ten dollars a share, $600, Capt. Barnard being the chairman of the committee to receive the grant.

Neither of the original grantees of Warner by the name of Barnard settled in the town; but Charles, a son of Capt. Jonathan and the grandfather of Hon. Daniel Barnard, came into the town, settling on what is now called Burnt Hill, on a proprietary lot belonging to his father. He was a soldier of the Revolution, serving with the Massachusetts troops. He seems to have settled in the town some time during the Revolution as the Proprietors at the annual meeting in 1778, at Amesbury, "voted to give Charles Barnard four acres if there be so much of the common land at the end of Carter's lot, as Sawyer must have four acres from said Barnard's lot or have a law suit." Ex-Governor Harriman describes him as an intelligent, upright, substantial citizen, and represents his son Thomas, the father of Hon. Daniel Barnard, in a similar manner. Thomas Barnard was a man of great firmness of character, thought for himself both in politics and in religion, was opposed to Calvinism, inclined to Unitarianism, and at the same time a stern opponent of the vulgar religious fanaticism which at one period disgraced Warner and its vicinity. He wrote and published a tract on that subject and on the observance of the Sabbath.

The surname of Barnard, or Bernard as it is variously written is old in English and continental, as well as American history. Great Saint Bernard perpetuates the name of the Savoyard nobleman who founded a *Hospice* on the Alps in 962, and Barnard Castle* in

"Would you know" says an ancient roll—great pages of vellum—preserved in the archives of an English church, "what are the names of the great men who crossed the sea with the Conqueror,

England, founded in the 12th century bears the name of an ancestor of Baliol, king of Scotland, a follower of the conqueror, and it is commemorated in Scott's Poem of Rokeby. Sir John Barnard, of Abington, married a granddaughter of Shakespeare, who before her marriage entertained for nearly three weeks in 1642, at her home in which Shakespeare died, the queen of Charles I, when, escorted by Prince Rupert and a large body of troop, she was on her progress to meet the king and proceed with him to Oxford. Sir Andrew Barnard was librarian to George III, and his wife, Lady Anne Barnard, was the writer of the beautiful song of Auld Robin Gray, the authorship of which was a profound secret for more than half a century, till disclosed through Sir Walter Scott. Sir John Barnard, whose statue was erected in the London Royal Exchange, was an eminent English statesman, born of Quaker parents in 1685. He began life in the counting house of his father, a wine merchant. He rose to be Lord Mayor of London, and for forty years represented London in the House of Commons. The Winthrop family, of Boston, trace their lineage through his daughter Jane, whose husband was Henry Temple, son of Henry the First, viscount of Palmerston.

From Bond's Watertown and Savage's Dictionary, it appears quite certain that the first of the Barnard name in this country were John, aged thirty, and family, from Ipswich, England, in the Elizabeth to Watertown in 1634; and John, aged thirty-six, with wife same year from same place in the Francis to Cambridge. The name of John is found as peculiarly a family name in all the branches of the New England Barnards. Besides those of the name already mentioned of England are found John an eminent English scholar and divine born about 1720; John a very learned English divine, died 1683, and John, an English scholar and author, 1693. In this country beginning with John, the Watertown emigrant of 1634, who had son and grandson of the name, it runs from family to family in all the numerous New England branches. Among these were John of Hadley, grandson of Francis of Hartford, killed with Capt. Lathrop at Bloody brook, 1675; and John of Northampton, killed by the Indians, 1695. Of the many eminent men of the name in the early history of New England, were Rev. John, minister of Andover, 1719 to 1758, son and successor of Rev. Thomas of Andover, and father of Rev. Thomas, Salem, and Rev. Edward, Haverhill; and Rev. John, son of John of Boston, minister of Marblehead, 1716 to 1770, not only eminent for learning and devotion to his ministerial work, but a man of the greatest capacity in business affairs. Mather, in remarking of the last mentioned divine, characterized him as "the greatest man of his time in this country." Allen, in his Biographical Dictionary says of him, that in his later years "he was regarded as the father of the churches," and adds: "His form was remarkably erect, and he never bent under the infirmities of age. His countenance was grand, his mien majestic, and there was a dignity in his whole deportment. His presence restrained the imprudence and folly of youth, and when the aged saw him they arose and stood up." He was the founder of the commercial prosperity and wealth of the town, was a great financier, as well as a great divine and philosopher. He was among the very earliest of the New England clergymen who repudiated Calvinism, and his views in this regard have been very generally supported by the many able New England clergymen of the Barnard name since his day. Rev. Jeremiah, son of Robert of Andover, a graduate of Harvard,

William the Vigorous?" On this curious roll which gives only surnames, and those in peculiar triple alphabetic arrangement, is found the name of the Norman, "Baynard," who built and commanded Barnard Castle as a liege of the Conqueror. These "great men" thus enrolled constituted the Noblemen and Gentlemen of British Feudalism established by the Norman invader.

1773, minister of Amherst, N. H., 1780 to his death in 1855, at the age of eighty-four years, held the same views. Bradford in his history of Massachusetts, in refererence to the anti-Calvinistic theology of Rev. John Barnard of Marblehead, and of the Armenianism of Rev. Edward of Haverhill, remarks that many of the clergymen of New England "for about eighty years back omitted to press the Athanasian creed or the Trinitarian Doxology," and did not regard "belief in the Trinity" essential to "ordination to the ministry." The fact that Sir John Barnard, the illustrious and incorruptible English statesman, was a Quaker; that Nantucket, an early refuge from religious persecution, was settled by the Quakers and Barnards, shows that aversion to Calvinism runs back further in the Barnard name than to Rev. John, of Marblehead; and at the same time adds some force to the conjecture created by the succession of Christian names, that the Barnard families of this country are branches of a common English ancestry.

It is not within the limits of this sketch to make mention of the many representative men of the Barnard surname who have done distinguished service, as statesmen, scholars, and professional men, in the more recent generations, of whom Henry Barnard, LL. D., Hartford, Conn., and Major-General Jonathan G. Barnard, U. S. A., a native of Essex county, Massachusetts are most eminent examples.

Thomas Barnard, the father of Hon. Daniel Barnard, was twice married. By the first wife, Ruth Eastman of Hopkinton, to whom he was married in 1818, and who died in 1823, there were born in Warner, three children: Mirriam,—Mrs. Stephen W. Clough of Andover, deceased; David and Jonathan, twins, the former now in the marble business, Canaan, the latter a merchant, Newport. By the second wife, Phebe, a sister of the first wife, to whom he was married in 1824, there were born in Orange, five sons: Darius, deceased; Daniel; George, farmer, Waterford, N. J.; Thomas, stove and tin ware business, Bristol, Pa.; and James, deceased. The father died January 29, 1859, aged 77 years; the mother, June 30, 1845, aged 50. Of the five sisters of Thomas Barnard who were all teachers in early life, one lived till 95 years of age, and three till more than 80 years of age, while one—Mrs. Crowell of Campton—still survives, at the great age of nearly 90 years, statements very strikingly, confirmatory of the remark of Hudson, in his History of Marlborough, that the Barnards are a people of great longevity.

In concluding these very hastily written pages, it is due alike to the author and to the subject of the sketch to say that its preparation was undertaken while the printer was waiting for the matter with but a few days allowed for its completion; that Mr. Barnard, being wholly occupied with imperative professional duties at a distance from home, and unable to give any assistance at all in the work, the writer has been compelled to depend entirely upon his own personal knowledge of Mr. Barnard for the last thirty years, and to hasty glances into public and other records, with no time for revision and condensation of composition, in the discharge his task. It remains to add that the aim has been to be just, but free from exaggeration, or mere adulatory periods in the treatment of a character and career which, most certainly, in order to secure respect and admiration need only to be set down "without prevarication and without pretence."

AMOSKEAG.

BY REV. C. W. WALLACE, D. D.

As far back as the light of history is thrown, the place now known as Amoskeag, has been one of interest to the surrounding country. It was the chief residence of a once powerful tribe of Indians who occupied the valley of the Merrimack from Pawtucket to the Lake. This tribe was known by the general name of Pennacooks, though it had several subdivisions. Those whose home was around the falls, were the Namaoskeags, which means, fishing-place, from Namaos, fish, and auke, place. Hence, our contraction, Amoskeag. When we speak of Indians and their places of residence, we must be understood as using language with a great degree of license. The Indian was a roving character; his home was the wild forest; hunting and fishing were his employments; for agriculture he had no taste, and resorted to it only as a dire necessity.

Passaconnaway was the chief of the Pennacooks, when the white man came to New England. He was a wonderful man. He caught a glimpse of the future greatness of his white opponent. History affirms that he met Eliot, the apostle to the Indians, at Pawtucket. He listened to his preaching, afterward conversed with him about the Christian's God, and professed a belief in Him. How much his impressions in regard to the future greatness of the English, were due to the religious instructions thus received, we know not. At any rate, he became convinced that the Indian was to fade away, and the white man take his place. Hence, he advised his people to make friends with them. His words are truly prophetic: "The oak will soon break before the whirlwind; it shivers and shakes even now; soon its trunk will be prostrate; the ant and the worm will sport upon it; then think, my children, of what I say. I commune with the Great Spirit; he whispers me now, 'Tell your children, peace, peace is the only hope of your race. I have given fire and thunder to the pale faces for weapons. I have made them plentier than the leaves of the forest, and still shall they increase. These meadows they will turn with the plow; these forests shall fall by the axe; the pale faces shall live upon your hunting-grounds, and make their villages upon your fishing places.' The Great Spirit says this, and it must be so. We are few and powerless before them. We must bend before the storm. The wind blows hard; the old oak trembles; its branches are gone; its sap is frozen; it bends; it falls. Peace, peace with the white man is the command of the Great Spirit, and the wish, the last wish of Passaconnaway."

The tribe were so far governed by this advice, that they ever lived on terms of peace with the English. It is said that Wonnalancet, the son and successor of Passaconnaway, died here, and that his son, Tahanto, was chief when white men came to Amoskeag and Concord.

There is something sad in the thought of a nation passing away. We can sympathize with the sentiment in the familiar lines of the poet, which he has woven into the wail of the red man, as he looked for the last time upon the graves of his fathers, and turned his face toward the setting sun:

"I will go to my tent and lie down in despair;
I will paint me with black and sever my hair;
I will sit on the shore when the hurricane blows,
And reveal to the God of the tempest my woes.
I will weep for a season, on bitterness fed,
For my kindred are gone to the mounds of the dead;

But they died not by hunger, or wasting
decay;
The steel of the white man has swept
them away."

I cannot dismiss this allusion to our Indian history without acknowledging our indebtedness to the missionary, Eliot. He labored in the valley of the Merrimac, was often at Pawtucket, visited Nashua, and the late Judge Bell was of the opinion that he preached at Amoskeag. At any rate, Passaconnaway was one of his converts, and probably his desire to live at peace with the English grew out of this fact. The Indians left this region as a residence about 1685, but probably in their wanderings, for fifty years afterward, spent much time about the falls.

The first permanent settlement of white men in this region was by the Scotch-Irish, at Nutfield, afterwards Londonderry, in 1719. This was followed in 1725 by the English at Pennacook, now Concord. Both of these settlements pressed their claims for the possession of the falls as a fishing-place. No doubt, it was a prize worthy of an earnest struggle. Concord claimed it under their grant from Massachusetts; while the Scotch-Irish founded their claim on the authority of the New Hampshire Province. The advantage, however, was on the part of the Irish. Their settlement was nearer, in numbers much larger, and they had possession. The first settlers in the neighborhood of the falls came from Londonderry in 1731. No doubt the fishing interest was the principal attraction. The shad, the salmon, and the lamprey eel, the last of which the late William Stark so poetically eulogized, were the fish here caught. If Stark has not very greatly exceeded even poetical license, we may realize the magnitude of the fishing interest at that day. He says:

"From the eels they formed their food
in chief,
And eels were called the Derryfield beef;
It was often said that their only care,
And their only wish, and their only
prayer,
For the present world, and the world to
come,
Was a string of eels and a jug of rum."

If all this could be said of the eel, we leave some future poet to extol the value of the shad and the salmon.

Saw and grist-mills were built at Amoskeag at a very early date, but the first interest of sufficient importance to demand our notice, was the digging of the canal. This was substantially the work of one man, Samuel Blodget. He was born at Woburn, Mass., April 1st, 1724; was an officer under Gov. Wentworth; a keeper of the King's woods; and collector of duties on spirituous liquors. He came to this neighborhood in 1751, and bought a farm on Black brook, two miles from Amoskeag. He was a man of great versatility of talent; farmer, merchant, manufacturer of potash, lumber dealer, sutler in the army, in the French and Indian war, went to Europe, and there was engaged in raising sunken ships, and finally, after having accumulated quite a fortune for that day, he returned, and in May, 1794, when seventy years of age, commenced the great work of his life, what is known in history as the Blodget canal, around Amoskeag falls. The work, however, was attended with many difficulties, and his whole fortune of thirty or forty thousand dollars was all expended before it was completed. He then solicited assistance from his friends, and applied to the legislatures of New Hampshire and Massachusetts for grants of lotteries to raise funds, but as late as 1803, he wrote: "It is very painful indeed to me to reflect on a ten years' ardent exertion at this stage of my life, sparing no pains in my power, with the utmost stretch of invention, to finish this canal, the expense of $60,000 already having been devoted to it, and the work not yet completed."

By continued exertions, however, the canal was completed in 1807, about the time of Mr. Blodget's death. This work, when we take into view all the difficulties connected with the prosecution of a new enterprise, stands almost unrivalled in the history of New England. The morality of raising money by lotteries, even as a last resort, is now regarded, certainly by some, as a little questionable. Still, if any of the con-

ductors of our charitable fairs should think otherwise, and should wish to try their luck in a game of chance, I would advertise that an abundance of Blodget's old tickets remain unsold, and can probably be obtained cheap, and will not cheat the buyers any more than those of a more recent date.

It is, however, the manufacture of cloth which *now* distinguishes, and *will* for a long time to come, Amoskeag. The river here falls fifty feet, and the power is immense. As in the case of the canal, it was a single mind that led the way in the development of this great enterprise. Benjamin Pritchard was here the moving power. We first hear of him as a resident of New Ipswich, and engaged in manufacturing there. Machinery was used in that town for spinning cotton by water power in 1803, and was the first in the state.

Mr. Pritchard paid his last tax in New Ipswich in 1807, and in March, 1810, we find his mill in operation at Amoskeag. The property was then owned by a joint-stock company, divided into one hundred shares. At the first meeting fifty-five shares were sold, of which Mr. Pritchard took twenty-five. The building which was then erected, was about forty feet square and two stories high. The only machinery placed in it was for spinning, and the only machine then used for that purpose was the jenny. This machine was first put in operation in England in 1767, and was the earliest improvement in spinning after the one-thread wheel, doing its work substantially on the same plan, only instead of one, it drew out several threads at the same time.

The water to carry this machinery at Amoskeag was taken from the mill-dam of Ephraim and Robert Stevens. They gave bonds to the amount of two thousand dollars, as the obligation reads, to furnish "so much water as shall be sufficient for carrying an old-fashioned under-shot corn mill at all seasons of the year and at all days in the year, so long as water is needed for carrying on the manufacturing of cotton and wool at that place." For this, they were to receive ten dollars annually. Five years later, twelve dollars per annum were paid for furnishing water sufficient to run the Amoskeag cotton and woolen mill.

From 1810 to 1819, spinning was the only work done here. It is interesting to learn how this now simple operation was then performed. After the cotton was received, it was given out into families, in lots of from fifty to one hundred pounds, to be picked. This was done by first whipping the cotton in a rude frame. This whipping machine was a unique article, perhaps thirty inches square, across which common cod line was woven at right angles, leaving spaces of half an inch; on three sides were placed boards, and the whole raised on posts breast high. On this the cotton was placed and whipped with two sticks like the common ox-gourd. This old whipping machine, operated by a boy, has given place to the picker of our day.

Some years after the manufacture of yarn was commenced, perhaps, because the market was more than supplied, the company introduced the weaving of cloth. This was done on hand-looms in the neighborhood. The writer well recollects having seen the agent of Amoskeag mills, Jotham Gillis, carrying out yarn for this purpose. It was before the days of railroads, even before carriages, if we except the old "one horse shay," and Mr. Gillis was upon horse-back, six miles away, with bundles of yarn tied about his saddle. This order of things continued till 1819, when the power loom was introduced, only five years after its introduction into the country. The first was put in operation at Waltham, Mass., by Mr. Adams, the father of Phineas Adams, the present agent of the Stark mills. The loom had then been in operation in England from twenty to twenty-five years.

No single invention, perhaps, has ever wrought such wonders in the civilized world as the power loom. Strange to say, it was the work of an English clergyman, Rev. Dr. Cartwright, who invented it in 1787, and stranger still,

it was accomplished by a man who had no practical mechanical knowledge, and after the most skillful mechanics of that day had affirmed again and again that a machine requiring so many different motions, was an impossibility. Such was the opposition to the introduction of so great a labor-saving machine, that the first successful establishment, containing five hundred looms, built at Manchester, England, was destroyed by an exasperated mob in 1790. Alas, for human folly! How vain to resist the march of intellect and progress.

When the power loom was introduced at Amoskeag, the mill was owned and operated by a Mr. Babbit, who sold it in 1822 to Olney Robinson, of Rhode Island, who again disposed of it in 1826. So far, from the best information I can obtain, manufacturing at Amoskeag had been, substantially, a series of failures. Indeed, it was an interest of very small value. If we suppose the company formed in 1810 valued the shares at $100 each, the whole was only $10,000. The statement of Hartford Ide, who came to Amoskeag in 1823 and remained till 1831, is, that when Mr. Robinson bought he paid for the mill and machinery, a saw-mill and grist-mill, the whole water privilege and several acres of land, about two thousand dollars. At the same period, Mr. Ide affims, only four looms were in operation, and ten girls employed in the mill. Mr. Robinson improved the property while he was at Amoskeag. He made an addition to the old building, erected a new one, eighty feet by forty, and increased the value of the property in other respects. But the amount of manufacturing was but slightly increased till about the time he left. The enterprise now passed entirely into the hands of men possessed alike of property, energy and skill; they were five in number, Messrs. Pitcher and Slater of Rhode Island, Oliver Dean, Lyman Tiffany and Willard Sayles, of Boston.

A third mill was built at Amoskeag in 1826, and beyond this, little was done for several years, excepting to prepare for the far more extensive works on the east side of the river, where spindles were put in operation in 1839. Within seven years all the mills at Amoskeag were destroyed by fire, and have never been rebuilt.

It is no part of my present purpose to refer to matters of so recent date, and so near at hand as the manufacturing interests of this city. To those outside it looks like a success. At any rate, it is a controling interest, out of which the city of Manchester, with all its interests, has grown. But, while it has been the means of wealth to the few, has the transfer of manufacturing from the family to the mill, been an advantage to the community? To settle this question, we need to consider it in various aspects: First, its growth. The late Frederick G. Stark, who was agent of the mill at Amoskeag in 1813, states that for fifteen days in succession in October, there were spun three hundred and fifty-eight skeins of yarn per day, valued at twenty-nine dollars and twenty-two cents, amounting to little more than nine thousand dollars a year. Now the product of Manchester mills is over ten million dollars per annum, of which over three millions are paid for labor. Second, the value of labor.

When F. G. Stark made oath that he would faithfully perform the duties of agent, he was to receive fifteen dollars per month; whether with this munificent salary he received board, we are not informed; neither can we say how much the agents of Manchester mills are now paid. Just previous to this date, we find this entry upon the books: "Agreed with Mr. Robinson to build machinery and superintend the business in the factory for three dollars fifty cents per day, including the labor of Harvey Robinson, and furnish said Robinson with suitable board, they finding their own spirits." At the same time a Mr. Cushing received one dollar twenty-five cents per day, finding his own board. The highest price paid for woman's labor at this time was one dollar per week. Men in all ordinary employments received from ten to twelve dollars per month. At the same period, common shirtings and sheetings cost from thirty

to forty cents per yard, and calico from forty to fifty cents per yard.

We may struggle as hard to live as our fathers did, but it is because we consume so much more. Our dwellings are better, modes of traveling superior, while in dress, the quantity and quality have enormously increased. To furnish one season's outfit, for a woman with only moderate pretensions, requires a greater outlay than it did for our fathers to clothe a family, even as numerous as John Rogers', for a whole year.

In 1813, four cents per pound were paid merely for picking cotton. Within the last twenty-five years it has been taken in the bale, and manufactured into cloth, for the same price per pound.

Before the power loom went into operation, from eight to sixteen cents per yard were paid for weaving; now, quite a good article can be purchased for less money.

But we will pursue this inquiry no farther. The change has come. Labor-saving machinery has entered every department of industry, and it will hold its place. It is the part of true wisdom for men to adapt themselves to this new order of things, that the blessings flowing from these great improvements may be secured.

PARADISE.

BY MARY HELEN BOODEY.

O Paradise! sweet Paradise!
Effulgent and immortal shore!
I see thy glories brightly rise,
Lit by the light of Evermore,
That does implore
The Nevermore
To cease its mournings and adore
Because of what Thou hast in store.

O soul so sad! Rise up, sad soul!
Bask in the beauty given to thee;
No more let doubt and fear control,
But onward seek thy destiny,—
Learn to be free,
Sweet ecstacy!
And view the light no eyes can see
That are not bathed in Purity.

SETH WARNER.

BY GEN. WALTER HARRIMAN.

If the country has not done full justice to the memory of Col. Seth Warner, the neglect may be accounted for on the ground that he became disabled midway between the beginning and the close of the Revolutionary war, that he died young, and far removed from the scenes of his conflicts and toils. Had his life been spared there is no doubt that he would have been called to high places in the councils of his state and country; but, falling in the harness, while the car of the Revolution was still rumbling on, he was cut short of such rewards of faithful and patriotic service.

Seth Warner was born in Roxbury, Litchfield county, Connecticut, in 1743. He was the son of Dr. Benjamin Warner, who, in 1763, removed with his family to Bennington, in the New Hampshire Grants, which town received its first settlers the year before. In 1765 Seth, at the age of twenty-two, went back to Connecticut and married a young lady who had been his schoolmate. He brought her to his rude home in Bennington. Opposite his house afterwards stood the "Catamount Tavern," which became famous as the headquarters of the Green Mountain heroes during the border struggle, and also during the subsequent struggle for the independence of the colonies. An air of romance hovers over this whole region. It is a magnificent country, rich in soil, unsurpassed in natural scenery, and the stirring events which have transpired there have made it memorable forever. The Council of Safety held a perpetual session at Catamount Tavern during the first years of the Revolution, and Gen. Stark was not an unknown guest in that house. He mounted his horse at its front door on the morning of August 16, 1777, and rode to the battle.

Benning Wentworth, the royal governor of New Hampshire, granted the town of Bennington to Connecticut and other proprietors in 1749. He granted, in all, nearly a hundred and forty townships in the present state of Vermont, claiming that the province of New Hampshire extended westward to within twenty miles of the Hudson river. The New York authorities disputed this claim, and contended that their jurisdiction extended eastward to the Connecticut river. Vermont did not then exist. A bitter controversy grew up between the two rival colonies, the settlers upon the Grants generally siding with New Hampshire. New York made attempts to drive those settlers out, or to compel them to pay for their lands again, and to pay to New York. When the executive officers of the latter province came to eject the settlers from their posessions they were resisted. At the head of these settlers stood SETH WARNER,—a man of "majestic appearance," six feet and two inches in height, straight as a hickory tree, and strongly built. Samuel Williams, LL. D., in his history of Vermont, says of Warner, "He was cool, steady, resolute, and fully determined that the laws of New York respecting the settlers *should never be carried into execution.*"

The government of New York, early in this controversy offered a reward of £20 each for the arrest of Allen, Warner, Baker, and others, but that offer did not, in the least, weaken the firmness of these determined men. They continued without wavering to defend the settlers under the New Hampshire grants, and to resist, with force when necessary, all attempts of the

New Yorkers to drive them out. On the 9th day of March, 1774, Gov. Tryon of New York, issued a supplemental proclamation, offering a reward of £50 each for the arrest and committal to Albany jail, of Warner, and his leading associates. By an act of the general assembly of that province, if taken, these men were "to suffer death, without benefit of clergy." But they remained true to their convictions. None of these things moved them. Though they might, in a figurative sense, have adopted the words of the apostle to the Gentiles,—"In labors more abundant, in stripes above measure, in prisons more frequent, in deaths oft," yet they never swerved.

Various associations were formed among the settlers for the protection of their rights, and conventions were called of representative men from the towns on the west side of the mountain chain, for organization and for making ready to meet any emergency. In the meantime the government of New York was making grants and establishing courts in this territory. The sheriff of Albany county being required to execute a writ of possession against James Breckenridge of Bennington, called to his assistance, by order of the New York government, a posse of 750 armed men. The settlers having timely notice of his approach, prepared for resistance. Seth Warner was at their head, firm as a rock. He formed his men near the Catamount Tavern. The sheriff, having approached to within a short distance of Warner's line, with his army, halted, and after a brief consultation with his officers, bout-faced, and retreated. Not a gun was fired on either side.

John Munroe, a sheriff acting under New York authority, and moved by a hope of reward, or a desire for notoriety, on the 22d day of March, 1772, resolved to attempt the arrest of Warner. He soon found his opportunity. Warner, in company with a single friend, was riding in the vicinity of Munroe's residence, and being met by Munroe and several of his dependents, a brisk and angry conversation ensued, in the midst of which Munroe seized the bridle of Warner's horse and commanded those present to assist in arresting him. Warner instantly struck Munroe over the head with a dull cutlass, and levelled him to the ground. The weapon was broken in two by the blow, but a thick hat and a heavy head of hair saved the man's skull.

But I must not weary the reader with the details of these transactions. It is sufficient to say that Williams, in the history of Vermont, already referred to, says, "In services of this dangerous and important nature Warner was engaged from the year 1765 to 1775," and to say, that in a biographical history of the county of Litchfield, Connecticut, by Payne Kenyon Kilbourne, it is said, that, "In all these border feuds, extending through a series of years, Seth Warner and Ethan Allen were the acknowledged leaders and champions of a band of patriots as heroic and self-sacrificing as any that the world ever saw. Twins in fame, and fellow-pioneers in the cause of American freedom, they suffered and triumphed together; together they were declared outlaws, and hunted like wild beasts through the mountain forests; side by side, they fought the battles of independence, and, side by side, their names are written high in the niche of human glory."

In the Revolution, Warner's career, though cut short by disease and wounds, was a brilliant one. He was in at the tap of the drum. He commanded the small force that took Crown Point in May, 1775. After the capture of Ticonderoga and Crown Point, Allen and Warner set off on a journey to the Continental Congress, with a design of procuring pay for the soldiers who had served under them, and of soliciting authority to raise a new regiment in the New Hampshire Grants. In both these objects they were successful. By an order of congress they were introduced on the floor of the house, and when they had each addressed the house they withdrew. It was resolved by congress that a regi

ment should be raised, not exceeding 500 men, and to consist of seven companies. A lieutenant-colonel was to be the highest officer.

The Committee of Safety of several townships assembled at Dorset to chose officers for the new regiment, and the choice fell on Seth Warner for lieut.-colonel, and on Samuel Safford for major. Speaking of this occurrence, Bancroft, in his incomparable History of the United States, says, "the rash and boastful Ethan Allen was passed by, and instead of him, Seth Warner, a man of equal courage and better judgment, was elected lieutenant-colonel." In this connection a paragraph from "The Early History of Bennington," by Isaac Jennings, pastor of the church, may be cited, "As a military leader, Warner was honored and confided in, *above all others*, by the people of this state, and his bravery and military capacity appear to have been always appreciated by the intelligent officers from other states with whom he served."

In September, 1775, Warner is found at the head of this regiment during the siege of St. John's by Gen. Montgomery. Our force was completely successful. The British army was captured and destroyed. Warner and his regiment bore a gallant part in this affair, and were warmly commended by the general commanding.

The term of service of this regiment having expired, Warner, in dead of winter, raised another force, and marched to join Gen. Wooster at Quebec. Speaking of this service, Kilbourne, before mentioned, says, "Probably no Revolutionary patriot during the war performed a service evincing more energy or a more noble patriotism than the raising of a regiment in so short a time, and marching it to Quebec in the face of a Canadian winter." But this winter campaign in Canada proved extremely distressing. The brave Gen. Montgomery was killed; Arnold was wounded, and Quebec was not taken. In the spring of 1776, a large reinforcement of British troops arrived at Quebec, and the American army was compelled to make a hasty retreat. Col. Warner took a position exposed to great danger, and requiring the utmost vigilance. He was always at the rear, picking up the wounded and diseased, drumming up the stragglers, and keeping just before the advance of the British army.

Congress, on the 5th of July, 1776, resolved to raise another regiment in the New Hampshire Grants, consisting of new troops and a portion of those who had served with so much reputation in Canada, to be commanded, as before, by a lieutenant-colonel. Warner was again appointed, but the New York people were bitterly hostile to him, and their congress demanded his removal from the command, "especially as this Warner hath been invariably opposed to the legislature of this state, and hath been, on that account, proclaimed an outlaw by the late government thereof." But Warner was not interfered with. He raised his regiment promptly. Speaking of his men, the Litchfield historian says, "As they had hitherto been successful in every enterprise, they had the most perfect confidence in their leader, and they moreover loved him for his moral and social qualities. He sympathized with all classes, and this rendered him affable and familiar with them, while at the same time, he maintained a self-respect and a dignified deportment."

Warner repaired to Ticonderoga, where he remained till the close of the campaign. When the American army fell back from that point, it was hotly pursued by the British army under Burgoyne. Warner again took position at the rear, and had several fierce engagements with the advance line of the invading army. On the 7th day of July, 1777, the advanced corps of the British army overtook the rear of our army at Hubbardton. The larger part of the American army had gone forward. All that was left of it was a part of Hale's, a part of Francis's, and a part of Warner's regiments. The enemy attacked this small force with superior numbers and with the

greatest confidence, but our army replied with vigor and spirit. Large reinforcements of the enemy arrived, and it became impossible for our men to hold their position. Francis fell dead in rallying his soldiers. Hale was captured with most of his regiment. "Surrounded on every side by the enemy, but calm and undaunted, Col. Warner fought his way through all opposition." He brought off the troops that were not captured with Hale, checked the enemy in their pursuit, and contrary to all expectation, arrived safely with his troops at Manchester. To the northward of that town the whole country was now deserted. Burgoyne, the proud British commander, with his disciplined legions, was advancing down through the mountains, as Sherman moved, at a more recent day, in his celebrated march to the sea. But at Manchester, Warner made a bold and determined stand. "Encouraged by his example and firmness, a body of the militia soon joined him, and he was once more in a situation to protect the inhabitants, harrass the enemy, and break up the advancing parties."

Col. Warner, in obedience to Gen. Schuyler's command, scoured the country, up and down, west of the mountains, to gather up and carry to Bennington, such property as the British would appropriate to their own use, if they could lay hands upon it. Large droves of cattle were thus gathered, carried in and sold, under the direction of the Council of Safety. What tories there were in that region escaped and joined the enemy. Through the whole of this delicate and unpleasant business, the sagacity, firmness and humanity of Warner were highly commended.

Schuyler, who at first had contented himself with granting the Vermonters half a ton of powder, sent to Warner, a few weeks before the battle of Bennington, $4,000, and an order for whatever clothing could be procured at Albany. He also ordered all the troops from New Hampshire, which were then marching to camp, to unite with Warner at Manchester. The correspondence between Stark and Warner, at this point, is voluminous and intensely interesting. It would here be given if space would permit.

Stark assembled his troops at Charlestown (No. 4). There were then no bridges on the Connecticut. The upper and main ferry was Wentworth's, named for Gov. Benning Wentworth. It was just above the present Cheshire bridge, which connects Charlestown with Springfield, Vt, Over this ferry all the forces in the various military expeditions, in the Indian, French, and Revolutionary wars were transported, as well as all their provisions and military stores. In 1777, James Minor and Samuel Remington were paid by the state for ferriage over the river at this place, £37, 13s. These bills were paid for ferrying the soldiers of Gen. Stark and others.

August the first, 1777, Gen. Stark arrived at Manchester, on the New Hampshire Grants, with 800 N. H. militia, on his way to the seat of war. The history of Litchfield County, before alluded to, says. "By Gen. Schuyler's order, these very militia were to be stationed at Manchester, under the command of Warner, but the government of New Hampshire had given Stark the command of the militia of that state, independent of the Continental officers. Situated as Stark and Warner were, had they been men of narrow minds, influenced by the mere love of personal glory, they would have come in collision at once. But, actuated by higher motives, they were ready to serve their country in any station in which they could be most useful. They, therefore, acted together cordially, manifesting a high degree of respect for each other, and in the Bennington battle they, in fact, commanded jointly, so that if the result had been disastrous, congress would have censured Warner for yielding the command to Stark."

The battle of Bennington, in which Stark won so great renown, and deservedly, was fought the sixteenth day of August, 1777. Col. Warner rode with Stark to the field, and

was with him through the whole engagement. Ex-Gov. Hiland Hall, in his admirable history of Vermont, says: "Warner's residence was at Bennington; he was familiarly acquainted with every rod of ground in the neighborhood of the posts which had been occupied by Baum, and their approaches; he was a colonel in the Continental army, superior in rank to any officer in the vicinity; and had already acquired a high reputation for bravery and skill,—all of which naturally made him the chief counsellor and assistant of Stark in his deadly struggle with the enemy."

Warner's efficiency was felt throughout the decisive battle. In discovering the position and strength of the enemy; arranging the disposition of the troops; determining the mode and manner of attack; and in the execution of every design, his services were invaluable.

Warner's *regiment* was at Manchester on the 15th, under command of Major Safford, who brought it up to participate in the second engagement on the 16th, and to save the day. But this is not the place for a full description of that famous battle,—a battle in which New Hampshire played a most important part. Burgoyne, who had believed that "600 men could march from the Hudson to the Connecticut, subjugating all the intervening region, without any risk of loss," and who had boasted that his should be a triumphal march down through the country to the seaboard, found an impassable barrier at Bennington, and four days after the battle wrote to England, thus: "The Hampshire Grants, in particular, a country unpeopled and almost unknown in the last war, now abounds in the most active and rebellious race on the continent, and hangs like a gathering storm on my left."

The detachment of 1500 men of Burgoyne's army, under the immemediate command of Col. Baum, was routed and destroyed. Baum was mortally wounded. Burgoyne hurried up Col. Breyman in the afternoon with a reinforcement, but Warner's intrepid regiment came up in hot haste, swung into line on the double-quick, at the opportune moment, and put Breyman and his force to flight. The day was ours. The field was ours, and the cannon, and the munitions, and the *rum;* and certain historians have asserted that our army, the rest of that day, gave willing heed to 1 Timothy, 5 : 23.

Speaking of the arrival of Breyman's force, the "Early History of Bennington," says, "Gen. Stark's men, it is evident, were in no condition to meet this fresh and more powerful foe. It is said it was with difficulty that he himself could be roused to meet the new danger, so worn out and stiffened had he become. Contrary to his first impression, *and on the earnest appeal of Warner*, Col. Breyman was immediately resisted, instead of a retreat being ordered to form the scattered forces in order of battle."

In this battle Col. Warner had two brothers who fought bravely,—Capt. John Warner, who commanded a company in Col. Herrick's regiment of Vermont Rangers, and private Jesse Warner, who was killed in action. A soldier, pointing to a dead man on the field, said to Col. Warner, "Your brother is killed." "Is it Jesse?" asked Warner, and when the answer was "Yes," he jumped from his horse, stooped and gazed in the dead man's face, and then rode away without saying a word.

New Hampshire was proudly represented on that battle-field. Gen. Stark, the hero of the day, was New Hampshire's favorite son, and New Hampshire soldiers constituted one half of his gallant army. Col. Moses Nichols of Amherst, Col. David Hobart of Plymouth, and Col. Thomas Stickney of Concord, each with his regiment, was conspicuous in that engagement. Capt. Ebenezer Webster, the father of Daniel, was also in this battle. His company constituted a part of Col. Stickney's regiment, and he fought with distinguished bravery. Stark, in speaking of Webster, said, "his face was so dark that gunpowder would'nt black it."

The day suddenly brightened. The colonies had long been depressed by disaster and defeat, but the decisive victory at Bennington turned the tide of success, and brought light out of darkness. The American cause looked up. A change of officers took place at this time. Gates took command of the army of the north. Arnold, who up to this time had been faithful, and whose career had been satisfactory, was also with that army, as was the patriot of Poland, the accomplished Kosciusko. There was a grand uprising of the people through the whole country in consequence of this staggering blow to Burgoyne's army. Doubt and fear gave way to confidence and courage. The halting became bold, and the timid became aggressive.

"Then Freedom sternly said, I shun
No strife nor pang beneath the sun,
When human rights are staked and won."

Col. Warner at this time was but thirty-four years of age, yet the credit due to him for the triumphant result at Bennington is second only to that due to the general commanding. In reporting this battle to Major-General Gates, Gen. Stark recognizes the solid merits of Warner and pays him this proud compliment: "*Colonel Warner's superior skill in the action was of extraordinary service to me.*"

Soon after the battle of Bennington, Warner was promoted to the full rank of colonel by the Continental Congress, but his active service did not long continue. He is reported sick at Hoosac, the latter part of August. The indefatigable exertions which he had made in the cause of right, "as God gave him to see the right," and the constant exposure and fatigue to which he had been subjected from his early manhood, undermined his constitution and hastened his death. Disease in an aggravated form struck its fangs into his system, and totally unfitted him for active service. His limbs became paralyzed, and he suffered intense pain. He did not, however, relinquish the field at once and entirely. At intervals, for two or three years, he took command of his faithful regiment, but near Fort George, in September, 1780, he received a wound from an ambush of Indians, at which time the only two of his officers that were with him fell dead at his side, and was obliged to retire finally from the service.

In 1782, Col. Warner returned to Roxbury, Conn., his native town, in hopes of obtaining relief from the painful disorders under which he was suffering, but his hopes proved fallacious. He gradually wasted away till the 26th of December, 1784, when an end was put to his sufferings. He was forty-one years of age at the time of his death. He died poor; but in October, 1787, the legislature of Vermont generously granted to his heirs *two thousand acres of land in the county of Essex.*

One sketch of his short life closes with these words:

"Col. Warner was buried with the honors of war, which were justly due his merits. The Rev. Thomas Canfield preached from the text, 'How are the mighty fallen, and the weapons of war perished.' An immense concourse of people attended his funeral, and the whole was performed with uncommon decency and affection. He left an amiable consort and three children to mourn their irreparable loss."

A modest white shaft marks the place of his rest, in the old cemetery of his kindred at Roxbury. And,

Oh! where can dust to dust
Be consigned so well,
As where Heaven its dews shall shed
On the martyred patriot's bed,
And the rocks shall raise their head
Of his deeds to tell.

REMINISCENCES OF DANIEL WEBSTER.—No. 1.

BY HON. GEORGE W. NESMITH.

DANIEL WEBSTER, UPON ONE OF HIS HUNTING AND FISHING EXCURSIONS IN 1851, AT WEBSTER LAKE.

It was one of the quiet and beautiful evenings of October, 1851, when Daniel Webster and John Taylor, on their return from East Andover, discovered a flock of ducks while located in one of the nooks or creeks, that indented the western shore of Lake Como, or the Webster Lake situate in the town of Franklin. The ducks were near the highway, and permitted our travellers to approach very near to them, unconscious that they were exposing themselves to the keen vision of two "*mighty hunters.*" These were not of the small gray species known as the Wood Duck, but were of the larger black-and-white, broad-billed breed, with heads and breasts tipped off with brilliant green and crimson colours, very attractive to the eye, and luscious to the taste. We saw Mr. Webster at his house upon his return from his journey, and he was much excited by the ducks. The enthusiasm of the hunter had seized him, and he expatiated most eloquently upon the beauty and peculiar excellencies of these birds. Even the Canvas-backs of the Chesapeake were not to be preferred before them. He was bound to make a foray upon the flock early the next morning before they would quit their evening resting place. For this purpose, his double-barrelled gun was called for, examined and pronounced seaworthy. Suitable ammunition was prepared. John Taylor was ordered to have the old horse, Tom, harnessed by 4 o'clock next morning. The fishing rods and other appurtenant gear were carefully made ready for use, so that in case the animal kingdom should fail them, they might fall back upon the finny race, which was furnished from the lake generally in bountiful profusion. We were kindly invited to make one of the party, but our excuse was found in other engagements for the morning. We promised to be along shore, if possible, in the course of the forenoon. On the next morning, we found that Mr. Webster and John had passed up to the scene of action long before Aurora had thrown her rosy tints upon the eastern skies. The hunters were promptly in their places at the appointed hour. Hezekiah D. Bachelder, the honored keeper of the key of the boat house, which contained the boat owned by Mr. Webster, must first be roused from his slumbers. This duty performed, Hezekiah was soon on the ground with key and axe in hand. The boat was forthwith launched, two or three small pine trees being cut and placed in the prow of the boat. Mr. Webster, with gun in hand, first took his seat in rear of these trees; Bachelder was stationed at the oars, and John took the helm. The commander gave orders to steer northwardly, and gain as soon as possible a station round the promontory, which was about a third of a mile distant from the starting-point. "There the game we will find, and the sport we will have." Briskly and skilfully the oars were plied, and the distance soon overcome. When, lo! the flock of ducks was presented in full view about 20 rods off.

"Now blaze away," cried Bachelder.

"No; get a little nearer," says John.

"Push ahead, and keep still," says Webster.

Now the ducks were beginning to rise upon their wings. No time was to be lost.

"Wing them!" cries Taylor.

At this moment, the unerring discharge of both barrels of the gun brought down two of the choicest of the birds. Now, an animated, exultant shout went forth from all hands, at this unexpected signal success.

The remainder of the flock of ducks took a distant flight. There being no farther use of the gun, all hands then resorted to the fishing ground. Here they had tolerable success. Soon after the ordinary breakfast hour, we repaired to the lake shore.

Soon the boat approached the shore. As it neared to us we saw Mr. Webster lean down and take up in each hand the two large shell drakes of beautiful plumage. Holding them high up, he exclaimed in exultant tones: "*Io triumphe!* Glory enough for one day! Witness the good fruits of early labor! Last night you doubted our success. Now you see that this right arm is yet steady, and this right eye is not yet dim."

The jubilant feelings and the prowess of early youth seemed to have revisited him, as he gloried over the achievements of the morning. We had seen Mr. Webster on several occasions when he apparently had felt satisfied with his mental efforts, but we had never before witnessed a more significant or expressive glow upon his countenance than now reigned over it. With much animation he recited to us the events of the day. During the last year of his life it frequently gave him high enjoyment to recur to the exciting scenes of Webster Lake.

In the order of time, a new and important question was now raised. The ordinary hour for breakfast had long since passed, and the cravings of appetite must be appeased. Mr. Webster suggested with their large supplies on hand, it would be entirely wrong to return home and trouble the women to provide refreshment for them. Besides, it was a good custom observed by all hungry fishermen and hunters to care for themselves, so long as they had any supplies or the means of obtaining them.

Here interrogatories were put to Bachelder by Mr. Webster:

"Have you a frying pan at your house?"

"No; but we use a large skillet."

"That will do. Have you an iron pot suitable for a chowder?"

"Yes."

"Have you salt pork?"

"No; I have good potatoes, but not much bread or butter. My wife and I will do all we can, but we are pesky poor at our house."

At this critical moment, young Peabody came along, armed with a gun and three gray squirrels recently captured in the adjoining forest. Peabody's squirrels and services were called into requisition. He was instructed to take the horse down to Franklin village and procure without delay the proper necessaries for the proposed chowder, and frying-pan. In the meantime, John Taylor was requested to prepare and dress one of the sheldrakes for the approaching feast. Bachelder had charge of a squirrel. His wife, of the fish.

Young Peabody soon returned with the needed supplies and lent his assistance. Mr. Webster, an acknowledged expert in the manufacture of chowder, presided in that department.

At this stage of the proceedings, we were called away and were not allowed to be a spectator or partaker of the rich viands prepared for that eventful occasion. Common fame pronounced it a grand festivity, and subsequent inquiry convinced me that fame was not a liar in this instance.

We met Bachelder the next day on his return from Mr. Webster's house. He remarked that Mr. Webster had requested him to call down. "You know," says he, "that I have charge of his boat-house and his boat; and that it requires much of my time to drive off the boys who want to take the boat. You know, too, that we had a glorious time yesterday. Never had a better dinner at our house. My wife and I spent about the whole day fixing up before and afterward. I told Mr. Webster he might pay me just what he pleased. I tell you I got something besides old clothes." (Here he exhib-

ited two quarter gold eagles, observing, one was for himself and the other for his wife. "Oh!" says he, "Webster is a gentleman, talked with me about all my relations; said one of his ancestors had the name of Bachelder, was a minister too; as like as not he was one of my relations, who knows? You know I have always been a Democrat. Now, if Webster is up for any office, I shall certainly vote for him. I wish I had found him out before now."

We told him all this was well, and he must in future take good care of the boat-house, of his money, and his politics, and spread the fame of Mr. Webster in the region round about the Webster Lake. John Taylor rendered a full and graphic account of this famous feast, but it must here be merged in the more important but brief narrative of Mr. Webster. He observed that he had taken but little food for the last twenty hours previous to his dinner. That the labor and exciting exercises of the day had contributed to sharpen his appetite, so that he had enjoyed his repast with great zest and satisfaction. He had been made aware that the little cottage and limited material inside, of Bachelder ought not to be relied upon to furnish adequate supplies. If Horace had been present, he might have there found his "*angusta res domi*," which has been translated, *short commons at home;* but our other resources were abundant. Again, it had been suggested that the lady of the house was not a paragon of neatness. We had no occasion to inquire into the truth of this charge, as we were satisfied that a clean iron pot, potatoes, and spoon were furnished to me for the preparation of my chowder, and if it were not palatable it was my own fault and not chargeable to another. Admitting the truth of the charge, it would have been a gross breach of good manners, and against the usages of all honest fishermen or hunters, as we claimed to have been, after enjoying the best entertainment their house could afford, for us to complain of our treatment.

On this occasion, our call for aid was sudden, operating as a surprise to this family. Our requisition was met in good faith, according to their ability and satisfactory to ourselves. To have demanded more would have been unjust to them and criminal in us. Their conduct is not open to criticism. To us the events of that day were altogether auspicious, reviving the associations of my early years, giving to my system additional vigor, furnishing rich food to the memory through all my future life.

We had been permitted, some two weeks before the interview, to open Mr. Webster's letters, during his absence at the White Mountains, as he expected an order from President Fillmore to repair to Washington. One of his letters was from Mr. Duncan, of New Orleans, containing a draft for a $1000, being a fee in the Gaines' case. We then inquired of him as to the comparative value of the ducks and draft. "O!" says he, "there is no comparison to be made. Money is indispensable, good in its place, but give us the ducks. The ducks prove good physical strength, the steady arm, the undimmed eye."

*SQUAM LAKE.**

BY HOPE HUNTINGTON.

O crystal mirror spread among the hills!
When first thy mother Nature gazed on thee,
The hills and forests clasped in close embrace,
And held delighted scarce could let thee be.
And so by many freaks and artful wiles,
There sprang amid thy bosom verdant isles.

O come with me when breath of dewy morn
Flushes the blue expanse on sky and shore;
When from the echoing hills and silent vales
Come bird and beast their priceless gifts to pour
In carols sweet akin to lovely flowers,
And creature-tongues unknown to such as ours.

Or come when Twilight weaves her dusky film,
And all thy wavelets sink in deep repose,
When all the Dryads of the hills come forth
To drink the nectar that so freely flows;
And ever and anon the summer breeze
Plays soft, Euterpean measures through the trees.

Now is the time for clear, unbroken thought;
How all around doth reign a restful calm,—
But hush! still sing the ripples on the shore,
Still chant the winds in a melodious psalm.
Then join, my heart, in glad, responsive tone!
Though not a soul is near, thou'st not alone.

The heart that swells with joy and boundless love,
And e'er with Nature's breathings keeps a tune,
Holds sweet communion with her varied modes,
And dwells amid a never-ending June!
And her bright mirror that before me lies
Claims kindred with the pure, ethereal skies.

Lake of New Hampshire! as with noiseless tread,
I wander on thy calm, far-seeing strand,
I seem to catch a glimpse of brighter joys,
And hear the echo of the angel band;
When after Death's long, spiritless repose,
How fair the Eden-land of heaven glows!

* Squam Lake is situated north-west of Winnipiseogee, and has an area of about thirty square miles. Surrounded by mountains, some of which slope to its very edge, and dotted by tiny islands, it is indeed a beautiful picture, long to be remembered.

THE REVIVAL OF TASTE IN HOUSEHOLD ART.

BY PROF. A. M. SWIFT.

Much has been written, of late, upon this subject. It is natural that when public interest is stimulated in any movement which nearly concerns society at large, a considerable amount of literature should spring into existence in consequence. The larger illustrated works bearing upon this topic are, from their costliness, beyond the reach of persons of moderate means; the lighter and more ephemeral reading matter is not always sufficiently correct or practical to be of use; at any rate, whether from this or from other causes, it is evident that the wave of reform in matters of art and taste has made, in our own Granite State, but a slight impression. In view of this fact, it is hoped, therefore, that a few reflections and suggestions on the matter may not be ill-advised. We beg our readers to bear in mind, however, that as what we have to say must be said with great brevity and conciseness, the practical side of our subject will be our principal consideration within the limits of this article.

We purpose, then, to consider our present position in things pertaining to Art in the household, and to suggest how in some few respects our deficiencies in decoration and furnishing may be remedied. The shops of a community are not a bad index of its position with regard to art; the taste of the demand is, to a considerable extent, the taste of the supply; and, by this test, no one who examines critically the stock in trade of our dealers will deny that there is room for improvement, if not for radical reform.

First, then, let us review briefly our actual position in relation to Household Art, that is to say, our national position. It may be stated broadly that of late years the general standard of taste in our homes has changed materially for the better. Much as there is yet to deplore and correct—especially in districts, like our own, somewhat remote from the great centres—the condition of things thirty or forty years ago was worse still, both in this country and in England. We owe our share of this improvement, in a large measure, to the influence of our mother-country. Since the time when the English discovered, at the exhibition of 1851, how far inferior their own art industries were to those of the Continental nations, they have steadily improved in this regard, and we have followed so closely in their footsteps as to surpass them in one or two departments—silver-ware, for instance. To be sure, this movement has not yet permeated down to some of the characteristically English manufactures, which are still unsatisfactory in design and execution. Mr. Ruskin still raves in the columns of "Fors Clavigera," but he underrates his own influence if he thinks he has as much to rave about as of old. Before South Kensington and kind influences began to make themselves felt taste was at a low ebb indeed. Textile fabrics were poor and *bizarre* in design; interior decoration, upholstery, cabinet work, glass and china, jewellery—all were to the last degree wanting in taste. Paper-hangings, now recognized as so important a feature of house decoration, which poets and painters design with pride, were then, as a rule, utterly without merit. Frescoing was a sham, usually devoid of the first principle to be observed in decorating a flat surface—that is, to preserve flatness and solidity. This fault, as well as shocking use of crude and unsuitable colour, also characterized the carpets and floor coverings of the time. As far as tables, chairs, and sofas are concerned, the least desirable features of the later Bourbon furniture were re-

produced in thousands of hybrid monstrosities that are still, alas! to be found in many a drawing-room. Common sense seemed to be disregarded in almost every department of furnishing. Now we maintain that our condition with regard to these matters is slowly improving. To be sure, if a picture of an elephant recreating in the jungle is considered a desirable centre-piece for a rug, or the Royal Bengal tiger in the act of springing upon his prey, there are shops where these masterpieces of the weaver's art can be obtained. Many a cabinet maker still prefers, apparently, to overlay his work with cheap veneering, which he is pleased to term "ornament;" and our market still abounds in ill-joined and puny-legged tables and chairs. It is not uncommon to find wall-papers fresh from the manufacturer's hands, which are no better in colour or design than those of forty years back. Unshapely and unwieldy cut-glass is still, for some inexplicable cause, thought more respectable than the light and exquisite modern Venetian glass, such as that manufactured by Salviati, which admits of infinitely more freedom and grace of design, and which, as Mr. Briggs, of Boston, will testify, is not excessive in price. Our towns and cities, Boston perhaps excepted, are not yet to any marked degree characterized by good architectural taste; in fact, blocks of houses, conspicuous for their ugliness and uniformity, are at this moment erecting in some of our largest cities. We might multiply examples and go into details, but it is unnecessary; anyone possessed of critical judgment can see for himself that the Golden Age is not yet come.

So much for the dark side of the question. And yet, in spite of all the defects to which we have alluded, we repeat, that we of the present day are in a far more hopeful and satisfactory condition than were our predecessors of two or three generations back. The art museums established in most of our large cities are beginning to affect the taste of the upper classes, and where, as in Boston, they are thrown open without entrance fee on certain days to the public, even the masses are reached by their refining influence. The last ten years have been unusually active ones in the matter of reform. If our shops do abound in extravagant rubbish there is at all events a class of persons of taste who deplore and discountenance such impositions. People are beginning to be independent of the caprices of Fashion in furnishing their homes and are finding out that a piece of furniture once good is always good; that rich simplicity is preferable to gaudy display; that honesty of construction and design is the best policy in the long run; in a word, that there is something in Household Art after all. The efforts of the leaders in this movement in both England and in our own country must, sooner or later, bear fruit; we may congratulate ourselves that we are at least living in a period of hopeful transition, and may venture to hope that a few more years of activity will bring about the happy state of things which can scarcely fail to result from the influence of a higer national standard of taste.

So much for our actual position. Now before we touch upon the more specific and practical details of our subject, it may be of advantage to warn our readers on two points which very nearly concern the matter in hand.

The first of these is simply to guard against being influenced by the mere fashion of the day in matters of art. The present fashion leans to excess in all departments of art in the house. People fill their houses with all kinds of rubbish and call it bric-a-brac; they put a tile in a piece of ash furniture and call it "Eastlake;" they point with pride to walls besprinkled with Japanese fans; with such everything old is sacred, be it good, bad, or indifferent; nothing new is of value. Many of the mistakes such persons make would be avoided if they would study, in the first place, the true principles of taste, and then resolutely refuse to purchase articles that in any way represented a false principle. Anyone who

wishes to buy *objets d'art* to advantage will have to be very careful if he wishes to avoid making many mistakes; and to acquire this knowledge is no easy matter. Much of the artistic work of the present day will be better appreciated when it has had time to grow old. Fine old furniture is very nice to have if you have inherited it, or if you know exactly why you have bought it; otherwise one would be apt to fill his house with promiscuous lumber. A friend of ours has an old chair, so delightful to his eye that he must have it in the most prominent spot in his drawing-room; but, unfortunately, it is so shaky in the legs that he is compelled to ask his visitors not to sit down in it. Comfort, utility, and common sense should not be sacrificed to appearances or to fashion; they are all important, and in all truly good furniture are fully considered. In any fine Mediæval furniture one idea can scarcely fail to impress everyone, and that is, how perfectly every object, or utensil, or fabric serves the purpose for which it is designed. We note in such work the value of straight lines; the infinity of ornaments that can be got out of the square and the circle; and, especially, honesty of construction, without which durability is not assured. In the Middle Ages people had the enviable faculty of combining the useful and the beautiful in a remarkable degree. It seems improbable that we shall ever see the time when once more everything from a cathedral to a nailhead will be an evidence of universal art and skill. But we can at all events learn from the old designers enough to make us independent of fashion, and keep us from going very far astray. In purchasing, therefore, we say throw fashion to the winds; bearing in mind that if we do not purchase anything that is unsuited in size, or form, or weight, to the purpose it is intended to serve, we are not far from observing a canon of art.

The other caution we have to make is this: to guard against the too prevalent error of believing that large expenditure is necessary to secure artistic effect, or supposing that a house, to be artistic, must needs be luxurious. So many say: "Oh, I should like very much to adorn my home, but I cannot afford the expense." And yet these very same persons must have a certain quantity of furniture and upholstery in their houses, but they go on buying the same miserable shapes, and flimsy stuffs, and crude colours, for the sole reason that they are too careless to look about them and buy, for the same amount of money, articles that would commend themselves at once. We venture to affirm that more money is spent injudiciously in house-furnishing than in any other department of domestic expenditure. We could mention an humble mechanic, whose home, though most unpretending, is in point of fact adorned in far better taste than that of his wealthy employer. An instance occurs to us of a young married couple of very moderate means, whose slender stock of pictures was exhausted in beautifying the ground floor of their house, so that they had nothing left for up-stairs. Upon reflection it was decided, rather than leave the walls utterly bare, to hang up a number of the excellent large wood-cuts of the London Graphic and the Illustrated London News. The young husband made the frames of white pine, and his wife relieved their plainness with some effective line work in India ink. The pictures were left unglazed on account of expense, the paper being stretched tightly by being pasted to the back of the frame when wet and then allowed to dry. Of course this was a very cheap and temporary expedient, but the pictures, when hung against a flat pale tint of citron colour, looked remarkably well, and, cheap as they were, had an undeniable air of taste. We have in mind a charming home not far from Cooperstown, N. Y., which is such a remarkable instance of the truth of what we are referring to, that we must at least mention it. Two years ago the house, when it came into the present owner's hands, though large and roomy, and boasting that great advantage, a large, square hall, was a mere shell—bare walls and floor, nothing more. About $2500 has

been spent upon it; certainly $3000 would cover all the direct and indirect expense; and as it now stands, it is no exaggeration to say that it is worthy to rank with the most beautiful houses of New York state. In other words, for the comparatively small amount expended, the success achieved was very great. This result was accomplished by the most careful buying in London, Paris, New York and Cooperstown, guided by the most perfect taste. We are careful not to omit Cooperstown from the list of markets, as it illustrates a point of no little importance: that to persons who know what to buy, it is a matter of indifference where they buy it, provided they get it, and at a reasonable price. And this economical buying, or "picking up" of one treasure after another is sure to bring about a more satisfactory result in the end than a *carte blanche* order to the most fashionable of upholsterers.

We now come to the side of our subject which can best be illustrated by direct suggestions. The mere articles of furniture that we buy do not by any means represent all that we may be able to do in showing good taste and judgment. Take any room, for example. We have to provide for the decoration of the floor and the walls. We must furnish carpets or rugs, paint or paper the walls and the ceiling, and bestow such pictures, books, or ornaments as may be suitable. This is but a small fraction of what is comprised in the term Household Art, and yet volumes could be written—have been written indeed—upon it. Brief as they must be, we will give some hints on these points in detail.

First, the arrangement of the floor. We own to a leaning in favor of rugs in the centre, with wood-work—either the plain boards painted some good colour, or parquetry—showing at the edges. This method has the advantage of favoring the use of fine Eastern rugs. If the purse be limited, a good substitute for a rug is to sew together, in a rectangular shape, two or three breadths of some heavy, fleecy carpeting, with a line of black fringe at either end. But granted that the more general method of carpeting a room is preferred, the greatest care should be taken in selecting a carpet that shall be agreeable in pattern and colour. Small patterns are generally to be preferred, especially in small rooms; quiet, low tones of colour are on many accounts better than more vivid shades. Above all, let the pattern, or ornament, be conventional, and without shading; how evident it is that good taste is violated when we see a bunch of roses, heavily shaded, lying in an heap just where we are going to step!

It is well to have a decided harmony between the tones of a carpet and the drapery of a room, in which the wall paper or painting should share, though this harmony never should be permitted to become overstrained. The sort of curtain that will be found to give a pleasing effect in almost any kind of room is a heavy breadth of some soft, rich material, *cotelan*, or raw silk, hanging from rings attached to a small brass or wooden rod. Our market is well stocked with tasteful materials of this description.

But the most important factor in the predominant tone of colour of a room is supplied by the walls. It is highly essential that these should be well treated. Almost anything—short of magenta or ultramarine—is preferable to leaving them a blank, staring white; whereas it is a pleasure to look upon walls on which some agreeable colour—such as maroon, or snuff colour, or French gray, or olive green—relieves the dead white, and transforms the entire appearance of the room. A good plan, much in vogue, is to have the wainscoting three or four feet high, either of plain or panelled woodwork; above the wainscoting, paint the walls some pale neutral shade such as will make a good relief for pictures, and at the junction of the wall and ceiling paint one or two heavy bands of deep colour. High wainscotings are almost universally found in houses of the Neo-Jacobean period, loosely termed the "Queen Anne" style, to which public favor seems so markedly, and, indeed, so justly, to incline at present. In the

absence of wainscoting, however, it will often be found satisfactory to paint the wall some dark rich tint three or four feet up from the floor, and treat the remaining space as before. Often, especially when the room is a lofty one, it is customary to leave a third space of about a foot or a foot and a half beneath the ceiling, which may be decorated somewhat in the style of a frieze. And many persons maintain that the handsomest wainscoting or dado for a library or a living-room is a line of low, "dwarf" bookcases, not higher than five feet. This plan has the additional advantage of giving a good shelf upon which to arrange ornaments with effect. But just as most people prefer carpets which cover the entire floor, in the same way they prefer to cover up every square inch of wall, and in most instances the best and cheapest way of doing this is by hanging some tasteful wall paper. This branch of furnishing is in such an encouraging condition that no one ought to be at a loss to choose something artistic and suited to any length of purse. In selecting wall paper it is well to observe three simple rules: select paper suitable to the room to be papered; choose a colour that shall harmonize with the other colors of the room, and, lastly, take care that the pattern—which nine times out of ten should be small—is correct and pleasing in design. In many cases a simple pattern composed of two shades of the same colour will be found to be ample, and, moreover, will wear better with the eye.

And now one word with regard to pictures. We presume that to a person of literary tastes there is nothing in the way of ornament so delightful as books; we imagine Lord Macaulay may have looked at the rows of volumes which lined his chambers in the Albany—volumes numbered by thousands, yet each occupying its place in his noble brain no less than upon its shelves—and thought that nothing could better adorn his walls. But this would apply to but few. In every house is felt the need of pictures as well as of books, and to those whose tastes incline that way scarcely anything equals a little fine old china or bronze. Good pictures are very delightful things to own; of course, it is only given to men of wealth to collect great galleries of fine paintings, but at the same time no department of art presents such opportunities to society at large as this. Thanks to engraving, photography, the autotype and similar processes, the masterpieces of art have become familiar and beloved in many an humble household. We would urge upon our readers most earnestly to avoid buying trashy pictures. One good engraving of Raphael is worth ten thousand chromos. And the influence of fine pictures upon children is of great value. We know of three children—though they are no longer children—who grew up under the shadow, so to speak, of the original of Ary Scheffer's Dante and Beatrice; and it is not easy to estimate what that noble work of art may not have contributed to the development of their refined and poetic natures.

But our limited space warns us that we must bring our remarks to a close. We are well aware that we have said nothing new on this subject of Household Art; our excuse is that what we have said may prove either new or advantageous to the readers reached by this publication. There is one aspect, however, in which our subject is of common interest to us all, and will be as long as the "Homes of New England" and the thriving towns of this our Switzerland continue to exist. Surely, when we think how many lovely associations cluster round the name of HOME—friendship, hospitality, the tenderest domestic ties, all the sentiment of one's own hearth-stone and fireside—when we think of all this, it is both natural and proper that we should wish to make home beautiful. And this is the true mission of Household Art; to foster refinement, grace, and dignity of life. It need not necessarily be confounded with higher things, but no one who has felt its benign sway will deny that Art has a power—and a peculiar power of its own—to cheer and comfort us on our way through life.

NATIONAL BANKS.

BY GEORGE H. WOOD.

It is the fashion of the present time, among financial demagogues, to attack the National banking system. A persistent continuance in mud throwing, has led quite large numbers of persons to conclude without much inquiry that National Banks are detrimental to the welfare of the country. An assertion most frequently heard is, that the system is a monopoly in the hands of a monied aristocracy. Another made by a great authority in the political campaign of 1878, is that the National Banks take toll from all the active business interests of the country. The first is untrue, and the last applies with equal force to any system of banking which could be invented.

If it is desirable to have banks at all, the people must submit to paying the profit to the bankers. To abolish banks, and to go back to such methods as were in vogue before these institutions were invented, would be like abolishing railroads and going back to stage coaches. The best banking system is that which costs the least, which affords the most security to those who invest their capital in it, whether as stockholders, note holders, or as depositors. The National system has proved itself during the fifteen years since its establishment, to be in all these respects far in advance of any system which ever preceded it in this country, and to be at least equal to any system of banking in operation elsewhere; and there have been fewer failures in New England, under this system, than under any other established there.

Before the establishment of the National system, banking business in the United States was conducted under the laws of the various states. Each state had a system of its own. The privilege of issuing bank notes was granted by all of these systems. Under some systems the measures taken to secure the note holders were ample, but in most instances there was great uncertainty in the security required. Out of this lack of uniformity, grew the great differences which existed in the values of the bills issued by banks located in different states, and the great variations in the value of the notes issued by different banks in the same states. Every careful man in the days of the old state bank systems, before taking a bill in course of trade, had to refer to his bank note reporter to see first if the bank by which the note purported to be issued, was actually in existence. Second, if the note was genuine. Third, what the discount was, and fourth, to consider the prospect of the banks continuing to exist. Bills have actually been issued in Wall street, New York, and purported to be a bank in some town in New Jersey. Those who did not take all these things into consideration, very frequently lost their money. It was called "queer money." The discount alone between the eastern and the western sections of the country was enormous, and rendered thousands of exchange offices necessary, each of which took its little slice out of the profits of legitimate business. Here was taking toll for you. In times of panic or distrust these state banks failed by hundreds, and there was in the majority of cases no provision made for the redemption of their notes, which proved a dead loss to the general public. Depositors were in most instances no better secured. The Suffolk bank of Boston, the great redeeming bank for New England, could throw out certain country bank's bills and create a run and overthrow the bank. Those who de-

vised the National bank act, had, in the history of the financial wrecks of the past, ample warning as to what was necessary to be avoided in founding a system which should be secure at all points; and in the war of the rebellion, so disastrous in other ways, they had an opportunity to establish a uniformity of system throughout the United States, that owing to state and sectional feeling it had been impossible to secure before. The first great point in favor of the National system is, that the bills issued by the banks working under it, are uniform in appearance, and in value all over the Union. They are uniform in value, because they are uniformly secured. They are secured first, by an amount of U. S. bonds deposited in the treasury of the United States; and second, if the bank should fail, by a prior lien on all the assets of the association. There has been no instance since the establishment of the system of National bank notes failing to be redeemed upon presentation at the counters of the bank issuing it, or at the treasury department. So well known is this security by government guarantee, that no man in taking a National bank note has any regard to the bank issuing it, and there are notes still in circulation issued by National banks which failed years ago. The people know that they can look to the government for the redemption of every such note. Deposits of money made with National banks are also rendered more secure than those made with other institutions. The law requires that these corporations shall make reports of their condition to the comptroller of the currency, not less than five times annually, at any past dates upon which that officer may see fit to call for them. These reports must be published in the newspapers by the banks in exactly the same form as they are made to the comptroller, and are examined to see that they are presented to the public in full. The banks are thus instructed to keep themselves at all times in good condition, since they do not know at what time a report will have to be made. It also enables the comptroller to constantly supervise their business and to correct irregularities. The public, also, have the means of informing themselves as to their condition. It is certain, that there are very few banks outside of the National system, about the management of which the public can have any definite knowledge.

In the cases of very many private institutions which before their failure enjoyed unlimited confidence, it was afterwards found that for long periods before the final collapse, a publication of their condition would have betrayed the rottenness of their management. In the case of the National banks, the reports made of the banks themselves are not alone depended on. The possibility of fraudulent reports being made without discovery, is prevented by periodical examinations, which are conducted by competent government examiners. In addition the law provides that each National bank shall at all times keep on hand in cash, a certain proportion of their deposits made with them, so as to be able to pay such deposits when called for. The publicity given by the reports spoken of provides both the government and the public with the means of knowing that this requirement and all other requirements of the law are observed, and the penalty for non-observance is severe. The best security, however, for depositors, is in the fact that a bank is honestly and competently managed. The best way to insure honest and competent management is to compel the largest publicity in all matters pertaining to the affairs of the bank, and the means of securing this publicity are provided in the National Bank act.

The percentage of failures of banks in the National system, has been smaller than that of banks in any other system ever before established in this country, and the losses to depositors by these failures have been comparatively small. It has been shown that all the losses experienced under the National system since its establishment have been less than those resulting from the failures of one or two private

banking firms, since 1873. As stated before, nothing has been lost by bill holders.

While therefore the public certainly paid a legitimate rate for the use in business of money loaned to them by National banks, it has lost nothing by their notes and comparatively little on account of unpaid deposits. The fact of anything having been lost may be ascribed in many instances to a blind confidence which did not permit people to use the means offered them of knowing that an institution was badly managed.

No one can doubt that the National system, by the security of its notes and the firmness of its bearing, saved the people of this country in 1873, from losses with which those that did then occur were mere trifles. If in addition to all the other troubles of that time, the bank notes had been dishonored, it is difficult to see what would have been the result. The only possible sense in which the National system is a monopoly is that the law under which it is established requires capital to be put up by those who start National banks. All who have the necessary capital are on an equal footing, and only those who desire to swindle the public can contend that it would be proper for irresponsible persons to issue notes and receive deposits.

The National banking system of the United States has certainly fulfilled all the expectations which were formed of it, and until it is agreed to do without banks altogether, or, a better, safer system is suggested, it is absurd to talk of abolishing it.

WITHOUT AND WITHIN.

BY ABBA GOOLD WOOLSON.

I walked ankle-deep in the new-fallen snow,
And stood in amaze on the wold,
To hear how a bird from a desolate bough
Was singing in spite of the cold;
Little thought of the wind or the weather had he,
For it seemed that his bosom was bursting with glee.

No midsummer carol was ever so sweet,
With swells and with jubilant closes;
I thought, while he sung, there was grass at my feet,
And the hedges were crimson with roses;
When I had but to turn from my wonder to see
White gusts of the tempest sweep over the lea.

The faster the wind whirled the eddying snow
The louder he sang through the storm;
No touch of the shivering blast did he know,
For his rapture was keeping him warm.
O, brave little bird on the desolate tree,
Did you know that my heart sang a pæan with thee?

FRANKLIN, N. H.

The town of Franklin was incorporated December 24, 1828. The territory of the town was formerly in the towns of Salisbury, Andover, Sanbornton, and Northfield, and prior to 1823, in the three counties of Hillsboro', Rockingham and Strafford which joined near where the Pemigewasset and Winnipiseogee unite to form the Merrimack river, and where the present thriving village of Franklin is located. To the unwritten histories of these four towns, must the details of early events happening in this locality, be left. The old town of Salisbury was first incorporated by the Massachusetts legislature, about the year 1741, under the name of Bakerstown, but no settlement was effected. In the summer of 1748, the first settlement of the town was made in the neighborhood of the Webster place, a fort was built, and occupied for four months. Upon the withdrawal of the garrison to the lower settlements, Philip Call and his son, Stephen, remained and thus became the first permanent residents of the town. In 1749 the Masonian proprietors granted the town as Stevenstown. Nathaniel Maloon and Sinkler Bean were the first settlers in the western part of the town, residing on the Blackwater, on the South Road, so called. In 1754 the former, with his wife and three children, were taken captives to Canada by Indians and disposed of to the French, with whom they remained for several years. Call's wife was killed by the Indians in August, 1754. Her husband witnessed the event while hidden, unarmed, in the bushes. Her daughter-in law, with her grand-child, escaped death by concealment in the chimney. Her descendants are among the residents of this town to this day. Peter and John Bowen settled on the "Burleigh place," about 1748. John Webster and Ebenezer Webster, cousins, settled in the town, 1759-60, the former was a settler in Boscawen in 1734. The latter was the father of Ezekiel and Daniel Webster. They built a grist-mill on French brook, near the Shaw place. The earliest tomb-stone preserved in town is in the lower grave-yard near the Webster place, and is to commemorate one Ephraim Collins who died in 1767, after a residence in town of at least fifteen years. Jacob Morrill, Tristan Quimby and Benjamin Sanborn were among the early settlers of the lower village.

Aside from the grist-mill and one house there was no settlement in the present upper village until after the Revolution.

Ebenezer Eastman may be called the father of the village. He came from Concord in the year 1790, at the age of twenty-seven. He possessed property, ability and enterprise. He built a saw-mill, kept a tavern, conducted a farm, and was extensively engaged in lumbering. The "Webster House" was his old homestead. He owned several hundred acres of land in the vicinity. He died in 1833 in the brick house south of Judge Nesmith's. Several families followed Mr. Eastman's lead, and so the village was started.

A few years later Capt. Ebenezer Blanchard came from Northfield and for many years was a trader and dealer in lumber. He was a man of great enterprise and materially advanced the interests of the village. He was the father of Mrs. Stephen Kenrick.

James and Isaac Proctor, and James Garland were early settlers. In 1819 Kendall Osgood, Peabody and Robert T. Crane came from Peterborough, having gained the knowledge from Samuel Smith of that town of the cracker- and paper-making business, and added to the industries of the

town. In 1822 John Cavender, Thomas Baker and John Smith, from Peterborough, John and Charles Tappan of Boston, and John Long of Portsmouth, built the factory at Smithville (Franklin Falls). John Smith died the same year. Thomas Baker afterwards sold his interest to John Cavender. Robert Smith, brother of John, afterwards member of congress from Alton, Illinois, purchased an interest in the factory. His brother James became a resident of the village about that time. Hon. Geo. W. Nesmith has been identified with the town since that time. Judge Nesmith was born in Antrim, October 23, 1800, the youngest but one of a family of nine children. He pursued his preparatory studies with Rev. John M. Whitton, Daniel M. Christie, and Henry Cummings, graduated from Dartmouth College, class of 1820, read law with Parker Noyes of Salisbury in the same office where Daniel Webster studied, taught school for a short time in Concord and in Bradford, and was admitted to the bar in 1825. Judge Nesmith has always been an honored citizen of Franklin, and has represented the town many years in the legislature. He was for a long time Justice of the Supreme Court, and is now a trustee of Dartmouth College, president of the Agricultural College, president of the Franklin Savings Bank, and president of the Northern railroad. A full biography of Judge Nesmith will appear in the GRANITE MONTHLY in due time.

In Moore and Farmer's Magazine, October, 1824, the following notice of the town appeared:

"Pemigewasset, or East Village, is situated in the north-east corner of the town [Salisbury] at the Great Falls on the Pemigewasset river. This is a pleasant, thriving place, already of considerable and increasing business. By the enterprise and liberality of a few individuals, an elegant meeting-house [the village Congregationalist church] has lately been erected in this village and ornamented with a bell. Here are two stores, one tavern [the Webster House], one tannery, three or four cooper's shops, and one blacksmith's shop. On a fine permanent stream which runs through this village from the great pond in Andover [Webster Lake] are situated three saw-mills, one grist-mill, one blacksmith shop, with trip-hammers, and one manufacturing establishment. This stream affords several excellent sites for a variety of other mill machinery. A toll bridge across the Pemigewasset leads from this village to Sanbornton and Northfield. There is a post-office in this village called the east post-office.

About three miles below this village on the Merrimack, on the alluvian first mentioned, the earliest settlements were effected. This is a pleasant farming village, consisting of ten or twelve dwelling houses, two taverns, one store, a tannery, one blacksmith shop, one joiner's shop and a law office."

Thirty-one years later, in 1855, the town of Franklin received the following mention in "*New Hampshire As It Is*," a book edited by Edwin A. Carlton:

"It is small in extent, comprising probably an area of not more than 9000 acres. The soil is generally a sandy loom, in some parts very rich; in others, especially the more elevated pine plains, it is somewhat sterile. Much attention has been paid to agriculture here, and some of the farms will compare with the best in the state. The celebrated Webster Farm, through a portion of which the Northern railroad passes, is under high cultivation, and very productive.

"The principal village is situated near the confluence of the Pemigewasset and Winnipiseogee rivers, which, by their union, form the Merrimack. Its principal street is about one mile in length, running parallel with the Pemigewasset and Merrimack rivers, at a distance of from 30 to 80 rods from their channels. The water power in this town is abundant and valuable. On the Winnipiseogee are several mills and factories. The Franklin mills have recently commenced operations.

Felting, woollen under-shirts and drawers are extensively manufactured here. The factory building is a large and massive stone structure, four stories in height. Connected with this are some twelve or fifteen tenements for the operatives. The method of manufacturing such goods by machinery is comparatively a new enterprise, but promises well for those engaged in it. There is also a large paper manufactory, in which from 25 to 30 hands are employed. H. Aiken's machine shop, where are manufactured "Aiken's patent brad awls" and tools of various kinds, is in this town. There is also an iron foundry and a forge shop, where a large business is carried on.

"In the principal village are two meeting-houses, two hotels, seven stores, and an academy.

"The Northern railroad passes directly in the rear of the principal street; and the track being elevated considerably above a level with the tops of the houses, the traveller sees almost beneath his feet a beautiful village, teeming with life and activity; while still further eastward he beholds the noble river, whose power gives motion to the greatest number of spindles and looms of any stream in the world.

"The two religious societies here are the Congregational and the Christian Baptist.

"The cemetery, situated on a plain elevated considerably above the village, and some 100 rods easterly from it, is indeed a lovely spot. All is quiet around; and yet within its inclosure the visitor, with a single glance, may behold the distant and gradually rising hills towards the west, and the puffing locomotive with its almost endless train; while a short distance below is the union of the Pemigewasset and the Winnipiseogee, and before him the busy village; the whole scenery, with its variety and beauty, presenting a striking contrast to the stillness of the sacred grounds.

"Population, 1251; number of polls 282; value of lands, $291,560; inventory, $463,635; stock in trade, $16,200; money on deposit, $37,980; number of sheep, 1497; cattle, 909; horses, 170."

1880.

The town of Franklin has lately appropriated $300 for a town history. The work has been entrusted to competent gentlemen. The history of Salisbury is being prepared by Dr. J. J. Dearborn, and that of Sanbornton, by Rev. M. T. Runnals.

Let us now glance to the condition of Franklin as it appears January, 1880, and occasionally glance backward and mark its growth. The manufacturing establishments have been most conducive to its rapid increase, the churches follow and show the permanence of improvements. The selectmen of Franklin the present year are George B. Mathews, Frank H. Daniell, and Joseph L. Call. Parker C. Hancock is town clerk; Isaac N. Blodgett is treasurer, and Rufus E. Bean is collector. The valuation of the town is $1,600,000; the rate of taxation, $1.85 on $100. There are 950 ratable polls, and a population variously estimated at 3,400 to 3,600. Of the $26,525.74 raised by taxes in 1879, $7,474 was devoted to the town schools; $4,256 to the state tax; 4,795.74 to the county tax; $5,000 to town expenses; and $5,000 towards the town debt.

There are twelve school districts in town under the direction of a Board of Education, consisting of E. B. S. Sanborn, Esq., Wm. M. Barnard, Esq., and George B. Wheeler, A. M. District number ten includes the village of Franklin Falls, which prides itself on a school-house erected in 1875 at an expense of $32,000. The town high-school is located within this building and at present is under the guidance of Mr. Albert Stetson.

CHURCHES.

The village Congregational Church was organized June 11, 1822, with a membership of fourteen. The church edifice, in which the society still continues to worship, was erected in 1820,

by the contributions of citizens of the four adjacent towns, the lot being a gift from Ebenezer Eastman. The bell, still in use, was given by individuals, Richard Judkins being the only surviving contributor. A full list of the early pastors is wanting. Rev. Joseph Lane became acting pastor Nov. 16, 1828. Rev. Benjamin P. Stone was ordained the first pastor of the church and society, May 26, 1831. He was succeeded by Rev. D. D. Tappan and Rev. Samuel Nichols, acting pastors. Rev. Isaac Knight, its second pastor, was installed Sept. 27, 1837. Rev. William T. Savage, D. D., was installed Sept. 4, 1849, and remained pastor twenty-five years. The present pastor, Rev. Austin H. Burr, was installed Nov. 3, 1875. He was born in Charlestown, Ohio, June 18, 1849; graduated at Oberlin College, class of 1871, at Andover Divinity School in 1875, and received his first charge at Franklin. For many years the church received aid from the New Hampshire Missionary Society, but during Dr. Savage's ministry it became self-supporting. In 1834, through the agency of Rev. Benj. Woodbury, formerly of New London, a scholarship was founded at Oberlin College, Ohio. Parker Noyes, Esq., Dr. Jesse Merrill, and Deacon Dearborn Sanborn, all members of the church, were the principal contributors. During the same year, Sept. 6, Deacon Paul Noyes introduced a resolution, which was unanimously adopted, requiring a total abstinence pledge from all candidates for admission to membership; fermented wine has long been abolished from the communion table. A few years since the church edifice was extensively repaired, and in 1876 the old academy building and lot were secured for a vestry. The buildings are substantial and pleasing.

The Christian Baptist Church was organized about 1830. The church edifice is at Franklin village, and its tower contains the only town clock. The church has a membership of 235.

The First Baptist Church of Franklin Falls was organized in May, 1869, with a membership of thirteen. Rev. Benjamin Wheeler was settled and remained until March, 1872. The present pastor, Rev. Joseph F. Fielden, was ordained in July, 1872. He was born in Somersworth, October 23, 1844; graduated at Brown University, class of 1867; from Rochester Theological Seminary in 1872, and received his first charge in Franklin. The church has a membership of one hundred and ninety-four. The church edifice was built in 1869–70, by Walter Aiken, at an expense of $7500. It is of plain yet attractive architecture without, ornamented with a tower and bell (a gift from George E. Buell in 1877). The interior is finished in chestnut and walnut, frescoed, carpeted and supplied with a fine pipe organ. There are two vestries and a baptistery connected with the church.

The Free-will Baptist church was organized in 1870, with a membership of sixteen. Rev. James Rand was the first pastor. Rev. F. E. Davison was settled in 1874; Rev. J. Willis, in 1876; and Rev. E. H. Prescott, of New Hampton, the present pastor, in 1878. The church edifice was erected in 1871, at an expense of $6,000. It is in the Gothic style outside and within. The finish of the interior is of chestnut and walnut, with frescoed walls and carpeted floor; the whole very pleasing; the present membership is seventy.

The Methodist church was organized in 1871 by Rev. J. H. Haines. The church edifice was consecrated at that time. It is a plain, substantial building, with a pleasant audience-room and a large vestry. There are over one hundred members. Rev. J. L. Felt was stationed over the Franklin charge in 1879. He was born in Sullivan, and was admitted to the ministry in 1865, receiving his first charge in the New Hampshire conference in 1875.

About this time the Catholic church at Franklin was organized by Rev. Father Murphy of Laconia. Father Goodwin succeeded him, who was followed by Father Lambert in 1877. The church has a membership of about

300. A church edifice is being erected at an expense of $4.000.

The Unitarian church was organized in December, 1879. Services are held in a convenient hall. The pastor is Rev. J. B. Harrison, a native of Ohio, and forty-five years of age.

It will be noted that these five last mentioned churches are of recent organization. They are located at the "Falls," or on the east side of the river, and demonstrate the recent and rapid advance of that section of the town.

John Collins, nearly seventy years of age, was born, and has always lived in one neighborhood. He has successively been a resident of Northfield, Franklin, Northfield, and Franklin without changing his residence. In 1820 Mr. Collins thinks there were but three houses on the site of the Franklin Falls village.—one on the site of Chase's block, one where Dr. Brockway's house stands, and one now owned by A. W. Sulloway and known as the Elkins House. He has also pleasant reminiscences of Daniel Webster,

In fact the growth of Franklin Falls has been within the memory of many now in business. John G. Carlton, blacksmith, a native of Derry, settled at the Falls in 1841, at the age of twenty-five, and for over thirty-eight years has occupied the same shop and house, and has seen the village grow up around him and leave him near the business centre. He remembers the burning of the old granite mill, erected in 1822, about the year 1855. For forty-five years Mr. Carlton has been identified with the Congregational church.

The building of the Franklin mills gave a new impetus to this village in 1863. In 1865 Rowe's shop (Sawyer's) was the only store on the north side of Central street; on the south side were Deacon Page's house, Mr. Carlton's house and shop, Mr. Marsh's shop, the Sweat block, Dr. Brockway's house and shop, and Mr. Beckman's. All told there were only about twenty-five buildings on the present site of Franklin Falls, from Central street south to the Elkin's place. The section now covered by attractive homes was then a pasture.

The enterprise which did the most to bring about the development of business in the village was the erection of the Franklin Mills. This property is owned by a corporation, but its business may be classed under the head of

MANUFACTURING.

These mills are leased by M. T. Stevens of North Andover, Mass., and have been conducted by J. J. Wrisley for the past ten years. It has twelve sets of woollen machinery and produces ladies' dress goods, consuming 600,000 pounds of wool per year. The annual product is 1,500,000 yards, valued at $400,000. A Cole turbine wheel (seven feet) is used with a fall of twelve feet. There are 180 employes, with a pay-roll of $4,000 per month.

The WINNIPISEOGEE PAPER COMPANY was organized in 1868. This company and the firms which it succeeded have had such a history that it is reserved for some future chapter. Warren F. Daniell is the resident agent and a large stock owner. The company own two pulp-mills and two paper-mills, and manufacture seven to eight tons of pulp each day and from nine to ten tons of paper. The weekly pay-roll is $1,600, divided among 175 operatives. The annual products amount to over $350,000. B. B. Tobie is the clerk of the corporation.

WALTER AIKEN is the proprietor of a hosiery-mill, a machine shop, and a screw manufactory. Mr. Aiken invented a knitting machine so widely used throughout the United States, makes them himself and uses them in his factory. In the machine shop he employs 18 men; in the screw factory, 70 hands; and in the hosiery-mill 150, and many outside. The annual products of the latter amount to $250,000 a year. Mr. Aiken was among the first in the country to make knitting-machine needles.

ALVAH W. SULLOWAY, whose biography appeared in the first volume of the

GRANITE MONTHLY, is extensively engaged in the manufacture of hosiery at his mill on the lower privilege of the Winnipiseogee. He owns about sixty-horse power, employs about eighty hands in the mill and many families outside. He has four sets of woollen machinery, produces 250 dozen wool socks every day, aggregating $150,000 every year. The mill was built in 1864 and conducted by Sulloway and Daniell until 1869, when it passed into Mr. Sulloway's hands.

Jeremiah G. Clark and Irving W. Haynes (CLARKE and HAYNES) have been established as practical machinists in their present quarters close to Sanborn's bridge for thirteen years. They devote fifteen-horse power to the manufacture of pumps, paper machinery and general repairing, employing seven machinists.

Just across the bridge is the establishment of L. D. SLEEPER and COMPANY, where doors, sashes, blinds, window-frames, mouldings, brackets, stairs and stair-rails are manufactured. Sixty horse power is used, twenty men employed, and the annual products amount to about $24,000 a year. The firm also deal in lumber, nails, glass, putty, paints and oils.

There is also in this part of the town, known as the Franklin Falls village, a grist-mill, carriage shop, harness shop, blacksmith shop, and several minor manufactories.

The manufacturers of the Upper Village receive their motive power from the streams leading from Webster lake to the Pemigewasset river, known as Chance pond brook. At the head of the lake is the manufactory of N. WILTON & SON, where trusses, tree-pruners, and all kinds of crutches are made. Employment is given to six men, and the products aggregate $6000 annually. Mr. Wilton is a native of Boston, Mass., was formerly a resident of Groton, and has resided six years in Franklin.

HIRAM COLBY makes bricks in the vicinity.

JOSEPH BROWN, and DAVID E. BROWN, his nephew, are proprietors of the saw-mill on the upper privilege of Chance pond brook. The mill was built in 1865, on the site of Eastman's mill. Joseph Brown, a son of Ezekiel Brown, who run the old mill sixty years ago, was born in Andover, and has lived in town for thirty-five years. David E. Brown was born in Franklin in 1839. This saw-mill, the only one in the two villages, produces from 200,000 to 300,000 feet of boards annually, for local supply, besides shingles and laths.

ISAIAH JOHNSON and his son LENDALL N. JOHNSON, are proprietors of the old grist-mill. Mr. Johnson has resided in Franklin since 1848, coming from Limington, Maine. The mill has two run of stones, and manufactures for the local trade.

JAMES TAYLOR & SON conduct an iron foundry just below the saw-mill.

J. W. BYRON CLEMANT owns the wheelwright shop, further down, where all description of carriage work is produced. Mr. Clemant is a native of Sanbornton, and has resided in Franklin since 1839.

THOMAS MCCONNELL comes next. He is a tanner and manufactures lace-leather and belting; he employs ten men, uses fifteen horse-power, and tans from 5000 to 10,000 hides annually, aggregating in value from $20,000 to $30,000. Mr. McConnell, formerly of Boston, was established in Enfield as a tanner, from 1853 to 1865, since which time, after 1867, he has been in Franklin.

W. L. GILCHRIST'S carriage shop gives employment to thirteen men and turns out all kinds of light and heavy carriages, top and open buggies,—democrat wagons being a specialty. The most approved machinery is used, run by water power. The situation of this shop and the character of the work executed has commanded an extensive trade throughout northern and central New Hampshire. The oak, ash and basswood used in the construction of the carriages is the growth of the neighboring forests. William L. Gilchrist is the son of the late Hon. David Gilchrist, an old and highly respected citizen of Franklin, from 1846 until his

death, Nov. 26, 1879. Rufus I. Merrill, son of Rufus Merrill, formerly a bookseller in Concord, has been engaged as book-keeper and manager for the last three years.

ENOCH JACKMAN and FREDERICK FLANDERS have a knitting-machine factory on the lower privilege, use about four horse power, employ twenty hands and make 125,000 needles every month. They do a business of $1000 to $1500 a month,—their business rapidly increasing. Mr. Jackman is a resident of Concord. Mr. Flanders has been a resident of Franklin for 19 years.

BENJAMIN C. STEVENS, a machinist, manufactures power knitting-machines, mostly of his own design. As a mechanical engineer he perfects the ideas of other inventors. His shop is supplied with the very best tools and machinery and gives employment to four hands. Mr. Stevens devotes most of his time to improving knitting machinery and has the facilities for doing all first-class mechanical work entrusted to him. He is a native of Franklin and has been in business for eight years.

JONAS B. AIKEN is the manufacturer of conductor's punches. Mr. Aiken is the older brother of Walter Aiken, and the son of Herrick Aiken, who removed from Dracut, Mass., to Franklin in 1838, and until his death in November, 1866, was a prominent and influential citizen of the town. He was distinguished for his enterprise and inventive genius, his sons inheriting both these qualities. His widow, Mrs. Ann M. Aiken, resides near her son, Walter Aiken. Jonas B. Aiken is owner of a large share of the Franklin mills property and other corporations, and resides on the borders of Webster lake.

ANSON BUXTON, blacksmith, has a shop near Mr. Aiken's. He is the son of Mrs. C. Buxton, who resides on Pleasant street, in Concord.

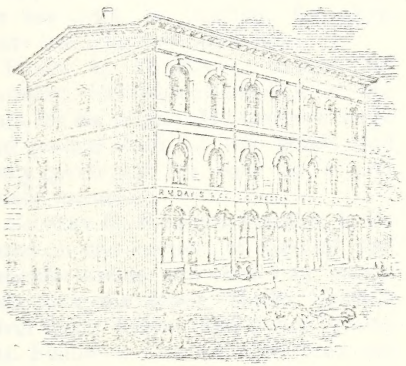
WILLIAM J. FORTIER, a native of Canada, is a manufacturer of wool and fur hats and caps, and a furrier by trade, having been established in business since 1850. Mr. Fortier is proud of his three year's war record in the 1st R. I. Cavalry and claims to be the "last man" who makes hats by hand in the old-fashioned way.

RICHARD KEMPLE and MURRAY SCHYNER are wool dyers.

The situation of Franklin is favorable to draw to its merchants a large amount of business from the surrounding country, while the many important industries in the village affords no inconsiderable trade.

THE GENERAL MERCANTILE BUSINESS of Franklin Falls is of recent growth, comparatively.

O. A. TOWNE, bookseller and stationer, in Ripley's block, has been established three years. Connected with his store is a printing office, where wood-pulp fans and lamp shades are prepared for the market.



BURLEIGH BLOCK.

RUFUS G. BURLEIGH and GORDON BURLEIGH (Burleigh Brothers) in Burleigh block, deal in hardware, groceries, boots and shoes and keep the general assortment of a country store. The firm has been established since 1865. The post-office is in their store and has been conducted by their brother, Walter Burleigh, since its establishment at Franklin Falls, September 1, 1874. This block was built by Rufus G. and Walter Burleigh in 1871, at an expense of $17,000, and is one of the finest buildings in the town. The Burleigh Brothers are sons of Henry Burleigh, an old resident of the town.

R. M. Davis and A. S. Ripley are clothing merchants, who carry a heavy stock of gentlemen's furnishing goods, and do a large amount of custom tailoring. They were the first in the field in their line at the Falls. The block which belongs to Mr. Ripley, was built in 1874, and rebuilt in 1878. Mr. Davis is a native of Andover, and has resided in Franklin since 1866. Mr. Ripley is a native of Windham, and came to Franklin in 1864.

Frank H. Chapman, druggist, is located in the same block. Mr. Chapman is a native of Lowell, Mass., and has had sixteen years experience in his business, the last five in Franklin. His store is one of the best in the line, north of Concord.

The Misses M. F. and J. L. Gilchrist, are located in Burleigh block and have a commodious store, devoted to millinery and fancy goods, Butterick patterns being a specialty. The ladies are the daughters of the late Frederick Gilchrist of Hancock, and have been established at the Falls for nearly ten years.

John W. Fawdrey, located in Sawyer's building, deals in toys, confectionery, fruits and cigars, the whole being termed the "variety store." Mr. Fawdrey has all the papers and periodicals for sale. He has been in business two years.

Frank H. Sanborn is located just north of Sanborn's bridge, and deals in groceries, crockery and glass ware. Mr. Sanborn succeeded to the business of his father, N. H. Sanborn, an old resident and merchant of the place, in 1878.

George W. Sawyer, also deals in groceries, crockery and flour, and has been in business for ten years in the village. Mr. Sawyer believes in extensive advertising, believes it the life of trade. He is a native of Andover. He has represented Franklin in the legislature. His store is in Sawyer's block.

George P. Gale, deals in groceries, crockery, flour and general produce, is a native of Salisbury, has resided in Franklin seven years—four years in business for himself. The telegraph office is in his store.

James H. Currier occupies the Sweatt and Chase stand, and deals in groceries, crockery, glass ware, flour and country produce. He makes a specialty of crockery, carrying a large stock and a great variety. Mr. Currier was formerly in the general mercantile business in Danbury. He has been in Franklin two years. Much of Mr. Currier's business is entrusted to a clerk, while he devotes his attention to real estate transactions, acting as agent in the sale or exchange of property.

Charles C. Paige keeps a store stocked with house furniture and undertaking goods. He is a native of Weare, was a soldier during the rebellion, and settled in Franklin in 1866, and has been in active business since.

Frank H. Marsh, a native of Fisherville, occupies the stand where his father, James Marsh, traded for over twenty years, until his death in 1877. He has been in business for eight years and sells boots and shoes.

Frank L. Morrison, formerly of Campton, has been established at the Falls for six years. He carries a large and general stock of dry goods and fancy goods and has built up a successful business.

Gilbert G. Fellows, jeweller, is located on the corner of Central and Franklin streets, and carries an extensive stock of watches, clocks, jewelry, silver ware, knives and fancy goods. Mr. Fellows is a native of the town and has been in business since 1870.

Fred H. Gerry, formerly of Manchester, is a dry goods merchant and has one of the largest, brightest and most attractive stores in the village. Mr. Gerry has been settled in Franklin for three years and has won a large trade.

John C. Neal, merchant tailor, deals in woolen goods, ready-made clothing, trimmings, furnishing-goods, hats, caps, furs, trunks and umbrellas. Mr. Neal was formerly of Boston, later of Canaan, and settled in Franklin in 1858. His son, John H. Neal, is associated with him as cutter.

Charles C. Kenrick, son of Stephen Kenrick, deals in ice, coal and lumber.

He has also a well appointed livery stable. He has been in business for eight years.

EDWARD A. BROCKWAY has a well appointed and well stocked drug store, with an assortment of heavy drugs, dyewoods, druggists' sundries, perfumes, toilet articles, paints, oils and window glass. He is the son of Dr. H. W. Brockway.

ASA MORRISON is located at Paper-Mill village. Mr. Morrison carries a large stock of groceries, boots, shoes and fancy goods. He is a native of Franklin, served in the Union army and has been established four years. His father was a prominent and honored citizen of Franklin for many years.

The above-mentioned business houses are on the east side of the river. At the old, or Upper Village, on the west side, there is not quite so much apparent activity in trade, but the firms have been established for many years.

The POST-OFFICE is conducted by Miss Eunice G. Colburn, who succeeded her father, James Colburn, in the office, upon his death in 1862. Mr. Colburn was a native of Hollis, born in 1786, and moved to Franklin in 1827, from Amherst, where he had been in trade for several years. For thirty-five years Mr. Colburn was a merchant of Franklin, widely known and highly respected.

SAMUEL H. CLAY, a native of Franklin, manufactures and deals in boots and shoes in Messer's block. He has been in business four years.

SUMNER MARVIN, a native of Walpole, has lived in Franklin six years, engaged in trade for half that time. Mr. Marvin occupies Heath's block, and deals in groceries and West India goods.

WILLIAM C. LITTLE, a native of Salisbury, and for many years a resident and trader in Newmarket, deals in boots and shoes in Pike's block. He has been four years in Franklin.

LEVI RICHARDSON, a native of Springfield, has resided in Franklin since 1860, engaged in trade all that time in his present stand. Mr. Richardson deals in hardware, dry goods, groceries and general merchandise, making a specialty of the former. He is a brother of the late Dr. M. C. Richardson, formerly of Hallowell, Maine.*

LORENZO D. DAVENPORT is a manufacturer and dealer in harnesses, trunks, bags, whips, bells, robes and blankets, in Pike's block. He is a native of Chelsea, Vt., and has resided in Franklin eighteen years.

EDWIN C. STONE, a native of Weathersfield, Vt., has resided in Franklin since 1843. For thirty-six years he has occupied his present store, having been associated with his father, Chester Stone, until his death, Jan. 27, 1872. Mr. Stone deals in general merchandise and furniture. The store was built in 1837 by Dudley Ladd, son-in-law of Ebenezer Eastman. Mr. Stone has served the county as deputy sheriff, and the United States, under John Kimball, as deputy collector, and the town as selectman for several years.

HOTELS.

The WEBSTER HOUSE, formerly the homestead of Ebenezer Eastman, has been conducted by O. B. Davis, since 1866. Mr. Davis is a native of Springfield, passed his youth at Andover, and has resided in Franklin twenty-nine years. He was formerly the proprietor of the Union House. The Webster House is an old and popular resort and its former reputation is fully sustained.

The WINNEPESAUKEE HOUSE on the east side was built in 1877. P. L. Kennedy is the present proprietor. The hotel is located near the business centre of the "Falls," and contains thirteen rooms; is heated by steam, and is a popular resort for the travelling public.

*The writer was the good doctor's patient through the trying diseases of his childhood, and remembers him distinctly, as one of the august visiting school committee. The doctor, who lived near the grammar school, would give the boys an invitation to carry in and pile up his wood. Forty or fifty busy hands would quickly dispose of a large lot. Then came the certain reward of a bushel of apples, which he would scatter in the crowd.

Mr. Kennedy, formerly of Plainfield, Conn., has lived in town twelve years.

The FRANKLIN HOUSE is in the Upper Village.

BANKS.

The FRANKLIN SAVINGS BANK was organized in 1869. Hon. Austin F. Pike was the first president. The present officers are: President, Hon. Geo. W. Nesmith; Treasurer, Alexis Proctor; Trustees, Hon. Daniel Barnard, Warren F. Daniell, John Taylor, Walter Aiken, Jonas B. Aiken, Stephen Kenrick, A. W. Sulloway, I. N. Blodgett, Milton Gerrish, H. A. Weymouth, J. H. Rowell. The deposits are $343,051.60; the guarantee fund $10,201.29; the surplus $11,000.

The FRANKLIN NATIONAL BANK was organized November 22, 1879, with a capital of $100,000. The officers are Alvah W. Sulloway, president; Frank Proctor, cashier; directors, A. W. Sulloway, Daniel Barnard, Warren F. Daniell, John Taylor, Walter Aiken, I. N. Blodgett and Geo. E. Shepard.

LAWYERS.

Some of the legal fraternity of Franklin are among the most distinguished lawyers of the state. Hon. George W. Nesmith has been mentioned. Hon. Austin F. Pike, born in Hebron, October 19, 1819, was educated at Holmes' Plymouth Academy and at Newbury, Vt., receiving instruction from Hon. George G. Fogg, read law with Judge Nesmith and was admitted to the bar July 13, 1845. Since that time he has resided and practiced in Franklin. He has represented Franklin five years in the legislature, in 1865 and 1866 being chosen Speaker of the House. He was State Senator two years and President of that body one term. Mr. Pike was a member of the 43d Congress, and has served his party for ten years as Chairman of the State Central Committee.

Hon. Daniel Barnard's biography is the first article in this number of the GRANITE MONTHLY.

Hon. Isaac N. Blodgett's biography is to be found in volume 2, page 293 of this magazine.

E. B. S. Sanborn, a native of Canterbury, was born August 11, 1833, fitted at Gilmanton Academy, graduated at Dartmouth College in 1855, read law with Messrs. Nesmith and Pike and was admitted to the bar in 1857. Mr. Sanborn commenced to practice with Hon. Mason W. Tappan and settled in Franklin in 1868, where he has since resided, representing the town several terms in the legislature. He is the only lawyer on the east side.

Robert W. Bennett, a native of Boston, Mass., was born June 3, 1846, read law with Hon. Daniel Barnard and John M. Shirley, was admitted to the bar in August, 1869, and has since practiced in Franklin.

Frank N. Parsons, son of Rev. B. F. Parsons of Webster, Mass., formerly of Dover and Nashua, fitted at Pinkerton Academy, Derry, graduated at Dartmouth College in 1874, read law with G. C. Bartlett, Esq., of Derry, and Hon. Daniel Barnard, was admitted to the bar in March, 1879, and has joined Hon. A. F. Pike in law business.

William M. Barnard, son of Hon. Daniel Barnard, was born January 10, 1856, graduated at Dartmouth College in 1876, was admitted to the bar in March, 1879, and is in partnership with his father.

The law students are William E. Rogers, Frank Proctor, Charles H. Kelly, Daniel W. Pike of Franklin, Cassius M. Clay of Andover, and J. Clement Story of Canaan.

DOCTORS.

The medical profession in Franklin is ably represented. Luther M. Knight, M. D., was born in Franconia, April 11, 1810, was educated at New Hampton Academy in 1829–1831; Hon. John Wentworth of Chicago, and Hon. Josiah Minot of Concord, were his fellow students; studied medicine with Dr. John C. Colby of Franconia, graduated at Dartmouth Medical College in 1834, and commenced to practice in Thornton in 1835. In June, 1845, he settled in Franklin. Dr.

Knight joined the N. H. Medical Society in 1839, the National Medical Association in 1857, and was president of the former society in 1878. In 1861 he was commissioned surgeon of the 5th New Hampshire regiment and was soon acting-surgeon of the 1st Brigade, 2d Army Corps. He was Chief Medical Officer, 1st Division, 2d Army Corps, being on the staff of Major-General Hancock. Dr. Knight served three years, resigning on surgeon's certificate of disability in 1863; was engaged in all the great battles with the Army of the Potomac, and as operating-surgeon exercised great influence. He was the trusted physician of Gens. Hancock and Howard. Dr. Knight has always enjoyed the confidence of his fellow citizens, has represented the town in the legislature, and through a long life has been identified actively with the Congregational church, with the temperance question and with the moral, mental, social and physical advancement of his fellows.

John H. Sanborn, M. D., son of Dr. John Sanborn of Meredith, was born Sept. 23, 1830, was educated at Gilmanton Academy, graduated at Berkshire Medical College in 1852, in class with Dr. Wheeler of Pittsfield. In 1862, Dr. Sanborn was commissioned assistant-surgeon of the 12th New Hampshire regiment, and served two years. He settled in Franklin in 1874.

H. W. Brockway, M. D., was born in St. Johnsbury, Vt., in 1814, graduated at Dartmouth Medical College in 1843, and settled in Franklin Falls in 1859. The Doctor has retired from active practice.

Warren W. Sleeper, M. D., born in New Hampton, January 22, 1828, was educated at New Hampton Institute, read medicine with Dr. Dryden Smith of Dover, and Dr. O. P. Warren of Pittsfield, graduated at Worcester Medical College in 1849, practiced at Meredith Bridge four years, in Salisbury twenty-two years, and settled in Franklin in 1875.

Dr. Austin Durkee was born in Williamstown, Vt., Feb. 16, 1806, studied with Dr. Clark, commenced to practice in 1832, settled in East Andover in 1846, and in Franklin in 1871.

William E. Keith, M. D., a native of Troy, Vt., was educated at Derby Academy, graduated at Cleveland Homœopathic Hospital Medical College in 1874, practiced in Cleveland, and settled in Franklin in 1876.

DENTISTS.

Dr. Albert A. Marden, born in Grafton, May 4, 1836, studied with Dr. T. J. Folsom of Salem, N. Y., and commenced to practice his profession as an itinerant in New Hampshire and Vermont. He settled in Franklin Falls in 1876.

Dr. George A. Grace, a native of New London, Conn., studied with Dr. Lewis Betts of New London, and Dr. W. H. Dalrymple of New York. In 1859 he settled in Meriden, Conn. Dr. Grace settled in Franklin, in Gerrish's block, in 1879.

NEWSPAPER.

The Merrimack Journal has a circulation of over one thousand and is published and edited by Geo. B. Wheeler, a native of Kennebunkport, Maine, a graduate of Bowdoin College, class of 1874, and a resident of Franklin since 1876.

PHOTOGRAPHER.

Frank J. Moulton is an artist in photography of sixteen years experience. He has galleries in Franklin and in Tilton, and has won a deserved reputation in his profession. He has been in the town for six years, coming from Ipswich, Mass.

MILITARY.

The Nesmith Rifle Guards, Company H., Third regiment, N. H. N. G., comprise 53 men, rank and file.

MUSICAL.

The old Franklin Cornet Band has eighteen musicians; Aiken's Band, sixteen; and Brodieur's French Band, twelve.

The Masons, Odd Fellows and Knights of Honor have flourishing organizations in the villages.

THE FIRE DEPARTMENT

consists of the "Stark No. 3," 40 men; "Franklin No. 1," 40 men; "Kenrick Hose Company," 13 men; and "Hook and Ladder Company," 20 men.

RAILROAD.

The Northern Railroad was opened to Franklin, December, 1846, to Lebanon in 1847, and to Bristol in 1848. John D. Kirk, a native of Bristol, has been station agent for twelve years. Henry T. Coombs, also from Bristol, but a native of Winchester, has been freight agent for two years.

OLD RESIDENTS.

Moses Titcomb was born Feb. 22d, 1800, graduated at Bowdoin College in the early part of the century, was for 30 years in one office in Washington, D. C., and now resides with his nephew, J. W. B. Clement. Hon. J. W. Simonds resides up the river road. Stephen Kenrick, well and widely known in New England financial circles, lives in the Upper Village. M. B. Goodwin, well known in literary circles, lives between the villages. Geo. B. Mathews, chairman of board of selectmen, has a farm of 160 acres, near the Webster place.

THE NEW HAMPSHIRE ORPHANS' HOME

is located on the Webster farm, a place of 183 acres, and cares for about 40 children. The farm is valued at $10,000, the buildings at $8000, personal property at $4000, with a fund of $10,000. Judge Nesmith is president of the corporation, Rev. D. A. Mack (Chaplain of the 3d Vermont regiment), financial agent, and Mrs. Mack, Matron. This is a private charity and has done and is doing a noble work. 400 children of 8 nationalities have been provided for. Some of the gifts to the institution are as follows: Deacon A. H. Dunlap, $100; E. G. K. Wallace, $100; E. V. R. Evans, $50; R. L. Shirley, $100; Ex-Gov. Fred Smyth, $50; N. White and family, $1000; H. H. Ladd, $500; Mrs. Farley, $500; Sylvester Marsh, $100; Lewis Neal, $1830—and more is needed.

FINIS.*

We leave the pleasant task of writing up Franklin, with regret. If there are important omissions they will be remedied in the town history, soon to be published. We hope for the town as bright a future as its present promises.

*Information in regard to the early settlers of Franklin, was given to the writer by Hon. Geo. W. Nesmith, LL. D.

CONCORD AS IT WAS.

BY COL. WM. KENT.

The account of Concord, in 1879, as furnished in part, has excited in many minds a desire to know Concord as it was in former generations. As the oldest native born man in Concord, I will give to your readers a few reminiscences. My first impression of the town was when a boy I was taken with all the children to march in procession with the inhabitants, few in number, to the only meeting-house in town, to attend the funeral services on the death of Washington, Feb. 22, 1800, an occasion which can never be effaced from my memory. The solemnity of the occasion, the deep

mourning dress of the pulpit and galleries, in connection with the sad countenances of the people, are vivid in my memory to this day. Concord at that time, and for many years after, had a population of about 2,000, with the same territorial limits as at present. In the precinct, in what may be called the city proper, there was only one street, now called Main street, and then only *the* street. The principal avenue to the street was then called Milk Road (now called Pleasant street). It led to the grist-mill belonging to the late Jacob Carter, father of our esteemed citizen Jacob Carter, Esq., and at the present time owned and occupied by St. Paul's School. This road, or Pleasant street, had only ten buildings as far as the top of the hill opposite the Asylum. On the north, beginning at the corner of the street now called Green street, and as far north as Centre street, was a swamp with a brook leading to the river, and a dense growth of trees or shrubbery to the top of the hill, the section now occupied by our most valuable residences. About the year 1815, Judge Green built the house now occupied as the Asylum for the Aged, on about 65 acres of the land connected therewith before described. As evidence of the great increased value, the house and land belonging were sold for $5,000.

On the south of Pleasant street, extending to Bow line, the land was occupied for cultivation and pasture, with the exception of a few scattered house-lots, not exceeding twenty in all.

Main street at that time, according to my recollection, from the south end to the north, had five public houses; one of which, called the Butters Tavern is now the only one standing; six stores, and the whole number of dwellings did not exceed 75. The first and only brick building in Concord was erected in 1806, and is now occupied by the First National Bank. At that time there was no public conveyance in any direction. This fact I can fully realize, as I was a student at Atkinson Academy, and the only means of coming home at vacation was by the post-rider, who carried the mail once a week on horseback from Haverhill, N. H., to Haverhill, Mass., who led my horse by his side for me to ride. The post-office was kept by David George, in a small 6 by 8 room in his hatter's shop. The whole contents of a mail for Concord might not have required more than a good sized hat. Correspondence was rare, and mostly of imperative necessity, on account of the expense of postage. Letters directed the shortest distance took ten cents for postage, and the expense proportionally increased with the distance — love letters were few and far between. The only meeting-house in town was the Old North, standing on the spot now occupied by the new brick school-house, and it continued to be so until the year 1826, when the First Baptist church was dedicated; and in 1829 the Unitarian. The churches have continued increasing with the increase of population, now numbering in all the city, fifteen.

I have, at your request, given you all that occurs to me in relation to Concord as it was,—the generation long since passed away, and I only escaped to tell,—dear to me in my recollection of the past, and equally so in the present.

THE SHAKERS.

Although the Shakers have existed as a society for one hundred years and comprise seventeen communities in nearly half as many states, yet beyond the immediate neighborhood of these several communities, little is known of them except as the source of brooms, apple sauce, garden seeds and choice medicinal roots and herbs. The Shakers are conspicuous as being the largest and most successful communistic society in the world, and are attracting considerable attention just now by reason of the agitation of communism and socialism, and also the new departure of the Oneida community. They have exhibited to the world a successful community of interests, blessed with contentment and plenty and hallowed by implicit confidence in the mercy and goodness of God.

Shaker history begins about the year 1747, and bears on its pages the marks of cruel persecution; for within the walls of a prison, as have many others, the principles of this society took root and bore fruit. Under the leadership of James and Jane Wardley, a few members of the Society of Quakers, united in a distinct society near Manchester, England. In 1758 Ann Lee, the wife of a blacksmith, with her parents joined them, all suffering great persecution on account of their peculiar faith. It is to the courage and devotion of this remarkable woman that the society owes much of its success. It was while languishing in prison that she received by "special manifestations of divine light" the plan of salvation and eternal life which forms the basis of the Shaker belief of today. Acknowledged as "Mother in Christ," she still bears among the sect the grateful title of "Mother." To her was shown in visions, the fall of man in Eden, through listening to his evil passions and the mode of redemption through chastity and self-denial, and this was made the corner-stone of her religious structure.

Driven from England by continued persecution, Ann Lee with eight of her devoted adherents, six men and two women, including her husband, brother and a niece, embarked at Liverpool, 1774, for New York in search of a home for the new church. After encountering many privations and hardships, this little band established a home in the wilderness about seven miles north-west from Albany, at Watervliet near Niskeyuna, clearing the ground themselves, and providing for their sustenance. This was in 1775 and though they hoped for an early accession to their numbers, none came to join them and it was not until 1780, that their doctrines, as preached by Ann Lee, excited the attention of any that were inclined to receive them. A revival among the Baptists of that year drew quite a number towards the little community, who embraced their doctrines, and thus commenced the growth of the Sect, Ann Lee continuing to be a leading spirit of the cause until worn out by incessant labors, this remarkable woman at the age of forty-eight, ended at Watervliet, 1784, a life marked by many struggles with poverty, persecution and hardship in triumphant devotion to the principles of her belief, which she lived to see firmly established among numerous followers. Thus was the beginning of the Shaker organization which marks an epoch in history, as being the first successful community of individuals.

The growth of the Sect is from the outside of its limits, and those tired of the world and sin and willing to surrender both, agreeably to the society's rules, may become members. If they are married, their partners' consent to their joining must be obtained, their

debts must be paid, and their children provided for, either within or without the society. On joining, they dedicate themselves and all they have to the society and to God; but if they choose to withdraw they can do so at any time, taking all with them that they brought, if their membership is of less than five years duration. If five or more years, then they relinquish, by previous agreement, all right to what they contributed, though none are sent away empty handed. All property is held in community and all returns go for the general good. The cardinal principles of the Sect, as promulgated by Mother Ann, govern their actions today. Chastity, honesty, industry, frugality, charity, temperance and order are taught and lived with rigid exactness—enjoined but not enforced—and made easy by habit. The Shakers are not ascetics, though peculiar. They do not ask the world to conform to their usages nor proscribe others for nonconformity to their customs. Though celibates, they do not condemn those that marry, regarding marriage as an ordinance of God, but deplore its corruption through the influence of sin. They do not shut themselves from the world, but mingle with it and trade with it and benefit it as far as they may by their contributions to its comforts and necessities. They are cheerful and hearty in their dealings, clear sighted and shrewd in matters of business, scrupulously honest, and hold sacred the obligations of their word.

Their communities are visited every year by curiosity seekers, or those who, already knowing them, wish to live for a term within the atmosphere of their virtues. Their order, industry, sincerity and kindness win all to them, and mostly those who come among them, disposed to scoff, observe with respect and leave with an exalted opinion of their worth. Order is with them the prevailing law and everything at home or abroad is governed by it. The handmaid of order is neatness, and a grain of dust in a Shaker home is a profanation. Everybody works, male and female, whether upon the farm, in domestic pursuits inside the home, gathering herbs and seeds, making apple sauce, medicines or notions, educating the young, and whatever there is to do it is done with regularity and system. Pleasant and cheerful intercourse prevails, music lends its charm, intellectual exercise is indulged, and all enjoyed with a delight unmixed with frivolity and with warmth unimpaired by worldly satiety.

"The United Society of Believers" was formed two years after the death of Mother Ann Lee, and its simple creed governs the societies today: 1st, a virgin life; 2d, separation from the world; 3d, confession and repentance of sin; 4th, united inheritance; 5th, chastity of body; 6th, purity of spirit. Under this creed it becomes the duty of every accepted member "to study, carefully and dilligently, to speak peace, to eschew bad habits, and to walk circumspectly before God and man." Could anything be more comprehensive than this?

Through their spiritual singleness, their frugal manner of living, and the few objects which engross their minds, they are more devoted to the callings which they follow, and therefore it may be that their productions have an intrinsic worth which makes them more desirable.

Some of the most useful inventions of the day are claimed by the Shakers, among which are the improved Shaker washing-machine, now so generally used in the large institutions of the country; the Babbitt metal, invented by Daniel N. Baird (Webster in his dictionary being incorrect), also inventor of the first rotary harrow; the board-matcher, by Henry Bennett and Amos Bishop, and the circular saw invented at the same society, and still to be seen at the State Geological Department at Albany. The corn broom is a Shaker invention, and for many years was manufactured exclusively by them. The Society at Watervliet, N. Y., claims to have originated cut nails, and exhibit some of the machinery first employed by them for that purpose, and many more equally useful

inventions by this truly inventive people. Shaker garden seeds attest the care and improvement in culture, due to an intimate knowledge of the wants of vegetable life, while their apple-sauce and preserves are household words, which involuntary cause the mouth to water and the mind to teem with recollections of surreptitious feeds of jam in childhood's hungry days. Indeed, so well established is their reputation, and so popular have their products become, that other producers and manufacturers have not scrupled to use their name, and to such an extent has this counterfeiting been carried on that very little of the so called Shaker manufacturers ever saw a Shaker.

But if one branch of a number of industries can be selected for particular commendation, that relating to the growth and care of medicinal herbs, roots, and barks, entitle the Shakers to universal praise and gratitude. Intimately acquainted with the precious properties of herbs and plants, they have been accustomed to find in them a balm for every wound. What the Indian has been supposed to be, the Shaker has been in reality—the custodian of nature's secrets, and to him, more than to the medical profession, is due the knowledge and prestige attained by most of our indigenious herbs, roots, and barks. Under those peculiarly fitted to be instructors, and later under Dr. Thomas Corbett, a member of the Society at Canterbury, New Hampshire, the preparation of medicine for general use by the public has been carried to the highest state of perfection. In fact for fifty years Dr. Corbett's Shaker's sarsaparilla, which is freely stated by the Society to be a combination of the roots of sarsaparilla, dandelion, yellow-dock, mandrake, black cohosh, garget, Indian hemp, and the berries of juniper and cubeb united with iodide of potassium, made by themselves, has been and is the standard remedy with physicians, druggists, and the public, for impurities of the blood, general and nervous debility, and wasting diseases.

It is due to the memory of Dr. Corbett that his great work in the preparation of medicine, and particularly of the first to bear the name of sarsaparilla, long since a household word, should not suffer through the failure to relieve and cure of other remedies which have been called sarsaparilla, but which bear no relation in medicinal value and power to this the first as well as best of its kind, a view fully concurred in by the late Drs. Valentine Mott and Dixi Crosby.

The Shakers in the inception, growth, and triumph of their societies by the force of example illustrate anew for the rising generation the power of well directed industry and frugality, coupled with unity and sincerity; and existing in many parts of the United States we have these thoroughly respected communities, who, while shunning publicity, accord to every man his due, eschew strife, clothe the naked, feed the hungry, heal the sick, and extend to those tired of an existence of selfishness and sin the privilege of enjoying amidst content and plenty, a well spent life, free from the cares and exactions of the world, and happy in the possession of a clear conscience and the approval of God.

NOTICES.

TO THE PATRONS OF THE GRANITE MONTHLY.

The undersigned has sold his interest in the GRANITE MONTHLY to John N. McClintock, of Concord, by whom its publication will be continued. Thankful for the encouragement given the enterprise while under my management by those interested in the history, progress, and prosperity of our dear old State, I sincerely hope and trust that the same will be accorded, in more abundant measure, under its new management.

H. H. METCALF.

Union Office, Manchester, N. H., Dec. 22, 1879.

CORRECTIONS.

On page 364 of Vol. II of the GRANITE MONTHLY, the words "who at that time invaded our western frontier under Butler and Brandt, and committed the massacre of Wyoming," should be omitted. This correction was designed to be made in the first number of the present volume, but was laid aside and overlooked.

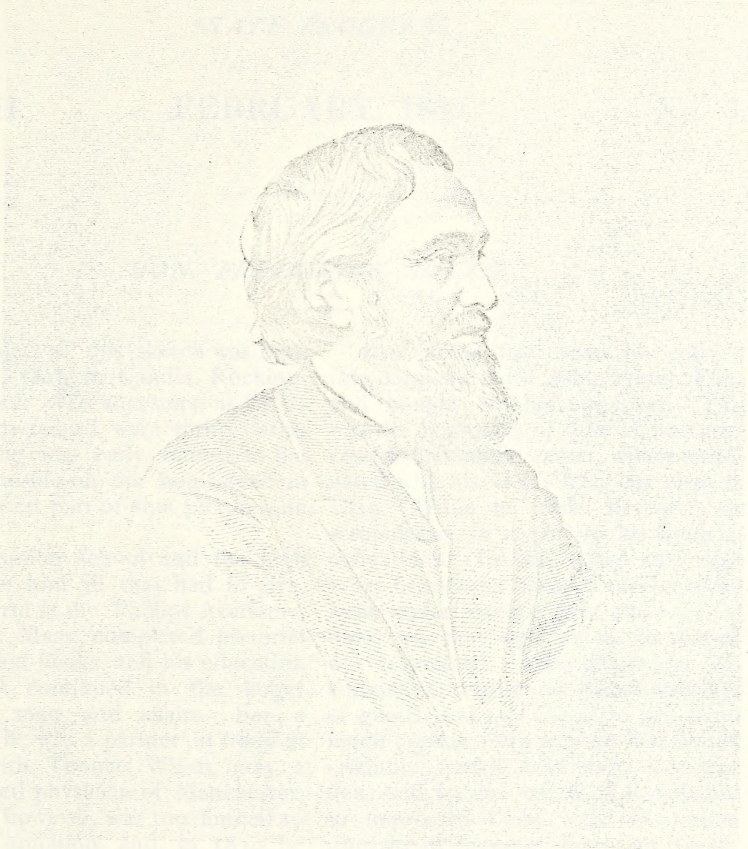
Page 124. "Prof. A. M. Swift" should read "Augustus M. Swift, A. M."

LITERARY NOTICE.

THE DARTMOUTH COLLEGE CAUSES.

By John M. Shirley; published by G. I. Jones & Co., of St. Louis; for sale by J. B. Sanborn, Concord. Price $2.50.

Probably no legal contest has attracted more attention since the formation of our government, than the suits growing out of the Dartmouth controversies, not only on account of the fame and strength of those participating, but for reason of the settlement of great questions of law. John M. Shirley, of Andover, has devoted years to the preparation of a volume, recounting all the points at issue, narrating all the circumstances, and containing a vivid description of the persons and events having prominence at that time. Daniel Webster is presented in his vigorous young manhood, in the case where he laid the foundation to his national fame. Jeremiah Mason, William Plumer, Thomas W. Thompson, Ichabod Bartlett, Samuel Bell, Francis Brown, Timothy Farrar, Gov. Gilman, Asa McFarland, Nathaniel Niles, Miles Olcott, Theophilus Parsons, Levi Woodbury, Dr. Whipple, after the lapse of two thirds of a century are again given life. They act and speak and think as in days of old. They delineate each other's characters, give each other's motives, converse in fragments of letters and act over the drama, led by the hand of an artist who has studied out their very thoughts. To a legal mind every word must be of interest. To those interested in the history of New Hampshire one of the ablest essays on a most important epoch of its history is presented. To the student a good study of pure English writing is offered and to the general reader a book as interesting as a novel by a master.



Frederick Smyth

GOVERNOR OF NEW HAMPSHIRE 1863-65

—THE—

GRANITE MONTHLY.

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE, HISTORY, AND STATE PROGRESS.

VOL. III. FEBRUARY, 1880. NO. 5.

HON. FREDERICK SMYTH.

The subject of this sketch was born March 9th, 1819, in Candia, Rockingham county. His ancestors, as far as we have any record, were thrifty farmers, and he was early inured to the toils of farm-life on the homestead in the north-west part of that picturesque town.

The common school and the high school gave him all they had to give, a single term at the Phillips Academy, in Andover, Mass., completed his brief study of text-books, and his education thenceforth continued in the larger school of men and affairs. For a short time he was a partner in trade at Candia, with Thomas Wheat, now a distinguished physician of Manchester. The field, however, was too limited to satisfy his ambition, and, in 1839, he sought and found employment in the establishment of George Porter, Esq., who did a large business in the sale of general merchandise, in Manchester. During the days of his clerkship he was librarian of a reading club, of which Samuel D. Bell, John A Burnham, John Porter, and others, were members, when the North American Review, the Southern Literary Messenger, the Knickerbocker Magazine, &c., were placed within his reach. This appears to have been the germ of the Manchester Atheneum.

After about two years he entered into company with John Porter, Esq., and bought out his employer. This was the beginning of a brief but successful mercantile career, which terminated with his election as city clerk in 1849. While in trade he was very scrupulous in regard to his financial obligations. In the panic of 1847 every firm doing business on the street went under except two, and one of those was that with which Mr. Smyth was connected. Like others, he was compelled to trust out large quantities of goods, and was unable to command much capital. He went to his Boston creditors, frankly told them his situation, said he did not want to fail, and so impressed them with his evident sincerity of purpose, that they promised him all the goods and time he wanted. The event justified their confidence, and today no man who knows him, needs to be told that his word is as good as his bond.

He was elected city clerk by the usual party majority, and did his work so acceptably that he was re-elected by a city council, two thirds of whose members were politically opposed to him. The American and Messenger of that date, said: "This is a compliment to Mr. Smyth, which has been well merited by his faithfulness and

courtesy during the last year." His manifest efficiency in city affairs, and the thoroughness with which he mastered every detail, suggested his fitness for mayor, and he was accordingly nominated and elected to that office in March, 1852. He was re-elected for two successive years thereafter, and again at a time of peculiar importance in municipal affairs in 1864. A distinguishing mark of his first year's administration will ever remain in the trees which adorn our parks and streets. He advocated an act of the city council, which passed in spite of considerable opposition, authorizing trees to be set on all the public streets, parks and lands, and every year since, with but few exceptions, he has personally inspected the trees, and notified the proper authorities when any of them needed replacing. With this good work some, but not all his successors in office, have sympathized. In July and in October of Mayor Smyth's first year, the Whig party lost its two great leaders,—Henry Clay and Daniel Webster,—and the attention of the citizens was called to some fitting expression of feeling in both cases by a brief message from the mayor. His first election was by Whig votes over the opposition of Democrats and Free-soilers; his second, by Whig and Free-soil votes, and an increased majority; his third with very little opposition, and his fourth with virtually none at all. During his second year the Amoskeag Falls bridge was re-built, and parts of Goffstown and Bedford were annexed to the city. The most honorable monument, however, which will stand to his name, is the part he took in the foundation of a free public library. In the first instance, the conception belongs to the late Hon. Samuel D. Bell, but it is very doubtful if that idea would ever have been realized without the active and persistent efforts of the mayor. The city government of that day was composed of men mostly practical in their ideas, with but little faith in the value or necessity of literary culture. Working men were opposed to all needless expenditures in city affairs, and it required tact and wise handling to get a measure which called for an annual expenditure of two thousand dollars, with a certainty of future increase, framed into a law, and it was largely due to the confidence they had in their chief executive officer, that they supported the measure. When Mayor Smyth was about retiring, as he supposed finally, at the end of his third year, the following resolution, offered by the Hon. S. D. Bell, March 7th, 1854, was unanimously voted:

"*Resolved*, That the thanks of the trustees of the city library be presented to the Hon. Frederick Smyth for the early, decided and successful exertions made by him as chief magistrate of the city, for the establishment of a free public library."

In 1855 he was appointed by Gov. Metcalf and council, chairman of commissioners to locate and build a House of Reformation for juvenile offenders,—the late ex-Gov. Harvey, of the U. S. Circuit Court, and the late Hon. Hosea Eaton, being his associates. The signal success of this institution is well known to every intelligent citizen, but many have doubtless forgotten the storm of partisan obloquy through which it was piloted to popular favor. From the first Mr. Smyth thoroughly believed in it, and in his remarks at the dedication, in 1858, he said:

"This institution today dedicated, supplies a need of the state, that incipient crime may not become confirmed wickedness; that the jail and the prison may not forever harden and fix what they were designed to prevent." The importance of this occasion can hardly be over-estimated, if we look at the sad proportion of young persons on the criminal list in our own and other states. If we investigate the results of means which it is now proposed to use, that society may be saved from the curse of their vicious lives, and themselves from the greater curse of mental and moral destruction, we shall find that the cost in dollars and cents dwindles in comparison

into utter insignificance. He was able, also, to announce that "the building had been completed within the amount appropriated, that no contractor had failed to perform his work, that not one cent of the amount had been expended except through legitimate channels, and for duly authorized purposes." Gov. Haile, in the course of his reply, complimented the commission upon the fidelity with which their work was done.

In the years 1857-8, Mr. Smyth was a member of the House of Representatives in the state legislature, and was also made treasurer of the Reform school, in the good management of which he took great interest. His executive ability and reputation as a good financier caused him to be selected as the treasurer of the N. H. Agricultural Society, and the ten years during which he held that place were years of the societies greatest usefulness. He was also a director in the United States Agricultural Society, and manager of the three great fairs held at Richmond, Chicago and St. Louis, by the National Association, and also vice-president of the American Pomological Society, which, under the lead of the venerable Marshal P. Wilder, has done so much to improve American fruits.

Meantime men were not wanting who believed in our mayor's fitness for the highest office in the state, and in the convention which nominated Ichabod Goodwin, in 1859, he stood fourth on the list of candidates. In 1860 he was president of the State Republican Convention, and was soon after appointed by secretary Chase, one of the agents to obtain subscriptions to the national loan. In 1861 he was appointed as one of the agents on the part of the United States to the International Exhibition, at London, where Her Majesty's commissioners made him a juror; by the jury he was made reporter, a position which gave him some advantages not easily obtained in knowledge of the exhibition. He wrote some private letters home, and his impressions of matters and things abroad were published in the N. H. Journal of Agriculture, then under the editorial management of the writer of this sketch.

It was war-time, as we all know, and he wrote, "In regard to American affairs, I do not think there is a particle of danger of any interference from England, or has ever been; most people sympathize with Americans and the north, when they understand the issue." It was found on Mr. Smyth's arrival that only three of our commissioners were present, and nothing had been done to place our department in readiness. Patriotic resident Americans contributed about $3,000, and work began in earnest. Very much of the favorable exhibit we made on that occasion is fairly due to a few men who, with Mr. Smyth, did double duty. His position as juror enabled him to do much toward securing a recognition of the merits of goods exhibited by the Langdon mills, and by the Manchester print works, both of which took a medal. He was also by virtue of his place admitted to many social entertainments, one of the most interesting of which was that given by Lord and Lady Salisbury, at Hatfields, where he met Gladstone and Disreali, then as now rival chiefs, and the two foremost men of England.

In company with C. L. Flint, Esq., secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Agriculture, he visited France, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy, and managed to compass a great deal of sight-seeing into a brief space of time. While at Rome, tidings from home were far from assuring, and Mr. Smyth deemed it his duty not to prolong his tour. He landed at New York in September, when matters had already begun to take on a more favorable look for the Union. He was then, as he is now, cashier and principal financial manager of the Merrimack River Bank, and also of the Merrimack River Savings Bank. His faith in the government led him to invest largely in bonds and to accept the charter for the bank of discount, which thenceforth became the First National

Bank of Manchester. At that time few monied men or banks in town cared to follow his example, but the event justified his sagacity. Mr. Smyth's course in finance has been strictly conservative, he has never dabbled in fancy stocks or in merely speculative matters for himself or for his bank, and the reputation thus acquired enabled him, as will be seen, to lift the state from a condition in which it was compelled to pay exorbitant interest to one not inferior to that of any in the Union.

In May, 1863, a fair was held at Manchester, in aid of the sanitary commission. Mr. Smyth was chairman of the committee, and gave the use of his hall and his zealous personal efforts to promote its success The sum raised was about $4,000. In the years that followed, he did his best to keep up the spirit and courage of the people. With others, he went down to the battle-field of Gettysburg, and labored among wounded and dying soldiers, and, in consequence of exposure at the time, was confined to a sick room all the ensuing fall. In May of the next year, however, he again went to the front, and after the battle of the Wilderness, rendered efficient aid as before. He has since received many testimonials of gratitude from men who owed, under God, their lives to him on that occasion.

In this year (1863), he was again elected mayor of Manchester, under what circumstances and to what end, let another say. The Daily Mirror and American of Nov. 28, 1864, in its leading editorial, said:

"A year ago this month the governor and council of New Hampshire wisely recommended the towns and cities of this state to cash the government bounty of $302.00, payable in installments, and fill up their quotas. The advice was taken. It took between three and four millions of dollars of ready money to carry out the idea. It drained every bank, and made, for the time being, the best securities seem of no account in raising money. Manchester was in trouble; she needed more funds than could be had, and with all her wealth, seemed like a beggar. * * * In this critical condition of financial affairs, the question of mayor of this city came up. The field was canvassed again and again, and each time the report would be 'Hon. Frederick Smyth is the man, but he won't take it.' It was a necessity that the chief executive of the city should have the confidence of business men and be familiar with financial matters. Finally the pressure was so great that some of our leading citizens went to him and convinced him that it was his duty to accept of the onerous position one year. He reluctantly assented, with a distinct understanding that he should not again be called upon for that place. Some ten years ago he was three times elected to fill the office of mayor, each year with increased majorities, and time had shown that his municipal record grew higher and brighter as new opportunities to judge of its merits presented themselves, and a year ago he was elected for a fourth term without show of opposition, an event unprecedented in our municipal history, or in that of any city in the state. It was a wise choice. From the moment he took the mayor's chair, harmony prevailed in every department of the city government. He is a peace-maker. He believes that a 'house divided against itself cannot stand,' and has the power of discerning almost intuitively the average sense of mankind, what is generally called common sense, and hence is a natural leader of the people."

Such was the opinion and the feeling concerning Mayor Smyth at home, where he was best known. But this feeling, also, had obtained to a considerable extent throughout the state, and his friends had for some time determined to present his name as a candidate for the highest office in their immediate gift. In the Republican convention, therefore, of January, 1865, he received two thirds of an informal ballot, which was then made unanimous by acclamation. He was

elected by a majority of over 6,000, the largest majority given to any governor for twenty-four years. He entered upon no easy task. The state was beginning to feel severely the stress of the time. Gradually a great debt had accumulated, regiment after regiment had been promptly equipped and sent into the field, the banks had advanced money quite to the extent of their courage, and nearly to that of their ability. In the open market we met the gold bonds of the government, free from taxes, the same trouble pulsed through all the arteries of the body politic, and the people of a state, always careful and conservative in all its expenditures, beheld with something like dismay, this mountain of obligation, swollen into millions. It was almost impossible to get money for current expenses. A previous legislature had authorized the issue of three and one half millions of 6 per cent. state bonds, payable in currency; only $424,000 had been taken. Governor Smyth, in his first message, recommended the issue of bonds better calculated to meet the exigencies of the case, and that current expenses be provided for by taxation. As a matter of interest to capitalists, he took care to set forth the resources of the state, its prudent habit in expenditures, and the hostility to repudiation in every form, which our people had inherited from a frugal, patriotic and God-fearing ancestry. "We must," he said, "now observe the most rigid economy in expenditure, and bring the expenses to a peace basis as soon as possible. Our people are naturally economical, and hold sacred all pecuniary obligations." He compared, in a very effective manner, the agricultural products of a state which had hitherto borne the reputation of producing only men, with those of some of the more fertile members of the Union, to our decided advantage. He called to mind the unrivalled water-power with its present and prospective improvement, and urged that attention to the latent wealth of the state which due regard to our prosperity demanded.

Besides these matters which had to do with the immediate restoration of state credit, he took advanced republican ground in regard to our obligations to the freedmen and to the maintenance of the authority of the national government. He indicated in a few words the fact that our indebtedness had its full compensation.

"From the outbreak of the rebellion, New Hampshire has stood firmly by the flag; and knowing what we do today of the scope and aim of the great conspiracy and of the infamous means which brought about its inception and urged on its progress, can any one regret that the state was so far true to her honored name and her noble memories, as to offer without stint of her name and means for the re-establishment of national authority?"

In the first three months of his administration he raised over one million of dollars on favorable terms, a large amount of which was obtained in Manchester. From that time forward the financial affairs of the state received the most scrupulous attention. In the haste and waste of war, unavoidable confusion at times arose in accounts between the several states and the general government, and it was not only then impossible to pay our debts, but equally so to get our dues. Governor Smyth's large acquaintance with men gave him influence at head-quarters, and he suffered no opportunity to pass to advocate the claims of his state. As will appear from the following extract from the Providence Journal, all states had not been so fortunate:

"At the close of the war he (Governor Smyth) found the suspended and disallowed accounts of the state against the general government of over one million of dollars. These disallowances and suspensions were mainly in the expenditures growing out of earlier military operations previous to his accession to office. Gov. Smyth did not busy himself to fix charges of petty larceny against one officer, or of

wholesale robbery against others. He did not assume that every man who was charged with fitting out the first regiment sent from the state had stolen all that he could n't duplicate vouchers for on official paper. On the contrary, he urged upon the accounting officers, at Washington, the impetuous zeal with which the state had responded to the call of the government, he represented the impossibility of complete exactness in the accounts. Under such circumstances he exerted himself to obtain vouchers where his predecessor had omitted to secure them, and to explain their absence when they could not be procured. * * * In this way he saved hundreds of thousands of dollars to the treasury of the state, and put no stain on its fair fame."

Among other things relating to the prosperity of the state, the governor took up and advocated with zeal the restoration of the fisheries. He quoted the opinion of Agassiz and others, that our waters could be re-stocked at no great expense. In his second annual message he was able to state that the legislature of Massachusetts had been induced to move in the matter. On our own part it was provided by law of June, 1865, that no dam or wier should be erected on the Connecticut or Merrimack rivers, or upon the Pemigewasset, Ammonoosuc, Winnipiseogee or Baker's rivers, without suitable fishways below the boundaries of the state. In the following October the governor announced, by proclamation, that the law, by its terms, was to be enforced. The attorneys of the several corporations concerned, however, on one pretext or another, managed to delay the consummation of this useful act until a very recent period.

This first year of Gov. Smyth's administration was a busy one. Our soldiers were returning from the war; it was the governor's pride to receive them with something of the enthusiasm and warmth which he felt was their due. He urged that state aid should be extended to sick or disabled soldiers, and on this ground protested against the removal of the "Webster Hospital," then maintained by the general government, at Manchester. Something of this effective service in behalf of the volunteers, no doubt pointed him out as one peculiarly fitted to serve on the board of managers of the National Home for disabled volunteer soldiers, the establishment of which, on so grand a scale, rendered state aid unnecessary. To this important place he was appointed by vote of Congress, in 1866. His associates at this time (Jan. 1880) are the President, Chief Justice, and Secretary of War, ex officio; Maj.-Gen. B. F. Butler; Maj.-Gen. Jno. H. Martindale, Rochester, N. Y.; Hon. Louis B. Gunckel, Dayton, Ohio; Gen. Thos. O. Osborn, Chicago, Ill.; Hon. Hugh L. Bond, Baltimore, Md.; Dr. Erastus B. Wolcott, Milwaukee, Wis.; Maj.-Gen. John S. Cavender, St. Louis, Mo.; Maj.-Gen. James S. Negley, Pittsburg, Penn. Gov. Smyth is one of the Vice-Presidents of the board as now organized. He was re-appointed in 1872 for a second term of six years. Acting on his often expressed idea that no man ought to take an office of the kind unless he was willing to devote to the discharge of his duties all the time and effort required, he has been a very efficient manager, travelling many hundred miles annually on visits of inspection at Dayton, Milwaukee, Hampton and Augusta, and to be present at meetings of the board in Washington, besides giving his personal attention to the admission of soldiers to the Eastern Branch, all this without other compensation than that which arises from a consciousness of duty done. It will not be out of place to quote here from an address of Gov. Smyth, at the Dayton Home, in 1868, which shows somewhat of the spirit he brings to the discharge of his duties. It was on the occasion of laying the corner-stone of the Veteran Soldiers' chapel:

"This little church which we quarry from this beautiful stone, and begin to build here today, is a token of allegi-

ance, a signet of loyalty, both to the rightful authorities of the land and to the Supreme Ruler over all. The best and truest citizen, the world over, is he who first discharges his duty to his God, and under him to the laws of the land. * * * A memorial like this holds out no threat, and conveys no taunt to a vanquished foe, it says as it means,—peace to all who will have peace,—but as a symbol of the highest authority, it also proclaims a law to be obeyed. Liberty without law is worse than worthless, for it means the liberty of the mob and of riot, and by it the weak are oppressed, and the poor made poorer yet. * * But I hope that this building also will convey to you the idea that the four cold bare walls of an asylum is not all that the country owes or will give to its defenders. She recognizes, let us all hope and believe, the hand of an all-wise God in every act of this great drama; while compelled to take the sword to preserve a liberty unsullied by violence and law made with regard to the rights of every man, she offers to her citizens, everywhere, a fireside safe from intruding wrong, and a worship and a Bible free to the humblest."

In September, 1865, the New England Agricultural Society held its annual session in Concord. Gov. Smyth delivered the address, and among other distinguished gentlemen present upon the platform, were the late Governors Andrew of Massachusetts, and Buckingham of Connecticut. In his introductory remarks, Gov. Smyth said: "I cannot claim to teach you as a practical farmer, but I can claim to have made a constant endeavor, in my humble way, to keep alive agricultural enterprise and to stimulate agricultural investigation. It has always been my firm conviction that the safety of the state and the prosperity of the people require as a foundation, an intelligent knowledge of agriculture; and while I have been obliged to admire the practical operations of others, and to search in fields not my own for the results of well managed experiments, I have learned to respect the great art which feeds and clothes us, and secures for us all the comfort and beauty of adorned and civilized life upon a subdued and cultivated earth." The address, as a whole, was received with very marked favor, and the volume of the Society's Transactions, in which it was published, met with a large sale.

In some remarks following, Gov. Andrew took occasion to thank the speaker for his eloquent words, and called for cheers, first for "His Excellency, Gov. Smyth, and next for Gov. Smyth's address." During this and the succeeding year, he gave many brief talks at county and other fairs, always evincing the liveliest interest in the welfare of the state. At Milford, in the course of his remarks, he said:

"I know it is often said that 'New Hampshire is a good state to emigrate from,' and perhaps it is generally believed that our young men can better their fortunes by turning their backs upon their mother state and seeking elsewhere for larger returns and richer rewards for their labors and enterprise. For one, I do not share in this feeling. I believe that ours is not only a good state to be born in, but a good state to live in, and to die in, and that one great concern of the fathers and mothers should be to awaken in the hearts of their sons and daughters a feeling of attachment and affection for, and of pride and interest in the homes of their childhood and the state of their fathers." In 1876 he delivered the annual address at the Vermont State Fair, in St. Albans.

At the end of his first year, his nomination for a second term followed as a matter of course. A Connecticut paper, in advocating the election of General Hawley, said: "New Hampshire, in her state election of the 13th inst., has nobly led the way in re-electing her patriotic chief magistrate by so handsome a majority, considerably larger than was given for Mr. Lincoln, in 1864; and it also quoted, with marked approval, that passage in his message beginning 'The question of negro suffrage is one of those defences behind which

slavery will yet entrench itself, and by which it will seek to regain some fragment of the power it has justly lost.'"

The second year of Gov. Smyth's administration was in all respects as satisfactory as the first. The state debt was funded at a lower rate of interest than was offered by the general government. The revision of the statutes, the re-organization of the militia, measures looking to the restoration of fish to our waters, and the publication of ancient state papers, are among some of the matters of general interest. I have before me an autograph letter from the late Rev. Dr. Bouton, thanking the governor in the most complimentary manner for the interest he had manifested in the preservation of these important papers.

One very pleasant incident of the year was the visit of scholars and teachers of the public schools of Manchester, on the governor's invitation, to the state institutions at Concord. On two occasions during his occupancy of the governor's chair, he spoke at the dinner of the New England Society in New York, in brief but effective efforts, which were received with emphatic demonstrations of applause.

So successful was the administration that, contrary to precedent, many of the most influential and respectable journals of the state, among which were the National Eagle, the Concord Statesman, the Dover Enquirer, the Portsmouth Journal, and the Keene Sentinel, advocated his nomination for a third term. The governor, however, declined to be considered a candidate, and his letter to that effect was published in the Statesman, in January, 1867. A brief extract or two from some of the papers of the day will serve to show the assumptions of this sketch, not unwarranted by public opinion:

Said the Boston Journal: "Gov. Smyth's administration has been highly successful, not only in a financial point of view, which is demonstrated by statistics, but in all other respects." The Commercial Bulletin: "He has been as vigorous and careful of the interests of the people, as if those concerns were personal to himself, and successfully sought so to manage the financial affairs of the state that its credit stands as well as any other commonwealth." The Daily Monitor: "Today Gov. Smyth resigns his trust with the proud consciousness of leaving nothing uncertain or unsettled, which diligence, business tact, and untiring zeal could close up and arrange, nor has Gov. Smyth's administration been merely a financial success: he has neglected no single public interest; himself a practical example of all the virtues which constitute a good citizen, he has interested himself in every movement which looked to the welfare of the community and the promotion of industry, temperance and good morals among the people."

It is a significant fact, that in a time of much party feeling, the governor was able to say in his valedictory, "Whatever may have been the difference of opinion among us, there has been no factious opposition from any source to measures necessary for the public good, but I have been uniformly receiving the hearty co-operation of all parties in this difficult work." Only once during his two years' administration did he consider it necessary to interpose his veto, and the house sustained him 132 to 6. Another fact indicative of confidence in the executive was the appropriation, on motion of a distinguished political opponent, of $1,500 to defray expenses incurred while on business for the state, and for which he had refused to take anything from the contingent fund. The appropriation was advocated by leading men of the opposition, and unanimously voted. It was also declared by one of the journals "that no hostile criticism had been made from any source upon the conduct of affairs." It was extensively quoted, and as far as I am aware, has never been contradicted.

Mr. Smyth now found it expedient to devote his time to the interest of the banking institutions of which mention has been made, and to his per-

sonal business affairs, and possibly this would be the place to end this sketch. But his relations with the public have by no means ceased. One of his marked characteristics is an unwearied industry, and it seems to be the opinion that one who does much can always find time to do more. Among the appointments he still holds, are the following: Manager and Vice-President of the National Soldiers' Homes, Trustee and Treasurer of the New Hampshire College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts, Director of the Concord, and Suncook Valley Railroad, Director and Treasurer of the Manchester Horse Railroad, Director of the National Agricultural Society, President of the Northern Telegraph Company, President of the Franklin Street Congregational Society, Trustee and Treasurer of the Northern Telegraph Company, Cashier and Manager of the First National Bank of Manchester, Trustee and Treasurer of the Merrimack River Savings Bank. In 1866 the Faculty of Dartmouth College conferred upon him the degree of A. B.

In the spring of 1878 he was appointed by President Hayes one of the commissioners on the part of the United States for New Hampshire to the International Exhibition at Paris. He left home, accompanied by his wife, in April, and reached Paris, after a few days in London, early in May. On the 14th of that month they left Paris for an extended tour, visiting the principal points of interest in Egypt, the Holy Land, Turkey and Greece, returning by way of Italy, Switzerland, Holland, Belgium, Austria and Germany, to Paris, in September. Some interesting extracts from private correspondence were published in the Mirror and Farmer, in the course of which the condition and work of the American Missions was spoken of. He was much impressed with the value of this work to the growing civilization of Eastern nations, and has frequently expressed his opinion to that effect in various addresses since his return.

Ex-Governor and Mrs. Smyth were the recipients of many attentions from ministers and consuls resident abroad, particularly at Constantinople and Athens. In Paris they were among the few invited guests at the dinner of the Stanley club to Gen. Grant, and were also present at the reception given by the American Legation to "Gen. and Madam Grant." With a trio of other ex-governors, Hawley, Hoffman and Fenton, he was made an honorary member of the Stanley Club.

For many years Mr. Smyth has had an extensive acquaintance with the public men of the time. It will be remembered that six months prior to Mr. Lincoln's nomination for the presidency, he introduced him from the platform in Smyth's Hall as the next president, and with Mr. Lincoln, and in after days with his great war minister, Stanton, he was on most friendly terms. Secretary Chase, Mrs. Grant, President Hayes and Cabinet, and Mrs. Hayes, have been entertained at his hospitable mansion.

His conservative course in finance, his reputation as a safe adviser, and his general good judgment on public affairs, has caused his council to be often sought in high quarters.

A truth which forms a large part of every man's experience ought never to lose its freshness. There is no royal road to success. Ex-Governor Smyth has the advantage of good health, a sound constitution, and great power of endurance; but he is one of the most industrious men in the state, and the means by which he has achieved his position are open to every young man of equal energy, self-denial, high aim, and conscious rectitude of purpose. Some of the results which he set himself to attain were beset with difficulties which few men would have overcome, but he was not discouraged by opposition, or disheartened by delay.

He married, in 1844, Emily, daughter of John Lane, Esq., of Candia, a lady admirably qualified for the sphere into which her husband's many occupations and honors have brought them.

F. B. Eaton.

GEN. JOHN SULLIVAN'S LETTER TO JOHN LANGDON, AND SOME COMMENTS.

BY HON. GEO. W. NESMITH.

After Gen. John Sullivan had returned from his expedition against the Indians, in 1779, he resigned his commission in the army, and returned to his home in New Hampshire. The reasons assigned for this step was first, ill health, secondly, he desired to increase his worldly estate. His five years service in the army had largely diminished his private property.

Our northern State boundary was unsettled. We had set up a claim to a large part of the territory of Vermont. New York had set up her claim to the same territory, and Vermont denied both claims, and the theatre of this warfare was then transferred to Congress, assembled in Philadelphia. New York had selected her most able advocates to argue her side of the question, and the authorities of New Hampshire were not behind in searching out and sending forward her most able and learned debators at this interesting crisis. Gen. Sullivan and Samuel Livermore, Esq., were sent from this State to sustain her important interests. Each state furnished most of the compensation of her own delegates. Gen. Sullivan after his year's service, submitted his claim to the legislature for allowance. It was referred to a committee of both branches. Only a part of it was allowed. Gen. Sullivan wrote a letter to Hon. John Langdon, then Speaker of the House, in support and explanatory of his account or claim. The letter is dated Dec. 29, 1781. It is before us, and contains some interesting facts in relation to the currency of that day, as well as the services rendered by him.

It seems he received some continental money in advance, the amount not stated. At that time he travelled through some part of Rhode Island, on his journey to Philadelphia. Sullivan writes as follows:

"At the time my journey commenced, paper dollars were in most cases reckoned inferior in value to coppers, and in no case more than equal. I have taken some minutes of my expenses, while in Rhode Island, which was by far the cheapest state I found in my journey, and make the following comparative estimate, viz: A breakfast, 20 dollars, formerly 12 coppers; dinner, 30 dollars, formerly 20 coppers; lodging, 10 dollars, formerly 6 coppers. From this estimate, it appears that the dollars which I drew before my departure, were in real value not equal to two thirds of the same number of coppers, and from about a month after my arrival in Philadelphia, up to May, 1781, speculators were purchasing continental dollars, at three, four, five and six hundred for one dollar of silver, and sending them forward in wagons to sell at about one hundred and twenty, for one of silver. Upon my arrival at Philadelphia, paper money was selling nominally for about 75, for one of silver; but in one month it fell so low that its total annihilation was feared by every member of Congress, and many efforts were made to restore it, but did not prevent its fall. In April, 1781, it was carried through the streets on poles and in wagons by a formidable mob of sailors, and burned by wagon loads. From this time it ceased to have a circulation in Pennsylvania."

"In Nov. 1780, the state of Pennsylvania issued some money and appropriated some lands for its redemption in one year. This they supposed would be equal to silver and gold. It soon took four, five and in a little time after ten state dollars to purchase a silver dollar." Here was the first at-

tempt to create a bank of circulation upon real estate capital in this country. This experiment has always in the end proved a failure.

Gen. Sullivan continues his remarks as follows: "To give the assembly an idea of the value of paper money in January, 1781, I beg leave to mention that when five of the members of Congress were sent to meet the Pennsylvania line, though we rode our own horses, and were absent only five days, and three quarters of the time were entertained on free cost at Mr. Barclay's, yet our bill of expense amounted to twenty thousand dollars." These suggestions were made in support of the allowance of $310 for his expenses incurred in going to and from Congress and while there.

As to the wages of Gen. Sullivan, during the year he served in Congress, the committee of the legislature reported the sum of one dollar per diem. He declined to take it as a fair compensation, assigning his reasons as follows: "He was requested to serve as a delegate, but refused. The Committee of Safety urged me to go forward as a lawyer, also, and told me I should be well rewarded. I have heard it said, that in these times of difficulty we must all sacrifice something; but had I not already sacrificed five years of service in the prime of life, a good part of my fortune, and destroyed a fine constitution? Had any person done more? Would it not be cruel after all this to ask me to do more?

"We have heard it said that the members of the assembly receive but a dollar a day. But is there not a great difference between a person going a great distance from his home and relinquishing entirely his business for a year, or serving two or three weeks, three times a year and returning home every Saturday night to direct his business? Nor do I think it can be an offense to say, that every good member of the assembly is not sufficiently versed in the rules and principles of the civil and common law, and the legal construction and operation of grants and charters, as to enable him to argue a cause depending upon many nice points of law, such as existed in the controversy between New Hampshire and New York. New York had two eminent lawyers, well informed and deeply interested in the questions involved in this case, viz., Gen. Scott and Mr. Duane. Yet they were at the additional expense of sending Chancellor Livingston and supporting him in Philadelphia several months, for the purpose of assisting the other gentlemen, and I was left alone to argue against these three able counsellors, which I did more than twenty times on the floor of Congress. Perhaps I was not equal to the task, but if I was not, the fault lies with those that sent me. I did, however, attempt it, and I flatter myself there is not a member of Congress who will say that I proved myself unacquainted with the questions involved in the case, or with the law by which it was to be decided."

There is some show of vanity about this statement, but it must be considered that most of this debate occurred after Sullivan took his seat in Congress, which did not take place until July, 1780, and then Judge Livermore was not present. Sullivan states that Livermore was there only during the months of February and March, 1780. Sullivan was therefore obliged to meet, single handed, three of the most distinguished jurists and debators that New York could furnish. John Morin Scott was then a member of Congress, and had for some years before held the rank of Brigadier-General in the army. Both he and James Duane and Chane Livingston had the reputation of learned lawyers, and deservedly commanded great influence in and out of the state of New York; but in this instance the battle was not to the strong, for the men of Vermont, though comparatively few in numbers, yet had active and able leaders. They were in possession of the disputed territory, and were well organized. They interposed their claim to be established as an independent state. The belligerent outside parties could not present any compromise line. Congress could

draw no dividing line, hence she wisely determined to permit Vermont to carry off the prize. Again, Gen. Sullivan told the New Hampshire assembly that his colleague had received at the rate of two dollars per diem, during the two months of his actual attendance at Congress. For at that time, they had voted him eighty continental dollars per diem, which were in March, 1780, equal to two silver dollars, though the circulation of continental money entirely stopped in Pennsylvania, before the end of the year, as before suggested.

Gen. Sullivan states in his letter, farther: "If I should receive at the rate of three silver dollars per day for my wages during my year's attendance I should then still be a great loser, as I had been obliged to borrow eighty-four half johannes at Philadelphia to enable me to get along decently. I know that the state of our finances is low and depressed and can never be bettered by parsimony which is often mistaken for economy, though they are essentially different. The latter never fails to make a people wealthy and happy, while the practice of the former weakens the reins of government, destroys public credit, sows jealousies and discontent, and finally ends in the ruin of that state that adopts it." Under the power of this appeal the legislature voted Gen. Sullivan four hundred pounds solid currency for his services at Congress. In 1782 he was elected Attorney-General for this state, was afterwards President of the state, and died while holding the office of District-Judge.

We have seen another letter from Gen. Sullivan, addressed by him to Meshech Weare, during the time he was delegate at Philadelphia. It is dated Sept. 16, 1780. The most important statements which appear in this letter, we here give:

"The southern members are as ignorant of the history of New England as we are of the lands under the poles. I rejoice that Gen. Washington gives New Hampshire credit for complying with the requisitions of Congress better than any other state."

TO A PANSY.

BY ABBA GOOLD WOOLSON.

Pressed smoothly in these printed leaves,
O faded flower of years agone,
Thou knowest naught of misty eves
Or thrilling light of morn.

The mould where once thy beauty grew
Has nourished many a later flower:
And skies still widen, clear and blue,
Above that garden bower.

But thou, alone of all thy race,
Hast felt no touch of chill decay,
And wearest an immortal grace
While summers glide away.

Where dew-drops trembled, soft and bright,
A tear now falls from saddened eyes:
And kisses burn, where beams of light
Smote fierce from noonday skies.

Not roses red that ope today,
Fresh blowing where the winds are free,
Nor tangled lilies, wet with spray,
Can win my heart from thee.

For one whose feet no longer tread
Through leafy ways in gardens fair,
Once paused and bent her lovely head
Above thy beauty rare:

And praised thy tissues finely wove,
In that dear voice that nevermore
The winds may bear me, though I rove
By plain and sea-girt shore.

Forever dark with velvet glooms,
And golden-hearted as the dawn,
I still shall love thee when the blooms
Of coming years are gone.

THE PARKINSONS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

BY REV. SILAS KETCHUM, WINDSOR, CT.

In compiling the work on which I have been now for about two years engaged,* I have observed in so many instances the tendency of superior intellectual endowments, and of cultured and disciplined talents, to propagate and reproduce themselves, that I have come to believe in the transmission of mental and moral powers and characteristics, from generation to generation, as a law of our being no less, and probably more imperative in its operations, than the law of heredity in merely physical propensities and passions. Let any one look through the triennials of the principal American colleges, and reckon up the numbers of those under certain patronymics, who have sought and obtained a liberal education, and have entered the learned professions, and it will be seen how abundantly and perpetually this law declares itself. Take for instance certain names so conspicuous in New Hampshire affairs—Abbott, Adams, Bartlett, Burnham, Chase, Clark—not to go any farther with the alphabet, while other names, as old in New England history as these, appear rarely or not at all in these connections.

The name of PARKINSON is not old in this country. Farmer makes no mention of it in his Register. It does not appear in the Suffolk Surnames. None graduated from the New England colleges earlier than 1842. James Parkinson sailed from London in the ship Alexander, Captain Burch, 2d May, 1635, but he was bound for Barbadoes, and probably remained there. It is therefore next to certain that the few of the name now found descended from William.

WILLIAM PARKINSON was of Scotland. He married there Esther Woods, and they emigrated thence to Londonderry, Ireland, before 1741, because in that year HENRY, their eldest son (of whom hereafter) was born there. From that ancient and historic seat of the Scotch Presbyterians, there had been flowing for twenty-three years a stream of emigration to America, one branch of which had found rest in Londonderry in New Hampshire. Thither in 1744 came William Parkinson with his wife and infant son. To him were born five more sons and five daughters. Thirty-two years later he was abiding there still, and signed the "Association Test" in 1776. But as all his children born in this country settled in New York or New Jersey, it is thought that his last years were spent in those parts.

Of his six sons, HENRY and Reuben were educated at the college of New Jersey. The latter left in 1770, before graduation; served in the Revolutionary Army throughout the war; and spent the remainder of a long and useful life in teaching in Albany and Schohairie counties, New York.

HENRY, eldest son of William, graduated from Princeton College in 1765, then under the presidency of Rev. Samuel Finley, who was like himself a native of Ireland, and was noted for the sweetness of his temper, his gracious manners, and the extent and accuracy of his knowledge of the ancient languages. Under his tuition Henry Parkinson obtained that proficiency in the classics which raised him to eminence as an instructor in those branches. After graduation he served sometime as a teacher, either in the college or in the preparatory department then connected with it, and was called "tutor," though he is not so accounted in the Princeton Triennials. Soon after the battle of Lexington he

*A dictionary of New Hampshire Biography.

enlisted at Londonderry, in Captain George Reid's company, and marched to Medford. On the organization of the army this became a part of the First New Hampshire Regiment, and when Stark assumed the command of it in May, Parkinson was, at Stark's request, appointed Quarter-master; but he did not enter upon his duties till 6 July, when he was commissioned by the Provincial Congress. On the 1st of Jan. 1776, he received a commission from the Continental Congress, as "Second Lieutenant of Capt. Samuel Richards' company, in the Fifth Regiment of foot [First New Hampshire] commanded by Col. John Stark, and also Quarter-master in said regiment." In Feb. 1777, Stark left the service, because of Col. Poor's promotion to be Brigadier-General, and in June, following, Henry Parkinson resigned. Between him and Gen. Stark—both Londonderry men—there existed through life intimate friendly relations.

From the time he left the army his principal business was imparting instruction in the classics. He married, 17 Sept., 1778, Jennett McCurdy of Londonderry, and taught successively in Pembroke, Concord and Canterbury. He died in the latter town, 8 May, 1820, and the *N. H. Patriot* of 13 June, following, has an obituary, crediting him with having made his literary acquirements eminently useful. Some of his later pupils were living a year or two ago. On his tombstone at Canterbury is the following epitaph, written by himself:

"Hibernia me genuit: America nutrivit: Nassau Hall educavit. Docui, militavi, atque manibus laboravi. Sic cursum meum finivi: et nunc terra me occupat, et quiete in pulvere dormio quasi in gremio materno meo. Huc ades, amice mi cure: aspice, et memento ut moriendum quoque certe sit tibi. Ergo vale, et cavo."

ROBERT PARKINSON, his eldest son, was born in Francestown, 18 May, 1781, and was reared in Concord and Canterbury. In 1808 he was employed by Col. Timothy Dix, father of the late Gen. John A. Dix of New York, to superintend the building of a road through Dixville Notch, in the tract of land purchased by Col. Dix, and conveyed to him by grant in 1805 and 1810. Being attracted to these regions, he purchased a farm in East Columbia, and built upon it in 1809 the first block house in the Upper Coos. (There were two or three previously built of round logs.)

In Feb. 1810, he married Elizabeth, daughter of Daniel Kelso of New Boston, and moved into his new house, which soon became the resting-place and headquarters of the companies of emigrants then seeking a home in that wilderness. In it were held the first private schools, and the first religious services; and in his barn, which was the first building erected there from sawed timber, was taught the first public school in those regions. Here were born most of his children. Being induced through losses caused by investing in lumber which the "embargo" rendered unsalable, and by being bound for another's debt, he removed in 1821 to New Boston, and lived near Joe English Hill, whence he removed to Nashua, where he died 12 May, 1849. His wife who was eminent for her courage, her perseverance and her piety, died 4 March, 1837.

Of their eight children, six became successful, and some of them eminent teachers. MARY was for a time connected with the School of Design at Cooper Institute, New York city. CAROLINE, born in Columbia, 13 Oct., 1820, was an instructor of youth nearly forty years; first in the public schools of Nashua; then in Worcester, Mass.; and finally in the Oread Institute in that city, where she won a high reputation and the respect and esteem of all who knew her. She died in Woburn, Mass., 25 March, 1877.

The fourth child of Robert and Elizabeth Parkinson is the REV. ROYAL PARKINSON of Washington, D. C. He was born in Columbia, 8 Nov., 1815; fitted for college at Hopkinton and Nashua Academies, and graduated from Dartmouth College in 1842; receiving his master's degree in 1845.

He commenced the study of theology at Union Seminary, New York, and graduated from Andover Seminary in 1847. He was ordained pastor of a Congregational church at Cape Elizabeth, Me., 18 Oct., 1848; preaching afterward to the churches in West Falmouth, Me., Sandwich, N. H., and Windham, Queechy and Randolph, Vt.; was chaplain of the 3d U. S. Colored Infantry in 1864-5; after which he preached again in Vermont and at Temple in 1869-72, when he became connected with the Treasury Department at Washington, where he still continues. He married, 21 Nov., 1848, Joanna, daughter of Joseph Griffin of Brunswick, Me. Poor health, from which he has been through life a constant sufferer, has made his ministry broken and intermittent; but he has reared up children whom he has by his energy and frugality, while laboring on merely nominal salaries, educated and fitted for high and responsible stations in life. His surviving sons are:

1. JOSEPH G., born in 1849, graduated from the National Deaf-Mute College, Washington, D. C., 1869, and received the honorary degree of A. M., from Dartmouth College in 1873.

2. ROBERT H., twin brother of the above, graduated from Dartmouth College in 1870; the two now constituting the firm of Parkinson Brothers, attorneys and counsellors at law, Cincinnati, Ohio.

3. GEORGE B., born in 1852, graduated from Dartmouth College in 1875; lawyer at Chattanooga, Tenn.

4. WILLIAM D., graduated from Dartmouth College in 1878; studying law in Boston.

Besides the above-named grandchildren of Robert Parkinson are the following: Robert P. Herrick, a senior at Dartmouth College; John H. Wheeler, Harvard College in 1871, who is or was recently pursuing his studies in Germany, on a fellowship awarded for scholarship; and Carrie H. Wheeler, a senior in Wellesley College; all of whom, save one, have been successful teachers.

MALAGA GRAPES.

BY LAURA GARLAND CARR.

O luscious grapes! You come to me.
From your far home beyond the sea.
Laded with riches gathered there
From fertile earth and pleasant air.
And Spanish sunshine, stowed within,
Illumes each pale, transparent skin.
I hold this cluster to the light—
Lo, winter landscapes fade from sight!
I seem to see a city stand
Where sunny sea meets sunny land.
Fair almond blooms are everywhere,
And tropic odors fill the air.
Fruit cumbered vines droop from each wall,
And sparkling fountains leap and fall.
I see the dark-browed gipsy girls
Spin through the dance in graceful whirls,
With flashing eyes and locks of jet,
In time to clicking castanet.
I hear the gallant's gay guitar
Tinkle through orange groves afar.
Mantilla'd maidens half conceal
Their matchless charms, and half reveal;
And dark eyes gleam with magic power
From many a leafy, latticed bower.
The muleteer, with shout and song,
Down from the mountains swings along.
By wayside shrines in sheltered nooks
The lowly kneel with reverent looks.
Alhambra spreads her wealth anew,
And proud cathedrals rise to view.
I see the dreamy, mystic river—
The sheeny, winding Guadalquivir.
O land of romance, love and song—
Fair Spain! Your scenes my fancy throng!
Do crime and sin your joys impair?
Among my picture they've no share.
Only bright things you bring to me,
O luscious fruit from o'er the sea.

ISAIAH WEBBER.

BY C. C. LORD.

There is now living in Hopkinton, N. H., at the advanced age of 90 years, and in a state of physical and mental decrepitude, a plain farmer and lumberman, who, in the days of his business competency, followed the simple life of a New Hampshire son of the soil and the forest, yet finding time to demonstrate the possession of a musical talent that was appreciated in the past, and that deserves an appropriate commemoration in the future.

Isaiah Webber was born in Hopkinton, September 26, 1789, being a son of Richard Webber, who was an uncle of the late President Webber, of Cambridge, Mass. During the greater part of his life, the subject of this sketch lived on the site of his birth, just at the foot of the westerly slope of Beech Hill, on the more northerly of the two roads coursing downward from the top of the hill towards the west. Isaiah Webber began the world for himself by working as a farm-hand, his wages being $10.50, $10.75, and $11.00 a month, sums much less than are now frequently demanded by good farm laborers. In the year of 1813, he assumed formal conduct of his family homestead, to which he subsequently made additions by purchase. In the following year, he married Hannah Davis, born at Newbury, N. H., but at the time of her marriage residing in Hopkinton. They lived together in one spot until the month of February, 1878, when Mrs. Webber died. Three children resulted from this union, two of whom are now living. Since the death of Mrs. Webber the family estate has passed into new hands, and Mr. Webber now has a home and care suitable to his needs.

Though only a farmer by professed vocation, Isaiah Webber evinced in early life a taste for accessory mechanical pursuits. Though without any experience of a formal apprenticeship at mechanics, his natural taste for and skill in it exhibited themselves in many commendable ways. When he assumed control of his home farm, he purchased of the late Asa Herrick what was afterwards known as Webber's mill, on Dolloff's Brook, the site of which structure is now owned by Dr. C. P. Gage, of Concord. The original builder of this mill was an experienced mill-wright, by the name of Hadlock, but at the time of the Webber purchase the works were much in need of repairs. Having positive opinions of his own in respect to both the nature and the method of the improvements needed, Mr. Webber determined to conduct them himself, though he employed as an assistant Col. John Kimball, a well-known Hopkinton mill-wright. After affairs had progressed to a partial extent, Kimball told Webber he was competent to complete the proposed work alone. Acting upon this suggestion, Mr. Webber finished the task unaided and induced Col. Kimball to say, "I improved upon Hadlock, but you have improved upon me." Mr. Webber continued a lumberman, getting out timber and sawing it in his mill, for about fifty years.

Though we wish to speak of Isaiah Webber principally as a musician, the foregoing facts are indirectly suggestive of the inherent attachment to and perseverance in musical pursuits, which, in view of such other industrial obstacles, he must have exhibited in order to accomplish the harmonic results we are about to describe. Mr. Webber's musical traits were early manifested. When about fourteen years old, he attended a singing-school for the first time. The teacher was the late Dea. Isaac Long, who lived in the house now

owned by William Long, a son of the deacon, the location being a little more than a mile below Hopkinton Village, on the main road to Concord. Deacon Long received and taught his singing class at his own home. Subsequently, Isaiah Webber attended a singing-school taught by his uncle, Jerry W. Webber, on Beech Hill. He may have attended singing-school in one or two other instances. At such schools for musical instruction as he was privileged to attend, Mr. Webber doubtless laid the foundation of his subsequent musical success. We speak thus because of our conception of the superior quality of those former singing-schools. The local singing-school of the olden time was not so much a place of simple recreation as often is its modern substitute. To our fathers and mothers, learning to sing implied careful attention, diligent application and faithful perseverance in the work of cultivating the science of vocal music. Consequently, there was in the earlier days a better standard of musical culture than often obtains in the same localities today. Isaiah Webber attended singing-schools when scholars were not allowed to rush through their work in the practice of a hum-drum method, allowing a superficial knowledge of many things and a competent proficiency in nothing. The former circumstances in this respect developed local musical celebrities that demonstrated a knowledge of the science of harmony that would bring to discredit the feebler accomplishments of many of our present country singers.

Encouraged by his success as a learner, Mr. Webber began, about the year 1820, to teach vocal music. His first school was on what was then known as Sargent Road, being now South Road. Subsequently, and at different times, he taught singing-schools in various parts of the town. Once he taught a singing-school in West Concord. His success extended his reputation to various localities surrounding his own town, but the compulsory duties of his regular vocation mostly prevented him from accepting calls to go abroad.

About the year 1824, Isaiah Webber was chosen leader of the then widely-known and popular choir of the Congregational church in Hopkinton. The peculiar circumstances of his position as chorister induced him to assume the attitude of a musical composer. At the then existing time, the metrical variety and rhetorical classification of the hymns in use by the church was superior to the supply of tunes. The defect in the variety of tunes sometimes compelled the chorister to announce to the clergyman the inability of the choir to perform a hymn selected. Impatient under his difficulties as choir-leader, Mr. Webber determined to compose tunes to meet the contingency described. His first effort was a short metre. The hymn, a missionary one, began, as Mr. Webber quotes, with this stanza:

"O when shall Zion rise,
And all her foes retire?
Let India's realms the Gospel hear,
And after truth aspire."

Good judges commented favorably upon the new tune, and it was followed by others. The flattering observations increased, and the new tunes multiplied. Some of Isaiah Webber's efforts found a publisher. In the "New Hampshire Collection" of church music, published many years ago, can be found tunes of which the imprint, "I. Webber," indicates the evident authorship. The indications are that Mr. Webber continued to compose music nearly or quite as long as his facilities retained their integrity. In a book of sacred musical manuscript, there are about one hundred and fifty pages of his composition. There is also an unknown quantity of his unbound musical manuscripts. His musical composition, however, was not all of a religious character. He once composed a military piece in honor of Gov. Matthew Harvey, a resident of Hopkinton, who became supreme executive of New Hampshire in 1830. The production was known as "Governor Harvey's March"

and was played to a greater or less extent by military bands of the time. Isaiah Webber was himself a player of commendable skill upon the flute, the bassoon, the clarionet and the violoncello. The intensity of his musical affections was attested, in a manner appealing strongly to one's humane sympathies, at a recent sale of his goods by auction. The old gentleman's situation imperatively demanded a change in his personal affairs, but, at the hour of parting with his effects, he seized his violoncello and refused to let it go out of his hands till induced by such persuasion as might be employed in the case of a mere child.

In the days of his personal efficiency, Mr. Webber was a man of more than average general intelligence, of decided and somewhat agressive opinions, of diligent industrial habits, and of a rather enthusiastic temperament. For three quarters of a century, he has been a devout member of the Congregational church, and he has held his religious tenets with an unswerving fidelity. The nature of his religious profession illustrates his natural enthusiastic fervor. He has always asseverated that his conversion was wrought while he was intensely occupied with religious contemplations, and that it took place on a certain day and hour, when, as he was in a certain place, his crucified Lord appeared to him in a heavenly vision, to announce the forgiveness of sin.

Isaiah Webber will soon be with his fathers. The facts of his career may inspire courage in some one to undertake and continue the cultivation of his aesthetic tastes, even if the work must be prosecuted in straitened circumstances.

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*ODE TO THE SOUTH BRANCH.**

BY JOSEPH W. PARMELEE.

Imp of the ages and the wilds!
Adown the shadowy stream of time.
By castles such as fancy builds,
On airy heights, o'er woods sublime,
Dashing and free!

We trace thee to the sylvan shades,
Where mossy fountains overflow
And sparkle down in bright cascades
Through dark ravines to vales below,
Serenely fair.

Thy springs are where the sunlight gleams
At early morn above the shades,
And where his gorgeous setting beams
Long linger ere their glory fades,
As day declines.

The sunny glade and darksome glen
That mark thy rugged tortuous way,
Were once the haunts of savage men,
Or the more savage beasts of prey,
In contest fierce.

The hand of culture came at length
And won these valleys to the plow:
These waters in their native strength
Were trained in channels new to flow,
And turn the mill.

We roamed thy meadows fair and wide,
We frolick'd on the rocky brim,
We angled in thy eddying tide,
In thy deep pools we learned to swim,
In youthful days.

Would that thy waters and my lay
Might flow in symphony, and bear
To those in after times that stray
Along thy rocks and margins fair,
A sweet refrain.

* The South Branch of Sugar River has its sources mainly near the summit of Mount Sunapee, and flows northwardly through a part of the town of Goshen to its confluence with the main stream in the intervale near the village of Newport. The little branch and the scenery through which it runs from its mountain home are picturesque and delightful.

A FEW REMINISCENCES OF REV. DR. BOUTON.

BY WILLIAM K. BARTLETT.

The first time I ever saw Dr. Bouton was in 1831, when a lad of some fifteen years I attended a private school in Concord, taught by Joseph B. Eastman, a son of the late Moses Eastman, Esq., of Salisbury. The school was kept in the old brick school-house at the north end, which is still standing, an honored relic of bygone generations. I remember Dr. Eastman as a good teacher, a strict disciplinarian and a fine classical scholar. Now and then I meet in the streets of Concord, men who in those far off days attended that school, and there commenced to ascend the rugged hill of science or perchance to walk in the flowery paths of literature.

My home during the nine months I attended that school was at Mrs. Dearborn's boarding-house, standing on the very spot where the city hall now stands. The house was a comfortable, old-fashioned dwelling, situate in the midst of gardens and orchards. Some distinguished men boarded with Mrs. Dearborn at that time. Among whom I distinctly recollect, the late A. B. Kelly, Esquire, then State Treasurer; Frederick Stark, Cashier of the Merrimack County Bank; his brother Caleb, and David Davis. The latter gentleman was in those days in the prime of early manhood; a bachelor extremely fastidious in the make up of his dress, and a man of the world; his room was the front chamber overlooking Main street, and one day I looked in and thought I saw proofs of oriental magnificence. All the Dearborn family, the parents and many interesting children, together with the boarders, with perhaps a single exception, have long since passed over the river with the "boatman pale"; some in the heyday of youth, others snatched away in the midst of business pursuits, while a few tarried on this side till old age.

What I have to say of Dr. Bouton will be very brief, just a few simple words about one whom I knew for many years, whose friendship I prized, and for whose character I had a high regard.

Through almost the whole of his ministry in Concord, he was something more than pastor of the old North Church. Of course the preaching of the gospel was the grand duty of his life. To save souls and fit them for Heaven was his great aim; but the Doctor was thoughtful for the best things of this world also, and as a citizen of the state, a townsman and neighbor, he did his duty well. He sometimes quoted the divine adage, "Render to Cesar the things that are Cesar's, and to God the things that are God's," and he believed in the former part of it as well as in the latter. Hence he stood by his country in every emergency, and early in the late rebellion, as the venerable Dr. Cummings said in his admirable remarks on the funeral occasion of Dr. B., he gave the key note to public sentiment in Concord. If I am not much mistaken he always prayed for the peace and prosperity of the government and country in his public ministrations. I recollect when the fiftieth anniversary of the Merrimack County Agricultural Society took place in this city a few years ago, on which occasion the only two surviving members of the original charter were present, and Joseph B. Walker, Esquire, delivered an interesting address, Dr. Bouton as chaplain made a feeling request in prayer for the President of the United States. I speak of this in this connection, because too many of our clergymen entirely ignore the duty of praying for the government. While standing at God's altars they should not forget their country, but imitate the

example of the patriarchs and prophets of the "olden time" who were intense patriots. "If I forget thee O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth!" I must confess I have but little patience with the professed minister of the gospel who habitually forgets that he has a country to serve as well as a God, a country to bear upon the wings of faith to the mercy seat as well as the limited charge to whom he ministers.

It is undoubtedly true that Dr. Bouton was exceedingly popular with his people from the commencement of his pastoral career in Concord, yet I have heard it from his own lips that he was for the first two or three years of his pastorate, subject to unfriendly criticisms on the part of a few ill-natured ones, chiefly on account of his youthful appearance. But this was only a single ripple on the smooth sea of popular approval, and in the full meridian of his powers and usefulness no minister in the state was better beloved by his people or better appreciated by those who knew him outside of his adopted town. A few years after he came to Concord, one beautiful Sabbath morning in June, the late Hon. Jeremiah Mason, then of Portsmouth, heard him preach a sermon. On his way from church to his boarding place, Mr. Mason was overheard in saying to a gentleman who accompanied him, "If that young man wrote the sermon which he has just delivered, he is a promising young preacher, and will make a smart man if he lives." This remark of the great lawyer and jurist was reported to the young minister by a friend, and he enjoyed a hearty laugh over it. Dr. Bouton even then made mere popularity subordinate to preaching the gospel, yet he had the laudable ambition of youth, and he made the attempt to justify the hopes of his friends, and he succeeded too.

The weeks and months of the year mentioned above which I spent in Concord, passed away very pleasantly with me, and I have many agreeable memories of persons and events. I well remember how Dr. Bouton captivated my youthful fancy by his musical voice, his easy, graceful manner, and the persuasive style of his discourses. A few years later I attended the Academy on Sand Hill, kept by Mr. Berry and Miss Coffin. His third meeting was then held at the Town Hall. The pastor was much interested in every good word and deed. He felt a lively interest in the welfare of the young, and his addresses were replete with rich instruction to that class of his congregation. He kept abreast of the times in discussions respecting the truths of the Bible, combatting error with his facile pen when he thought duty called him to the work. Among the treasures of the New Hampshire Historical Library are many sermons which he prepared and preached on special occasions in the heyday of his intellectual powers which are proofs of his industry and conscientious zeal in the work of his master. In 1845 he was invited by an afflicted family to go to Warner and deliver a funeral discourse over the remains of a young lady whom he had long known and tenderly loved, and there were persons present who had never heard him and who never heard him afterwards; but the impression of his manner was so vivid upon their memory that they never ceased to allude to it as long as they lived.

Within a few years I have listened to Dr. Bouton several times in a neighboring town, as he was filling a vacant pulpit, and I never heard him, but that I thought of the sermons he preached forty years ago, and wished I could hear them repeated. How few are now living, who at that remote period were cognizant of the Doctor's abundant labors through the extensive area of country in which he exercised the duties of a pastor to the numerous families living on both sides of the river, far away from the town, who every Sunday morning drove or walked to the old North Church, to hear words of wisdom from lips now forever sealed in death.

Several years since while riding with

the Doctor in the cars on the Concord and Claremont Railroad, he was telling me many incidents of his busy life; and when we were in the vicinity of the Mast Yard station and Horse Hill bridge, he grew suddenly eloquent and his eyes gleamed with the recollections of earlier years. "Here," said he, "was my field of labor. In all this country," and his eye swept the hills and valleys as we passed them, "I had my people. At that house," pointing to a large farm house on the hill, "I have held meetings. These people came to me and I went to them." As we passed through the West Parish, and our view took in the East Parish as well, his voice became tremulous with emotion which almost checked him. "There my people lie," said he, as he pointed in the direction of the West Concord graveyard, "and it will soon be my turn." Not many months before the Doctor's death, he said to me in the Historical Rooms, while speaking of life, its hopes, disappointments and duties, "There is one thing I fear, and that is that I shall be spared as long as my mother was, who died at ninety-two. I do not wish to live beyond my usefulness and power to make others happy."

The work in which he was engaged for the last ten years of his life was very congenial to his taste; but he said to me more than once, "I want to preach; I do so occasionally, but not so often as I could wish." Among the last of his public acts was the delivery of an address to the young people of East Concord, on the practical duties of life. He was very interesting and dwelt particularly on the great importance of principle as the basis of a man's character. He spoke on the value of honesty to a young man in business, and declared no one had the right to pick up a pin without trying to find its owner. How different his code of morals from that now prevailing, alas! too extensively in official and business circles.

More than forty-five years ago, a young man, a plain farmer, but with ideas on education far in advance of the times in which he lived, residing in East Concord, left by will to the Doctor in trust, two hundred ($200) dollars, the proceeds of which were to be used for the benefit of poor but deserving young men in our common schools. Since his death, I have looked through the book in which Dr. Bouton made careful entries to the very last of the disposition he had made of the interest and the names of those he had helped. Dr. Bouton left this fund by will to the city. Had that money been left in the hands of some modern guardians of trust funds, as many a widow and orphan can testify by their own unhappy experience, not a vestige of it would have come down to our day, and the city would not have the pleasure of disbursing its income to some meritorious pupil. It requires but a slight perusal of that little book to show that the Doctor was a man of carefulness and method in business. Besides the entries mentioned above, he noted down every change, with the date thereof, of funds in which the money was invested during that long period of almost half a century.

For more than thirty years Dr. Bouton was an honored member of the New Hampshire Historical Society as a private member and officer; and from the first to the last, his zeal in its welfare knew no abatement. He understood its wants, its resources and capacity as no other man did; and but a few days before his death, he called a gentleman to his bedside and gave instructions concerning papers and other documents which he wished to leave to the society. The library, though fragmentary, as all must admit it to be, contains much valuable information on historical subjects, such as the Doctor wanted to know, and he spent much time here, dropping in at all hours, eagerly seeking for some volume or pamphlet from which to take notes. He had more liberty accorded to him to take books from the library than the other members, but he was careful to observe the rules. He would call for the book or find it himself, and return it to its place in a short time. He always came into the library with a pleas-

ant smile and his greeting was very cordial. As corresponding secretary Dr. Bouton was faithful and always at his post at the annual meetings. He was proud of his office, the title of which he was pleased to place after his name on the title page, as editor of the Provincial Papers.

While pursuing his labors as editor of these records, I have often found him puzzling his brain over some almost illegible writing and it seemed to me anything else than pastime; but no devotee of Greek and Latin roots ever plied his skill more cheerfully than he did to render such into readable English. In some of the later volumes it was my lot to transcribe many pages from the original for Dr. Bouton, whom I always found industrious, patient and kind, no word too hard for him to find out, no sentence too involved for him to make straight. The grammar might be ever so faulty, the orthography ever so irregular, the command was "follow copy," even though a Murray and a Webster should from their graves utter a ghostly protest. From many opportunities which I had while connected with the library of the New Hampshire Historical Society, I am ready to attest to the fidelity of the Doctor in that great work. The ten volumes of ancient records which his skill and industry rescued from the spoilations of time and careless hands, will ever be a monument to his memory, more enduring than brass or stone.

[LITERARY REVIEW.]

THEOLOGY IN THE ENGLISH POETS.

In the literature of the world, poetry has often been the handmaid of religion. From the rising to the setting sun, devotion has usually been aided by music and verse. The great epics of the world have all mirrored the creeds of the ages when they were written. Homer and Virgil taught, with authority, the opinions of the Greeks and Romans respecting the national deities, and the world of shades. Dante built up the three parts of the Divine Commedia, on the dogmas of the Catholic church. Milton sung of "man's first disobedience" and its consequences in such imperial strains that modern science holds him as the priest and interpreter of the Mosaic cosmogony. Poets of less note have also incorporated the prevailing theology of their times into their compositions. To ordinary readers, this habit of English poets is not apparent. It is the object of the author who wrote the book, whose title heads this essay, to develop the theological element which permeates the whole structure of English poetry. The Rev. Stoddard A. Brooke is not only a distinguished divine, but one of the most eminent scholars of the age. He is thoroughly versed in English Literature. His brief manual entitled a "Primer of English Literature" is one of the most valuable books that can be put into the hands of a student. His second work, entitled "Theology in English Poets," can hardly be over-estimated. It is remarkable for its exhaustive research, thorough analysis and judicious estimate of some of our best writers of verse. The book is written in the form of lectures, which were first delivered in his own church, in London, on Sunday afternoons. He found the interest of his congregation flagging in attendance on two services in one day; he therefore resolved to add entertainment to religious instruction. He says: "When I made the experiment, I had long desired to bring the pulpit, on Sunday, to bear

on subjects other than those commonly called religious, and to rub out the sharp lines drawn by that false distinction of sacred and profane." He wished to make God an object of worship in the daily round of human duties. His plan succeeded: his congregation increased, and all the services of the church, morning and evening, were better attended. His first lecture embraces the period from Pope to Cowper. In the theological element, no two poets could be more unlike. They stand at the opposite poles of religious thought. The religion of Pope and his companions was philosophical, intellectual and deistical. In his essay on Man is preserved, in exquisite steel-work, the speculations of Leibnitz and Bolingbroke. Pope's universal prayer contains all the devotion which the free thinkers of that age ever thought or expressed, and the first stanza of that has been supposed to place all objects of worship on a level. The moral element of the prayer is exceedingly beautiful, though not rising above the teachings of Socrates. I will quote a few stanzas:

"If I am right, thy grace impart.
Still in the right to stay:
If I am wrong, Oh teach my heart
To find that better way.

Teach me to feel another's woe.
To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others show
That mercy show to me.

Mean, though I am not wholly so,
Since quickened by thy breath:
Oh lead me, wheresoe'er I go,
Through this day's life or death."

Even the prayers of that age were cold and glittering as an iceberg; the popular philosophy left man

"In doubt to deem himself a God or beast,
In doubt, his mind or body to prefer."

The poetry which studied man as a religious being, and nature as God's handiwork, began with the publication of the "Task" of Cowper, in 1785, of the "Village" of Crabbe, in 1783, and of the first poems of Burns, in 1786. The criticism of Pope and his contemporaries was destitute of emotion. It came from the head and reached not the heart. "The result was cold speculation and brilliant satire." In turning from the "Essay on Man" to the "Task," we pass, at once, from the frozen zone to the tropics. Says Cowper:

"I was a stricken deer that left the herd
Long since, with many an arrow deep infixed
My panting side was charged, when I withdrew
To seek a tranquil death in distant shades.
There was I found by one who had himself
Been hurt by the archers. In his side he bore
And in his hands and feet, the cruel scars.
With gentle force soliciting the darts
He drew them forth, and healed and bade me live."

This is the key-note of Cowper's theology. It pervades all his poems. His gentle heart sympathized with the poor, the oppressed, and the downtrodden. He anticipated all the reforms that have been made to "undo the heavy burdens" which man's inhumanity had bound upon the toiling millions of our earth. Crabbe wrought in the same line. He was called the "poor man's poet." The spirit of their Divine Master "who went about doing good," breathed in all their poetry. Our author proceeds to discover in Coleridge and Wordsworth that Christian theology which tends to elevate man as the child of God. He has nine lectures on Wordsworth. They constitute the best criticism extant upon this great poet of man and nature. He follows him through all the changes which his mind underwent through fifty years of literary labor. When the French Revolution broke out, most of the young English poets felt a deep interest in its progress. They saw in it the fall of tyrants and the rise of man. Wordsworth hailed it as the dawn of a golden age. But as it degenerated into violence and ended in "The Reign of Terror," such a reaction came over him that he be-

came an ultra conservative and opposed the salutary reforms introduced by Lord John Russell. He almost lost his faith in God in his deep despair of man. But when the storm passed, he recovered his equanimity. His old love for man, nature and God returned, and he passed a serene old age in reviewing the cherished themes of his youth. In a brief notice like this, I cannot allude to a tithe of the beautiful thoughts that occur in this book. It is eminently suggestive. It stimulates thought, and rewards study. I cordially commend the book to all lovers of sound criticism and good learning.

ODE TO POWERS' "GREEK SLAVE."

BY WILLIAM C. STUROC.

Columbia, pause! and, wondering, bless thy son,
Whose bright creation deathless fame hath won,
And laurels given
To Fancy's child, the poet-sculptor Powers;
While million voices, raptur'd rise to heaven,
And shout with pride:—"The man, the work, is ours!"

Kneel down with me, beside this life-like stone!
No, no; stand up with face erect, and own
This gem of Art!
Let tears of pious admiration flow
And god-like Pity hold each bleeding heart,
In mingled rapture, tinged with chasten'd woe.

No land than ours could fitter bear the palm:
No voice than ours could better sing the psalm
That frees a slave;
For we had spoken, in a way that earth
Had owned as worthy of the "Free and Brave:"—
"All men are equal,"—*Mind alone is worth.*

Gaze then upon this Statute! and behold,
A treasure greater than a mine of gold!
When flesh and blood
Had lost the charm by Custom's fellest art
This fettered marble preached of Brotherhood,
And moved the pulses of a Nation's heart!

Drink deep the truths this grand creation tells,
While patriot pride each freeman's bosom swells
The Union o'er,
To hope and pray that Powers' Slave may last,
When living serfdom shall be never more,
And chains and fetters from the earth be cast!

Oh glorious creature! let me look again—
See all thy beauties, but forget thy chain—
Alone admire!
And weave a chaplet of unfading flowers,
Of Love, of Pride which noble hearts inspire,
To grace the temples of the sculptor Powers!

Sunapee, January, 1880.

SKETCH OF CLAREMONT.

COMPILED BY J. N. McCLINTOCK.*

EARLY HISTORY.

Claremont was chartered by George III, October 26, 1764. Josiah Willard, Samuel Ashley and sixty-eight others were the grantees. It received its name from the country-seat of Lord Clive, an English general. The first settlement was made in 1762 by Moses Spafford and David Lynde. In 1763 and 1766 several other inhabitants arrived. In 1767 a considerable number of proprietors and others from the towns of Farmington, Hebron and Colchester, in Connecticut, made settlements in different parts of the town. The first native of Claremont was Elijah, son of Moses Spafford, who was born in 1763. Among the early inhabitants, to whose enterprise the town was essentially indebted for its prosperity, may be mentioned Samuel Cole, Esquire, who graduated at Yale College in 1731, and was for many years very useful as an instructor of youth. He died at an advanced age. Dr. William Sumner, a native of Boston, who came to this place in 1768 from Hebron, Conn., was a resident several years in Claremont, where he died in March, 1778. Col. Benjamin Sumner, who was many years a civil magistrate, died in May, 1815, aged seventy-eight. Col. Joseph Waite, who was engaged in the French and Indian war, was captain of one of Rogers' companies of rangers, and commanded a regiment in the Revolutionary war, died in October, 1776. Captain Joseph Taylor, who was engaged in the Cape Breton, the French, and the Revolutionary wars, who was, with one Farwell, taken prisoner by the Indians, in the summer of 1755, carried to Canada and sold to the French, returned to Claremont, and died in March, 1813, at the age of eighty-four. Hon. Samuel Ashley moved to this town in 1782. He was in the wars of 1745 and 1755. He sustained several civil offices, and was judge of the Court of Common Pleas. He died in February, 1792.

At the outbreak of the Revolution, the town was divided between the Whigs and Tories, the Loyalists being in a minority. No overt acts on their part having been undertaken, they lived at peace with their neighbors throughout the war, although under the watch of a self-appointed Committee of Safety from among the citizens of Claremont and adjoining towns.

The Hon. Caleb Ellis was a resident of Claremont. He was a native of Walpole, Mass., born in 1767, and graduated at Harvard College 1793. He read law principally in the office of Hon. Joshua Thomas of Plymouth, Mass., and settled in town in 1800. In 1804 he was chosen a member of Congress from this state; in 1809 and 1810 a member of the executive council; in 1812, an elector of president and vice-president of the United States. In 1813 he was appointed judge of the Superior Court, in which office he remained until his death, May 9, 1816. Hon. George B. Upham, a citizen of this town, was a member of Congress in 1801, which office he held two years. He was an eminent lawyer, and by industry and close application, became, from a poor young man, one of the wealthiest men in New Hampshire.

In 1820 the agricultural products of Claremont were 30,000 pounds of butter, 55,000 pounds of cheese, 135,000

*The writer has drawn for facts upon the following works: "Farmer and Moore's Gazetteer," 1823; "New Hampshire As It Is," 1855; "Alonzo J. Fogg's Gazetteer," 1875; Oration of Dr. J. B. Upham, 1869; Town Report, 1879; "Claremont Manufactures," by Simeon Ide, 1879; "Manual of the Congregational Church," 1879; "The History of the Eastern Diocese," 1877; and various newspaper articles kindly contributed; and from conversation with many residents.

pounds of beef, 170,000 pounds of pork, 7,500 pounds of flax, 1,100 barrels of cider, and 60,000 pounds of pearl ashes. There were in town at that date fourteen school-houses, seven taverns, seven stores, six saw-mills, four grist-mills, four clothing-mills, three carding-machines, two bark-mills, and four tanneries. Besides these there was a woollen factory, owned by Dr. Leonard Jarvis, which produced 5,000 yards of broadcloth annually. The paper-mill had already been established by Col. Josiah Stevens. The commerce and travel of the town found egress toward Boston over the Second New Hampshire Turnpike.

Claremont was in Cheshire county until July 5, 1827, when Sullivan county was incorporated. In 1834 Claremont village was a hamlet of 300 or 400 inhabitants. There was then at the upper fall a grist-mill on the south side and a saw-mill and a grist-mill on the north side of the river. The second fall was unoccupied. On the third fall there was a wool-carding and fulling-mill carried on by Woodman and Elmer, and a furnace conducted by Roswell Elmer on the south side; on the north side there was a small hand-making paper-mill, owned and operated by Fiske and Blake, successors of the first paper-maker in Cheshire county, Col. Josiah Stevens. At the fourth fall Timothy Eastman had a bark-grinding machine. The stone factory owned by the Claremont Manufacturing Company was on the south side, but not running on account of changes being made in the machinery. On the fifth fall Tyler's saw and grist-mill was on the east side, and a cloth factory on the west side. Farwell's cotton factory and Billings' machine shop were on the west side of the sixth fall. Curtis Stoddard had a small slate sawing and planing-mill at the same fall in "the gully." The lower privileges were entirely unimproved.

1855.

Only twenty-five years ago! At that time G. N. Farwell and Company employed seventy-five hands in making 25,000 pairs of shoes annually. Silas E. Noyes employed 30, to make 12,000 pairs. The Sunapee Mills had an invested capital of $30,000, and employed fifty hands. Benjamin Cozzens was agent, and J. W. Thompson was treasurer. The Monadnock Mills was directed by Jonas Livingston. Arnold Briggs was agent for the Home Mill. The Claremont Machine Works employed twenty-five men. The Claremont Manufacturing Company was under the control of Simeon Ide.

WAR HISTORY.

Claremont from its earliest settlement in 1762, has been represented in all the wars. Many of her citizens were with Gen. Stark. The men of Claremont bore their part also in the second war with England, on the fields where Miller and McNeil so nobly upheld the honor of the state. In later struggles,—in Texas, under Houston, one life from here, at least, went down to its unknown grave. Nor were the Florida and Mexican wars without their representatives from this devoted town. So, when the news came that treason and rebellion had burst forth, Claremont with one accord sprang to meet the issue.

On the 12th of April, 1861, Fort Sumpter was fired upon; on the 15th, President Lincoln issued a call for troops; on the 16th, Gov. Goodwin issued an order to Adjutant-General J. C. Abbott to raise a regiment of volunteers; on the 18th, William P. Austin was sworn in as recruiting officer for Claremont and vicinity; on the 30th, he took his company of eighty-five men to Concord. From the oration of Dr. J. Baxter Upham, delivered at the dedication of a soldiers' monument in Claremont, October 19, 1869, the following extract is taken:

"On the marble tablets in yonder Town Hall—which from henceforth shall be a memorial hall as well—we may trace the names of SEVENTY THREE young men who fought in these armies, and voluntarily laid down their lives upon the altar of their country—more than a seventh part of the four hundred

and forty-nine, who, from first to last, enlisted here—so many, alas! in number, that there is not room for them upon the entablature of this or any common monument. I wish it were possible to write them, one and all, in letters of living light, on the sides of the everlasting hills, that they might be known and read of all men. Suffer me reverently to speak to you some of their familiar names:

"Col. Alexander Gardiner, commanding the Fourteenth Regiment,—the model of a faithful, efficient officer, the scholarly and accomplished gentleman. Capt. Wm. Henry Chaffin, acting Lieut.-Col. of his regiment, and Lieut. Henry S. Paull,—both brave and true men, killed at the same time that their beloved commander was mortally wounded, at the battle of Opequan Creek, near Winchester, on the 19th day of September, 1864, over whose remains—with others slain in that memorable engagement—a grateful state has placed a monument in the field. Lieut. Ruel G. Austin, mortally wounded at the battle of Gettysburg. Lieut. Charles O. Ballou, 'whose memory shall be kept,' wrote the captain of his company, 'so long as the banner of the glorious Fifth continues to wave.' Lieut. Robert Henry Chase, 'than whom New Hampshire has sent no braver man to the field,' said the commanding officer of his regiment. Lieut. Samuel Brown Little, stricken down in the thickest of the fight at Antietam, and though still disabled, hastening to Fredericksburg, to receive there his mortal wound. Lieut. George Nettleton, whose last words to his wife were, 'If I fall, remember it was at the post of duty, and in a noble cause.' Lieut. Wm. Danford Rice, 'too well known and loved for any words of mine to add to, or detract,' wrote Lieut.-Col. Whitfield, of him. Serg't Luther A. Chase, Serg't Horatio C. Moore, Serg't Edward F. Moore, Serg't Ard Scott, Serg't George E. Rowell, Serg't Charles W. Weatherbee—'DEAD ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE.'"

Col. Charles H. Long, one of the veterans of the past war is a resident of the town.

The gradual development of a town is best shown by its census returns:

In 1775 Claremont had a population of 523; in 1790, 1,435; in 1800, 1889; in 1810, 2,094; in 1820, 2,290; in 1830 2,526; in 1840, 3,217; in 1850, 3,606; in 1860, 4,026; in 1870, 4,053; in 1880, ——.

CHURCH HISTORY.

The early inhabitants were about equally divided in their attachment to Episcopacy and congregational principles. The churches of these denominations may be considered as coeval. At a town-meeting held at the house of Thomas Jones, May 9, 1771, it was decided to settle in town a minister of the Gospel. A committee of three was chosen and instructed to apply to Mr. Elijah Parsons to come and preach as a candidate; "but if he fails, to apply to Dr. Wheelock (President of Dartmouth College) for advice who to apply to in his room." The first minister settled by the Congregational society was Rev. George Wheaton, who was ordained Feb. 19, 1772; died June 24, 1773, aged twenty-two. Rev. Augustine Hibbard was settled in October, 1774; was dismissed in 1785. Rev. John Tappan was ordained March 9, 1796; dismissed September, 1802. Rev. Stephen Farley was settled December 24, 1806; dismissed, March 3, 1819. Rev. Jonathan Nye was settled June 6, 1821; dismissed, March 20, 1828. Rev. Elijah Paine was ordained April 1, 1829; dismissed Nov. 19, 1833. Rev. Tertius D. Southworth was settled June 18, 1834; dismissed, July 19, 1838. Rev. Robert F. Lawrence was settled Jan. 16, 1839; dismissed, Jan. 14, 1863. Rev. Edward W. Clark was settled Feb. 25, 1864; dismissed, June 10, 1870.

The first services were held in the "South School-house," the meeting-house of that day, which stood on Jarvis hill, in the west part of the town. It was a frame building covered with rough boards, furnished with rude benches for seats, and having only the

ground for a floor. The first meeting-house was built in 1791, on the road from Claremont village to the Junction, near the Draper place. It was subsequently enlarged and was occupied by the society until 1836, soon after which it was moved to the village; it is now a part of the town-house.

The first minister of the Episcopal society was Rev. Ranna Cossit, who sailed for England for holy orders in December, 1772. He was ordained by the Bishop of London, and returned the next year, and took charge of the church in this town. He was recalled by the Bishop to the island of Cape Breton in 1775. Rev. Daniel Barber succeeded him in August, 1775, and was dismissed in November, 1818. Rev. James B. Howe was settled in April, 1819. In 1823 the church was called Union Church and was one of the largest in the state, having one hundred and twenty communicants. At that time there were two church edifices; one built in 1773, the other, in 1812; in which public worship was attended alternately. Mr. Howe resigned his parish in 1843, and died, during a journey, Sept. 17, 1844. Bishop Chase succeeded him.

The Right-Reverend Carleton Chase, the first bishop of New Hampshire, and a resident of Claremont, was the son of Captain Charles and Sarah (Currier) Chase, of Hopkinton. He was born, February 20, 1794, at the house of his grandfather, Captain Jonathan Chase, on "Diamond Hill;" was educated at Salisbury Academy, graduated at Dartmouth College, second in his class, in 1817; studied theology with Bishop Griswold, of Rhode Island, was ordained deacon December 9th, 1818, and priest September 20, 1820. For nearly twenty-five years he was settled over the church at Bellows Falls. October 4, 1843, he was unanimously elected Bishop of New Hampshire, taking up his residence at Claremont, where, until 1863, he was rector of Trinity Church. He died full of honors, January 18th, 1870.

A Baptist society was formed in 1785, and the next year Rev. John Peckens was ordained. He was dismissed in 1788, and was succeeded by Rev. John Peake, who in 1823 was living at Barnstable, Mass.

The Methodist society was formed in 1809. Rev. Caleb Dustin was the first pastor. He died in 1821. At that time there were a number of Universalists in town, and a small society of Roman Catholics who were under the spiritual guidance of Rev. Daniel Barber, previously mentioned, who was ordained as a missionary Dec. 3, 1822.

HISTORY OF MANUFACTURING.

In the year 1800, Stephen Dexter erected a small building at the upper fall, and with his brother, Col. David Dexter, manufactured scythes until 1824. They were also interested in the mills lower down the stream. On the decease of Col. Dexter in 1830, his son-in-law, Moses Wheeler, continued the business for several years. In 1837 a two-story brick building was built on the site of the old Dexter scythe shop, which was occupied for a few years by the Claremont Carriage Company. The company suspended, and shortly after the buildings were destroyed by fire. Paran Stevens, Timothy Eastman, and A. J. Tenney were members of this company. In 1843 the present three-story brick building was erected, and soon after was converted into a cotton factory by John Fiske. The property is now owned by the Monadnock Mills Company. About the year 1836, the Upper Falls Company, made up of citizens of the upper village, expended $25,000 in purchasing land and erecting a four-story factory-building. Parker, Wilder and Company, of Boston, purchased the property in 1843, and organized the Monadnock Mills Co., which commenced operation in 1844. For seventeen years this property was managed by Jonas Livingston, since by Daniel W. Johnson, the present agent.

The third fall was formerly owned by Roswell Elmer, who operated a small foundery. George W. Emerson succeeded him, and carried on the same business some seven years prior to 1850.

In 1851 the property was leased by D. A. Clay and Company. In 1868 it was purchased by the Sullivan Machine Company. The Claremont Manufacturing Company on the fourth fall was chartered in 1832, and has been in continuous operation to the present time. Austin Tyler, Dr. Timothy Gleason, William Rossiter, and Timothy Eastman were the principal owners. In 1834 Simeon Ide was elected agent, and held the office until 1858. On the north side of the river the company built a three-story brick building in 1836, which remained unoccupied until 1849, when it was sold to a company who converted it into a cotton factory. In 1852 it became the property of Arnold Briggs and Company of Woonsocket, R. I., who kept it in successful operation until 1875. It is now called the Home Mill, and is owned by Pierce, Hardy and Company, of Boston. The Eastman tannery, on the north side of the fourth fall, was built in 1811, by Timothy Eastman, who conducted it successfully for forty seven years, being succeeded by his son, Charles H. Eastman, two years before his death in 1859. The present building was erected on the site of the old one, in 1870.

Col. Benjamin Tyler, one of the first settlers of Claremont, erected the first grist and saw-mills in town, at the West Part, in 1766. In 1785 he built the "Old Tyler Mills" on the site occupied by the Sugar River Mills, on the fifth fall. His son, Ephraim Tyler, held the property, until in 1836 he disposed of it to a corporation. In the course of a few years the property reverted to Ephraim Tyler, by whom it was leased to L. W. Randall and others until 1854, when it was sold to E. W. Sanborn, Abner Stowell, A. Dutton, and Brown and Hart, who built the present mill in 1855. It is now owned by the Sugar River Mills Company. Opposite the Tyler Mills, in 1813, Asa Meacham built a two-story mill, which was occupied as a manufactory of woollen goods until it was burned in 1854. In 1855 the property was bought by Simeon Ide, who built the "Round Building" in 1859. The sixth fall was not utilized until 1868, when John L. Farwell and a number of wealthy citizens of Claremont, organized the Sugar River Paper Mill Company, which has been in successful operation ever since. John Tyler, 2d, its president, was the engineer who constructed the machinery and set it up. The seventh fall was bought in 1828, of Bill Barnes, by Arad Taylor, and is called the Lafayette privilege. In 1866 it came into the possession of R. Shepardson. It is now in litigation. The south side of this fall was utilized in 1842, by George W. Emerson. In 1858 it came into the possession of Simeon Haywood. The building was destroyed by fire in 1866, the dam went out soon after, and neither have been replaced. The Sullivan Manufacturing Company, an outgrowth from the Claremont Manufacturing Company, was chartered about 1833, to manufacture woolen goods; and they built their mill in 1834, and commenced operations at the eighth fall. In 1836 Ormund Dutton of Keene, was appointed agent. In 1844 the property went into the hands of Thomas Sanford and William Rossiter, who conducted the business until 1857, when it was sold to its present owner, George L. Balcom. "The old Knife Factory Building" was built opposite about 1836, by Dr. John S. Spaulding, probably assisted by William Rossiter. It stood empty until 1853, when it was used as a table-knife manufactory, by Sanford and Rossiter, until 1858. About 1866, it was again utilized by the Claremont Linen Company, which struggled on for three years. In 1877, Herbert Bailey, formerly of Enfield, purchased the buildings, and still conducts business there. The ninth fall was purchased by John Gove and others, The Lower Falls Company, in 1836, and the foundation of a mill laid; but the building has never been completed. Half way from the lower fall to West Claremont, Henry Russell and Dr. F. T. Kidder built a factory about the year 1851, for manufacturing carpets, but after a year's trial it was allowed to go to ruin, and today scarcely a trace of dam or mill remains.

Soon after building his grist mill in 1766, Col. Benjamin Tyler put a dam across the river a few rods above where the Sullivan Railroad Company's High Bridge now stands, and built a small shop in which he had a forge, trip-hammer, and other tools for manufacturing mill-irons and other heavy articles, from iron ore, which was brought from a neighboring town. Col. Tyler was the son of the inventor of the "Old Tub Wheel," and at his establishment produced these wheels for all the country round. (His grandson, John Tyler, Jr., is the patentee and manufacturer of the celebrated Tyler Turbine Wheel.) Here he did a lucrative business for twenty years. He died in 1814, at the age of 81. In 1800, Col. Tyler put in operation the "Flax Mill," so called, at or near the site of the Jarvis paper mill. About the year 1813, Dr. Leonard Jarvis and Consul William Jarvis bought Col. Tyler's saw mill and privilege, and established a factory for producing broadcloths. Col. Russell Jarvis, a son of Dr. Leonard Jarvis, now uses the premises as a paper-mill. The Gilmore Mills were on the site of Mr. John S. Farrington's paper-mill, and were in operation prior to 1836. Mr. Farrington built and furnished his mill in 1861.

1880.

Claremont, as it is today, February, 1880, may be best understood by a detailed account of its industries, so we will first consider its manufacturing, taking into consideration the different establishments in their order on Sugar river, the industrial artery of the village, commencing nearest the fountain head.

The MONADNOCK MILLS are owned by a corporation, having their headquarters in Boston. The agent is Daniel Webb Johnson, who was born in Sutton, Oct. 16, 1827, and settled in Claremont, in 1844. From 1858 to 1863, Mr. Johnson resided in Peterborough, since which time he has held his present office. Hon. Marshall P. Wilder, a native of Rindge, is a prominent stock owner. At the upper mill the company employ 36 hands, run 3 sets of cards, and produce 220,000 yards of mixed flannels annually, valued at $36,000. In their second and third factories, they run 17,000 spindles, and a corresponding number of looms. Table cloths, napkins, bed-spreads and plain cloth, from one to three yards wide, are manufactured, consuming 800,000 pounds of cotton annually. These two mills employ 300 operatives, and the goods aggregate in value $435,000 a year. The capital is estimated at $200,000, and the works cover an area of nearly nine acres. The Monadnock Mills Corporation is the largest quilt manufacturing establishment in this country, having only two rivals in that line. Mr. Johnson spent some time in Europe, acquiring a knowledge of the business. Frank P. Vogl, a native of Cambridge, Mass., has been clerk and paymaster for over two years.

The SULLIVAN MACHINE COMPANY, of which J. P. Upham is president, and C. B. Rice is treasurer, occupy with their buildings, nearly four acres of land. They manufacture the only diamond drilling machine for quarrying purposes. Besides the sale of drills to the value of over $100,000, they own and work—on contract—over $50,000 worth, in Rutland, Vt., where they have a branch shop for general repairs. At their shops are made flume and scroll water-wheels,—the Wetmore, Tyler and other kinds,—diamond mill-stone dressing machines, water-wheel regulators, factory elevators, an improved ring-frame spinning-machine, requiring no oil, and using their flexible cop-tubes. They also make these cop-tubes, which are being generally introduced into factories throughout the country, and the paper roving cans, which are equally in demand. Corn-crackers, shafting and gearing, pen-stock bands and clamps, side-hill plows, road-machines, paper and rag presses, jack-screws, window weights, and many other articles come from their shops. They have the facilities for all kinds of machine and repair work. The capital invested is

$200,000. Sixty to seventy hands are employed. The president, James P. Upham, son of Hon. George B. Upham, was born in Claremont, Oct. 27, 1827, and graduated from Dartmouth College, class of 1850. His son, J. Duncan Upham, engaged with him, was born Nov. 7, 1853, and graduated from Cornell University in 1874. Mr. Rice is a native of Portsmouth, and graduated from Columbia College, class of 1864.

The CLAREMONT MANUFACTURING COMPANY, of which George G. Ide, a gentleman who has been in the legislature several times, is the agent and treasurer, has a business of from $40,000 to $50,000 a year, and gives employment to 50 or 60 operatives. They manufacture paper and books, and do stereotyping, and book and job printing, having a capital of $100,000. Within a few weeks the paper-mill was destroyed by fire, but will soon be replaced. Simeon Ide and his two sons, George G. and Lemuel N. Ide, have been identified for many years with this industry.

The HOME MILL has a capacity for making 600,000 yards of sheeting, and consuming 200,000 pounds of cotton annually. It has 3,000 spindles and 54 looms.

The EASTMAN TANNERY consumes 500 cords of bark, and tans 5,000 hides a year.

The SUGAR RIVER MILLS COMPANY own a three-story brick building, built in 1855, and a saw-mill, built the following year. The grist-mill, which has four run of stone, is leased by Mace and Tilden. Byron T. Tilden is the resident partner.

CHARLES W. FREEMAN and B. W. O'NEAL are engaged in the manufacture of stair-builders' supplies, use forty-horse power, employ 15 hands, send their products all over the world, and do a business of $35,000 a year. Their business is rapidly increasing.

In the upper part of the building occupied by the last firm, is a sash and blind shop, conducted by ALONZO WHITNEY, who has carried on the business since 1875. The shop is well supplied with all necessary machinery, and is about to change hands, Mr. Whitney proposing to change his business.

In the same building LEWIS W. RANDALL manufactures fork, hoe and broom handles, making 400 to 700 a day, consuming 500 feet of white ash and bass wood. Lycurgus Strong is foreman.

John Tyler is president of the SUGAR RIVER PAPER MILLS COMPANY, J. L. Farwell is treasurer, and J. T. Emerson is agent. The company run three 400 lbs. and three 600 lbs. pulp engines; one 72-inch Fourdrinier machine and one 62-inch machine, and manufacture 1050 tons of paper annually. Sixty operatives are employed.

J. L. Farwell is cashier of the Claremont National Bank. John Tyler is the grandson of Col. Benjamin Tyler, previously mentioned. Mr. Tyler was born in Claremont in 1832, went to Barre, Vt., and learned the mill-wright trade. In 1847, after five years' experience as foreman, he went to West Lebanon, where he resided until 1870, removing thence to Claremont. In 1855 he invented the Tyler turbine water-wheel, over 6000 of which he has manufactured and sold. His latest patent was taken out in 1873. Tyler's Bible Hill Aqueduct is one of his successful projects.

The LAFAYETTE privilege is owned by Bela Graves, a son-in-law of R. Shepardson, but the right to the motive power is in litigation. The buildings, which are designed for a saw-mill and a wood-shop, have 15,000 feet of flooring; $10,000 capital is invested here.

GEORGE L. BALCOM'S mill has two water-wheels, two sets of woolen machinery, 660 spindles, 12 looms. He employs 35 hands, uses 140,000 pounds of California wool, and manufactures 90,000 yards of black Doeskins, Tricots, Tweeds and Meltons annually, valued at $70,000.

HERBERT BAILEY, formerly of Enfield, a brother-in-law of A. W. Sulloway, of Franklin, manufactures knit shirts and drawers. He has three sets of woolen machinery, employs 40 oper-

atives, and uses 150,000 pounds of cotton and wool annually, producing goods to the value of $100,000. Mr. Bailey is a native of Brookline, born June 6, 1842; married Dec. 27, 1864, and settled in Claremont in 1877.

Col. RUSSELL JARVIS has a paper-mill and a saw-mill. He operates four pulp engines, and a 36-inch cylinder machine, manufacturing paper for special uses, and producing about one ton a day.

JOHN S. FARRINGTON'S paper-mill is supplied with two pulp engines, and produces about one ton of white roll paper a day.

AUGUSTUS BARRETT and EDWARD J. TENNEY are engaged in the manufacture of shoes, employ 25 operatives, and do a business of $70,000 annually. They have a large wholesale jobbing trade in boots and shoes made in the vicinity.

A. B. GUTTERSON, agent, employs from four to ten men in the manufacture of boots and shoes of all kinds, making a specialty of women's and children's shoes. Mr. Gutterson is a native of Lynn. He came to Claremont in 1871. From 1872 till 1879 he was in company with R. W. Farwell, son of Nicholas Farwell, an old resident.

Closely identified with the manufacturing of the town are the

BANKS.

The SULLIVAN SAVINGS INSTITUTION, of which Daniel W. Johnson is president; Albert Rossiter, secretary and treasurer; Wm. Clark, Geo. N. Farwell, John P. Rounsevel, Edward L. Goddard, Aurelius Dickinson, D. W. Johnson, Henry Patten, Ira Colby, Sumner Putnam, John S. Walker, William E. Tutherly, Wm. Ellis, John M. Whipple, Albert Rossiter, Wm. Breck, W. H. H. Allen, Henry E. Bailey, and Geo. N. Farwell, 2d, are directors, report the present standing of the institution as follows, which indicates a sound and flourishing condition:

"Deposits, $1,107,232.69; Dividend for January, 1880, $41,905.27; Guaranty Fund, $50,000.00; Surplus, $3,706.94; Total, $1,202,844.90. Number of Depositors, 2,772; Taxes paid in 1879, $10,544.70. Chartered in 1838; extended in 1858 and 1878."

The CLAREMONT NATIONAL BANK has a capital of $150,000 with a surplus of $60,000. George N. Farwell is president, John L. Farwell is cashier, and George N. Farwell, 2d, teller.

The two institutions own jointly a building, one of the finest and most appropriate in the state, costing $30,000 and elegantly finished. Three generations, son, grandson, and great-grandson of Nicholas Farwell, an old resident, are connected with the bank. Geo. N. Farwell was born Feb. 18, 1804; John L. Farwell was born March 1, 1834.

NEWSPAPERS.

The EAGLE was established in 1834. John H. Warland was first editor. In 1842 Joseph Weber took it and conducted it until 1846. Charles Young and John S. Walker carried it on till 1849. J. H. Brewster was associated with Mr. Young till 1854. Otis F. R. Waite conducted it until 1860. Since then John S. Walker, Simeon Ide, Arthur Chase and others have conducted it, until in 1877 it came into the hands of its present editor, Hiram P. Grandy. Its circulation is 1500, through Sullivan county and adjoining towns.

The NORTHERN ADVOCATE was started by its present editor, Joseph Weber, as an abolitionist organ in 1848. It has a circulation of 800. Mr. Weber is a native of Pennsylvania, born in 1805; since 1835 a resident of Claremont.

HOTELS.

The hotel Belmont, of which Henry C. Fitch is proprietor, is a new house in a central location, containing thirty rooms nicely furnished. It is a favorite resort for the travelling public.

The Sullivan House, built in the last century, conducted by Moritz H. Volk, a son of Dr. Volk, is a large hotel, and commands its share of patronage.

The Junction House is at Claremont Junction.

GENERAL MERCANTILE BUSINESS.

COL. G. H. STOWELL, of Gov. Prescott's staff, is in the hardware business, in Brown's new block. Col. Stowell is a native of Springfield, Vt., is 44 years of age, and has resided in Claremont since 1858. He was a member of the legislature in 1872 and 1873, of the senate in 1874 and 1875, and of the Constitutional Convention, in 1876.

A. M. HANNAFORD deals in furniture, crockery, house-keeping goods, sewing-machines, pianos, organs and coffins. He is a native of New Hampshire, and a resident of Claremont since 1848, since 1867 in his present business. Mr. Hannaford has seen nearly every part of the Union during many years' experience in "railroading."

EDGAR S. RAND, news-dealer, and dealer in fancy goods, is the son of S. S. Rand. He was born in Holderness, and came with his father to Claremont, in 1851, when an infant. MISS ANNA M. LANE, milliner, daughter of Lucian Lane, of North Charlestown, occupies the same store. SAMUEL S. RAND, native of Portsmouth, came to Claremont from Holderness, in 1851, at the age of 33 years. For 28 years he has been engaged in the stove and tin business. He owns the block he and his son occupy.

CHARLES JONES and CO. deal in hardware, groceries, paints, oils and wooden-ware. Mr. O. Merrihew, the resident member of the firm, has lived in Claremont nine years. The firm has for sale the celebrated "'76 side-hill plow," which they claim is the best in the world.

EDWIN B. HEYWOOD and COMPANY deal in dry goods, paper-hangings and carpets, having been established 15 years. Mr. Heywood is the son of the "Company," Joel M. Heywood, who owns the block. Mr. Heywood, senior, came to Claremont from Winchendon, Mass., in 1852, his son being 8 years of age, and was engaged for many years in "staging." E. B. Heywood also deals extensively in coal.

CLARENCE M. LEET deals in millinery. He is the son of James Leet, who was born in 1821, was engaged for many years in "keeping a hotel," and is now carrying on a part of the old Leet farm, which was first occupied by his great grandfather, and later owned by his grandfather, Benjamin Leet, who died in 1829.

FRANCIS F. HASKELL and EDWIN W. TOLLES are associated in the sale of furniture, crockery, paper-hangings and house-furnishing goods, having a large and well-stocked store. Mr. Haskell was born in Weathersfield, in 1835, came to Claremont in 1853, and started in business in 1861. He has been town clerk since 1876, having in his possession valuable town papers, for which the town has lately purchased a suitable safe. Mr. Tolles, a son of Philemon Tolles, an old resident of Claremont, who died Aug. 28, 1865, is a native of Claremont, was born in 1833, and has been in business since 1858. He has served the town as selectman three years, and has been town treasurer since 1875.

CHARLES H. WEED and COMPANY deal in staple and fancy dry goods, silks, cloaks, shawls and house-keeping goods. Mr. Weed was born in Hopkinton, Mass., in 1847. In 1852 he was brought to Claremont, his mother's native place. He had five years' experience as clerk in his present store, and afterwards in Boston, going into business in Alstead. In 1876 he settled in Claremont.

JAMES HOLT deals in ready-made clothing, hats, caps and furnishing goods. Mr. Holt is a native of Claremont; his father, Josiah Holt, a hatter, coming in 1808, at an early age, from New London, Conn., and residing in the village until his death in 1874. Mr. James Holt was sheriff in 1874 and 1875, and since then has been deputy-sheriff.

GEORGE N. FARWELL, 2d, and HENRY E. BAILEY are engaged in the insurance business, having lately purchased the business of Judge Clark and Bradbury M. Morrill, retaining the services of Capt. Morrill. The captain is the son of Folsom Morrill, who lives, at the age

of 80, on the river road, in Sanbornton, and brother of O. Morrill, of Concord. In 1856 Mr. Morrill, at the age of 27, went to Minnesota, was a member of the first legislature, and helped to form the state government. In 1862 Mr. Morrill enlisted as private in the 12th N. H. Regiment, was chosen captain, was in three battles, wounded at Gettysburg, and led his regiment from the field at the battle of Chancellorsville. Since the war he has been in business in Concord three years, in Tilton six years, and since 1876 in Claremont.

REUBEN SPENCER, jeweller, deals in watches, clocks, silver-ware and miscellaneous goods. Mr. Spencer is a native of East Randolph, Vt., born in 1834, settled in Claremont in 1852, and served his apprenticeship with E. E. and S. C. Bailey, silversmiths. Since 1856 he has been in business for himself.

FRANK RAFFERTY, native of Lowell, came to Claremont from Canada, in 1865, at the age of 23. Since 1872 he has been dealing in groceries and West India goods in his present location.

FRANK G. WINN, apothecary, is a native of Claremont, born in 1852. At the age of 16 he started in the drug business. In 1874 Mr. Winn graduated at the Boston College of Pharmacy. Aside from the apothecary business he is a manufacturer and wholesale dealer in flavoring extracts and perfumery.

LEONARD N. KEMPTON, a machinist by trade, owner of the Round House and a party to the "Lafayette Privilege litigation," deals in groceries. He was born in Croydon, in 1822. From 1834 to 1854 he lived in Newport. After that he was engaged in Enfield, N. H., Lawrence and North Hampton, Mass., until he settled in Claremont, in 1866.

EDWARD F. HOUGHTON, tailor, was born in Walpole, in 1849, and came to Claremont in 1874. His specialties are fine goods and good fits.

FREDERICK HAUBRICH and COMPANY deal in ready-made clothing, hats, caps, furs, trunks and furnishing goods, and have been established since 1854, since 1859 in Perry's block. Mr. Haubrich was born in Trieer, Prussia, in 1827, came to America in 1848, to Claremont in 1854.

FREDERICK and GEORGE W. JEWETT, deal in groceries, flour, hardware, paints, oils, general merchandise and country produce. Frederick Jewett was born in Windsor, Vt., in 1828, settled in Claremont in 1848, and since 1849 has been in business for himself; since 1857 in his present location. Geo. W. Jewett, his son, was born in 1854. The firm was established in 1876. They occupy three floors in two stores, which were united in 1879. They carry a stock valued at $15,000, and claim the largest trade in their line north of Concord.

JOHN W. JEWETT, one of the selectmen of Claremont, and a brother of Frederick's, is established in the next store. He has been in business since 1851.

S. F. REDFIELD, tailor, is 60 years of age, and has been in business 42 years. 35 years in his present place.

THE CLAREMONT STATIONERY COMPANY is managed by Charles H. Adams, resident partner and agent, and do a jobbing and retailing trade in books and stationery. This firm is well-known throughout the state, keeping two agents on the road. Mr. Adams is a native of Rochester, and came to Claremont from Tilton, in 1877, at the age of 18 years.

S. I. L. WOODBURY, jeweller, is a native of Claremont, and son of Amos Woodbury, jeweler, formerly of Acworth, who came to Claremont in 1830.

HENRY PATTEN deals in general merchandise, at the Lower Village, where he settled in the fall of 1839, when the trade was equally divided between the two villages. He first went into business with his wife's father and brother, Nicholas and William H. Farwell. At that time William Rossiter and Sumner Putnam were in business across the river from him. For 30 years Mr. Patten has occupied the same store. Frank H. Brown is Mr. Patten's son-in-law. Mr. Patten is 60

years of age. He lives in the "Austin Tyler house," built in 1791.

THE BAKERY

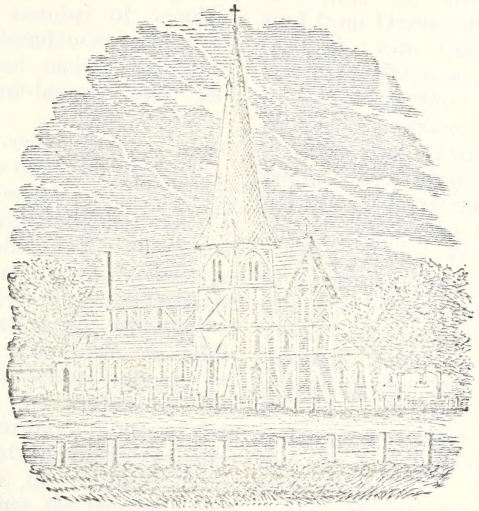
is conducted by Henry C. Kimball, a native of Charlestown, who, in 1864, at the age of 26, came to Claremont. He has been in business five years for himself.

THE LAUNDRY

is under the direction of A. R. Goward, formerly of Cornish, who has lived in Claremont three years. This institution is a great convenience to the citizens, being supplied with the best machinery, and commanding much out-of-town custom.

RAILROADS.

Sullivan Railroad connects with the Vermont Central at Windsor, and with Cheshire, Vermont Valley and Rutland and Burlington at Bellows Falls, Vt.; the Concord and Claremont Railroad, via Concord to Boston. The Windsor and Forest Line Railroad, from Windsor, Vt., to Greenfield, N. H., to connect there with the Wilton, has been chartered, a company organized and the route surveyed. The Claremont and White River Junction Railroad has been chartered, a company organized, and a preliminary survey made.



TRINITY CHURCH.

POST-OFFICE.

The post-office has been in charge of John M. Whipple, for five years, who for fifteen years' previous had been paymaster of the Monadnock company.

CHURCHES.

Trinity Church, of which Rev. Henry Ferguson is pastor, has 215 communicants, and property valued at $12,500. Union Church, West Claremont, is at present without a pastor. There are 33 communicants. Rev. Levi Rogers is pastor of the Congregational Church. The church has a membership of 246, and property valued at $20,000. Rev. Joseph Swain is pastor of the Baptist Church, which has a membership of 200, and property valued at $20,000. Rev. Mr. Knox is pastor of the Methodist church, which has a membership of 240, and property valued at $13,000.

Rev. Edward Smiley is pastor of the Universalist Church. The edifice was built in 1835. Mr. Smiley was born in

Bethlehem, Penn., April 7, 1830,—educated at Lafayette Divinity College and St. Lawrence Divinity School,—was ordained in 1859,—and settled in Claremont in 1874.

The St. Mary's Catholic Church, (Roman Catholic) was built in 1870, and cost $15,000. It is a brick edifice of plain gothic architecture, with magnificent stained glass windows, unexcelled in the state. It has a seating capacity of 700; a membership of 900. Rev. Cornelius O'Sullivan has been pastor since 1874.

SCHOOLS.

The town is divided into nineteen school districts, with twenty-five schools. Three of the districts have graded schools. Whole number of scholars, 1216; average attendance, 942; whole amount of school money, $5,595.88. Value of school-houses and lots, $38,000.

Col. Paran Stevens, a native of Claremont, donated to the town about $65,000 for the purpose of establishing and endowing the Stevens High School. It went into operation in the autumn of 1868. All scholars in town who have arrived at thirteen years of age, and pass the required examination, are admitted to the school, free. The town, in addition to its other school money, has appropriated for the support of this school from two to three thousand dollars a year, the balance of the expense being paid from the Stevens fund. The school building, the land on which it stands, and the furniture, cost $27,225,67. The average attendance has been about ninety-five scholars.

LIBRARIES.

The following are the public libraries in town, containing 400 volumes or upwards: Fiske Free Library, 3500 vols. This was a donation to the town by Samuel P. Fiske, Esq., a native citizen, who died in February, 1879, leaving by his will for this library, $5,000, including what he expended in his lifetime, for the purchase of books, and $4,000 more as a fund to be invested by the trustees, the interest of which is to be used by them for the purchase of books. The use of the books is free to all citizens of the town. Claremont Book Club, owned by about forty-five citizens, has 500 volumes.

LAWYERS.

Edward D. Baker was born in Plainfield, April 21, 1827, was educated at Meriden Academy, studied law with Hon. N. W. Westgate, of Haverhill, and the late Judge Bellows, of Concord, was admitted to the bar in 1851, and settled in Claremont, in 1855. He has served the town in the legislature.

Hon. Ira Colby was born in Claremont, Jan. 11, 1831, fitted at Thetford Academy, with Hiram Orcutt, graduated from Dartmouth College, in 1857, read law with Hon. M. C. McClure and P. C. Freeman, and was admitted to the bar in 1860. In 1864 and 1865 he was a member of the legislature: in 1869 and 1870, a member of the senate; a delegate to the national republican convention in 1876, and county solicitor for thirteen years.

Hon. Hosea W. Parker was born in Lempster, July 30, 1833, was educated at Woodstock Academy and Tufts College, read law with Hon. Edmund Burke, of Newport, was admitted to the bar in 1859, and settled in Claremont, in 1860. He represented Lempster in the legistature, and was a member of the 42d congress, and the 43d.

Hon. W. H. H. Allen, justice of the Supreme Court is a resident of Claremont. His biography is reserved for a future article.

Arthur Chase was born in Bellows Falls, Oct. 21, 1835, was educated at Norwich University, class of 1856, read law with George Ticknor, graduated from Harvard Law School, and was admitted to the bar in 1859.

Herman Holt was born in Woodstock, Vt., Sept. 7, 1845, graduated from Meriden Academy in 1866, from Dartmouth College in 1870, read law with Hon. B. H. Steele, was admitted to the bar in 1873, and has since practised in Claremont.

FRANK H. BROWN was born in Claremont, Feb. 2, 1854, was educated at Worcester Military Academy and Dartmouth College, read law with Judge Allen, graduated at the Boston University Law School, was admitted in 1876 to the Suffolk county bar, practiced two years in Concord, and returned to Claremont, Sept. 1, 1879. Mr. Brown is the son of Oscar J. Brown, who was born Oct. 22, 1808, in Hartford, Vt., and came to Claremont in 1835. For forty-eight years Mr. O. J. Brown has been actively engaged in the staging business, and has owned several routes. The staging of the days prior to railroads, was an important industry. To Mr. Brown, Claremont is indebted for two of her finest business blocks.

The law students of Claremont are Harry M. Cavis, of Bristol, William E. Drury, and Edward D. Reardon, of Claremont, and George E. Perley, of Lempster.

DOCTORS.

Dr. Carl A. Volk was born in Hamburg, near Frankfort, Germany, June 18, 1812; came to America in 1834, settled in Ohio, and came to Claremont in 1844. Dr. Volk studied at Heidelburg. He took his degree of M. D. from Dartmouth College, in 1859, and is a member of the N. H. Medical Society.

Osman B. Way was born in Lempster, March 22, 1840; studied with Dr. Benjamin Crosby, and Dr. Nathaniel Tolles, graduated at Dartmouth Medical College in 1865; practised one year in Acworth, and since 1866 in Claremont.

Dr. Clarence W. Tolles, son of Dr. Nathaniel Tolles, was born in Claremont, April 30, 1845; studied with his father, graduated at Bellevue Medical College, 1868; studied one year at University Medical College, London.

Dr. Nathaniel Tolles was born in Weathersfield, Vt., September 17th, 1805. At the age of thirteen his father, John Tolles, brought him to Claremont. He attended Bowdoin Medical College and took his degree of M. D. in 1830 from Dartmouth. In March, 1842, he came from Reading, Vt., and located in Claremont, where he engaged in extensive practice, performing most of the surgical operations of the vicinity until his death, June 27, 1879. Dr. Tolles was presidential elector in the first election of Abraham Lincoln, member of the last constitutional convention, county commissioner one term, trustee of the Stevens High School Fund, and director of the Claremont National Bank. He died greatly regretted.

DENTISTS.

Willard M. Smith and William Jarvis, D. D. S., are associated. Dr. Smith was born Aug. 5, 1828, in Acworth; studied with Dr. Patterson of Franklin, and settled in practice in Lancaster, with Dr. E. G. Cummings, now of Concord. Dr. Smith has practiced in Claremont since 1856. He married Mary, daughter of Oliver Ashley.

Dr. Jarvis, a native of Claremont, is a grandson of Consul William Jarvis; was born Sept. 16, 1849; graduated from Dartmouth College in 1872, studied at Harvard Dental School, graduated at Boston Dental School in 1876, and settled in Claremont.

TOWN AFFAIRS.

Hon. William Clark, John W. Jewett and Isaac H. Long, are selectmen.

The report of the selectmen, March 1st, 1879, gives the following facts about the town: The real estate is valued at $1,447,742; the factories and machinery at $280,350; the personal property at $431,622; 1,065 poles, at $106,500; total, $2,266,214. The rate of taxation is $1.50 on $100; $34,262.40 is raised by taxes; the debt is $134,124. The property of the town is valued at $54,000. The receipts from all sources are $50,061.58. The area of the town is 25,830 acres.

The biography of the respected chairman of the board of selectmen, is reserved for some future chapter.

DESCRIPTION.

The town of Claremont is on the Connecticut River, fifty miles a little

north of west from Concord. The winding valley of Sugar river divides the town into two nearly equal sections. The surface presents the usual variety of New Hampshire highlands, fertile meadows, wood-capped hills, and mountain scenery. Far-famed Ascutney stands sentinel on the borders of Vermont, and is a prominent landmark for all the country 'round. Claremont can lay claim to hills of imposing proportions—Bald mountain and Green mountain in the north west; Bible Hill in the south; Trisback, a gentle eminence, near the centre; and Barbouis mountain, over against Ascutney, in the west. Many of the farms throughout this favored town have been held in the same family for generations. Well-tilled fields, good fences, picturesque outbuildings, and substantial homesteads, maintain the claim often made for Claremont of having the choicest farms in the state. The roads, too, are well kept, and offer to the citizen and stranger-tourist, an ever diversified source of pride and pleasure. The hospitable doors of the thrifty farmers are open to the health, rest and quiet seekers from the great centres of trade. Families, claiming descent from revolutionary heroes, welcome the summer incursions of these visitors, and right bravely minister to their wants. The farmers, scattered over the town, have the reputation, aside from their liberality, of cultivating their esthetic tastes, and improving their practical and scientific knowledge of their business. Well stored and valuable libraries are common, while papers and periodicals are taken in a noticeable profusion. Long life is an accessory of the dry, bracing atmosphere of this region; good health is the rule, stalwart men and beautiful women is the result. The roots in the ground, the grain in the field, the fruit on the trees, the sheep on the hills, the cattle in the pastures, the horse on the road, show careful cultivation and the effort toward perfection.

A village set in the midst of such a town is naturally impressed by its surroundings. On every hand one sees the evidence of thrift, public spirit, industry, patriotism. Wide, straight streets converging to a centre, palatial homes, business blocks and buildings, built to benefit the coming man, trees tastily arranged, school-houses which would do credit to any city in the land, churches of substantial, and often beautiful design, a common;—these are characteristics of the village. One looks in vain for a squalid quarter. There is no north end, no west end. The result of a century of gentle culture is apparent among the people; the teaching of Mr. Samuel Cole left an impress. In an unbroken line, for a hundred years, in the town, have come down the untainted names, Sumner, Ashley, Taylor, Tyler, Jarvis, Cossit, Leet, Clark, Hubbard, Upham, Farwell, and a hundred others. The sons of Claremont have carried her fame to far lands and high places. They have gone to the world without, to leave their mark as scholars, divines, missionaries, lawyers, doctors, inventors, writers, statesmen, soldiers; while at home her ranks have been recruited from the best blood of New England towns.

MAJOR FRANK.

A NOVEL, TRANSLATED FROM THE DUTCH OF MME. BOSBOOM-TOUSSAINT, AFTER A FRENCH VERSION IN THE REVUE DE DEUX MONDES.*

BY SAMUEL C. EASTMAN.

I.

Leopold de Zonshoven to Willem Verheyst, lawyer at A——.

"THE HAGUE, March, 186–.

"My dear friend, hasten to me by the first express. Miraculous things have happened to me and I must pour out my heart to a friend, in order not to be suffocated. Imagine Leopold de Zonshoven, destined from infancy to play the sad part of a poor gentleman, suddenly becoming the heir to a colossal fortune.

"It is an old aunt of my mother, of whom I had never heard, and who seems to have quarrelled with all her family, it is she who has seen fit to play the 'good fairy' in leaving me by her will all her estate. To me, me who have always had so much trouble in avoiding debts, and who have never indulged in a single folly or caprice, and who am now suddenly placed in control of a million florins.† In opening the letter which announced this incredible news, I barely escaped upsetting my lamp; luckily it was caught by my landlady, who was waiting for the eighty centimes demanded by the messenger, and who believed at first, as she afterwards told me, that the letter was a dun. I dismissed her as soon as possible and locked the door after her. I had an intense longing to be alone and to persuade myself that I was not the victim of some mystification borrowed from the Arabian Nights.

"The fact is that after having convinced myself of the reality, I was assailed by an indescribable confusion of ideas and impressions. My heart beat as if it would burst; I was almost suffocated, and the first profit I received from my future fortune was a raging headache. I am no stoic and have never wished to have the appearance of one. In these latter days I have been continually asking myself what I could do to escape from the wretched condition in which I was vegetating, and I could find only one plan: reconciliation with my uncle, the minister, and the becoming an attaché of some foreign mission; but this would be very humiliating, because his excellency has forbidden me to enter his house on account of certain articles, which I had written for an opposition journal. How I regretted that I had not been able to finish my studies, take my degree, and enter one of the professions! At twenty-nine one cannot commence his studies anew and begin a career, and I was just reckoning on my fingers the debts which weighed down my humble budget, when I suddenly see myself a great proprietor. Phlegmatic jurist, was it not enough to turn a poor head like mine? Come then immediately to my assistance, especially as there is a point on which I wish to consult you before accepting the inheritance. Perhaps the point will be of no consequence in your legal vision: but in mine it may raise a question of con-

*This is a translation from an abridged French translation from the Dutch, published in the *Revue de Deux Mondes*. The author, Madame Bosboom-Toussaint, is a writer greatly appreciated in her own country. The wife of an eminent painter, Bosboom, who is more especially noted for his church interiors, Mme. Bosboom-Toussaint has achieved her own reputation by her historical novels, the best known of which is the Miracle Doctor. Major Frank, on the contrary, is a character novel of the present day, interesting for the strongly marked details of life in the Netherlands. Major Frank has also been translated into the Swedish.

† About $125,000.

science or at least of delicacy which may cause my million to vanish like the morning dew. I do not wish to decide anything till I have consulted you. I have given the notary at his request a power of attorney with certain reservations. I have many acquaintances here, but not a single friend with whom I am on sufficiently intimate terms to dare to tell him all without fear of misunderstanding or ridicule.

"And now farewell, till we meet again, and let that be as soon as possible. With or without a million,

Ever yours,
LEOPOLD DE ZONSHOVEN."

Lawyer Willem Verheyst received by the same mail the following anonymous letter:

"It is probable that Mr. L. de Zonshoven will consult you about a matter that is of great importance to him. Aid him in overcoming all the difficulties, which might prevent him from accepting a certain inheritance, and do not let him reject, without serious consideration, such propositions as may be offered. The writer is fully conversant with the intentions of the worthy testatrix and earnestly hopes that Mr. de Zonshoven will enjoy the good fortune which has fallen to him."

Willem Verheyst did not read these mysterious lines without some uneasiness. The request of his friend Leopold surprised him at a time when the preparations for a voyage to Java completely absorbed him. Nevertheless, he did not wish to deprive the heir in his embarassments of the lights of his experience, and he hastened to the Hague.

The lodging of the poor young man was a rather large room, opening on a street, with an alcove at the opposite end. It did not lack a certain degree of grace; an elegant writing-desk, a cosey easy chair, a small carved bookcase of antique design, and several objects of art atoned for the cheap furniture of the house. The most remarkable thing was the family portraits hung about the room, some richly framed, and others—and these were the less ancient—in simple gilt mouldings. Miniatures on ivory and photographs filled up the intervening spaces. The young man had evidently taken pains to collect, as far as possible, the portraits of his numerous and noble family.

He was occupied in writing when his friend Verheyst knocked at his door.

"I was waiting for you," he said, "I knew that you would come at my cry of alarm. Now I am in my senses and do you know what restored me?" He showed a roll of manuscript, stained with ink. "The movement, which almost upset the lamp, did not spare the ink-stand. I did not notice it till the next morning. There were three finished articles there, which I was to deliver today, lost, my friend, entirely destroyed. I was obliged to recopy the whole in order to keep my word. A fine task for a millionaire, isn't it? I am almost through, but this work of necessity has created a salutary diversion for me; this evening I shall be entirely at your service and we can talk freely."

Leopold was supporting himself by his contributions to periodicals, and by translations for the booksellers. Although he had not been able to complete his university studies, he had talent and style and his pen was appreciated.

"Here," he continued, "are the records of the case, a copy of the will, an inventory of the real and personal estate, a list of stocks, in all more than a million, and so far as I can see, all these documents are in proper form. Glance at them all while I finish my copying."

The lawyer looked at all the documents, one after the other, and after a careful examination declared that all was in the most perfect order. "But," said he, "I do not see anywhere the fatal clause, which, according to your letter, could influence your acceptance."

"The fact is there is not any clause, and not even an expressed condition,

only a desire, a wish of my great-aunt, contained in this letter, which you must read before giving me your opinion. For my part, I think I ought to decline the inheritance, if I cannot respond to this wish."

"Will it then be so difficult to respond?"

"That depends. My great-aunt wishes me to marry."

"Well, haven't you enough to keep house on?"

"Doubtless, but she designates whom she wishes me to marry."

"The devil! That is worse."

"Certainly, for she does not seem to be acquainted with the young lady. She is the grand daughter of a certain Gen. von Zwenken, who married the elder sister of said great-aunt. She lives with her grand-father, and it seems that it is chiefly on account of resentment to him that my great-aunt, Roselaer, has made the will she has. I inherit the fortune in order to offer it to the beautiful grand-niece. Nothing more simple, you may say, but suppose that the beautiful grand-niece is homely, or humpbacked, or ill-tempered, or coquettish, you know me well enough to know that I should hasten to decline the inheritance."

"Decline—decline—at the worst you could offer to divide."

"That is precisely what would be contrary to the formal wish of the deceased. Read and you will see."

The lawyer read with redoubled attention the writing which Leopold offered him, and which was as follows:

"*My dear Nephew:* I am unknown to you; you are not unknown to me. I am pretty well aware what you are, and what you are not. Owing to all sorts of quarrels in our family, and to my older sister's heedlessness, I have been obliged to live in isolation, and so shall I die. My nearest relations have been dead for years, others are scattered and hardly remember that I am their relative. No one troubles himself about old aunt Roselaer, who, it is true, has never done anything to keep herself before them. I am now seventy-five years old, and a recent attack warns me that I must put my affairs in order, if I wish to avoid disputes as to my property, and especially if I am to keep it out of the hands of those who have filled my life with bitterness. I do not wish either that a cloud of nephews and cousins should swoop down on my fortune like crows and squander that which I and my parents have amassed by order, economy and good management. I have, therefore, determined to select one as my only heir, and that one is you; first, because your maternal grandmother is the one of my sisters who has caused me the least annoyance. She married a man of her own rank in good circumstances, with the consent of her parents, and it was not her fault that her husband died during the horrible Belgium revolution, leaving seven daughters, one of whom was your mother, who did not trouble herself about her aunt Sophia any more than the others. Still I ought to pardon her, because at the time of her return to Holland, the fatal discords, of which I have spoken, made me decide to break off all intercourse with the whole family. My second reason is the good opinion I have of your character and independence. The information that I have of you satisfies me that you are the one best suited to carry out a plan I have formed, begging you earnestly to do it if possible, that is for you to marry the grand-daughter of my oldest sister, her only surviving child, and to whom you can thus give the share of my fortune, which for reasons already given, I must now refuse her. I wanted to take the young girl home, when she was still quite small, to give her a good education, and rescue her from the atmosphere of the guard-room, in which she had been brought up; but that was denied me, and her grandfather, Gen. von Zwenken, has lost the future fortune of his grand-daughter by not wishing to give me this satisfaction. On reflection, I do not wish to punish the child for the faults of her parents. I wish on the contrary that after my death she may know that her

old aunt Sophia was not so hard-hearted as she was said to be, and that she thought about providing for her happiness. To give her directly a part of my fortune would be to give it to her grand-father who would certainly squander it in the same way as he has my sister's portion. That is why, nephew, I have decided to make you the sole heir of my fortune. You are a young man of character and good principles and will be inclined to make amends for the wrong I am forced to do. Perhaps the obstacles will come from the side where there will be the strongest motive to accept this arrangement; in that case do not abandon the attempt till the last extremity. If on the contrary the objections are on your part, if you find unbearable this presumption of your old aunt, in wishing to impose a wife on you, and a wife who may not please you, I relieve you in advance from the obligation. If it is to be so, the notary, Van Beck, in Utrecht, knows my wishes, and you will conform to them, if you do not wholly decline the inheritance. I expect more from your good judgment, and I even count on your good heart, which will interest itself in a young girl deprived by the fault of her parents of the advantages which her birth would seem to guarantee to her, and which would gladly be assured to her by her great-aunt and yours,

SOPHIA ROSELAER DE WERVE."

"P. S. If I must sign myself simply Roselaer de Werve, and not Baroness de Werve, it is the fault of the general; but his obstinacy will cost him dear."

"A real woman's letter," began the lawyer, after he had finished reading her letter, "the centre of gravity is in the postscript."

"Would she had left me thirty thousand florins without any conditions!" sighed Leopold, "I should then be free from all this embarassment."

"Doubtless, but nothing for nothing, the old lady has chosen you to execute her vengeance and you must do it.

"Nevertheless, I don't believe—"

"I am sure that on her death-bed she consoled herself with the idea that she was leaving behind an avenger."

"True, yet if she imagined that I should lower myself for money to blindly serve her evil intentions, she was deceived."

"One moment, you know nothing yet. What prevents you from seeing? That binds you to nothing. Who has told you that the young woman is unworthy of your investigations, and have you the right to deprive her without more careful examination of the advantages which your aunt intended or at least desired to secure to her?"

Leopold reflected a few moments. "You are right, Willem," he replied, "I am too hasty in my conclusions. I had mentally determined to renounce the inheritance on account of this officious clause, invented by my old great-aunt. You shall see that I shall do my best to accept what is offered to me with the advantages and disadvantages which attach to it, but it is not the less a great responsibility which I assume."

"Come! you have a sure foot, a clear eye, and a good heart. Trust yourself to that instinct of honor and delicacy, of which your present scruples furnish a new proof. Perhaps it is a pearl of women, which we shall beg you to set in gold. By the way, do you know the name of your future wife, and where you are to go to make her acquaintance?"

"I have just received a letter from the notary, asking me to come to Utrecht as soon as possible, so that he may tell what I need to know about Gen. von Zwenken and his granddaughter, Miss Frances Mordaunt."

"Mordaunt! Her name is Frances Mordaunt!" exclaimed Verheyst in a tone of surprise and vexation.

"Have you ever heard of her?"

"Yes, a little,—her father must have been a retired English officer, who lived in my province some years ago; there was not, so far as I know, much said about him."

"But the young lady in question, do you know her?"

"Not personally, and you cannot

have much confidence in simple rumors. What I have heard about her may—be incorrect—but I repeat it; examine, inform yourself, and rely only on yourself."

"Is she homely or delicate?" asked Leopold anxiously.

"No, on the other hand. I think she is very pretty, but—"

"A coquette?"

"I have never heard that said of her, or at least it would be a strange kind of coquetry."

"Don't torture me. What do you know about her?"

"Nothing precisely bad. I know only that a friend of my brother was in love with her and was rejected, and that he gave me only a moderately encouraging moral portrait of her. She was represented as a virago who would not marry because she did not want a master. She treated poor Charles Felters, the best of fellows who ever stood on two feet, so roughly that he fled in terror. I do not say this to frighten you—"

"You do not frighten me at all," replied Leopold, "it proves that she has character. There is something piquant in the adventure."

"I am glad you think so. As for me, I should not be attracted by this bundle of thorns, but you, morally bound—"

"Really, even without this obligation, I should be tempted to undertake this conquest. See this portrait of the fifteenth century. It is of one of my ancestors who, to save his wife's honor, let his right hand be cut off. He was very plain, and when I was naughty or angry, my good mother used to lead me before this portrait and say to me: 'Fi, Leopold, you look like the Templer,' for he was a knight of that order. She used to declare that when I was naughty, I had a piercing look like his. Between ourselves, it has sometimes seemed to me that she was right. This resemblance has also struck me later and particularly at the last interview I had with my uncle, the minister. I accidentally found myself before a mirror, at the moment when he was so contemptible as to reproach my father for having married a wife without money;—but tell me about my future wife. What more do you know about her?"

"Oh! She was badly brought up; her manners were rude—"

"That is not her fault, poor child! I must then be the lover and teacher of my wife; who knows? Perhaps also her singing and dancing master—"

"At any rate you won't be obliged to teach her fencing, for according to what Charles told me—"

"Bless me! It is almost enough to frighten one!"

"Charles was thoroughly frightened. She was then still very young, and yet she was known in the village where she was only by the name Major Frank."

"Nothing flattering about that name, I confess, nevertheless I shall have to see if I can enlist this Major, though it will be to bring her back to civil life."

"I am glad to see you take the matter so courageously, for really I don't see that you have anything else to do but try."

"My motto has always been: Face bad fortune boldly, and my destiny also," added Leopold with a shade of melancholy.

The two friends went out to dine at a restaurant. Willem told Leopold that at an early day he was going to sail for Java, as Secretary to the new Governor-General of the Dutch Indies. It was a position as lucrative as it was honorable, which allowed him to hope that he could return in a few years to his native country with a considerable fortune. But he exacted from Leopold a promise that he would keep him informed of the progress of his romance, to the commencement of which he had contributed. In fact it is in the letters of Leopold to Willem that the reader will see the events and scenes disclosed, that are to follow.

II.

Leopold de Zonshoven to Willem Verheyst.

"My dear friend: While you are sailing over the Red Sea, I will entrust

to paper that which I should tell to no one but you. The notary is of necessity the only mortal who knows my history; but, be it said without praising you, he does not replace you either as friend or confidant.

"My dear friend, my fortune is still somewhat hypothetical. Without doubt, the worthy testatrix has done everything to secure it to me, but there are times, when I have little inclination for it, and when I should prefer to renounce it, rather than be the instrument of the posthumous vengeance of Miss Roselaer de Werve. I see myself exposed to drive an old man from his home, and to condemn to a wandering life an orphan girl who, by her birth, had a right to be the heir of her great-aunt. It is unpleasant to think that the law subjects such rights to the caprices of a spiteful old woman, who was cunning enough to make a will that could not be set aside. Still it seems to me that I cannot submit to the duty which is imposed on me, and must abandon the whole thing to the notary executor, a very good man, I believe, but so punctilious in everything relating to the law, that he will not hear of caution, nor attempts at conciliation, nor delay. As to the wedding which would simplify the whole, I am afraid that it will be wrecked by obstacles that are insurmountable to me. Still I will tell you what has happened day by day since the 28th of March, the day I arrived at the house of notary Van Beck.

"This worthy functionary is a small thin person, with small but very bright eyes, a long and thin nose, and lips equally thin and always shut. He received me sitting in his classic armchair, dressed in a gray coat and with his throat enveloped in a solemn white cravat, which seemed to stifle him. When I answered his ceremonious salutation by giving him my name and position, a delicate smile played about his lips as if he said to himself: You have come at last, though you seemed to hesitate. After briefly telling me of the sudden death of my great-aunt, who had insisted on being buried without inviting any of her family to the funeral, he said that for thirty years he had been honored with the confidence of Miss Roselaer de Werve, and entrusted with the direction of her affairs. He was in a position to inform me definitely as to the relations of the deceased with Gen. von Zwenken and as to her intentions with respect to his grand-daughter. Before the birth of Frances, the General and aunt Sophia were already at sword's points. The General was a squanderer, and as the notary said, who perhaps knew more about his affairs than did the General himself, a real spendthrift; but does that justify this refinement of hatred on the part of a lady in black silk, with white hair under a fine lace cap, and with a rich necklace of pearls around her neck, as she appeared to me in her portrait devised to the said notary, because she had got it into her head that none of her relations would receive it with pleasure? In that perhaps she did not deceive herself, for many things must be cleared up for me, the most favored of all, before I can reconcile myself to the spirit of Shylock, which animates her thin and delicate features. The notary informed me that she was kind to the poor, but somewhat peculiar in her manner of life and thought. Orthodox and very conservative himself, he attributed these peculiarities to the fact that she was imbued with the ideas of the 18th century; she greatly admired Rousseau and even had a statuette of Voltaire in her chamber. She caused herself to be painted holding a volume of the letters of the last named, even when she knew that this detail would not be in the least edifying to the future owner of the picture! 'But she used to like to tease me,' he added half smiling, 'and I let her do as she pleased, for she had a good deal of good.'—'And a good deal of goods,' I added to myself, 'the care of which, bringing in a round sum to the notary, easily reconciled him to sentiments of great toleration.'

"'I must also tell you,' continued the notary, 'that she went to church very seldom, and when she did, it was

to the French church,* although she did not belong to it. She devoted annually large sums to charitable and industrial establishments; nevertheless she would not give a cent for the missions or the Christian schools.† When I sought to bring her under the influence of other sentiments, she said to me that she did not wish to contribute to the multiplication of Tartuffes. You can easily understand that in my position I could only keep silent. She was very economical so far as she herself was concerned. She lived in a small house near the city and let her fine mansion in the city itself as well her superb country-seat in Guelders. She had only one domestic servant, an old chamber-maid, and a cook. The gardener, who leased the kitchen-garden belonging to the house, supplied her with vegetables and took care of her flower-garden. She hired a carriage by the month and rarely used it. She went out little and received no visitors except Dr. D——, her old friend, who visited her every day, and who came twice a week with his unmarried sister to play ombre. Once a month she invited me and my wife and daughter to dinner, the Doctor and his sister were there also, and I do not recollect ever meeting any one else, unless it is the artist, from whom, in her last days, she ordered the portrait she bequeathed to me. He was a young man with a fine moustache, whom I suspect of having paid court to her by making jokes in the style of Voltaire, for she used to buy drawings of him that she never looked at, and when he was present, she used to tease me a little more than usual on the subject of my belief and of my duties as a member of the consistory. Still he was a good fellow who supported his mother, and she has left you so much money that you need not lay too much stress on this caprice.'

"'No, doubtless,' I interrupted, 'or rather I am very glad to learn that her last days were a little enlivened; but can I accept the inheritance, I who once in possession, should consider myself bound to favor certain institutions, which she did not like?'

"'Oh! she knew very well, sir, that you did not think in those matters as she did. Besides she was liberal enough as to the opinions of others. Her old chambermaid is rigidly orthodox and will only hear those preachers who are the most celebrated for their perfect orthodoxy; yet the carriage was at her service every Sunday, and her mistress has liberally provided for her support. Perhaps she has seen in you a person who will do after her that which she for false shame or for some other reason neglected to do in her life. If she had had other ideas, believe me, she was a woman to take care that her intentions should not be ignored.'

"I then learned that the castle Werve is situated on the confines of Gueldres and Overyssel, surrounded by forest, heath and cultivated land; that it is inhabited now by the General von Zwenken; that it belonged to the parents of great-aunt Sophia, and that to the possession of this old castle were attached the title of baron, and seignorial rights, which in our time have lost all their value, but to which aunt Sophia attached great weight.

"Her father, Roselaer, baron de Werve had no son, but three daughters, of whom my great-aunt Sophia was the second, and my maternal grandmother the youngest. The oldest, Maria Anna, had, without the knowledge of her parents, become engaged to a young Swiss officer, Capt. von Zwenken; as she was afraid she could never obtain their consent, she eloped with her lover and was married in Switzerland. According to the lawyer and aunt Sophia this marriage was irregular and therefore invalid, which did not prevent the weak parents from

* Or Walloon; in orthodox Dutch circles, they often attribute a lighter, less severe character to preaching in the French language, than to the sermons delivered in the Dutch churches, properly so called.

† Or confessionals, supported by the orthodox party by the side of those of the state, in which all sectarian teaching is forbidden by law.

later becoming reconciled with their son-in-law, and receiving with open arms their erring daughter when she was in distress.

"It seems that aunt Sophia, in this affair, played the part of the oldest son in the parable. She would never pardon her romantic sister, could see in her brother-in-law only a vile seducer, and attacked openly all those of her relatives who showed any indulgence to the wrong-doers. The family was divided into hostile camps who waged upon each other a war of Capulets and Montagus. There was bad conduct on the one side and reprisals on the other without cessation or mercy, followed by law-suits which embittered their hearts and wasted their property still more. At the death of her mother, who had always been very indulgent, aunt Sophia took the reins of the house and thought it would be easy to drive the old baron to vigorous measures; but, though he concealed his sentiments in the presence of his terrible daughter, he was incapable of banishing the young couple from his heart, especially since it had given him a grandson. He secretly visited the von Zwenken in the city where the captain was stationed in garrison, and the result was that, at his death, it was found that he had favored his oldest daughter and her children as much as possible; among other things, he gave them the castle Werve and its appurtenances. The wrath of aunt Sophia can be imagined. To give up this castle, of which she believed herself the mistress forever, and to leave it in hands which she thought the most unworthy! That was the origin of that inextinguishable hate which she nourished for her whole life against those whom she accused of having, by base intrigues, changed the wishes of her father.

"The captain, for his part, intimated to her that he wished her to leave the place as soon as possible; nevertheless, he did not come himself to live at the castle. His wife and two children only came occasionally to make a short visit there. The wife died two years after the father, and the children remained with the captain till the daughter was old enough to be sent to a Swiss boarding-school; the son, under the directions of a tutor, prepared to enter the university.

"Aunt Sophia, in one sense, was right. Von Zwenken neglected his fine property, and left it in the hands of a steward, who was as incapable as he was dishonest. If he showed himself there once a year, it was at the hunting season, with a crowd of hunting friends, and he did not trouble himself about the state of dilapidation which showed in everything the bad administration of the domain. Aunt Sophia, although she had removed to another province, was ignorant of nothing. Her father's steward, dismissed by the captain, was employed by her, remained in the neighborhood, and kept her minutely informed as to all that occurred. The captain was promoted to the rank of major, but he had great need of money, both for himself and for his son, who used up large sums. Mortgages supplied it, and when his daughter married an English officer, named Sir John Mordaunt, he was obliged to sell a part of the land and of the forest in order to give her her fortune which she inherited from her mother. Further sales were necessary, and when he retired as colonel on half pay, with the brevet rank of general, he had left only the castle itself, with the garden and the avenues belonging to it.

"Aunt Sophia, on the contrary, had succeeded in doubling her own fortune, and had been made the heir of a rich cousin. She managed, in the name of third persons, to become the owner of everything the general was obliged to sell. An attorney, living in a neighboring city, loaned him all the money he needed, exacted the interest without mercy, drove him to new sales, and aunt Sophia could almost calculate the day when Von Zwenken would be in her power.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LITERARY NOTICES.

CAMPS IN THE CARIBBEES. The adventures and discoveries of a naturalist in the Lesser Antilles. By Frederick A. Ober, corresponding member of the New York Academy of Sciences. Illustrated. Crown, 8vo, cloth; 366 pp. $2.50. Lee & Shepard, publishers, Boston, Mass.

"A remarkably entertaining and instructive narrative of the adventures and discoveries of the author on a two-years' expedition under the auspices of the Smithsonian Institution, in the Lesser Antilles, in which he secured eighteen new species of birds hitherto unknown except to the natives, and including the heretofore invisible 'sunset' bird. The book is illustrated from photographs of the scenery, the natives, towns and places of interest, and is in all respects a valuable book of reference, for libraries, as well as interesting for general reading." The book is not a continuous journal of daily events, but a narrative of the most interesting events coming to the author's attention. Many valuable historical facts are established. His intercourse with the small remnant of the old Carib tribes is graphically depicted. It seems that the men have a language differing from that used by the women. It appears strange that it has been left to this young scientist in the latter part of the nineteenth century to develop facts about the antecedents of the empress Josephine. The early life of the wife and grand-mother of an emperor has not been very closely studied by her many admirers. We promise for the book a hearty welcome wherever received.

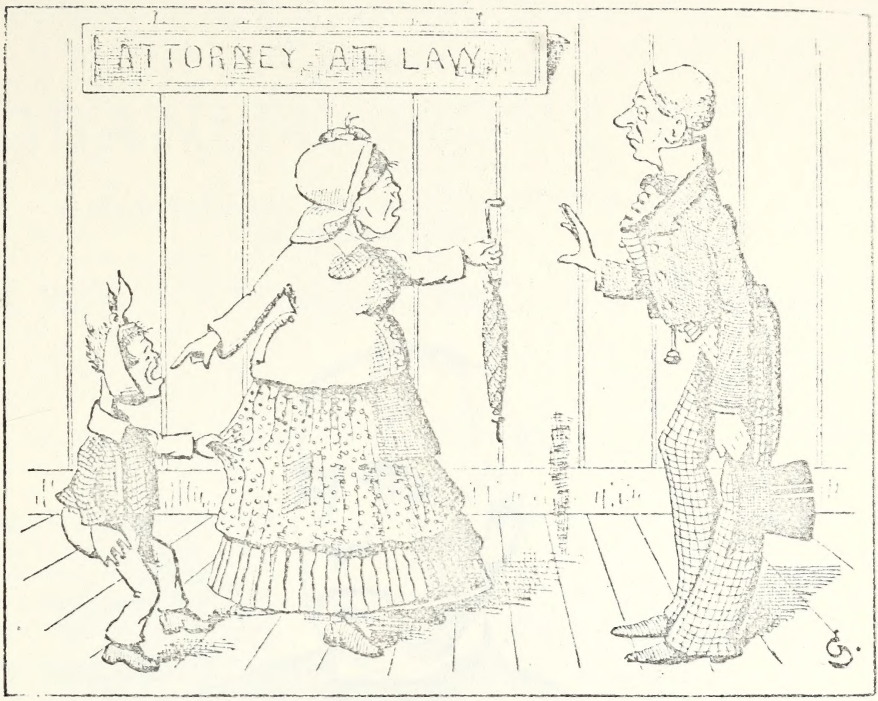
SHORT STUDIES OF AMERICAN AUTHORS, by T. W. Higginson. Price 75c. Lee & Shepard, publishers.

These essays on the writings and characters of Hawthorne, Poe, Thoreau, Howells, Helen Jackson and Henry James, Jr., are contributions to literature from a gifted pen. To name the author and his subject is all the recommendation the book requires.

CRUISES WITH CAPTAIN BOB, by B. P. Shillaber (Ike Partington); 281 pp. Price $1.25. Published by Lee & Shepard.

"An old sailor, disabled for a winter by a broken leg, entertains a company of boy friends around his bed for a number of evenings with tales of his early adventures upon sea and land. He entertains and interests not only his boy audience, but his readers generally, and imparts valuable information and useful moral lessons, all mingled with genuine fun. The boys will welcome the book."

NEW MUSIC. We have received several pieces of freshly published music from the well-known house of Oliver Ditson and Co., Boston, and, after a careful examination, are glad to testify to their excellence. They are as follows: "Wanderer's Song," by Merkel, a pleasing and smoothly flowing piano solo, with a pretty melody nicely arranged, and easy; The "Minuet" from Suppé's new opera, "Boccaccio," soon to be produced in this country for the first time; "Tulip," one of a series of easy rondos especially adapted for moderately advanced pupils; "The Midshipmite," a nautical song, by the author of the famous "Nancy Lee," and in a similar happy vein; "Little Bird in the Pine Forest," a beautiful German song, by Taubert, with a charming accompaniment; and a song of the sentimental order with the title "Just because you kissed me, darling," and which has a sweet melody with chorus. Also, a sparkling number of the Weekly Musical Record; a musical journal that needs no "premium," since each number contains music enough to be premium for a year.



"Shure, I want to serve a *Possy-come-at-us* on the blackguard that smashed my Micky wid a brick!"

SMILES.

UNKIND.

WITNESS (*about to give evidence with much pomposity*). "My name is Jackson Jones, and my profession is—"

JUDGE. "Never mind your profession; what's your trade?"—*Harper's Bazar.*

"Conductor, why did't you wake me up, as I asked you? Here I am, miles beyond my station."

"I did try, sir, but all I could get you to say was, 'All right, Maria; get the children their breakfast, and I'll be down in a minute.'"—*Harper's Bazar.*

The following message, intended to break bad news gently, was sent to the widow of a man who had just been killed by a railroad accident: "Dear Madam—Your husband is unavoidably detained for the present. To-morrow an undertaker will call upon you with the full particulars."—*Andrews Bazar.*

A little pair of gloves that yet
Retain the smell of clover,
And just a tinge of mignonette—
I turn them vaguely over,
And marvel how the girl I kissed
The night she promised to be true
Could jam a number seven fist
Into a paltry number two.

Italian lawyers will plead a case lasting three days for $5. Such being the fact in the case, wouldn't it be money in the pockets of most of us to import fewer Italian organ-grinders and more Italian lawyers?—*Argonaut.*

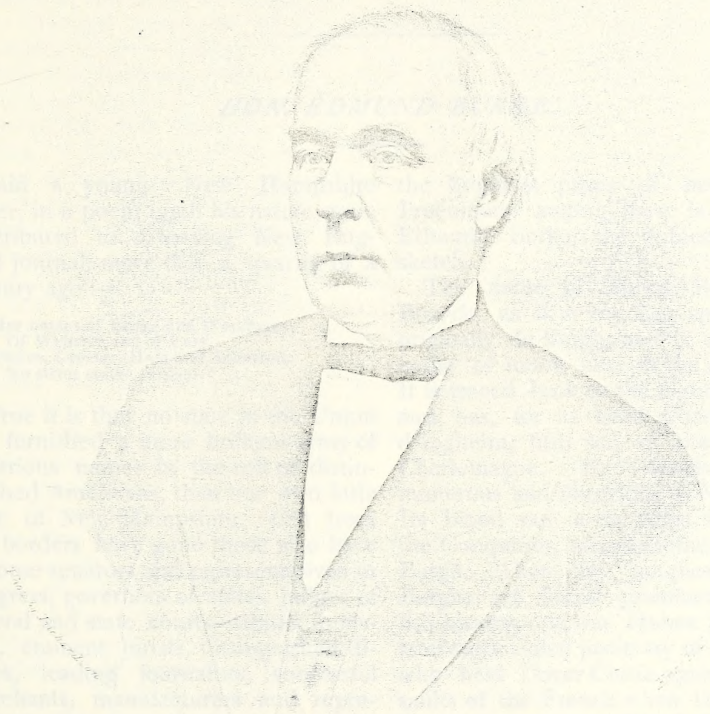
Writs of error—Love letters to another man's wife.—*Ex.*

"Have you ground all your tools as I told you, this morning?" said a carpenter to his apprentice. "All but the saw, sir; I couldn't get the gaps quite out of that."—*Ex.*

It is difficult to understand why a wife never asks her husband "if the doors are all locked," until he is snugly covered up in bed.—*Ex.*

It was a delicate piece of sarcasm in the boarder who sent his landlady on Christmas a razor, neatly inclosed in a handsome silk-lined case, and labeled "Butter-knife."—*Argonaut.*

A witness in court was asked if the party to the suit was a truthful man. "No," he answered; "he'd rather lie at sixty days than tell the truth for cash."—*Free Press.*



Edmund Burke

—THE—

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HON. EDMUND BURKE.

Said a young New Hampshire writer, in a poem upon his native state, contributed to a leading New England journal, more than a quarter of a century ago :—

"Her names of Burke and Woodbury,
Of Webster and of Cass,
Pierce, Greeley, Hale and Atherton,
No sister states surpass."

True it is that no state in the Union has furnished a more brilliant array of illustrious names in the roll of distinguished Americans, than our own little state of New Hampshire. Out from her borders have gone those who have become senators and representatives in congress, governors of states, judges of federal and state courts, cabinet ministers, eminent jurists, distinguished divines, leading journalists, successful merchants, manufacturers and representative men in all the walks of active life in every section of the country. Yet, while giving to other states, and to the country at large, so many of those who have won public distinction and professional and business success, she has received something in return. Among those whose names she has delighted to honor, and who have honored her in true and loyal service, are many sons by adoption,—natives of other states who have made New Hampshire their home, whose labors and achievements in public service and in private action are recorded in the brightest pages of her history. Preëminent among these is the Hon. Edmund Burke, the subject of this sketch.

The name of Burke, Bourke, or Bourck, as it is variously spelled, was originally de Burgh, and is an ancient name of much note in the old world. It is traced back to the eighth century, and has, for its head, Charles, Duke d'Ingheim, fifth son of the Emperor Charlemagne. The family became numerous and illustrious in Normandy. Its blood ran in the veins of William the Conqueror, whose mother was a de Burgh. After the conquest, the de Burghs are found prominent in English history. It was Hubert de Burgh, afterward chief justiciary of England, who held Dover Castle against the assaults of the French when the barons, conspiring against King John, had leagued with the King of France against their sovereign. He was subsequently made Earl of Kent, and married a sister of the King of Scotland. An uncle of Hubert, William Fitzaldelm, accompanied Strongbow in his incursion into Ireland, during the reign of Henry II. He became governor of Ireland, and acquired the greater portion of the province of Connaught. His son, Richard de Burgh, Lord of Connaught and Trim, had his father's conquests confirmed to him by King John, in 1215, and was

made Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, which post of honor was subsequently held at various times by his descendants. The Earls of Mayo and Clanricarde, heads of prominent families among the Irish nobility of the present time, are among his descendants. Edmund Burke, the great British statesman and orator, who was born in Dublin, in 1730, was of this family, and was addressed by the Earl of Clanricarde of that time, as "cousin."

The first possessor of the name known in this country was Richard Burke, of Sudbury, Mass., from whom Edmund Burke is a direct descendant of the sixth generation. Of him, little is know beyond the fact that he was a land owner and man of property, in his day. Previous to his marriage in Sudbury, in 1670, nothing is known of his history, but the fact that not many years previous to that date Ulick de Burgh, Earl of Clanricarde, was driven from his country, his family broken up, and his estates sequestered, the possibility that one of his relatives may have found his way across the ocean, and here established his home, readily suggests itself.

Captain Jesse Burke, grand-father of the subject of this sketch, a son of Jonathan Burke, who died at Windsor, Vt., in May, 1775, and a great grandson of Richard Burke, above mentioned, was born in Brookfield, Mass., April 8, 1738. He received from his father a large amount of land in Westminster, Vt., and pursued the avocation of a farmer. He was a man of great intelligence and decision of character, and occupied a prominent position in the community. He earnestly espoused the Revolutionary cause during the agitation which preceded the war for independence, and was captain of the first militia company organized in that region, which is also believed to have been the first body of men in the country regularly organized for the purpose of resisting the aggressions of the mother country. The king's courts were held in Westminster, at this time, and the place was, therefore, the natural resort of the tories or adherents of the royal cause. It was here that the first blood was shed upon the altar of American liberty. The victim was one William French, an active patriot or whig, who was foully murdered at the court-house, by a mob of tories headed by the sheriff of the county. Captain Burke enjoyed the entire confidence of the committee of public safety, and was the recipient of orders therefrom, as appears from the public records. He was also a personal friend and confidant of the illustrious patriot, Ethan Allen, and his house was frequently the head-quarters of that distinguished leader. He was a man of morality and integrity, honored and respected by his townsmen, and died in Westminster, January 20, 1811.

Elijah Burke, the youngest of six sons of Captain Jesse Burke, and father of Edmund, was born in Westminster, March 3, 1774, and died at Springfield, Vt., March 20, 1843. He married Grace Jeffers, daughter of Moses and Lucy Jeffers, of New London, Conn. She was an exemplary Christian woman. Her brother, Richard Jeffers, was one of the first Methodist preachers in this country. She died at the residence of her son, Edmund Burke, in Newport, December 28, 1866, in the ninetieth year of age. Of Elijah Burke, who, like all the children of Captain Jesse Burke, received from him a farm, and who followed the occupation of a farmer through life, it is said in a printed sketch: "He was a man of much more than ordinary reading and intelligence, for one in his condition of life. His character was without a blemish. For these reasons he always enjoyed the respect and confidence of his townsmen, by whom he was often tendered such public offices as were in their gift. These he almost invariably declined, never accepting any except the most humble and practically useful. In his early life his farming operations were quite active. He was among the first to engage in the introduction and growth of the merino sheep in the state of Vermont, and for

many years was owner of large flocks of that valuable animal. His whole life was one of exemplary virtue and practical utility."

EDMUND BURKE, born in Westminster, Vt., January 23, 1809, was the sixth of nine children (six sons and three daughters) of Elijah and Grace (Jeffers) Burke. A farmer in moderate circumstances with a large family, the father was unable to bestow upon his children the advantages of a liberal education; but when his son Edmund had attained the age of fifteen years, having up to that time been industriously engaged, like the sons of most New England farmers in similar circumstances, in manual labor upon the farm, excepting the brief periods occupied by the winter terms of school, and the summer terms in his earlier years, desirous that he should fill the station in life which his superior talents already manifest seemed to claim as his natural right, encouraged him to enter upon a course of study preparatory to the profession of the law. He could not give him a collegiate education, but he gave him his time for the remainder of his minority, and continued to furnish him a home and such material aid as was within his power, while pursuing his studies, upon which he immediately entered, commencing the study of Latin, and continuing the same diligently for several months, under the tuition, at first, of William F. Hall, and subsequently of Henry A. Bellows, afterward chief-justice of the state of New Hampshire, both of whom were students of law in the office of Hon. William C. Bradley, of Westminster, in which Mr. Burke was regularly entered in the same capacity at the age of sixteen, and where he diligently pursued the study of the profession for the full course of five years required of all those who had not received the benefit of a college course. His preceptor, Mr. Bradley, was a lawyer of wonderful learning and ability, and a strong and brilliant advocate, remarkable alike for his eloquence and wit. He long maintained the highest position at the Vermont bar. He was also prominent in political life, having served with distinction for three terms in the United States house of representatives, and filled various other positions of honor and responsibility. Aside from his superior legal attainments, he was the possessor of an almost unlimited store of general knowledge, and endowed with the most captivating conversational powers. A democrat of the Jeffersonian school, and a leader in politics as well as at the bar, his office was the constant resort of politicians as well as lawyers and men of learning and culture, through all the surrounding region.

Entering Mr. Bradley's office at that period of life when the mind of the ambitious youth is most susceptible to the formative and directing influence of strong and matured intellects, with extraordinary mental powers already largely developed, a love of study and an intense thirst for knowledge, combined with a strong bent for politics in the broad sense of the term, and already well grounded in the principles of the democratic party through his father's teachings and example, it is not to be wondered that during his five years' term of study with such an instructor, and surrounded by such associations and influences, Mr. Burke acquired not only a thorough legal education and training, but also a comprehensive understanding of political principles, in general and in their application to the machinery of government, and, furthermore, laid the foundation for that broad and general culture, for which, notwithstanding his lack of college training, more than most professional or public men, he subsequently became distinguished.

In his course of study, Mr. Burke was systematic and thorough. He made it a point to read law six hours every day. If, from any cause, he failed to accomplish his task in the day-time, he invariably made up the deficiency before he slept. Thus he established habits of industry and regularity which have characterized his

entire life. He also adopted the practice of making notes of every book he read, thus effectively strengthening and cultivating his wonderful power of memory, as well as laying in a great store of principles and definitions which enabled him to solve without difficulty almost any case which might be presented.

Having completed the prescribed period of study, Mr. Burke was admitted to the Windham county bar, and soon after in Cheshire county, in this state. In April following (1830) being then twenty-one years of age, he left home to establish himself in the practice of his chosen profession, going first to the town of Colebrook, in Coös county, whence he soon removed to Whitefield; there he remained for a period of three years, where he secured a fair practice considering the sparseness of the population in that section of the state at the time, and the comparative poverty of the people, whom he found, however, to be more than ordinarily intelligent, and among whom he added largely to his store of practical knowledge. But, aspiring to a broader field of activity than was there afforded, and receiving an offer of the editorial management of a new democratic newspaper called the Argus, established at Claremont by a company of gentlemen, he removed to that town in the autumn of 1833, and took charge of the paper. The following year he removed with the paper to Newport, the democrats of the latter town having become dissatisfied with the management of the Spectator, then published there by Mr. Simon Brown, who, by the way, subsequently became prominent in political life in the state of Massachusetts. A few months later the two papers were united, under Mr. Burke's management, and the publication continued as the Argus and Spectator.

Although continuing his professional practice, Mr. Burke devoted no little care and labor to his editorial work, and the paper soon acquired an extended circulation, as well as a reputation and influence superior to that of any other paper which had ever been published in the state, with the possible exception of Isaac Hill's New Hampshire Patriot. Its bold and vigorous enunciation of democratic doctrines and principles, its thorough discussion of all public measures, and its sharp and effective criticism of the policy and conduct of the opposition, attracted wide attention, and gained for Mr. Burke the commendation and admiration of leading men in the party, not in New Hampshire alone, but throughout the Union. His great abilities as a political writer coming to the notice of the late Felix Grundy and James K. Polk, of Tennessee, then senator in congress and speaker of the house of representatives respectively, they offered him the editorship of the Nashville Union, the leading democratic paper in Tennessee, at a liberal salary, which offer he determined to accept. He published his valedictory in the Argus and Spectator and made preparations for removal to Nashville, but his many warm friends and patrons in Sullivan county determined that he should not leave them if it was in their power to prevent it. As an inducement to remain, they offered to secure his nomination as a candidate for representative in congress at the next election, which nomination, upon the Democratic ticket, was then equivalent to an election.

Such a compliment,—a most flattering one to a man of his age, being then scarcely thirty years old,—ambitious and aspiring as he was, he could not decline, and he consequently reconsidered his determination, and remained in Newport. The promised nomination was given him, and at the following election, in March, 1839, he was chosen a member of the twenty-sixth congress, being, it it believed, the youngest man ever chosen to the house from this state, with the single exception of Franklin Pierce, who was one year younger than Mr. Burke at the time of election.

At the opening of the first session of the twenty-sixth congress, in December following his election, Mr. Burke took

his seat in the house as one of the representatives of the state of New Hampshire, which position he filled with signal ability for a term of six years, being twice reëlected, a distinction then never conferred upon New Hampshire members, except in cases where superior capacity had been developed, and distinguised services rendered by the members in question. With no pretensions to oratory, and no desire to make himself conspicuous upon the floor of the house, Mr. Burke seldom engaged in debate, never speaking except upon questions of more than ordinary importance, and then only after careful consideration and complete mastery of the subject. His speech upon the Independent Treasury bill, delivered in the house, in committee of the whole, June 13, 1840, and that on the Tariff bill, July 8, 1842, may be regarded as his ablest efforts, each evincing deep thought, profound research, and thorough comprehension of the questions involved. And here it may be said that these two speeches will be found well worth perusal today, by the mere student of political economy, as well as by all American citizens seeking light upon the ever vital questions of currency and revenue. Indeed, the great body of fact and argument set forth in each will be found directly applicable to the issues which, at the present time, more completely than all others, command the attention of the great body of the people. It may safely be asserted that these two speeches by Mr. Burke did more to settle and establish what has now come to be regarded as the traditional policy of the Democratic party than any similar efforts by any other representative of the party.

But the speech which, more than any other act of his life, won for Mr. Burke the esteem and admiration of the people of his adopted state, regardless of party affiliations, was that in defence of New Hampshire against the bitter and unprovoked assault by a Southern member, Mr. Arnold, of Tennessee, delivered in the house, December 28, 1841. In his opening tribute to our noble little state, after alluding to the circumstance which had called him to the floor, Mr. Burke said:—

"New Hampshire is, indeed, throned among the hills. She is the Switzerland of America. Her mountains point high up among the clouds, where eagles take their flight and enjoy, unrestrained, the freedom of the skies. She is a land, sir,

'Of mountain and of flood,
Of green heath and shaggy wood.'

Her cloud-capped hills, even in midsummer, glisten with the frosts and snows of winter. The terrific avalanche springs from their summits and thunders down their sides. But, sir, she is also a land of crystal streams, of glassy lakes, embosomed among her hills; and of beautiful valleys and meadows, dotted with neat and pretty villages, teeming with fertility, the home of industry, and all the evidences of wealth and prosperity. She has more of those noble temples of liberty,—common schools,—more village spires pointing to heaven, and more of the monuments which mark an advanced state of civilization than any other state of this Union, with, perhaps, one or two exceptions. If there are any exceptions, I am not aware of them. And, Mr. Speaker, if she is indebted to any cause under Heaven for her advancement in prosperity, wealth and civilization, it is to her lofty mountains and her beautiful and fertile valleys. Her people breathe the mountain air,—the air of heaven and of liberty; and her rugged surface, not barren and sterile, calls for their mental as well as physical powers, and makes them what they are, a hardy, vigorous, intelligent and energetic people, a people, sir, schooled in industry, morals and virtue; lovers of justice and equality, and democratic because they are the lovers of justice. Such is the outline of the character of New Hampshire and her people."

He then gave a clear and conclusive statement, demonstrating the right of his state to bear the palm of excellence, on the score of the material as well as intellectual prosperity of her people, making the same all the more effective by sharp and striking contrast with the condition of things in a corresponding direction in the state of Tennessee, represented, in part, by the member who had wantonly assailed New Hampshire. It was, indeed, an

effective and scathing retort,—a just and patriotic defence of New Hampshire, and secured for Mr. Burke the lasting gratitude of every son and daughter of the state.

In the committee work of the house no man rendered more laborious or efficient service than Mr. Burke. In the twenty-sixth congress he was a member of the committee on commerce, of which Edward Curtis, of New York, was chairman; in the next congress he served on the committee on claims, of which Joshua R. Giddings, of Ohio, was chairman; in the twenty-eighth congress he was chairman on the part of the house of the joint committee on the library, Rufus Choate being chairman on the part of the senate. With this last committee many distinguished men were connected at the time of Mr. Burke's service, among them Hon. George P. Marsh, now U. S. minister to Italy, and the late Hon. Robert Dale Owen. This committee had charge of the specimens brought home by the Wilkes exploring expedition, and the superintendence of the narrative and scientific publications of the expedition.

He also served upon several important select committees, including those upon the banks of the District of Columbia and upon the resolutions of the legislature of Massachusetts recommending a change in the federal constitution in reference to the apportionment of representatives and direct taxes, for each of which he made exhaustive reports. He was also chairman of the select committee to investigate the Rhode Island suffrage movement, and made—in behalf of the committee—an able and elaborate report, thoroughly discussing the grave questions involved, in the light of democracy and justice. The preparation of this report, which covered one hundred large octavo pages, when printed, and the arrangement of the voluminous accompanying documents in order for publication, was, under the circumstances, a most remarkable exhibition of intellectual power and capacity for rapid labor. On account of an unexpectedly early adjournment of Congress, Mr. Burke had only the time from Saturday night until the next Monday morning to perform the work, which he did in the most thorough and systematic manner, and with such accuracy and ability that the report was regarded as the best political history of Rhode Island ever produced, and is, even to this day, consulted as standard authority in Rhode Island political affairs.

At the close of his congressional labors, March 4, 1845, Mr. Burke entered upon the duties of the office of commissioner of patents, to which he was appointed without solicitation on his part, by his friend, Mr. Polk, who then acceded to the presidency. To the thorough performance of his work, in that important position, he devoted his best energies, and during his four years' administration of the patent office he did more to give it the standing and prominence before the country which it now occupies than has been accomplished by any other incumbent of the office. The reports sent out from the patent office under his incumbency, contain a vast amount of information, presented in the most interesting manner, manifesting vast research and most critical judgment. At that time the agricultural report was also prepared in the patent office, and in its preparation Mr. Burke had but one regular assistant, so that it required no little labor at his hands, which labor, like every duty, official or professional, which he has assumed, was faithfully and most efficiently performed.

His term of office as commissioner of patents closed with the administration of President Polk, to the success and popularity of which his labors had largely contributed. He thereupon accepted an engagement as associate editor of the Washington Union, then recognized as the leading organ of the Democratic party in the country, to whose editorial columns he had previously liberally contributed, and for which he wrote the remarkable series of essays upon the tariff question, over the signature of "Bundlecund," which

attracted such wide attention, and which were subsequently published in pamphlet form and circulated throughout the country. These essays constituted the most powerful presentation of the argument against protection ever put forth in the country, and had the effect to firmly settle the Democratic party in its antagonism to the protective system. His editorial connection with the Union continued one year, during which time his trenchant pen, in large degree, gave tone and influence to the paper.

In the summer of 1850 Mr. Burke returned to his home in Newport, and resumed the active practice of his profession as a lawyer, which he has steadily pursued with great success for the past thirty years, attaining a position at the bar second to that of no lawyer in the state. Although commanding an extensive general practice—civil and criminal—in the state courts, and also in the federal judicial tribunals, including the supreme court of the United States, he has devoted much attention to patent law, his experience as the official head of the patent office giving him special qualifications in that direction. His services in this branch of legal practice have been largely sought, and he has been engaged in many of the most important patent cases which have arisen in this country, in the conduct and trial of which he has been associated with such eminent lawyers as James T. Brady, Edward N. Dickinson, E. E. Phelps, E. W. Stoughton, Geo. F. Edmunds and William M. Evarts, and never to his disadvantage.

Mr. Burke has, at times, had partners associated with him in his general legal practice. Of these, the first was the late Hon. David Allen, who had been a student in his office, and who had charge of his business during his congressional service. Subsequently, Albert S. Wait, Esq., was for many years associated with him as a partner. His students have been numerous, and some have attained distinction and success. Among them may be mentioned Hon. W. H. H. Allen of the present supreme court; Hon. Hosea W. Parker, late member of congress; William C. Sturoc, Esq.; Hon. Lewis R. Smith and Charles H. Woods, of Minnesota; Hon. Wm. J. Forsaith, of Boston; Simeon Wheeler, of Portsmouth, Va.; Ira B. Person, of New York; James Corbin, of Santa Fe, New Mexico, and others.

Notwithstanding his assidious devotion to legal practice, Mr. Burke has cherished a deep and abiding interest in political affairs, and has constantly contributed to the maintenance and advocacy of the principles of the democratic party. As a political writer he has never ceased his labors, and has contributed largely to the columns of various democratic newspapers in this and other states, his vigorous and incisive articles never failing to command attention and awaken interest. Aside from his contributions to the newspaper press he has often been engaged in the preparation of campaign documents for circulation by state and national committees.

He has never been a politician except in the broad sense of devotion to principles. In his championship of principles he has ever been tenacious and aggressive. His contests have always been open and above-board. Ambitious as he may have been, the arts of the demagogue and the tricks and devices of the self-seeker he has never essayed, and has never failed to denounce the conduct of those who have resorted thereto, whether in his own or the opposite party. A party manager he has never been nor could he have been, successfully, his positive convictions and aggressive nature leading him to incur the opposition of many within the ranks of his own party. He has, however, been prominent in the democratic councils in the state, and ever since the period of his congressional service has been regarded, throughout the country, as one of the foremost representatives of the New Hampshire democracy. In the conventions of his party, state and national, he has taken a conspicuous part. He presided at the democratic

state convention in Concord, in the summer of 1853, and again in the winter of 1866-7. He was a delegate from New Hampshire to the national Democratic convention in Baltimore, in 1844, which nominated James K. Polk for president, and to the convention holden in the same city in 1852, in which Franklin Pierce received the presidential nomination. It may here properly be remarked that to the strong influence of Mr. Burke, properly exercised, through his extended acquaintance and high standing with leading men of the party from different sections in the convention, more than to the efforts of any other individual, the choice of the convention was ultimately bestowed upon the then favorite son of the Granite State.

Law and politics combined have not so far engrossed the attention of Mr. Burke but that, with his remarkable habits of industry and application, he has found time for extensive general reading. With the varied fields of literature, history, science and philosophy, he is thoroughly conversant. His library, independent of his law library, which is one of the best in the state, is among the largest and best selected private libraries in the country.

At the end of a full half century of professional and public life, having passed the three score and ten years of man's allotted existence, with failing bodily powers, but intellect strong and vigorous as ever, in the enjoyment of a competency earned in the pursuit of honest professional labor, and the respect of his fellowmen of all parties, who honor his manhood and independence, though they may not all coincide with his opinions, he may well be satisfied with the work he has accomplished, and the record he has made.

Mr. Burke married, December 1, 1840, Ann Matson, daughter of Francis and Susan Matson, and granddaughter of the late Hon. Aaron Matson, of Stoddard, a prominent citizen and a member of the seventeenth and eighteenth congresses. She was a lady of rare graces of mind and person, thoroughly educated and highly accomplished, with a manner charming alike in the family and social circle. She died in Newport, January 25, 1857, at the age of thirty-three years, in the early bloom of perfect womanhood, leaving one child,—a daughter,—Frances Matson Burke, then in her tenth year, to share with her father the sorrow of bereavement. The daughter, as she grew to womanhood, developed, in large degree, the same intellectual vigor which has characterized her father and the modest virtues and charming manner of her deceased mother. She is now the wife of Col. George H. Dana, who was a member of the thirty-second Massachusetts infantry, and served with distinction in the army of the Potomac, during the late war, in nineteen important battles, besides numerous skirmishes and minor engagements, and was severely wounded in the battle of Gettysburg. At the close of the war he was brevetted Lieutenant-Colonel for gallant services. They have one son, Francis Dana, now in his fourteenth year, a boy of great promise, who has been for nearly three years a student at St. Paul's School, in Concord, and is destined for the legal profession.

November 29, 1866, Mr. Burke married Miss Mary Elizabeth Whitney, his present wife, daughter of the late Stephen Whitney, of Newport.

H. H. METCALF.

KEARSARGE GORE.

BY WALTER HARRIMAN.

After the several townships which surround Kearsarge Mountain were granted and surveyed, an ungranted gore of land, from two thirds of a mile to two and a half miles in width, and some ten miles in length, was found to exist. This gore, beginning on the north line of Warner, stretched northward over the summit of the "peerless mountain," nearly to the present village of Wilmot Centre. This narrow strip of land is the Kearsarge Gore of history.

The Masonian proprietors had to do with this tract of country. They played an important part here as well as in other sections of New Hampshire. Capt. John Mason's grand-sons were John and Robert Tufton. Mason left a large property in New Hampshire and elsewhere, to these grandsons, on condition that they would take his name. This they did. John Tufton Mason had the Mason interest in New Hampshire. He sold this interest in 1746, to a company of twelve gentlemen of Portsmouth and vicinity. These grantees of the Mason property are usually called the "Masonian Proprietors." They were men of character and standing in the province, and they conducted themselves, generally, with sagacity and prudence. The names of the twelve are as follows: Theodore Atkinson, Mark Hunking Wentworth, Richard Wibird, John Wentworth, George Jaffrey, Samuel Moore, Nathaniel Meserve, Thomas Packer, Jotham Odiorne, Thomas Wallingford, Joshua Pierce and John Moffat.

Theodore Atkinson was a graduate of Harvard, in the class of 1718. Soon after leaving college, he was appointed clerk of the court of common pleas. He was many years colonel of the First Regiment of New Hampshire militia; also was collector of customs, naval officer, and high sheriff of the province. He was appointed secretary of the province in 1741, and chief justice of the supreme court in 1754.

Mark Hunking Wentworth was a brother of Gov. Benning, and the father of the last royal governor, John Wentworth.

Nathaniel Meserve built, in 1749, the "America," for the British government,—doubtless the first ship of the line built in America. He was a colonel of New Hampshire troops in the expedition against Crown Point, having the command at Fort Edward. In the second expedition against Louisbourg, in 1758, he and his son, Lieut. Nathaniel Meserve, fell victims to the small-pox.

Col. Samuel Moore was a wealthy ship master, at Portsmouth. He was one of the grantees of New Breton, now Andover.

George Jaffery was born at Great Island. He graduated at Harvard in 1702, was appointed to the provincial council in 1716, was made treasurer of the province in 1726, and afterwards chief justice of the supreme court of judicature.

Joshua Pierce, Jotham Odiorne and Richard Wibird were members of the council of the province, and Samuel Solly, who soon became one of the Masonian proprietors, by purchase or by the death of an original member, was also on the council board.

Previous to the time when the *twelve* came into possession, much litigation and strife had grown out of the Mason claim. The government of the province had, to a certain extent, recognized and defended this claim, and the people, many of them, were greatly irritated thereat. Cases of assault occasionally grew out of this matter. There are still in existence the original depositions, on oath, of Barefoot

(deputy governor) and Mason, relating to an assault made on their persons by Thomas Wiggin and Anthony Nutter, who had been members of the assembly.

These two men went to Barefoot's house, in Portsmouth, where Mason lodged, and entered into discussion with the latter about his proceedings, denying his claim, and using such language as provoked him to take hold of Wiggin with the intention to thrust him out at the door. But Wiggin, being the stronger man of the two, seized Mason by the cravat, and threw him into the fire, where his clothes and one of his legs were burned. Barefoot, coming to the rescue, met a similar fate, having two of his ribs broken, and one tooth knocked out.

Another incident, among the many that might be cited, showing the contempt in which some of the lower class of people held these men and their measures, is the following:

"Mary Rann, aged 30 years, or thereabouts, witnesseth, that the 21st day of March, 1684, being in company with Seabank Hog, I heard her say.—it was very hard for the governor of this province to strike Sam Seavey before he spoke. The said Hog said also that it was well for the governor that the said Seavey's *mother* was not there, for if she had, there had been bloody work for him. I heard the said Hog say also, that the governor and the rest of the gentlemen were a crew of pitiful curs, and did they want earthly honor?—if they *did*, she would pull off her head-clothes, *and come in her hair*, to them, like a parcel of pitiful, beggarly curs as they were;—come to undo us, both body and soul; they could not be content to take our estates from us, but they have taken away the gospel also, which the devil would have them for it."

"Sworn in the court of pleas, held at Great Island (New Castle), the 7th of November, 1684."

At a meeting of the Masonian proprietors, at Portsmouth, April 7, 1779:

"Voted that Messrs. John Penhallow and John Pierce be a committee to employ Capt. Hubertus Neal, or some good Surveyor, to take a survey of the ungranted land in and about the Mountain Kier Sarge, and to lay out the same into 100 acre lotts."

In December, 1781, those proprietors divided up sundry tracts of their unappropriated lands in the state between themselves, and among those tracts was the following:

"A Tract of land Surveyed and Returned by Henry Gerrish, called Kyah Sarge, all the lots in said Plan, with a reserve in each lot, of five acres for highways if wanted."

The proprietors put the number of these lots, and of lots in other parts of the state, upon bits of paper, dropped these bits into a hat and drew therefrom. Thomas Wallingford drew twelve of the Kearsarge gore lots, John Wentworth drew ten, Mark Hunking Wentworth eight, Solloy and Marsh drew a number, and the rest of the proprietors did likewise, till all were gone.

No settlements were made in the gore, on either side of the mountain, till six or seven years after these lots were divided up between the proprietors. So, as the settlers came in they purchased their lands of *individuals*, and not of a *company*.

The gore, both before and after it was cut in twain, constituted a sort of a town by itself. In the records it is usually called a *town*. The inhabitants met annually for a quarter of a century, to choose their town officers, and to conduct, in many respects, like incorporated towns. Their first meeting was in 1794, and their last in 1818. It will not be claimed that their records (which are too voluminous to be introduced here), are the highest specimens of orthographical accuracy.

In 1807 Wilmot was incorporated, taking its name from Dr. Wilmot, an Englishman, who, at one time, was supposed to be the author of the celebrated Junius papers. Two thirds of the territory which constituted the town of Wilmot was taken from New London, and the other third from the gore. The gore was divided by run-

ning a line from the south-west corner of Andover, over the highest point of the mountain, to the east line of Sutton. What remained of the gore, namely,—all that part on the south side of the mountain, still maintained a *brevet* town existence. A military company was organized in the gore at an early day, and Jonathan Watkins had the honor of taking command. This company came out for inspection and duty, as the companies of *towns* came, at least twice a year. In 1810 Capt. Watkins, with his command, met the Wilmot company for drill and exercise on the top of Kearsarge. Near the close of the day the two companies were brought face to face on the very summit of the mountain, and a "sham fight" of great spirit was indulged in. This battle was 2,000 feet higher than Hooker's celebrated fight "above the clouds," on Lookout Mountain.

The Gore and Wilmot were classed and made a representative district. For the election of 1813, the Gore warrant reads as follows:

"In the name of the state of new hampshire, we Doe hereby notify and Warn all the freeholders and other inhabitance of the town of Kearsarge Gore and Wilmot qualified to vote in town meeting to samble and meet at the school house in saide Kearsarge Gore on the second day of March 1813, at one o'clock in the after noon to act as follows

1, ly, to Chuse a moderator to govern said meeting

2, ly, to vote for some Person for Representative tour general Cort.

Jason Watkins
Ezra Waldron } Selectmen."
John Palmer

Pursuant to this notice the towns met, and the record of the meeting follows:

"At a town Meeting Legally notified and holden in the town of Kearsarge Gore on the second day of March anno Domini 1813 the following votes were givenin for Representative to gineral Cort viz. there was a Majority for Jason Watkins.

Jason Watkins town Clark.

in the same ower Come in Wilmot and Voted for Eliphet Gay Representative General Cort.

Jason Watkins Town Clark."

It will be seen that the district elected two representatives that day, though entitled to but one. The merits of the controversy cannot now be known. Gay certainly took his seat in June, and Watkins made no contest. It was alleged on the part of Gay's friends that Watkins was elected before the legal hour; that when the Watkins party saw the Wilmot folks coming in large force down the spur of the mountain from Salisbury, they set forward the nearest clock there was to the school-house, rushed in their votes, and elected Watkins before the time set for the organization of the meeting.

General Eliphalet Gay was an innkeeper, and a man of wealth. The Gore people charged that he supplied his friends with victuals and drink, as well as with conveyance, both to and from this meeting. They came with two-horse pungs, via Andover, Beech Hill, Googgin's Mills and Smith's Corner, in Salisbury. On arriving at the Gore they took possession of the polls, treating what had been done by the Watkins party as a nullity. The humble house where this fierce battle raged is still in a good state of preservation. It stands on a warm southern slope, in a valley between abrupt hills. Here it was that the contending factions swayed to and fro; here it was that victory was both won and lost.

But this is a life of compensations, and Watkins found it so. The district meeting for the next year (1814), was held at Wilmot, and though not a man from the Gore put in an appearance at that meeting, Jason Watkins was triumphantly elected representative for the district, and he served his constituents faithfully in the legislature of the state.

The people of the Gore sought an

alliance with their nearer neighbors. At their annual meeting in March, 1818, they voted unanimously to cast in their lot with the inhabitants of Warner. This was their last meeting as a distinct municipality, for, by an act of the legislature, approved June 13, 1818, the Gore was annexed *to* and made forever thereafter, part and parcel *of* the town of Warner.

MRS. SARAH J. HALE.

BY MRS. LUCY E. SANFORD.

One of the sins of my school-days was smuggling Godey's Lady's Books into my study drawer, from which, in some mysterious way, it would glide into my friend's rooms.

I loved that magazine from childhood, and when it graciously deigned to publish my first attempt at story-writing, I walked on air.

When, therefore, in 1859, I was in Philadelphia, and my sister invited Mrs. Hale to dine and go to the opera, given in compliment to the Prince of Wales, I was far more pleased to meet the lady editor, than the future king.

I expected to see an intellectual old lady, who wore glasses and talked books. I did see a charming society lady of middle age, with an undimmed eye, and a clear, broad, high, smooth forehead, with never a wrinkle or line or crow's foot on it.

Before I left the city I told her how surprised I was to find her so young. She smiled, saying:

"I am only seventy-one!" She said the secret of her young-old-age was that she was born in the country, and played out-of-doors from morning until night.

That place where she played was Newport, New Hampshire, and she was born 24 October, 1788.

Twenty-three years before, six young men came up from Connecticut to Newport. Hardy pioneers they were. Their bedsteads were half sections of hollow trees, set up as troughs, and their beds dried leaves, with a blanket over them. In the winter they went to Connecticut, but they returned the next summer, with three more men and five women, four of whom were brides, who finished their bridal trip with a race which first should set foot in Newport. Two reached at the same moment the tree that marked the boundary, and each received a crown.

One of these brides was a notable house wife, and made rare mince pies of pumpkin and bear's meat; another was a heroine and stayed alone while all the rest went for needed supplies to a near and older town; a third made out the first tax-list of the town. What wonder that the babe, who was tossed in the arms of such women, and whose mother had an exceptional education for the times, grew to be a pioneer in the literary world of women.

In 1776 there were 36 "able-bodied men" in the town, and 26 went to the war. Mrs. Hale's father was a revolutionary soldier. One of her brothers was an educated lawyer, and was father of the well-known banker, James Buel, President Importers and Traders' Bank, New York city.

Pardon a moment's digression: Mr. James Buel, last autumn put a fine Sunapee granite wall and broad steps to the forlorn old grave-yard, where those sturdy pioneers lie, where for years many of their sunken graves have been marked by broken or toppling stones, and surrounded by a stone wall, of a very small part of which the stones lay one above another.

To return. In time, Miss Sarah Josepha Buel married a lawyer,—Mr.

Hale,—and settled in the village. Her brother had taught her Latin, and she had read all the books she could get. Farmers' libraries a hundred years or so ago were not very extensive, and the evenings when Mr. Hale used to read to her while she rocked her babes, were among the most pleasant memories of her life. She, too, read. And one of her friends told me of a new book having been given her when she was sweeping, and hours after, she was found standing with the book in one hand and the broom in the other.

So ran her life until five children were born to her, and then, after a short sickness, Mr. Hale died and was laid in the grave-yard on the hillside, of which I have written. Left with small means, it became needful for Mrs. Hale to do something to feed and clothe her five children. She opened a milliner's shop, and good and true people told her she "must give up reading so much and attend strictly to business." And she did try to. But she wrote nights, and her first novel was accepted by a book-publisher, and about the same time she wrote a poem that took a prize in Boston.

These were seen by Rev. John L. Blake, a stranger to her, and he wrote and asked her to take charge of a ladies' magazine which he would start for her in Boston. She was delighted; it was just what she would have wished, yet she was afraid to trust herself, and many of her Newport friends thought it an absurd project, told her that she would have to come back, and would have lost the sympathy, and, worse than that, the patronage of those who had generously employed her to trim their old bonnets. Others reasoned with her; it was such a bold, such an *improper* step! Why, Blake was a stranger, and a magazine edited by a woman had never been heard of. And when she accepted the position and went to Boston, very severe remarks were made about the *indelicacy* of it! So one of her friends told me.

Before she left, she wrote in this friend's album:

"How fair the simple flowers appear
When hands beloved the garland twine;
And friendship's flowers collected here,
Though springs may die, will ever shine."

CORNELIA.

1826.

The magazine was started in 1827. It was just the size of a sheet of Congressionel note paper and was in all its features like the well-known Lady's Book, of which it was the prototype, and into which it was merged in 1837, at which time she moved to Philadelphia. The funny little fashion plate, the pioneer of all the fashion magazines of this country, was the offspring of her experience and needs as a milliner when a trip to the city was a serious affair, costing time, strength and money, which few could command, so that the appearance of a city cousin made all the country fashionables hide their heads, and the good pastor's eloquence and appeals fall on unheeding eyes and ears.

She loved the autumn Thanksgiving Day, which from baby-hood she had kept; and she loved her country and she loved her God, and she longed to see her whole country as one voice, offer its thanksgiving and praise to its God on that one day. She, therefore, wrote in 1846, to the President of the United States, asking him to appoint the autumn Thanksgiving. He feared the states would not like it. She urged it on every President, and at length secured it under Mr. Johnson. And knowing, as I did, that he had yielded to Mrs. Hale's persistent urging, and that on her part it was from a pure and grand conception of what should be, I was greatly amused to read the newspaper comments on the President's "innovation," and one governor gave his proclamation for a week later. And though this is the third administration that has proclaimed the autumn Thanksgiving, yet so little was our nation risen to her sublime thought, that each of our governors follows with his gun after the cannon has fired, and our clergy read the governor's proclamation.

On her 84th birthday, she wrote a

Thanksgiving hymn, which was sung in her native town at a union service that same year:

Almighty Lord of glory!
Our praise to him we bring.
And chant our country's story
Where God alone is King.
His outstretched arm sustaining,
Behold the Mayflower come!
His mercy foreordaining
Our land for Freedom's home.

Though wintry darkness gathers
And dearth and death prevail,
The faithful Pilgrim Fathers
Could look within the veil:
Oh! joy amid the sadness!
They'er free to do and pray,
And keep, in sober gladness,
Their first Thanksgiving Day.

These seeds of Faith and Freedom
God's word hath wafted free:
O'er rocks outsoaring Edom
They reach the sunset sea.
And East and West uniting,
One family become:
With North and South relighting
One lamp—WE ARE ALL AT HOME!

With half of heaven above us,
An ocean on each hand,
We've room for all who love us
And join our brother-band.
Praising the great All-Giver,
Our home feast we display,
And through the years forever
Keep free Thanksgiving Day.

In palace and in prison
Our festival is one.
The witness Christ is risen
Good will for men begun.
Our hearts one hope rejoices,
Our souls in concert pray,
'Mid songs of choral voices—
God bless Thanksgiving Day!

This was copied in the Sandwich Island Friend, with a high tribute of praise to the author, whom those editors' fathers would have been only too glad to have eaten in her babyhood.

She always loved her native town, the very sorrows of those early days in it, had been "stepping stones to higher things" not only to the mind, but the soul, and bore rich fruit of Christian life and work in her later years. In 1876 she sent a request that any one coming to the Centennial from Newport would call upon her, and many called and all were welcomed cordially.

In 1877, as she rounded her 50 years' life as an editor, she retired from the Lady's Book. But her pen was not at rest. On her 90th birthday she finished and read to her children and nephew who had met to do her honor, the sweetest, smoothest lines she ever wrote, or any other mortal ever wrote at her age.

Growing old! growing old! Do they say it of *me?*
Do they hint my fine fancies are faded and fled?
That my garden of life, like the winter-swept tree,
Is frozen and dying, or fallen and dead?

Is the heart growing old, when each beautiful thing,
Like a landscape at eve, looks more tenderly bright,
And love sweeter seems, as the bird's wan'dring wing
Draws nearer her nest at the coming of night?

Is the mind growing old when with ardor of youth,
Through the flower walks of Wisdom, new paths it would try,
And seek, not for shells from the ocean of truth,
But the pearl of great price which the world cannot buy?

Is the soul growing old? See the planet at even,
When rising at morn, melts in glory above!
Thus, turning from earth, we creep closer to Heaven,
Like a child to her father's warm welcoming love.

Does the mortal grow older as years roll away?
'Tis change, not destruction:—kind winter will bring
Fresh life to the germ and perfect it.
Decay holds the youth bud IMMORTAL, and heralds its spring.

Growing old! growing old! Can it ever be true,
While joy for life's blessings is thankful and warm,
And hopes sown for others are blooming anew,
And the Rainbow of Promise bends over the storm?

Growing old! growing old! *No*, we never grow old
If, like little children we trust in the WORD,
And, reckoning earth's treasures by Heaven's pure gold,
We lay our weak hands on the strength of the LORD.

SARAH JOSEPHA BUEL HALE.

PHILADELPHIA, May 1, 1879.

Mrs. Sarah J. B. Hale, who for half a century was the editor of Godey's Lady's Book, died last evening in this city, at the residence of her son-in-law, Dr. L. B. Hunter. Her remains will be interred at Laurel Hill.

Sarah Josepha Buel Hale was born at Newport, N. H., in 1788. Her education was directed by her mother, and by her brother, a college student. At nineteen years of age she was married to Mr. David Hale, a lawyer of much promise in his profession. He died in 1822, leaving her with but slender pecuniary resources, and with five children to care for. Engaging in literary pursuits, she produced a volume entitled "The Genius of Oblivion, and other Original Poems." This was printed for her at Concord, N. H., in 1823, by the Free Masons, of which fraternity her husband had been a member. In 1827 she published "Northwood," a novel in two volumes. In 1828 she became editor of The Ladies' Magazine, a Boston monthly publication. As editor of this periodical she was widely and favorably known to the reading public. When it was united with Godey's Lady's Book, a Philadelphia monthly, in 1837, Mrs. Hale was the editor of the joint publication. She was at that time always busy. In 1835, she published "Sketches of American Character" and "Traits of American Life;" and in 1838, "Grosvenor; a Tragedy," founded on the story of the execution of Colonel Isaac Hayne, of South Carolina. Her "Flora's Interpreter," a manual of the fanciful language of flowers, had several years ago reached a sale of 40,000 copies. Mrs. Hale did a great variety of work, edited cookery books, dictionaries of poetical quotations, juvenile stories for children; and all these met with a ready and sometimes with a very large sale. There were printed also from time to time volumes of original verse, which perhaps did not sell so well as the cookery books.

Mrs. Hale's most important, certainly her most laborious publication was printed in 1863. It was entitled "Woman's Record; or, Biographical Sketches of all Distinguished Women, from the Creation to the Present Time," and was a large octavo of 994 pages. The bulky compilation, which must have required great industry, may be recommended as a convenient and tolerably safe book of reference. Some of the matter is original and valuable. In 1856 Mrs. Hale edited a selection of the "Letters of Mme. de Sevigné," and in the same year a like selection from "The Letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu."

A complete catalogue of Mrs. Hale's productions would be a very long one. Taking a little or no part in the controversies of the day, and not appearing to feel much interest either in "Rights" or "Isms," she gave her life almost entirely to literature of a healthy and harmless, if not very lofty, kind. She wrote good English, and she possessed a good taste. Her position as editor of a widely circulated magazine, was a responsible one, and she filled it conscientiously. Her old age was serene; her amiable manners made her society agreeable, and she possessed a fund of recollections and anecdotes which received many and ready listeners.

—*Philadelphia Paper.*

THOMAS WADLEIGH OF HAMPSTEAD AND HIS DESCENDANTS.

BY ERASTUS WADLEIGH.

Thomas Wadleigh, of Hampstead, was one of the early proprietors and pioneers of Perrystown, now Sutton, N. H. He was there long before its settlement, as committee to "find roads, pitch a place for a meeting-house and saw-mill" and other purposes. His father and grand-father were of Exeter. He had nine sons and three daughters, namely: Benjamin, Jonathan, Joseph, Thomas, John, Moses, Aaron, Ephraim, Henry, Judith, Betsey and Susan.

Benjamin, Jonathan, Joseph, Thomas, Moses and Ephraim, were early settlers of the town. John was a Shaker, and lived with the Shakers of Canterbury; Aaron early moved to Starksborough, Vt., where he died. Thomas and John were in the revolution. The father of these sons was in the French war, and was said to be a man of wonderful physical strength, as well as some of his sons. He occasionally left home to assist the sons in clearing land in their forest homes. In piling logs two of his sons would take the butt end and he the top end. At a time the two sons made several attempts to lift their end, but failed. The father told them to take the little end and he would take the butt. They did so, and the father, to the surprise of the sons, readily carried it to the desired place.

The oldest daughter, Judith, married Moses Atwood; Betsey married John Kent; and Susan married Hon. Benjamin Evans, of Warner. Mr. Evans was state councillor, senator, and sheriff of Merrimack county. All the sons and daughters, except John, had families, and most of them large ones. Benjamin had eight adult children, Jonathan seven, Joseph eleven, Thomas eleven, Moses eight, Ephraim eight, and so on. Benjamin E. Wadleigh, of Bradford, is supposed to be the only surviving grandson of Thomas Wadleigh, of Hampstead, and is a son of Moses.

We will now refer to some of the most widely-known grand-children of these brothers and sisters, living. Grand-children of Benjamin and wife: Gilbert Wadleigh, of Milford, N. H., lawyer, has been a member of the legislature, cashier of Souhegan Bank, and paymaster in the late rebellion. Milton Wadleigh, Galena, Ill., civil engineer and surveyor of Jo Davis county; educated at Norwich University, Vt. John S. Pillsbury, governor of Minnesota. Hon. George A. Pillsbury, formerly mayor of Concord, N. H. These brothers, with two sons of George A. Pillsbury, are extensively engaged in manufacturing flour, in Minneapolis, Minn., where they have flour mills, and are also engaged largely in lumbering. Benjamin F. Pillsbury, a younger brother, formerly selectman and representative of Sutton, is largely engaged in building and real estate transactions, in Granite Falls, Minn. Miss L. F. Wadleigh, many years lady superintendent of New York Female Normal College, which position she now occupies.

Benjamin Wadleigh married Hannah Kezer. The Pillsbury brothers are grand-children of Benjamin Wadleigh, through their mother, who was his youngest daughter.

Grand-children of Thomas, Jr., and wife are Hon. Thomas W. Harvey, who has been superintendent of common schools for the state of Ohio; Edward D. Burnham, of Hopkinton, former state councillor; his brothers, James and John; T. W. Pillsbury, Concord, wood agent; N. W. Cheney, who has been a member of the legislature and register of deeds for Grafton

county, Bethlehem; Edward Dodge, former town officer of Bradford, now a prominent farmer of Francistown, and Mark Nelson, a well-known citizen of New London. He has living but one grand-son of his name, P. S. H. Wadleigh, of Warner.

Moses Wadleigh married Elizabeth Dow, of Atkinson. Their grand-children are Hon. Bainbridge Wadleigh, former U.S. senator and now a prominent lawyer of Milford, N. H.; Moses W. Russell, physician, of Concord, N. H.; George. W. Wadleigh, merchant, Concord, N. H.; George A. Wadley, merchant, of the firm of Wadley & Andrews, Boston, Mass. (The orthography of his name varies from that of his grand-father.)

Grand-children of Susan, who married Hon. Benjamin Evans, of Warner, as before named; Benjamin E. Badger, lawyer and ex-member of the legislature, Concord, N. H.; John E. Robertson has been a member of the legislature and Treasurer of Concord Savings Bank; Mrs. John Y. Mugridge. Hon. John Y. Mugridge is ex-president of the state senate, and a prominent lawyer of Concord. Miss Susan Eaton is a sister of Mrs. Mugridge. Mr. Evans had no son that lived to mature age.

Ephraim, and two sons of his brother Benjamin, settled in Hatley, P. Q., when a wilderness, about the first of this century, where their descendants are numerous. The Wadleigh families of Hatley are represented in the history of Stanstead county, as being among the most numerous in Hatley, and that they are of English descent, and their ancestors were among the early colonists of New England, and that they have generally been distinguished for energy and enterprise, and some of them have occupied prominent positions in the community. Erastus Wadleigh and his son, Milton B. Wadleigh, are the only male persons in Sutton by the name of Wadleigh. They own the farm once owned by Thomas Wadleigh, of Hampstead, and where his son Benjamin settled in 1771, with about 1,000 acres of land in town, including the old homestead of their forefathers.

Ephraim was the last survivor of this family. Gov. Hill, in his Monthly Visitor, in 1848, in an article entitled "An unpensioned Revolutionary veteran," which more particularly refers to John Wadleigh, the Shaker, and his father's family, says: "Few families in New England have been so numerous, long-lived, so respectable, so patriotic and useful, as this family of brothers and sisters of Wadleighs." (This article was copied into the Massachusetts Ploughman, September 23, 1848.)

I have not referred to the grand-children of Thomas Wadleigh by name, as they are numerous and mostly dead. My father, Benjamin Wadleigh, Jr., was county judge from 1833 to 1853, and is remembered by many of the aged people of the county. The late Peter Wadleigh, of Northfield, was a son of Jonathan Wadleigh, and, if I mistake not, his son, Ephraim S. Wadleigh, is now living there.

Longevity of the children of Thomas Wadleigh and wife, of Hampstead, N. H.:

Benjamin, born 1749, died in Sutton, 1817, aged 68 years; Jonathan, born 1751, died in Gilmanton, 1833, aged 82 years; Joseph, born 1753, time of death and age not known to the writer; Thomas, born 1755, died in Sutton, 1827, aged 72 years; John, born 1757, died in Canterbury, about 1851, aged about 95 years; Moses, born 1763, died in Sutton, 1839, aged 76; Aaron, born 1768, died in Starksborough, Vt., 1848, aged 80 years; Ephraim, born 1770, died in Hatley, P. Q., 1852, aged 82 years; Henry, born 1774, died about 1850, aged 76 years; Judith, born 1761, was living in 1848, aged 87 years; Betsey, married John Kent, and died in Loudon, aged 75 years; Susan, born 1772, died in Warner, 1846, aged 74 years.

We find the following in reference to Benjamin and Thomas Wadleigh, in Mrs. A. H. Worthen's manuscript his-

tory of Sutton: "For many years much of the town business was transacted by these two noble brothers. The town records show them on active duty in various public capacities of greater or less importance, from the earliest years of the town till death put a period to their usefulness. They were both civil magistrates. The commission of Thomas, I have not found; that of Benjamin bears date of April 19, 1786, and is signed by the then president, i. e., governor of the state of New Hampshire, John Sullivan. In the list of those who held justice commmissions at the same time, I find such names as Samuel Livermore, Josiah Bartlett, Matthew Thornton, John Langdon, &c. Benjamin Wadleigh presided over the town-meetings so long that to 'proceed to make choice of a moderator' meant neither more nor less than to place him in the chair. I find him recorded moderator thirteen years in succession. Thomas Wadleigh, Esq., did not finally locate here till after the close of the Revolutionary war (although he was taxed here in 1779). It is said of him that he was very highly esteemed in his day by the citizens of Sutton, for capacity, integrity and patriotism. He was a native of Hampstead; served in the revolution six years and seven months. He was the first town-clerk after incorporation, and every year afterwards till 1806, a period of 22 years. He also represented the town in the legislature ten or twelve years; he was also captain in the militia."

DIRGE

ON THE DEATH OF THE HON. SAMUEL H. AYER, WHO DIED IN HILLSBORO', OCT. 4TH, 1853.

"Whom the gods love die young."—*Heathen Maxim.*

BY WILLIAM C. STUROC.

Bleak was the autumn breeze,
Faded the forest trees,
Wither'd and bare,
When the "grim spoiler" came,
Claiming the mortal frame,
Dwelling of AYER.

Tears for the youthful dead,
From every eye be shed,
Grief-song be heard!
Solemn and slowly all,
Come to the silent pall,
Sorrow be stirr'd!

Gone to his last abode,
He who but lately glow'd,
Hopeful and fair,
Down to the darksome tomb—
Portal of spirit home—
Noble young AYER!

Infant at morning gray,
Old age at gloam of day,
Called to their rest,
Those, we with tears bedew—
Passing from earthly view—
Up to the Blest!

Not less shall plaintive wail
Tell that Death's icy veil
Shadows in night,
Manhood's strong eagle gaze,
Stretching to future days,
Happy and bright!

Providence dark and deep!
Thus do we mourn and weep;
Yet may the rod
Show to the tearful eye—
Far in the vaulted sky—
Finger of God!

Sunapee, N. H.

THE SIR JOHN WENTWORTH MANSION.

BY FRED MYRON COLBY.

"All houses wherein men have lived and died
Are haunted houses. Through the open doors
The harmless phantoms on their errands glide,
With feet that make no sound upon the floors.
There are more guests at table than the hosts
Invited; the illuminated halls
Are thronged with quiet, inoffensive ghosts,
As silent as the pictures on the walls."

These lines were never more applicable to a human habitation than to the Wentworth house, on Pleasant street, Portsmouth. Its great rooms are haunted with memories of a noble race; stair-case, alcove and corridor teem with historic recollections. Human life has been lived, enjoyed, suffered and resigned just the same every day, in any house, I suppose, as under this old roof, but the fact that these were historic personages who resided here, makes a distinction. When a great man dies, the world bemoans him; when a small man dies, a simple obituary is all that he demands. So here, where greatness moved and had a being, we feel impressed as we could not in a humbler home. Others may not feel as we feel, but in the atmosphere which a great man breathed, treading the same floors that his feet once trod, gazing on the walls where his shadow fell, we are lifted up, strengthened, ennobled. Next to the society of the noble, is the privilege of dwelling where they have dwelt.

The house looks all its greatness. Many modern mansions surpass it in size and elegance, but it has an air of dignity, of old-time grandeur that seems to exaggerate it every way. No modern house is half as interesting. A rich old colonial merchant built it; a famous and worthy man made it his home during an interesting period. In its rooms vice regal courts held their festivities. The pomp and the burden of power have been here. Lovely women, whose memories are still august and gallant; proud, ambitious, plotting men, whose lives mark milestones in our history, have here laughed, danced and taken their zest of life. In this broad parlor, under the silver chandelier with the light from waxen tapers falling on her, stood, more than a century ago, a gay young bride, crowned with beautiful youth and marriage flowers, while around her, with courteous voices, thronged the many guests to offer congratulations. In this chamber, amid stilled voices, hushed footsteps and sombre gloom, a babe first opened his eyes upon the world which was afterwards to give him the garter and the coronet of power. Here, by this open door, father, mother and child stood one solemn night, looking back upon the rooms which would shelter them no more, and the royal power that had been wrested from them by a free people, while beyond the flower-bordered walk, at the foot of the garden, waited the boat that was to take them from their native land.

The house was built in 1765, by Mark Hunking Wentworth, the richest of Portsmouth merchants. The Wentworths were, at this time, among the leading and most influential families in the American colonies. Long the rivals of the Pepperells, in trade and political influence, they had completely distanced that proud and baronial family. They had great mercantile houses at Boston as well as at Portsmouth. Their ships ventured upon every sea, and the gold of a successful commerce lifted the race to an importance that was without parallel in the New World. One of its members

for long years filled the office of Lieutenant-Governor of New Hampshire. His oldest son was governor of the province for twenty-five years more. Ambitious, successful, of high patrician descent, wealthy as English nobles, and holding high political and civil authority, the Wentworths stood high among colonial magnates, surpassed by none and equalled only by the lordly prestige of Fairfax in the South, and of Sir William Johnson, of New York.

Mark Hunking was the son of Lieutenant-Governor John, and a younger brother of Governor Benning Wentworth. His wealth was equal to that of any of his relatives, but in civil distinction, he did not equal them. He was the father of a son, however, that, in this respect, surpassed all of his race. In 1766, John Wentworth, then in England as the agent to present petitions for New Hampshire, was appointed by the ministry of George III, to succeed his uncle Benning, then an old man of seventy, as governor of his native state. At the same time he was appointed surveyor-general of the king's woods in North America, with the princely salary of £700 and perquisites, in our day a sum equal at least to $10,000. Two years afterwards he landed at Charleston, S. C., and travelling northward by land, registered his commission as surveyor in each of the colonies through which he passed. In June, 1768, he arrived at Portsmouth, when he entered upon his duties as governor, and also took possession of the mansion vacated by the death of his father, who had dropped away at the age of sixty-five, worth nearly half a million dollars.

At the age of thirty-two years, Sir John Wentworth, who had been knighted in England, found himself the foremost and one of the wealthiest men in America. He did not shame his position, nor belie the proud reputation of his race. He was a true Wentworth, enterprising, high spirited, noble and gallant. But though he gave loyal allegiance to his king, he was also a friend to his province. New Hampshire, in all its history, has had no greater benefactor. A man of sound understanding, enlarged views, as well as of refined taste and elegant manners, he saw at once what were the true needs of his province. Agriculture owed more to him than to any other man. He laid out new roads and improved the old ones. He was a patron of learned men, and the friend of Benjamin Thompson Wheelock and George Whitefield. He fostered learning, being the founder, by its charter, of Dartmouth College, the earliest of our educational institutions. A scholar and a gentleman of culture, for he was a graduate of Harvard, John Wentworth was as much superior to the ordinary class of provincial governers as George III himself in dignity, gentlemanly honor and noble manners surpassed his debased, selfish predecessors.

Three powers rule the world: Intellect, wealth and fame. Wearing this triple crown, John Wentworth offered himself to the woman of his choice. She was his cousin, Frances Deering Wentworth, daughter of his uncle, Samuel Wentworth, and widow of his and her cousin, Theodore Atkinson. She was still young,—only twenty-three,—a woman of great beauty, and had loved John Wentworth before her first marriage. Just two weeks after her first husband's death, she was married to Sir John. The wedding occurred on Saturday, Nov. 11, 1769, in Queen's chapel, before Rev. Arthur Brown, who had once before married a Governor Wentworth to his lady. But the former affair was nothing compared with this. Governor Benning had been married to his chambermaid, in his private parlor, before a select circle of friends. This latter wedding took place in the presence of the whole elite of the province. From far and near came the laced coats and powdered hair and long queues. The bridal feast was sumptuous. The hospitable mansion was crowded, for the tall, handsome governor, and the beautiful young bride, had many friends.

What a brilliant, happy life they

led after this! There were fêtes and pageants at Portsmouth, and sometimes the governor and his wife visited their friends at Boston, and sometimes, like Marie Antoinette and Louis XVI, at Trianon, they lived in peaceful rural seclusion in their grand summer mansion, on the shores of Lake Winnipiseogee. They lived and travelled in state, a coach-and-six and mounted guards in livery, being their concomitants on a journey. At the first commencement of Dartmouth College, Sir John and Lady Wentworth were present. Before that time, the usual route from Portsmouth to Hanover was by way of Londonderry, Amherst and Keene, to the Connecticut river, and thence up the stream, a long and circuitous route.

Through the influence of the governor, the assembly passed a bill continuing the road from the governor's country house at Wolfeborough, through Plymouth, Grafton, Dorchester and Canaan, to Hanover, and the same year that the highway was laid out, the governor and his lady passed over the route in their coach. The style of this equipage attracted much attention, and the coach was a source of much wonder, as it was the first four-wheeled carriage ever seen in that section of the state.

John Wentworth was the best as well as the last of the royal governors of New Hampshire. None of them were so popular as he was. Despite his aristocratic birth, his refinement and culture, and his exalted station, he was a man of the people. His affability and courtesy covered the Wentworth pride as gracefully as flowers the granite rocks of his native hills. He was, at heart, a democrat, but when the bickerings between the colonies and the mother country broke into open war he took sides with the crown, for his oath of allegiance held him there. Yet, though he embraced the royal cause, he did not retire with dishonor. His character remained unimpeached, and he resorted to none of those odious and dishonorable measures that stain the reputation of most of those who, at that time, held the same office in this country. He was a great and a good man, and a much more interesting character, personally, than his uncle Benning. Perhaps that has something to do toward influencing the visitor's mind, as he stands and gazes at the old pile wherein he made his residence during all of those last brilliant days of English royalty in New Hampshire.

The house stands at the head of Washington, fronting Pleasant street. There seems to be an intuitive understanding possessed by famous old houses, that corner lots are more valuable than others. At least, you generally find them occupying the most desirable spots. There is no location in Portsmouth more pleasant or aristocratic than the one where the Wentworth house lifts its grand antique front. And few of the historic homes of our land present fewer features of decay than this one. Time and change have touched the old mansion lightly with their iron hands. The house is of wood, painted to imitate gray stone, and is two stories and a half in height, with the regulation gambrel roof of the period. Three great stacks of chimneys rise from the roof among the tree tops. The front of the house faces the north east, and a small yard with a paved foot-path leads to the narrow porch. Let us enter.

The front door, with its heavy brazen knocker, which has been lifted by the fair and aristocratic hands of colonial rulers and colonial belles, opens upon a spacious hall, ten by forty feet. The floor is of oak, finely polished, with large, costly rugs dotting its shining surface. Over the doorway hangs an elk's horns, whose crested owner leaped his last gallant leap in the Maine woods a hundred and twenty years ago. From their gilded frames on the wall, several of the old Wentworths seem to gaze out of the past, as if to welcome you. Here is the first governor, John Wentworth, in court attire, with the wig, coat and small clothes of the first George's reign, as

proud and as gallant a gentleman as ever laughed over Pope's epigrams, or turned up a nose at the latest court scandal. Beyond him is his oldest and most fortunate son, Benning, ruler of New Hampshire and Vermont for a quarter of a century. Portly, florid, good-natured, dressed elegantly, he looks the prosperous gentleman. Handsomer than either, is the nephew and grandson, Sir John, once the owner of this mansion. He looks what he was, a handsome, noble Christian gentleman, with his fine patrician face, his noble figure, his fearless ease of carriage, he seems a fit mate for the elegant, fascinating dame by his side, and that is the beautiful Frances Wentworth. Verily, a striking face and a striking figure. A pair of eyes dark as night and full of dangerous power, high arched brows, also black as Cleopatra's, a nose slightly retroussé, a mouth whose richly curved lips look both tempting and mocking, and a shapely voluptuous chin, comprise the prominent features of a face that, in its day, must have been one of almost imperial beauty. This superb head, crowned by its immense structure of hair sprinkled with white powder, and nearly a foot in height, rests on a white stately neck, encircled with pearls. The corsage is very low, displaying a pair of white shoulders that would make a poet frantic. Her form is braced up in a satin dress, with tight sleeves and a bodice waist. The governor's suit comprises breeches of white silk, a white cloth coat, a blue corded silk waist-coat, and the usual embarassment of lace, gold embroidery and jewels.

The first door at the left of this hall is the famous old Wentworth parlor. It is the stateliest room in the house, being thirty feet long, twenty-five feet wide and twelve feet high. Its decorations are the same that were familiar to the stately Lady Wentworth. The same paper glows upon the walls, and the original carpet is upon the floor and the curtains at the windows that were put there when the house was built. The paper has very large figures upon it, and is of a dark maroon color. It is in excellent preservation: the curtains are blue and buff woolen damask, with a heavy silk fringe on the edge. The curious visitor will note that the marble chimney piece is broken. This was done more than a hundred years ago, by the mob who rushed in when the family vacated the premises in April, 1775. It still remains a mute but eloquent protestant against the outrage of men, made mercilessly bitter by partisan hate.

What brilliant assemblies have been here convened! Stately coteries, as grand as those which gather on a levee night in the east room in the White House, and far more courtly and ceremonious. How they smile and bow, those high-born, dignified gentlemen, and those graceful, bewitching belles, as rosy lips and bearded ones frame courtly salutation and brilliant repartee. The wax lights from the heavy chandelier seem to pour the splendor of noon upon the glittering and moving throng below. Brocades, velvets, diamonds, feathers, laces and jeweled decorations rise and fall, rustle and glitter like the mimic waves of a sea. Ah! Wentworth house was in its glory then! No more do belted earls and admirals, and fashionable dames, wearing pomatumed head-dresses and shoes with heels three inches high, promenade along the old hall. But love and life and brilliancy are there still, though in more prosaic guise.

Opposite this room, across the hall, is the modern parlor, once the state dining-room. Our grand-fathers showed wisdom in the selection of their dining-rooms. No small corner or limited space for them, but usually the best room in the house. The grandest room at Mount Vernon is the dining-hall. The one at the Wentworth house is a large, sunshiny room, fit for family cheer. There is nothing about the room at present to recall its old-time splendor. Its modern dress hides all its memories, yet I would give a great deal to have looked but once at the circle of illustrious men and women who have broken bread there in the days that are no more.

The Wentworth house contains seventeen rooms. There are six large ones on the ground floor, besides the hall. On the left side beyond the old parlor is another room that has a history. It was the council hall of the governor. Here the wise heads of the province assembled, the Warners, the Atkinsons, the Waldrons, and their ilk, to discuss grave questions of state. What secrets could be whispered by each carved panel, if they would! The history of our state for seven years might be written there if these walls would only deliver up their secrets. Much less graver topics are discussed there now. It is the family sitting-room.

The second story has all been modernized. There is nothing there to remind us of the past, save the relics that are grouped about the upper hall. No one knows even where my lord and his lady slept, though the tradition is that they occupied the square chamber over the old parlor. I can fancy that it was their room, for the lovely, self-willed Frances would scarcely choose any other room than this, where the morning sun would peep in at the eastern windows as soon as it rose over the hills. It is at present the guest-chamber, but no nobler or lovlier forms sleep under the crimson hangings, than used to slumber nightly in that room one hundred and ten years ago.

Beautiful is the scene to the southeast, looking from the open doorway at the rear. We look upon the large and elegant garden, terraced and flower-adorned. There is the path down which the exiled governor and his wife walked on that fatal April night, so long ago. No feet so proud, none so graceful, have tripped there since. Here on moonlight nights wandered the governor and his guests, or perhaps they took the barge and rowed over the glistening waters, whose ripples come up to the foot of the garden. On the very brink of the shore stands the old summer-house, under which is a bathing-room. What love tales have been whispered in this arbor! And hearts happy and hearts grievesome have wandered here under the horse-chestnut and lilac trees, or dozed and dreamed in the languid summer weather.

On the opposite corner of the street, now occupied by a modern dwelling-house, erected in 1878, stood the stables of Governor Wentworth. He was an admirer of equine beauty, and kept a stud of twenty horses, which was under his personal supervision. Often he could have been found dressed in an old blouse and cap, currying his favorite steeds. A stranger in Portsmouth once wandered down to the Wentworth house, hoping to get a glance of the governor. Happening to look into the stable, he there saw a man whom he supposed was his excellency's groom. In the conversation that ensued, the stranger expressed a desire to see the great man himself. "Would you know him?" asked the supposed groom. "They say Johnny is tall and stout, and that he is a pretty clever sort of a fellow; I think I should know him." "Well, I will give you a chance to see him." So they walked into the house. The splendor of the furniture, the gilded chandeliers, the elegant plush on the walls, dazzled the stranger, but he could not forget the object of his visit. "I should like to get a sight of the governor," he said. "Oh, sir, here he is;" and the gallant governor held forth his hand to the dumfounded man, who would have retreated shame-faced enough, had Wentworth not reassured him.

Governor Wentworth had many friends among the patriots, both in low and high life. There was nothing mean or small about the man. The motto of his house, "En Dieu est tout," had a deeper meaning to him than it had to some of its chiefs. Doubtless he was not sorry to see the triumph of the patriots' arms. John Adams was one of his friends and class-mates at college, and the friendship then formed was never broken. The bands of personal respect and confidence were stronger than partisan or national feeling. The governor met

the patriot chief in Paris, in 1778, as he was leaving his box in the theatre. They had not seen each other for long years, but recognition was instantaneous. The whig and the loyalist met in perfect amity. "There have been great changes since I left Portsmouth," observed Wentworth. "Yes, a new nation has been born. France has acknowledged our independence." "You deserve it," answered Sir John, "and though I can never bear sway again in the colonies, I hope you may be free."

After the Revolution, Sir John Wentworth removed to Nova Scotia, where he resumed his functions as surveyor of the king's woods. In 1792, he was appointed lieutenant-governor of that province, an office that he held until 1808, when he resigned it. The remainder of his life was spent in England. He was made a baronet in 1795, and the title descended to his only son, Charles May Wentworth, with whom it became extinct in 1844. Sir John died in 1820, at the age of eighty-four. His wife, Lady Wentworth, died in 1813.

Their mansion at Portsmouth is still owned by the Wentworth family, in whose possession it has always remained. George Wentworth, the son of Daniel, a brother of Benning, was its owner for many years. He died in 1820. Eben Wentworth lived there until 1860, when his son, Mark Hunking Wentworth, inherited it. The present owner is Algernon Sydney Wentworth, who is a great, great grand-son of Lieutenant-Governor Wentworth, and a great grand-nephew of the last Governor Wentworth.

"THE LASSIE THAT SAID SHE LOVED ME."

BY MARY HELEN BOODEY.

A little, delicate, white-rose girl,
Pure as some lucent ocean pearl,
Sheltered from all the wide world's whirl,
  The Lassie that said she loved me.

Warm is her heart as the genial sun,
Through her brain sweet fancies run,
Naught of ill has she ever done,
  The Lassie that said she loved me.

Little she guessed that I could hear,
Little she guessed herself was dear,
Or who was glad and standing near,
  Lassie that said she loved me!

Blessings on heart, and hand, and brain,
May they never labor in vain,
Bright the reward that each shall gain,
  O Lassie that said you loved me!

God will bless the tender heart
That feels for others affliction's dart,
Few, indeed, could fill your part,
  O Lassie that said you loved me!

THE TOWN OF NEW HAMPTON, AND HER TWO CELEBRATED REVOLUTIONARY OFFICERS.

BY HON. GEO. W. NESMITH.

The town of New Hampton was granted to Col. Moulton, of Hampton, by Gov. Benning Wentworth, in consideration of his valuable military services rendered in the Indian and French wars. Among the early settlers in this town were the two captains, Noah Robinson and Thomas Simpson. The former was said to have been born in Exeter or Brentwood, the latter in Nottingham. At the commencement of Dartmouth College, in 1817, we had the pleasure of seeing both of these remarkable men, afterwards at New Hampton, in 1824, and hearing them recount some of the events occurring in their lives. The history of these men presents many important resemblances. Both of them were distinguished for their great physical and bodily frames and muscular strength. Both were good farmers and influential citizens in the town where they resided. Both had reared and educated large and respectable families, and had sons then in college, and others in active business elsewhere. Both had early embarked in the war of independence, and at the beginning of the year of 1777, each held the rank of Lieutenant in two of the New Hampshire continental regiments,—Robinson serving in Hale's or George Reid's regiment, Simpson in the third or Scammel's regiment. Each participated in the severe contests of the campaign against Burgoyne, and both were severely wounded, the former at Stillwater, on the 19th of September, 1777, the latter at Bemis's Heights, on the 7th of October. In consequence of their wounds, both received pensions from the United States.

The pension of Robinson was first granted to him as an invalid, under the rank of lieutenant, under the act of congress, of March 3, 1807, commencing October 23, 1807, and continuing to April 24, 1816. Whole amount received, $1,140.67; increased by act of congress, April, 1816, and granted to him as Captain, for two years, at 136.37 yearly, $271.74; increased by act of Congress of April, 1818, to him as captain, and continued to his death, $2,111.33; his death occurred February, 10, 1827; whole amount received by him, $3,523.74.

Lieutenant Simpson, under the act of congress of 1832, from November 23, of that year, received up to his death, which occurred November 27, 1835, aged 80, $960.00; also as an invalid, under the act of 1818, $97.46; from the state of New Hampshire he received half pay as an invalid to December, 1786, £42 16s.; afterwards from the state about £49.

In his petition to the legislature assembled at Portsmouth, in December, 1786, Capt. Simpson thus states his case: "He having been before that time struck from the rolls of the half pay corps, that, on the 4th day of April, 1777, by special order of the committee of safety, he mustered his men then enlisted before Jonathan Child, Esq., of Lyme, N. H. There being no public innoculating hospital for the small-pox, your petitioner took it in the natural way, and suffered the irreparable loss of one of his eyes. That afterwards, he having recovered his health, joined the army, and at Bemis's Heights, on the 7th day of October, 1777, received a musket ball

into his right side, which ball he carries in his person to this day, after which he retired from the army for a season, upon a furlough. At the expiration of his furlough, he rejoined the army. That in February, 1778, your petitioner received another dangerous wound in his leg, by reason of which I received a furlough from Col. Dearborn, and at the expiration of this, I found myself incapable of duty in the army, and I applied for a discharge, which was granted by Maj.-Gen. Sullivan, in 1779. Then I applied to the legislature for half pay, which was readily granted. But by some misunderstanding, I was struck off from the rolls after two years. Now as your honors will never remain unconcerned spectators of the wants, sufferings and scars of the worn out soldiers, he, therefore, prays that you take his case into your wise consideration, and reinstate him to the enjoyment of his scanty pittance of half pay, or make him such allowance as may serve to alleviate his sufferings, administer relief to his wants, and compensate his toils.

This petition was referred to the committee of the House and Senate upon the sick and wounded, of which Matthew Thornton was chairman, who reported that the petitioner should receive one half pay from the time his name was struck from the rolls. The general court finally voted the petitioner one quarter of his wages, to take effect as above stated.

On the day of our interview with these brave officers, Capt. Simpson gave us but a brief outline of his services and sufferings at Saratoga, but they comported with the aforesaid record testimony. Capt. Robinson, of course, was so seriously disabled as not to be present in the battle of October 7. Our recollection of the character of the wound of Capt. Robinson, is not distinct, but my impression is a musket ball passed through his breast or body. He complained of its effects.

Both officers complimented in the highest terms the conduct of the American troops engaged in both battles. They claimed that the New Hampshire men deserved much credit for so firmly resisting the repeated attacks of the enemy, especially in the first battle, of September 19. Our three regiments and Maj. Dearborn's battalion were all then and there commanded by Gen. Poor, and their loss in killed and wounded composed more than one half of the whole number of Americans who suffered on that occasion, agreeably to the official returns then made. They spoke favorably of Gen. Arnold's conduct in the first battle; but on the second battle, Capt. Simpson remarked that he acted rashly, like a man who was excited with liquor. He is sustained by surgeon Chadwick, of Cilley's regiment, who saw Arnold, before he went into this battle, partake of a large potation of rum, after an irritating conversation had with Gen. Gates.

We might relate some other incidents that occurred in that meeting. I fear they might only fatigue your readers. Our interview was in the presence of their two sons then in college, viz., Ahimiaz B. Simpson and Polaski Robinson. The former became a respectable physician, and we have understood died many years ago. Polaski Robinson was my class-mate. After he left college he emigrated to Wheeling, Va.; there studied law, and practised in his profession; married the daughter of Noah Zane, a wealthy citizen of that place. In 1832 the cholera carried him off, together with his wife, and her father and mother. One orphan child, the daughter of Polaski, remains to lament their loss.

The town of New Hampton is much indebted to the active benevolence of John K. Simpson, Esq., late of Boston, son of Capt. Simpson, in founding and endowing her literary institutions. This liberality was nobly seconded by the subsequent munificent gifts and patronage of the late Col. Rufus G. Lewis, a much esteemed citizen of that town.

ARE WE ASTROLOGERS?

BY C. C. LORD.

Marco Polo, born in the thirteenth century, tells us that in ancient Kambalu, in China, he found no less than five thousand astrologers and soothsayers, of whom he says: "They have astrolabes, on which are delineated the planetary signs, the hours of passing the meridian and their successive aspects during the whole year. The astrologers of each separate sect annually examine their respective tables, to ascertain thence the course of the heavenly bodies and their relative positions for every lunation. From the paths and configurations of these planets in the several signs, they foretell the state of the weather, and the peculiar phenomena which are to occur in each month. In one, for instance, there will be thunder and storms; in another, earthquakes; in a third, violent lightening and rain; in a fourth, pestilence, mortality, war, discord, conspiracy. What they find in their astrolabes, they predict, adding, however, that God may at his pleasure do more or less than they have announced."

Ignoring for the present the popularly ascribed deficiency of scientific knowledge in the east in ancient times, there are certain statements of Polo's context that command at least a qualified attention. These five thousand astrologers were supported by government, and government is always peculiarly wary of impostors. They had reduced the apparent motions of the celestial bodies to a compact, unitary, contemplative system, and such a result could not be accomplished by persons wholly engulfed in absolute ignorance of nature's laws. They were modest, reverent men, who never assumed a degree of prudence forestalling the determination of that supreme intelligence to which human judgment is always inferior and subordinate, and in this they were like wise men in all ages. In a word, despite what it is historically conceived that existing circumstances could not admit within the scope of their scientific apprehension, collateral accounts entitle them to a degree of respect for knowledge that could not have wholly failed them.

There are many indications that the study of the heavens was the most popular pursuit of the sages of the olden time. Astrology was the favorite science. It was perfectly natural that this should have been so. The unknown, rather than the known, preëminently occupies the mind of humanity; the distant, rather than the near, furnishes the attraction for human investigating powers. Imagination, man's happiest faculty, finds its freest play in the illusive distance, where fact becomes enamored of fancy, and prose joins loving hands with poetry. In every age, the heavens, more than the earth, excite man's highest industry and confirm his noblest ambition.

Yet there are grounds for claiming much more for the ancients on the score of scientific knowledge than is generally done. The progress of modern times does not destroy the intelligence of the past. The multiplicity of phenomena apparent to the mind of an adult cannot contradict the simple, essential truth understood by the intellect of a child. In many things, the increased light of modern times only clarifies what was before certainly, but obscurely, seen and known. Though the gigantic tree of knowledge multiplies and spreads its branches far and wide and counts its terminal leaves by myriads, its trunk is stayed on the same spot as when it was only a germinating arboreal infant. True modern sages, like those of ancient times, are modest and humble; though conscious of new and enlarged privileges, they never forget their legitimate ancestry.

The highest evidence of wisdom is systematic in structure. Desultoriness

is intellectually despicable. The true mind brings order out of chaos—combines into a system the apparently disintegrated elements of truth. The ancients command our higher respect from the fact that they demonstrated the essential systematic unity of universal knowledge. The particular evidences of this fact are too striking to be overlooked. The similarity of their thought to ours is not the less forcible in aspect. Copernicus, half a century after the discovery of America, is popularly supposed to have demonstrated the true plan of our solar system for the first time. However, if we may credit the testimony, old Aristarchus, of Samos, 264 years before Christ, announced that the earth is spherical, that it revolves on its own axis, moves in an oblique circle of the zodiac, that the sun is a fixed star, and that the fixed stars are suns. According to Prof. R. A. Proctor, the construction of the Great Pyramid of Egypt furnishes remarkable proof of the systematic ideas of astronomy entertained by its architect. The professor informs us that this great mass of masonry is set four-square to the cardinal points of the horizon, with four times as much mathematical accuracy as Tycho Brahe, in the sixteenth century, was able to exhibit, as well as seven times as correctly as, ages after, the Greek astronomers could have done it. We are also told that in the peristyle of an ancient temple at Latopolis, in Upper Egypt, was found a construction of the signs of the zodiac, the same as the one now received by astronomers. Truly, the astrologers of the ancient time were not the ignorant men that they are so popularly considered to have been.

A conception of the essential truth of the material laws of the solar system was, however, not the highest ornament of the scientific genius of ancient times. The sages of the far past entertained the grand humanitarian doctrine of the universe. They thought, as did our modern Agassiz, that "Science is one; and that whether we investigate language, philosophy, theology, history, or physics, we are dealing with the same problem, culminating in the knowledge of ourselves." It was this theory of universal human interests that doubtless gave us that frequent astrological symbol, which, coming from an immeasurably distant past, has, to the popular mind, no intelligent significance. At the return of the new year, the indispensable annual calendar frequently presents to our view the singular representation of the signs of the zodiac as designating respectively the complementary parts of the human frame. The historically reflective mind, dwelling upon this picture, can hardly fail to think vividly of that "tabernacle for the sun, which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race," and whose "going forth is from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it, and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof;" and, as his religious instincts become enlivened by the contemplation, he will possibly find his thought embracing the "temple of the Holy Ghost" and the "body of Christ," of St. Paul, the "Sacred Humanity" of the eminent Catholic, Faber, and the "Divine Humanity" of Emanuel Swedenborg.

The whole of anything is greater than any one of its parts, and a conception of the universe *in toto*, as the composit agent commissioned with one glorious end, is infinitely superior to one which contemplates the world as a congregation of chaotic elements, among which logical disorder and contention reign. The human mind, unable to work out the objective details of a problem essentially solved in the subjective realization of the individual, anticipates the unfinished portion of its task with a symbol. Among the ancients, who, from the lack of the means of demonstrating their conceptions in complete scientific details, were compelled to resort to the extensive employment of symbols, a universal emblem could be only in reflective suggestions as much superior to a partial one, as man is superior to one of his members. A solar system of astrology is as much greater than a lunar, as either is greater than a stellar.

However, the primeval astrological age has passed away, and its wonderful, symbolic system of thought has disappeared with it, leaving us nothing but a collection of disintegrated fragments of its great intellectual plan. Since the beginning of our Christian era, the enlivening mind of the civilized world fondly indulges the belief that it has found the great substitute for all antique theorisms, and that it is somehow or other to reveal the secret of real human success, barred from sight in the culmination of a once "lost estate." In this peculiar situation, in some form acknowledged in all phases of Christian thought, it is emphatically suggestive to note a complementary common anticipation of a universal compensation for the one great ill—the "restitution of all things, which God hath spoken by the mouth of all his holy prophets since the world began." This doctrine of a universal recompense, the restoration of what was lost and rebuilding of what was torn down, is only partial in its historic suggestiveness, till we come to see how much its dominant phraseology is imbued with astrologic lore. The apparition of the Star of Bethlehem in its divine heliacal rising only heralds the celestial march of the Sun of Righteousness, that the system may be solar and not merely stellar. The new system is not less, but rather greater, than the old, because, while the old may possibly have only likened the universe to the similitude of a man, the new has made the great world subject to a Man, putting all things under his feet. This Divine Man, too, is something more than the individual man, who, heralded by a star, trod the soil of Judea, Samaria and Galilee, who must have gone away, or the Comforter would not have come, because his influence is not locally fixed, but sweeps around the whole circuit of the zodiac, or solar path, enlivening the world by his light.

The part which this Man, or Son of Man, plays among the signs of the zodiac is not less suggestive than remarkable. Though it is an evil and adulterous generation that seeketh after a sign, yet he shall give one,—"The sign of the prophet Jonas, for as Jonas was three days and three nights in the whale's belly, so shall the Son of Man be three days and three nights in the heart of the earth." The common apprehension of this language, as referring to the death, burial and resurection of Jesus, is somewhat marred by the reflection that the etymological suggestions of Jonas, or Jonah, Janus and January take us to the winter solstice, where the sun enters the sign *Capricornus*, and becomes swallowed up of the southern constellation *Cetus*, or the Whale; whereas Jesus died about three months later in the year. Nor is this unexpected fact isolated. The history of the Christian church reveals a marked tendency to ignore the astrological literalness of this sign of the prophet Jonas, prefering to adore the Divine Sun in the constellation *Aries*, the sign of the vernal equinox, approximative to which the church celebrates its most joyous festival of Easter. It is also a notable fact that the memorable change from Old Style to New Style, wrought in the annual calendar, by retrenching ten days in October, 1582, done by Pope Gregory XIII, was simply in the accommodation of the expressed preference, since it brought back the vernal equinox to the same day as at the time of the famous council of Nice, in 325, from which time it had escaped by the precession of the equinoxes. There may yet be sound philosophy in all this, since the spirit is greater than the letter, and Christ's life, as says St. Paul, is a greater source of salvation than his death, his "life" being his resurection, a matter of the vernal equinox, when the year begins to rise appreciably from the dead. At any rate, as says John the Baptist, it is the Lamb of God, astrologically the Divine Sun in the constellation *Aries*, that takes away the sin of the world, or, literally, *airon ten 'amartian tou kosmou*, takes up the aberration of the system, making crooked things straight and rough places plain, accomplishing a work which all flesh shall see together.

Our present inexhaustible theme

assumes its sublimest aspect in view of the ascription of a supreme relationship of the Son of Man, the astrological Lord of the Ascendant, to the universe, he being the standard by whom the worlds were made, and without whom there was nothing made that was made. The Son of Man, too, becomes so far identified with the Supreme Life of the universe, that, entertaining the immanent presence of the one, we must ascribe equal universality to the other. In fact, to be true human beings we must receive the Father in the person, or mask, of the Son, eating, drinking, breathing, and moving in both as one. This mystical doctrine, that has proved such a painfully inextricable problem to so many people, is reduced to the simplest of propositions in the best minds of the Christian church. Thus Justin Martyr, A. D. 139, tells us that "Those who live according to the Logos* are Christians, notwithstanding they may pass with you for Atheists. . . . They who have made the Logos, or Reason, the rule of their action are Christians and men without fear." So St. Augustine, in the 4th century, asserts that "What is called the Christian religion has existed among the ancients, and was not absent from the human race until Christ came in the flesh, from which time the true religion which existed already began to be called Christian." In a word, the highest privilege known to men is that of living in intelligent harmony with the Supreme Law of things, a privilege not excluded from any age or people.

The contemplation of the excellent privilege of those becoming "partakers of the heavenly calling" suggests the immanence of an excellent quality of prescience in the human mind, since it is not only to reveal all things in their immediate rational aspects, but it is to show "things to come." Herein we see the inexcusable weakness of despising the possibly logically established, though humble, mental status of the ancient astrologers, whose natures may have been measurably transfused with the eternal light of the universal Logos. Indeed, we can now apprehend that if any one of the five thousand astrologers in ancient Kambalu could with approximate certainty foretell any important event in human society, it was not simply because he had studied the motions of the stars, but because his soul had determined the logical base line of the universe, of which the human form is preëminently the type. Nor, since our modern scientific data unmistakably teach the concatenated arrangement of the worlds, have we the rational right to consider the ancient astrologers as illegally presuming because they claimed to foretell more than the masters of our modern signal service, who can discern "the face of the sky" but not the "signs of the times." Neither have we any logical grounds for pointing the finger of scorn at such men as Professor Fritz, of Zurich, who claims that there is a maximum and minimum relation between the sun-spots and hail storms and high winds; nor at Sir E. Sabine, who asserts the same of the sun-spots and magnetic disturbances; nor at Baxendell and Meldum, who affirm the same of the sun-spots and wind currents; nor at De la Rue, Stewart and Loewy, who declare the same of the sun-spots and the position of the prominent planets; nor at Dr. T. Moffat, who avers the same of the sun-spots and the ozone of the atmosphere; nor at further presumed scientific authority, which says the same of the sun-spots and social disturbances. It may be that in being scientific, the present age is not the less astrological.

We have only one more point to advance. A sublime conception of humanity regards the universe as made and sustained for the highest use of man. This conception is enlivened and enhanced by the mystical doctrine of Supreme Man, who is both Author and Sustainer of the world, and of the possibility of becoming experimentally *en rapport* with him. This being true, the ministry of highest duty cannot be one of aggression, but rather one of

*This term is the Greek *logos*, translated the "Word," in the first chapter of St. John's gospel.

submission and reconciliation, as St. Paul declares it to be. The supreme personal accomplishment of the life of this ministry of godliness is much more than an outward attitude, since it implies incorporation into the Divine Man. Sidney Dobell describes it when he says, "Recollect when, in your boyish inexperience, you would teach me humility, that if it be humility to be as nothing before God; if it be humility, not as a dutiful theory, but as an actual, involuntary consciousness, to ignore the possession of a single substantive power or quality,—to live, move, speak, but as the helpless instrument of the one Omnipotent Sole Life, Sole Good,—there are few humbler men alive than I." This is the humility to which Jesus invites and leads us, in order that we may be in the supreme sense men, as he is the first-born man, day-star and herald of a perfected composite order of human society. The precursory aid to this humanitarian accomplishment is the life of moral submission and patience, "doing violence to no man, neither accusing any falsely, and being content with the wages" which a prudent moral economy awards us. Thus pursuing and achieving, we may be so far partakers of the eternal Christ as, having our sin taken away, the aberration of our moral system adjusted, to realize the spirit of this prophecy:

Thy sun shall no more go down,
Neither shall thy moon withdraw itself:
For the Lord shall be thine everlasting light,
And the days of thy mourning shall be ended.

THE BRIDGE OF LIFE.

BY HENRIETTA E. PAGE.

Over the bright, golden "Bridge of Life,"
Wide spanning the "Crystal Stream,"
Sweet Childhood advances with heart all light,
And innocent eyes all agleam.
With flowers the golden head is decked,
With flowers he strews the way;
Nor ever looks back the road he has come,
And he singeth the livelong day—
Nor ever turns back.

Youth takes up the burden of the tune,
And he trills the joyous song.
With step full as lightsome and heart as gay,
Life is sweet, and the bridge is long.
And never a doubt or fear he feels,
Nor dreams of the journey's end;
For the "is to be" gleams so bright ahead,
And thither his fleet footsteps tend;—
He never will turn back.

And Manhood is eager for the fray,
On the Bridge his steps resound;
Some of life's glamours have fallen away,
But to reach the goal he is bound.
And onward and upward he toileth,
Toward the bourne he long has sought;
Some little good he has found by the way,
Some few little kindnesses wrought;
But ah! he dare not turn back.

Old age goes tott'ring towards the brink
For at last the end draws near,
And the beautiful, golden Bridge of Life,
Is o'ershadowed by his fear.
And the Crystal Stream is murky now,
Nor shines as it used to do;
And the "is to be" is now the "has been,"
And his steps are faint and few;
And now, gladly he would turn back.

But a silent watcher has been at work,
The planks of the Bridge are gone,
All hope is cut off, he cannot go back;
For his soul, he must now keep on.
So with fearing heart and tear-dimmed eyes,
He looks to the other shore;
And lo! at his feet is a shining skiff
Awaiting to carry him o'er,
And he sighs, can he never turn back?

A radiant being with open arms
And heavenly beaming eye,
Draws close to his side to lead him on,
To the life that shall never die.
And he points beyond the murky tide,
To where, near the jasper door,
Stand the loved and lost of the long ago;
Age smiles, and fears no more.
Now, for kingdoms, he would not turn back.

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF NEWPORT.

BY JOSEPH W. PARMELEE.

As we recede from the period of our first settlement, and the names and achievements of the hardy actors who came to rescue our magnificent country from the wilderness, fade into the past, it is due not only to them, but to ourselves and the future, that we should fix upon the page of history whatever of tradition or record we may be able to gather up, that in the time to come their acts and trials, social characteristics and labors may be the more fully appreciated by a grateful and admiring posterity.

In tracing the histories of ancient states and cities, we are led back into the realms of fable and superstition. Their early annals come to us in song and story, made up of the most glaring improbabilities. We read that the founders of the great empire of antiquity, whose capital city still crowns its seven hills, were the offspring of the gods, and foster children of a she-wolf. The image of this "Thunder-stricken nurse of Rome," once an object of worship, still stands in one of its marble palaces.

In later times, the origin of nationalities is better defined, and coming down to the sources of American history in contrast with mythological hybrids and senseless fiction, we have real characters and established facts; and yet not wanting in all the elements of romance. The only wolf known to American history, was the one nursed by Israel Putnam, and not recognized in any sense as a mother in Israel, or to Israel.

With these general remarks by way of introduction, we now propose to present some facts in regard to the early history of Newport, the shire town of Sullivan country, N. H., situated in the western part of the state, 40 miles north-west from Concord, on Sugar river and its branches, and bounded by Claremont on the west, Croydon on the north, Sunapee on the east, and Goshen and Unity on the south, the western boundary of the township being about six and one half miles distant from the Connecticut river, and lying between 43 deg. and 43 deg. 30 min. north latitude.

The desirable character of this region of country became known to the people of the older and more thickly settled colonies of Massachusetts and Connecticut, as early, at least, as the period of the French and Indian war (1750 to 1760), when it was traversed by scouts and companies of armed men and captives, on their way to and from the Canada line and the St. Lawrence river.

We are also told of a hunter and trapper from Killingworth, by the name of Eastman, who penetrated these wilds in quest of game, and returned to his home in Connecticut, laden with spoils from the streams, of otter, mink and beaver, and with glowing accounts of the natural wealth of the region in rivers, timber, water-power, scenery,—everything to tempt a settler,—that he came once more and never reappeared. He is supposed to have been the first white man that ever set foot upon the territory covered by the township of Newport, and to have left his unsepulchred remains within its borders. At a very early period in our settlement, a human skeleton was found on land about a mile and a half west of the present village of Newport, now the farm of Reuben Haven, near a small stream of water, where the kind of game he was in pursuit of much abounded; and this was supposed to solve the mystery in regard to the unfortunate Eastman.

The Indian tribes, after a hundred

and forty years of trading and fighting with the English invaders of their soil,—worsted at all points,—unable to mingle with our civilization, had retired before it, and from New England, and commenced their dreary and desultory march towards the Western sea,—an anabasis of a hundred years. The assault on our neighboring town of Charlestown (No. 4), which occurred in September, 1760, when the Willard family were captured and taken to Canada, was among the very last of the Indian depredations in New England.

The danger in pushing out into the wilderness with new settlements was forever past. The echoes of the last war-whoop were never to be repeated. An impulse came to the improvement of the country.

Impressed with considerations as heretofore stated, and in view of the populous condition of the old colony, a number of the citizens of New London county, Connecticut, and more particularly of its town of Killingworth, who had sons and daughters growing up around them, and whose prospective welfare they had in mind, procured the grant of a township of land as heretofore described in the then royal province of New Hampshire. The charter, according to its formula emanated from the source of all political power and authority at that time in this country,—George the Third, by the grace of God, of Great Britain, France and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith, etc,—by and with consent of our well-beloved Benning Wentworth, Esq., our governor, and commander-in-chief of our said province of New Hampshire, in New England, etc., unto his loving subjects and their heirs and successors, forever. The grant conveys a tract of land containing 23,040 acres, and recites its boundaries, to be divided into sixty-eight equal shares, and the same was incorporated into the township by the name of Newport. The charter bears date of October 6th, 1761, and its conditions, in brief, are as follows:

First—Each of the grantees shall plant and cultivate five acres of land, within the term of five years, for every fifty acres contained in his share, or in that proportion, on penalty of forfeiture, etc.

Secondly—That all white, and other pine trees, within the said township, fit for masting our royal navy, be carefully preserved for that use, on penalty of forfeiture of lands, etc.

Thirdly—That before any division of land should be made among the grantees, a tract of land as near the centre of the township as possible should be reserved and marked out for town lots, containing one acre each, one of which should be allotted to each of the grantees.

Fourthly—Yielding and paying to our heirs, &c., for the space of ten years from the date hereof, the rent of one ear of Indian corn annually, if demanded, the first payment to be made December 25th, 1762.

Fifthly—Every proprietor, settler or inhabitant, to yield and pay, yearly, forever, from and after the expiration of ten years after the aforesaid 25th of December, 1762; or, on and after December 25th, 1772, one shilling proclamation money for every hundred acres, and in the same proportion for more or less; this to be in lieu of rents and other services whatsoever.

The charter bears the signature of His Excellency, with advice, &c., Benning Wentworth,—Theodore Atkinson, Secretary,—recorded in the Book of Charters, October 6th, 1761, and certified a true copy by Benj. Giles, proprietor's clerk. The plan of the township drawn by direction of Isaac Rindge, the surveyor-general of the province, is on record with the charter, &c., and now in possession of Amasa Edes, Esq., the last of the proprietor's clerks, chosen in 1841.

There were some provisions afterwards considered, not distinctly specified in the charter, for instance: One share was reserved for the church of England, as by law established; one share for the first settled minister; one share for the incorporated society for the propagation of the gospel in for-

eign parts; one share for the benefit of a school; and 200 acres in the south-west part of the township, for the benefit of Governor Wentworth. It is possible that the last reservation was by the way of incentive in the matter of the granting of the charter, as between "our loving subjects" the grantees on the first part, and "our trusty and well-beloved Benning Wentworth, Governor, etc.," on the second part.

There appears to have been no action taken in regard to the distribution of these shares, until some three years afterward, when, on December 25th, 1764, a meeting of proprietors was holden at Killingworth, and a committee appointed, consisting of Stephen Wilcox, Robert Lane, John Crane and Isaac Kelsey, to proceed to Charlestown (No. 4), and attend at the allotment of the shares, which ultimately took place at the house of John Hastings, Jr., on July 6th, 1765. This committee was also authorized to locate the town plot in accordance with the provisions of the charter, and arrange convenient highways for the accommodation of the lot owners. At another meeting, on the second Tuesday in March, 1766, another committee, consisting of Ebenezer Merritt, Dea. Jeremiah Clement and Stephen Wilcox, was appointed to open a cart road in Newport, and also a road to the west end of said lots, extending from lot No. 64, owned by Ezra Parmalee, northward to what was afterward, and still remains, the Jenks place. It was also voted that Mr. Morgan sell the boat owned by the proprietors, and that Stephen Wilcox proceed to Portsmouth and procure an extension of the charter, which was in hazard of forfeiture through non-compliance with its provisions,—twenty-one shares had already, April, 1765, been sold at auction for this cause.

Up to this time (1766) all that had been done in settling the township, was preliminary. The grant, the surveys, the allotment of shares, &c., had all been arranged, and, undoubtedly, all the beauties and facilities of the new township thoroughly examined and understood, when early in the month of June, 1766, the first party of actual settlers and workers made their appearance.

They came in by way of Charlestown (No. 4), a beautiful town on the Connecticut river, that had been granted in 1735, and suffered so much from Indian depredations. At this point a travelled road and civilization disappeared from their view, and they took their way for about twenty miles through the woods, guided by blazed trees, on foot, bearing their guns, ammunition, axes and provisions, on their backs.

To give some idea of the personnel of the party, we may as well begin with the oldest man, and apparent leader, Dea. Stephen Wilcox, whose ancestors were settled on the eastern part of the territory of Long Island, visible from the Connecticut shore, across the Sound, as early as 1685.

Stephen was born July 5, 1706; married Mary Hurd (May 10, 1733), and with their family of twelve children, lived in Killingworth. Here then came Dea. Wilcox, then about 60 years of age, with two of his sons,—Jesse, born October 5, 1744, in the 22d year of his age, and Phineas, born January 13, 1747, in the 20th year of his age. Another son, Uriah, born March 13, 1749, was not of the first party, but came afterward; all unmarried; also, Samuel Hurd, who had married (1757) Lydia, his daughter. Dea. Wilcox was never a permanent resident of Newport. His interest here was to place his sons and son-in-law on lands—300 acres to each—he had acquired in accordance with the charter and allotments, as heretofore stated. He afterward returned to Killingworth. Here also came Absalom Kelsey, born in 1742, and consequently about 24 years of age, who afterward married Mercy Hill, of Killingworth,—and Jesse Kelsey (born February 25, 1746), his brother, who married (May 12, 1769) Hester Hurd, a sister of Samuel, before mentioned.

Of this party, also, was Ezra Parmelee, Jr., a descendant in the sixth gen-

eration from John Parmelee, who came from London, in 1635, and was one of the first settlers of Guilford, and afterward at New Haven, Connecticut. Ezra, Jr., was the third son, and fourth child of Ezra and Jemina (Bushnell) Parmelee, born August 25, 1745, and then in the 21st year of his age. He afterward (May 1st, 1769), married Sibyl Hill, a sister of the wife of Absalom Kelsey. They were daughters of James and Hannah Hill, of Killingworth.

We have been thus particular in regard to the ages and conditions of these parties, as it has been very erroneously stated that five of them were married and brought their wives with them; that on the way they broke down on account of a bad place in the road somewhere near what is now known as Pike hill, and had to remain all night. The query is: How could they bring wives, not being married; or, How could they break down without horses, oxen or a cart, and where as yet, no road had been opened on which to travel. These incidents can only be explained on the ground that they took place a year or two later.

We have thus enumerated seven members of the settling party, who appear to have been personally related or connected, a kind of family party. The tradition in regard to this matter is, that there were eight; that they arrived at a point near the four corners at the foot of Claremont hill, where the town lots had been located, and improvised a camp for the night; that the next day being Sunday, they had religious services under the shadow of a large tree, conducted by Dea. Stephen Wilcox. Without straining this fact to a more than poetical license, we can imagine that tree to have occupied the exact spot on which the first Congregational meeting-house was afterward raised. Be that as it may, it was not far from it. We are in doubt about the eighth member of the party, but we know that, at that time, or soon after, Benjamin Bragg, Ebenezer Merritt, Zephaniah Clark, Ephraim Towner and Daniel Dudley, were in the settlement, and others to come, of whom we may speak hereafter.

In course of time the party left the general encampment and each one established himself on his own premises. Jesse Wilcox came to lots 12 and 13, now the homestead of Freeman Cutting, Esq.; Samuel Hurd to lot No. 14, now owned by Deacon Joseph Wilcox; Jesse Kelsey settled on lands in the precinct now known as Kelleyville. The farm has since been owned by Deacon John Kelley, John S. Parmelee, and at present by George H. Towles. That neighborhood was then known as the "New City." Ezra Parmelee made his camp on the bank of the South Branch (lot 64) opposite the present residence of George E. Dame, Esq. The site was for many years identified by an apple tree that he planted, but the freshets in later years have dislodged the tree, and so reconstructed the banks of the stream as to change all the original features of the place. Absalom Kelsey located on the south-west corner, where the roads cross at the foot of Claremont hill, so-called, and Benjamin Bragg on the north west corner opposite, Ebenezer Merritt, on lot No. 5, afterwards owned by Benjamin Giles, Jonas Cutting, and at present by Wm. H. Davis. Zephaniah Clark came to the place now owned by R. P. Claggett, Esq. The party wrought industriously through the season, chopping and burning and clearing, each his five acres as "nominated in the bond," planted the same with winter grain, and on the approach of cold weather returned to Connecticut, to spend the winter with their friends.

We have established the geographical situation of the township on a former page; and it may be proper to fill the gap caused by their absence in Connecticut with some description of its physical aspects, local and surrounding.

The first point of interest in this regard is the splendid river system by which it is watered and drained. The main branch of our Sugar river has its source in Lake Sunapee, a delightful

sheet of water on the east, about ten miles long from north to south, and from one and a half to three miles wide, with several beautiful islands rising from its surface. It reposes among the hills on the great backbone, or ridge of country between the valleys of the Merrimack and the Connecticut. The surface of the lake is at an altitude of eleven hundred and three feet above mean tide-water, at Boston, and somewhat over five hundred feet above the bed of the Connecticut river, on a line eighteen miles due west in the town of Claremont. From this lake the Sugar river flows westerly with rapid current about six miles, when it plunges, as it were, into the valley of Newport, where it receives the waters of its South branch with its affluents from the towns of Lempster, Unity and Goshen, the Goshen source being a lakelet near the summit of Mount Sunapee, which rises in our view to an altitude of 2,683 feet above the level of the sea, thence northwardly it quietly winds through fertile meadows studded with towering elms, about three miles, by the course of the stream, to its confluence with the North branch, having its sources in the towns of Springfield, Grantham and Croydon, and the Croydon mountain, the summit of which looks down upon our valley on the north, from an altitude of 2,789 feet above sea level. Its course then trends westerly from the rapids at North Newport, and it again takes up its rollicking career by way of Kelleyville, to the meadows in Claremont, and its confluence with the Connecticut; the entire length of the stream, by its tortuous course, is about twenty-five miles. The waters we have thus described, drain an area of some 200,000 acres, and flow from the whole or a part of twelve towns. For the mathematical estimates in heights and distances here stated, we are indebted to the late Richard S. Howe, of this town, in his life-time one of the most accurate civil engineers in the state. Of the appreciable resources, occupied and waste, on Sugar river and its branches, in regard to water-power, we may have something to say in another connection. We may also speak of some of the delightful trout brooks in various parts of the town.

There are some conspicuous elevations within the borders of our own township that deserve notice. About a mile and a half north of Newport village we have Coit mountain, rising to an altitude of 1,588, feet (Howe's estimate), its summit much frequented by picnic parties, and the admirers of fine scenery. Blueberry ridge, still higher, in the north-west, and Pike hill and the Wilmarth ledge, notable elevations in the south-west corner of the town. The view from the latter is particularly grand, with the White mountains outlined on the north; Mount Mansfield and the Green mountain range, with Ascutney in the foreground, on the west; the peaks of the Maine mountains on the east, and Moosilauke, Chocorua and Cardigan, Kearsarge, and other lesser heights spread out before the observer, in magnificent array.

But to come to the more practical view, our township, with its water-power, rich meadows, fertile uplands, wooded hills and beautiful scenery, will compare most favorably with any interior town in the state.

In the spring of 1767, the party returned from Connecticut to their cabins and labors in the settlement. They found that the birds and wild beasts had anticipated them in the gathering of the crops they had planted. They were rooted up, and utterly destroyed; but they proceeded to chop and burn with unabated diligence. Several new settlers were added to their number. Here came at this time Benjamin Giles and others of whom we shall speak, incidentally, hereafter. Squire Giles, as he was called, commenced building saw and grist-mills, on a very eligible privilege on Sugar river, in the eastern part of the town. The want of such facilities for grinding and sawing was very great, as the people were obliged to go twenty miles to Charlestown for flour and meal and boards. These mills were located on the site of

the present (1880) Granite State Mills, a magnificent establishment, owned and operated by Perley S. Coffin and William Nourse, for the manufacture of flannels and other woolen goods.

Referring to the old records, we find that the first meeting of proprietors in Newport, was holden at the house of Jesse Wilcox, October 13, 1767, Stephen Wilcox, moderator, Benjamin Giles, clerk, Samuel Hurd, Charles Avery and Zepheniah Clark, were chosen assessors, and Benjamin Giles, Amos Hall, Eben Merritt, Samuel Hurd and James Church, a committee to lay out a second division of land, &c. This meeting adjourned to the 16th inst., at the house of Zepheniah Clark, inn holder, &c., where it was voted that Zepheniah Clark, Eben Merritt, Benjamin Bragg, Samuel Hurd and Jesse Wilcox, having families now in Newport, have each 80 acres of land, &c.; at a further meeting October 29, voted that Benjamin Giles, in consideration of the building of the mills, should have one hundred acres of land, to be so laid out as to secure to said Giles the full benefit of the privilege with a "damm" across said river, and a part of the white pine timber; also, to procure a pair of mill-stones for his mill. They also imposed a tax of four days' labor on each proprietor's share, or at that rate, for his benefit.

In removing the débris, preparatory to establishing the foundations of the "new mill," in the year 1867, the original grind-stones "voted" by the town to Benjamin Giles, in 1767, one hundred years before, were uncovered and placed on exhibition as a memorial of the past. The principal log in the "damm," also remains in position as originally placed.

The name and character of Benjamin Giles deserve more than a passing notice. We regret that the data extant, out of which to construct a sketch of his life, is so meager and desultory. It is thus with many other interesting lives, whose only written history is found upon the antique, gray stone that stands, possibly, at an angle of forty-five degrees, at the head of the green turf that covers their long-buried mortal remains. He died in 1787, at the age of 70. He must, consequently, have been born in 1717, and 50 years of age when he came to Newport. He was an Irishman by birth, and in the course of his wanderings by sea and land, had come to Groton, Connecticut, where we find him with a family of daughters, two by a first marriage,—Mary, who married Christopher Newton, Hannah who married Isaac Newton. These Newtons were cousins, and came with their families to Newport, 1779, where they lived and died. By a second marriage there was an only daughter, Ruth, who inherited, in her own right, her mother's estate, came to Newport with her father, and married (1786) Rev. Abijah Wines, afterwards pastor of the Congregational church. A third wife was Abigail Hubbard, of Charlestown, N. H., who survived him, and afterward (May 15, 1788) married Deacon Josiah Stevens. There were no children by the third marriage.

Benjamin Giles soon became the Nestor of the new settlement. He was a man of good executive ability, a fair estate, well educated, with much experience in human affairs, and his influence in all matters, secular and religious, was soon felt, not only in his own community, but in matters of state and national interest. The differences between the colonies and the mother country already foreshadowed revolution, and wisdom and intelligence were needed in all councils. He was an enthusiastic friend of the patriot cause, and at some time is said to have been arrested by royal authority, for seditious acts, but was soon after rescued by his friends in disguise. He was delegated to various provincial congresses, so-called, before and during the war of the revolution. In 1775-'76 he was a representative of the six then classed towns in this vicinity, also a member of the senate, and elected to the council; a member of the convention that formed the first

constitution of the state; a commissioner to settle the boundary line between New Hampshire and Massachusetts, and when, in March, 1781, Newport, with other towns along the Connecticut valley, seceded from the state and sought the sovereignty of Vermont, he was elected to the general assembly of Vermont, which was to meet at Windsor. The town returned to its allegiance to New Hampshire, as appears in the next annual call for a town-meeting. We honor the memory of Benjamin Giles, for all this, and personally, as the friend and patron of Ezra Parmelee, then a young man in the new settlement; and to close his eventful story, we will take our reader to the old burial ground, in Newport, where so many of "the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep," and read from the stone that marks his grave, his "short and simple annals:"

Erected in memory of ye
HONOURABLE BENJAMIN GILES, ESQUIRE,
who, after serving his generation faithfully in publick life, then departed this, in hope of a better, December 9, 1787, aged 70 years.

Although I sleep in dust awhile,
Beneath this barren clod,
Ere long I hope to rise and smile,
To see my Saviour God.

The business of the settlement went on without interruption through the season, and as winter again interposed, some of the party closed their cabins and returned to Connecticut once more for rest and refreshment and the enjoyment of their friends. If their labors in the settlement had thus far been unproductive, it was not so with their winter's work, at least with the younger members, which resulted, as the records afterwards bore witness, in a crop of wives.

It may be well to observe, at this time, that in the original surveys of the valley of Newport, tracts or parcels of land were laid out to and from the highlands on either side, across the intervals and river, in such manner as to afford each proprietor a variety of soils in meadow, upland, pasture and woodland, an exceedingly fair adjustment. Across these lots, on the western side of the valley of the "Committee" had projected a magnificent boulevard north and south in a direct line about two miles long and eight rods wide. Another road had been opened east and west, at right angles with the former, and crossing at the foot of Claremont hill. On these four corners and the level plat a few rods south, called the plain, was to rest the future village of Newport.

In the month of September, 1768, the Giles mills were completed and in operation, which occasioned a general rejoicing. There were plenty of logs for the saw, but the sound of the grinding was low; the soil had not commenced to yield freely of its increase, and we may here remark that up to the year 1770, life in Newport was a hard struggle on the part of the settlers. A war with nature, inanimate and animate. The lands were new and rugged, the seasons cold and backward, and all these supplemented by the depredations of bears, wolves and all the lesser wild animals, reduced the community at times to very short commons. As evidence of the lack of general prosperity, we would refer to the proceedings at the proprietor's meeting, February 2, 1769, when many of them having failed to comply with the conditions of the charter requiring them to cultivate five acres of land, &c., sought and obtained from Governor Wentworth, an extension of four years' additional time in which to comply. At that date it was found that fifteen families had settled in town.

In 1779 these mills went into possession of Jeremiah Nettleton, and have since been owned by Ebenezer Merritt, Samuel Endicott, Reuel Keith, Amasa Edes and J. Sawyer, Jr., and Siloam S. Wilcox. They went to decay or down the stream, and in 1867 Coffin & Nourse purchased the privilege, as before stated.

Jesse Wilcox, son of Stephen, married Thankful Stevens (June 11, 1767), of Killingworth. Their first

child, a daughter, was born in Newport, February 25, 1768, and died March 9, the same year,—the first birth and death in town. Their second child, Nathaniel, born November 28, 1769, was the first male child born in the settlement. He died June 22, 1805. There were born to this family, in course of time, eleven children.

Jesse Wilcox was a prominent and worthy citizen, and has left an honorable record to his descendants. He died March 12, 1823, in the 79th year of his age. Thankful died August 16, 1827, aged 81 years.

Jesse Wilcox, Jr., son of the former, was born September 14, 1771; married Wealthy Kelsey (March 15th, 1798), daughter of Absalom and Mercy (Hill) Kelsey. They raised a family of five children, of whom are our esteemed townsmen, Calvin and Albert Wilcox. Jesse Wilcox, Jr., was also a leading man in his day and generation, was many years a selectman and representative in the state legislature, and died, greatly lamented, February 27th, 1811, in the fortieth year of his age.

Phineas Wilcox, second son of Stephen, born January 13, 1747, married Chloe Dudley (February 8, 1774), and their family of eight children were in due time added to the population of the town.

Uriah Wilcox, the third son of Stephen, born March 13, 1749; married Hannah Wright, of Killingworth, first wife, and Hannah Bartlett, of Unity, second. They, all told, had eleven children, of whom Deacon Joseph Wilcox, in his 82d year, remains. Uriah was a farmer and magistrate, and settled on the Goshen road, where he lived and died, March 18, 1822. He was ten years a representative, and once a state senator. He has represented the town more years in the state legislature than any other citizen of Newport.

Samuel Hurd married Lydia, daughter of Stephen Wilcox, in Killingworth, where their first four children were born. Their daughter, Lydia, born June 7, 1768, was the first female child born in the town that lived to come to womanhood. She married Reuben Bascom, and died March 24, 1847. Samuel was also one of the fathers of the town, and died October 14, 1810, in the 74th year of his age.

Absalom and Mercy (Hill) Kelsey, lived long and worthily. Of their five children, was Henry, born 1789. He will be remembered by many of the older citizens as an enterprising farmer and a man of good judgment in town affairs. He lived on the place now owned by George H. Fairbanks, (Bragg's Corner). He married Lois Hardy, and died July 16, 1835, leaving one son, who died in 1844, about 9 years of age.

In the neighborhood of the Parmelee homestead at Killingworth, resided the Hill family,—James and Hannah (Nettleton) Hill. They were people in good circumstances, with sons and daughters, the eldest of whom, Sibyl, was born October 10, 1746. She was now about 22 years of age (1768), and the witchery of her name, or charms, had ensnared the heart of the young backwoodsman, Ezra Parmelee. They had grown up in the same society, attended the same school, heard the same preaching, and together they thought they might journey, not only to New Hampshire, but through life. We accordingly give place to the following record, copied from the old church register, at Killingworth: "On ye 1st day of May, 1769, Ezra Parmelee and Sibyl Hill were joined in ye marriage covenant, by Rev. William Seward, pastor of ye second church of Christ, in Killingworth." Shortly after this event, leaving Sibyl at her father's, Mr. Parmelee came back to the settlement of Newport, making the trip this time with oxen and cart, laden with furniture and house-keeping articles, which, with a heifer, that was driven along with the team, comprised the wife's marriage portion or "setting out." Accomplishing this, at that time somewhat tedious trip, he commenced with renewed energy to prepare a comfortable home for his bride. The house was located on high land, near the potash brook, west of the present

Unity road, a short distance south of the present residence of George E. Dame.

The autumn came, and with it the arrival of Ezra Parmelee, Sr., with Sibyl, according to arrangement. They performed the journey from Killingworth, about 180 miles, on horse-back, she riding behind her father-in-law, on a pillion. The arrival of an additional woman in the settlement where there were so few, was an event of interest and joy to others, as well as the expectant husband. The Parmelee family were thus established in Newport. To Ezra and Sibyl were born in the years from November 1, 1770, to April 7, 1793, three sons and five daughters. In 1793 Ezra Parmelee added the Stevens property adjoining to his possessions. He moved the old house in which their children were born and that had sheltered the family for a quarter of a century, down from the hill, attached it to the rear of the Stevens mansion for additional domestic accommodations, and this became the home of the family for the next 45 years (1838).

Their dwelling was a seat of hospitality to visitors, strangers from abroad, ministers and people. Ezra and Sibyl lived to great age, and it is through them and their descendants that we derive much of the early social history of the town. In their pleasant home, surrounded by children and friends, they descended into the vale of years, passing far beyond the allotted three score and ten, of human life, until, with bended forms and whitened locks, they stood upon the outer margin of almost an entire century, and so they passed away. Ezra died January 18, 1838, in his 93d year; Sibyl died April 6, 1838, in her 92d year. Of their children, was Rhoda, born November 1, 1770, who married Rev. Siloam Short, the Congregational minister, at Meriden, N. H., whose history we gather mostly from the dilapidated slab that covers his long-forgotten dust: "In memory of Rev. Siloam Short, who departed this life September 29, 1803, in the 32d year of his age, and the 4th of his ministry. The dead in Christ shall rise first."

John Parmelee, born October 18, 1778, the eldest living son, married (June 18, 1804) Phebe Chase, a descendant in the sixth generation from Aquila Chase, who landed at Newbury, Mass., in 1643. He established a homestead at the hamlet of Southville, where he had a water-power and a shop and machinery, and carried on the business of scythe making in connection with the cultivation of a small farm. He is remembered as a successful farmer, an ingenious mechanic, and a worthy citizen. He died October 31, 1839, leaving sons and daughters.

James Hill, the youngest son of Ezra and Sibyl, born May 15, 1783, was graduated at Yale in 1808. He afterward entered the Theological Seminary at Princeton, N. J., in the infancy of that institution, where he was also graduated, receiving the degree of master of arts. He married Priscilla Horne, an English lady of culture, took orders as a clergyman in the Presbyterian church, and spent his life in connection with the missionary enterprises of that church in the state of Ohio. He died at his home on the banks of the Muskingum, nine miles below Zanesville, O., April 6, 1872, in the 89th year of his age, leaving descendants in Ohio. Jemima, the second daughter of Ezra and Sibyl, married (April 9, 1796) Sartell Prentice, of Alstead, and moved to New York. Her descendants are widely known. She died November 19, 1865, in the 93d year of her age.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE COURTS OF THE UNITED STATES IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

BY WILLIAM H. HACKETT.

The Federal Courts in New Hampshire have been noted far more for the distinguished men who have from time to time been officers of the Courts, or practitioners at the bar, than for the number of causes determined within their jurisdiction.

The Circuit Court of the United States for the District of N. H. was organized and held its first session at Portsmouth on the 20th day of May, 1790, when there were present, John Jay, Chief Justice of the United States, and John Sullivan, District Judge. The first jury ordered was the Grand Jury, returned by John Parker, U. S. Marshal, and it was composed of the following gentlemen, viz.: Samuel Cutts, Supply Clap, Richard Hart, Alexander Ewens, Kieth Spence, and Joseph Champney of Portsmouth; Joseph Frost, Benjamin Prescott, New Castle; Jonathan Wiggin, Samuel Piper, Moses Chase, Stratham; Benjamin Hobbs, Christopher Smith, Abraham Drake, North Hampton; Simon Nudd, John Moulton, 3d, Thomas Leavitt, Jr., Hampton; Nathaniel Rogers, John Folsome and Hubartus Neal, Jr., of New Market.

Twelve petit jurors were summoned from the same towns. The jurors were not kept long from their homes, as the Court adjourned the next day, but not without transacting considerable business. The first action entered upon the docket was in favor of Christopher Gore, of Boston, against Jonathan Warner, of Portsmouth. The amount claimed was six thousand dollars. The defendant confessed $4236.00 and costs, with which the plaintiff was content, and took judgment accordingly with costs taxed at six dollars and a twelfth of a dollar. These were the early days when a man obtained a valid discharge for a debt or obligation by a payment at the end of a judgment, and it appears the execution in this case was returned satisfied, and Mr. Warner, who had been one of the King's Council until the Revolution terminated his office, and wore a cocked hat, and lived in the celebrated Warner house on Daniel Street, built in 1718, from brick brought from Holland, had the satisfaction of having been the first man sued in the Court, and that too by a prominent Massachusetts man, and at the astonishing low price of six dollars and an eighth, or a much less rate than for which this luxury could today be enjoyed.

Upon the equity docket of that term was a suit brought by one Perez Morton, of Boston, against Woodbury Langdon, who was an elder brother of John Langdon. Woodbury was a merchant in Portsmouth, a Member of Congress, Judge of the Supreme Court and a patriotic citizen. The present Rockingham House, or what was this establishment previous to its several enlargements, was at one time his residence, and then as now one of the finest buildings of its kind in Portsmouth. It seems that several gentlemen of Boston, in conjunction with Mr. Langdon, purchased the ship Hampden for the purpose of fitting her out as a privateer to cruise on the high seas, to annoy the enemies of the United States, to capture their property under the Acts of Congress and the then laws of nations. Langdon was agent and fitted out the ship in 1778, and the Hampden captured the French ship, La Constance, laden with sugar, and the prize money, amounting to $37,000, went to the Hampden's credit. A goodly share of this fell to the officers and crew, and two years afterwards Langdon was alleged to have collected the remainder, or about

$11,000. Morton claimed a portion of this as an assignee of one of the owners of the Hampden, and from 1782 to 1790 sought to have Langdon give an account of the dues upon the part of the ship which he claimed, but he declined. Morton then brought his suit to recover what he might ascertain was due and for such relief as he thought he was entitled to receive. But Mr. Langdon had Theophilus Parsons and Theophilus Bradbury from Massachusetts as his counsel, and they filed a demurrer to the bill of Morton, setting forth that it appeared by Morton's own showing that a plain, adequate and complete remedy might be had at law by the complainant for all his injuries, wrongs and damages supposed in his bill. To this demurrer Morton filed his joinder, and the Court held that Langdon's demurrer was good and gave judgment in his favor.

The Court started out with the determination to have a respectable bar, as this order shows: "Ordered, that it shall be requisite to the admission of counsellors and attorneys to practice in this Court that they shall have been such at least two years in the Supreme Court of the state, and that their professional and private character appears to be fair."

At this time, Daniel Humphreys, Edward StLoe Livermore (both subsequently U. S. Attorneys), Samuel Dana, Jonathan Rawson, William K. Atkinson and John Samuel Sherburne (afterward Judge of District Court) were admitted as counsellors and attorneys.

The next term of the Court was held on the 20th of November of that year, at Exeter, when John Jay, Chief Justice of the United States, William Cushing of Massachusetts, Associate Justice, and John Sullivan, District Judge, were present. Judge Jay appeared at the term in 1791, and at May term, 1792, but not afterward. He was appointed Envoy Extraordinary to England, in April, 1794, and resigned the office of Chief Justice.

The Court, in October, 1792, was held by Judges James Wilson of Pennsylvania, and James Iredell of North Carolina, Associate Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States. Judge William Cushing of Massachusetts, also of the Supreme Court, frequently held this Court. The stated terms have been held by the following named judges, viz.: Samuel Chase, John Pickering (District Judge), Chief-Justice Oliver Ellsworth, Associate Justice William Patterson, John Lowell, Chief Justice in 1801 (the ancestor of the present Circuit Judge), Jeremiah Smith and Benjamin Bourne, Circuit Judges, and John S. Sherburne, District Judge.

At May term, 1812, Judge Joseph Story, who had been appointed in November, 1811, appeared and held his first term in this district at Portsmouth, and thereafter was in regular attendance at most of the stated terms of the Court. After the death of Judge Story, Levi Woodbury of Portsmouth became his successor, having been appointed Sept. 20, 1845, and held the first term after his appointment, October 8, 1845.

Judge Woodbury's successor was Benjamin Robbins Curtis, of Massachusetts, who was appointed (after his first appointment during the recess of Congress) and confirmed on December 20th, 1851. He resigned Oct. 1, 1857. He first appeared upon the bench in the N. H. District at the October term, 1852.

Nathan Clifford, who was appointed Associate Justice after the resignation of Judge Curtis, was commissioned Jan. 12, 1857, and first appeared in the district at the May term at Portsmouth, 1859.

Under the law providing for the appointment of Circuit Judges, George F. Shepley of Maine was on the 22d December, 1869, appointed Circuit Judge for the first Circuit, which embraces the states of Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts and Rhode Island. Judge Shepley continued in his office until his death on the 20th of July, 1878. His first term in this district began Oct. 8, 1870.

Judge John Lowell of Massachusetts, present Circuit Judge, first came to this District on the 16th day of May, 1879. He was appointed Circuit Judge, Dec. 18, 1878, and is now in office. He is the great great grandson of the Judge John Lowell, before mentioned, who, like the present Judge, was District Judge of Massachusetts District, and became Circuit Judge, from which position he retired in consequence of the legislation which abolished the Court.

The Marshals have been appointed as designated below:

In 1789, John Parker; 1792, Nathaniel Rogers; 1798, Bradbury Cilley; 1802, Michael McClary; 1827, Pearson Coggswell, serving to 1836; Charles Lane from March, 1836; Cyrus Barton from July, 1845; Israel W. Kelly from April 12, 1841; Samuel Garfield, Aug. 6, 1850; Samuel Tilton April 10, 1854; Stephen W. Dearborn, May 15, 1858; Joseph Gilman, April 29, 1861; Jacob H. Ela, Aug. 23, 1861; Russell Jarvis, Oct. 22, 1866; Joab N. Patterson, March 21, 1867, by reappointment remains in office.

The attorneys for the United States have been Edward StLoe Livermore, 1789 to 1797; Jeremiah Smith, 1798 to 1800; John Samuel Sherburne, 1801 to 1804; Daniel Humphreys, 1804; Daniel M. Christie, appointed April 24, 1828; Samuel Cushman, April 20, 1829; Daniel M. Durell, April 30, 1830; John P. Hale, April 8, 1834; Joel Eastman, April 12, 1841; Franklin Pierce, March 22, 1845; Josiah Minot, May 17, 1847; William W. Stickney, Aug. 27, 1850: John H. George, April 28, 1853; Anson S. Marshall, April 19, 1858; Charles W. Rand, July 26, 1861; Henry P. Rolfe, July 2, 1869; Joshua G. Hall, April 7, 1874; Ossian Ray, Feb. 22, 1879. The last named is still in office.

The District Court was organized Dec. 15, 1779, the Hon. John Sullivan, District Judge.

In 1795 John Pickering, of Portsmouth, was appointed judge, and held the District Court from April 27, 1801, to June 29, 1802; Jeremiah Smith of Exeter, Circuit Judge, held the Court by reason of the sickness of District Judge Pickering on one occasion.

Judge John Samuel Sherburne succeeded Judge Pickering, holding the Court from May, 1804, to 1830.

Matthew Harvey, of Hopkinton, was appointed District Judge by President Jackson, Dec. 16, 1830. He continued in office until his death, always attending the term of the District and Circuit Courts with great regularity. After his decease, the vacancy in the District Judgeship was filled by the appointment of Daniel Clark, of Manchester, on the 27 day of July, 1866.

Down to 1847 the same person filled the office of clerk of the Circuit and District Courts, at which time Charles H. Bartlett, of Manchester, was appointed clerk of the District Court, and is still in office.

The clerks of the Circuit Court have been Jonathan Steele, appointed Nov. 10, 1789; Richard Cutts Shannon, May 1, 1804; George Washington Prescott, in 1814; Peyton Randolph Freeman, March 18, 1817; William Claggett, from May 8, 1820 to his resignation, March 5, 1825; Samuel Cushman, March 10, 1825; Charles W. Cutter, March 13, 1826; John Lord Hayes, after being assistant clerk was appointed clerk in May 8, A. D. 1841; Albert R. Hatch, Oct. 9, 1848, serving till his resignation, June 1, 1873; William H. Hackett, present encumbent, June 1st, 1873. William H. Y. Hackett was assistant clerk from May 8, 1847, to the appointment of Mr. Hatch.

While Mr. Hayes held the office of clerk, A. J. Penhallow was appointed assistant clerk and served during the busy times of the District Court caused by the Bankrupt Act of 1841. Wallace Hackett was appointed deputy clerk of Circuit Court, May 30, 1879.

Several other gentlemen have served temporarily in the capacity of assistant clerk, but only for brief periods. The roll of attorneys of this court contains

the names of men famous in the history of the country, eminent in the legal profession, and prominent in political and social circles in New Hampshire. The writer of this compilation purposes at some time to publish the list of the attorneys admitted to practice in the Circuit Court, and a new edition of the rules of practice, making a volume of no little value to every practitioner in the state, and at the same time compiling a record containing the names of distinguished legal men of which few, if any States can boast a more honorable showing.

MAJOR FRANK.

BY SAMUEL C. EASTMAN.

"Through Van Beck, she proposed to him the sale of the castle and the seignorial rights for a price which no one else would give; but the general was too bitter against his sister-in-law to yield to such propositions. He rejected them with disdain. Nevertheless, his affairs grew worse and worse daily. Aunt Sophia was the owner of all his obligations, which he could not pay, and it only depended on her to pronounce the final decree, which would deprive the old general of his title of baron and of his castle, when something happened, which Van Beck could not explain, which decided her not to make use of her power. It is certain that three months before her death, she ordered Van Beck to change her will, and it is by this change that I am, as it pleases you best, the favored one or the victim. Fancy your friend, who never owned so much as a single brick, obliged to answer Van Beck when he inquires if he will consent to continue the lease of the Runenberg estate to the present tenants! All will remain in its present condition until I know whether I can marry Miss Frances. I forgot to tell you that my great aunt has devised to her notary her little house near Utrecht, on condition that her old chambermaid shall be allowed to occupy it as long as she lives. Still I wished to go and see the dwelling where she had passed her last years. It was, as you may say, a pilgrimage, and, at the same time, I hoped to find in this visit a little more light on the ideas and character of the strange person who had lived there.

"I was almost entirely disappointed in this hope. The old chambermaid received us with a frigid countenance, and in pious terms eulogized the deceased. The young cook greeted us with torrents of tears in addressing the 'gentleman who must also be very agreeably bereaved.' The man servant looked askance at me, as if I came to contest his legacy. The house was furnished in a moderately comfortable manner. With the exception of some pieces in the style of the first empire, there was nothing to be seen but cabinet work without any character. There was only one sofa for the whole house, and only one arm-chair, in which my great-aunt used to sit for an hour every afternoon. She must have been an active woman, of a very lively disposition. 'She was almost always ciphering or writing,' said the old chambermaid, 'when she was not reading or knitting.'

"'And what did she generally read?' I asked.

"'Almost always infidel books, sir; sometimes, though rarely, in the Bible. She would know nothing of the great battle of our time, between the true faith and error, and she never read any other newspaper than the Harlem.'

Among the 'infidel books' which I found carefully arranged in a little book case, I could see Fenelon, Bossuet, Pascal, peaceably by the side of Voltaire, Rousseau, the encyclopedists and the masterpieces of German literature. I intend to preserve this little library as a memento of the testatrix, and Van Beck did not make the least objection to my wish. This is the first real-pleasure,—without alloy,—that my splendid inheritance has procured for me.

"'I should have thought the gentleman would wish to keep her Bible, also,' said the old chambermaid, in a reproachful manner; for my taste for these 'infidel' books seemed to her sacrilegious.'

"'One does not prevent the other, my good woman, at least, if you don't want it yourself.'

"'No, sir; I have no taste for this worldly book, dictated by a spirit of innovation; it is not the word of God, and I could never understand how my lady could find it edifying.'

"'What has she got against this Bible?' I asked of Van Beck.

"'Oh! it is a common state Bible, only it is printed in modern type.'*

"Upon my word, my great-aunt must have been a woman of great liberality to have so long borne with such a servant.

"The next day I set out for the little village of Z——, from which I intended to reach the castle of Werve; but my letter is already so long that, wishing to avail myself of the mail that leaves tonight, I postpone the rest till next time. You will have, my dear friend, something to read, on your arrival. Always yours,

LEOPOLD."

III.

CASTLE WERVE, April, 186–.

As you see, my dear William, I have entered the fortress.

Fortified by Van Beck with a letter of credit to his colleague, Overberg, notary and lawyer in Z, I presented myself to this man of law. Overberg had been Miss Roselaer's chief agent, and it is through his exertions that she became little by little mistress of the property of Von Zwenken, to whom, on the other hand, he always furnished money. After all he has, perhaps, been more fortunate in falling into these rigid but honest hands than if his goods had become the prey of usurers, who would inevitably have speculated on his weakness and very soon have reduced him to beggary. Overberg had advised the general to accept his sister-in-law's offers. You know how this advice was followed. It is on that account that he advised me, if I wished to gain an entrance into the castle, not to present myself as Miss Roselaer's heir. That would spoil all from the beginning. I ought to introduce myself simply as a relative, and under some pretext or other.

I asked Overberg in relation to Miss Frances. "I have only once," he said, "had the honor to talk with her, it was always the general who came to see me; she is never seen in the city. Once only, and that was when the general was still commander of the garrison, she came to see me on a personal matter, but that was a long time ago."

The notary, though he was ignorant of my matrimonial plans, doubtless read a certain disappointment in my face, for he continued, as if to excuse himself for his slight knowledge: "You see, sir, the general, then colonel, lived in grand style; at that time there was a certain distance between the military circle and civilians. I was a widower, very busy, and did not go into society. Since I have married again, it is quite different. I shall have some friends at my house the evening. Do us the honor to be present, and you will meet some young ladies who were acquainted with Miss Mordaunt. I shall simply have to introduce the subject of the Von Zwenkens and you will then only have to keep your ears open."

* The rigid orthodox, in Holland, use only the version approved by the States-general, in the seventeenth century; and the more precise will reject even that unless it is printed in German text.

I accepted with pleasure. This Overburg is a fine fellow at heart and a partizan of measures of conciliation. Knowing me to be the heir of my great-aunt's whole fortune, and consequently of the demands against the general, he urged me not to be too exacting and especially not to be hasty in demanding the payment of what was due to me. He did not know that he was preaching to a convert; but I was eager for his evening entertainment, at which I heard things concerning the past career of Miss Frances, which, to say the least, were very strange. It is true, one must be on his guard in listening to the gossip of a small city; bearing this in mind you shall judge for yourself.

Among the ladies to whom I was introduced was a gay young widow, with black eyes and of great vivacity, a distant cousin of the Roselaers, and whose appearance made me regret that she was not the grand-niece selected by the great-aunt. I had hardly recovered from my first enthusiasm when I heard her attack poor Frances without the least pity.

"Yes," said she, "we have been 'good comrades' from the time when her grand-father commanded the garrison, but friends, never. She was too bizarre for that, and she was wanting in good manners. Just imagine, one evening she came to a musical and dancing party in a high-necked dark merino dress, with a turn-down collar and a silk cravat, such as a young man wears, and boots! oh! boots of a stage driver. I really believe there were nails in the soles."

"Perhaps she did not know there was to be dancing," I ventured to suggest.

"Certainly she did. The invitations had been given out eight days in advance. And then two days after, at a simple reunion of ladies, in she came in full dress, low neck, diamonds in her hair——"

"At the ball you speak of, she was a wall-flower all the evening?"

"Oh, however she was dressed, she always found partners when she wanted them. The young officers were bound to be attentive to the colonel's granddaughter; more than all that, she understood how to attract gentlemen. In spite of all her strange actions, she was surrounded, complimented, courted——"

"Yes, but not respected," interrupted an old maiden lady. "These gentlemen only wished to hear her witty sayings and repartees, for which she was celebrated."

"Well," said I, in order to learn some more positive particulars, "what did she do at this ball?"

"She did what she wanted to, I believe. She declared so categorically her determination not to dance that evening, that there was no question about inviting her."

"That was because she was afraid she should not find a partner," murmured again the old maid.

"The fact is," continued the gay widow, "that it would have required a good deal of courage in our gentlemen to invite such a fright; nevertheless, at the end of the ball, when the cotillon was called, she was compelled to take part, whether she would or not. Lieutenant Willibad, her grand-father's adjutant, plucked up his courage and forced her into the dance, but she was so refractory, so inattentive, so awkward, that she spoiled all the figures, and that her partner had the greatest difficulty in remedying her mistakes. Also, it was a real sacrifice that he made, for he was engaged to a sweet young girl who was kept at home by a death in the family."

"Pardon, madam," said one of the by-standers, who had been introduced to me by the name of Captain Sonders, "your interpretation is not exactly correct. As an old friend of Lieut. Willibad, I can assure you that it was not at all a task for him to dance with Miss Mordaunt, whatever may have been her costume, for he was then very much enamoured with her, and if Miss Mordaunt had wished——. In short, she has aided a good deal in making him marry a fortune."

"Still it seems that she is not married," said I, pretending ignorance.

"Certainly not," answered the old maid, in a triumphant tone; no one in our society was ever in earnest in paying attentions to her."

"In fact," added the young widow, with a sentimental accent, "it was not difficult for her to attract admirers for a day; but it is by the heart alone that a woman can inspire serious affection, and Frances Mordaunt has no heart; she loves only horses and dogs."

"You forget her grand-father," suggested the captain.

"As for him," answered the old maid, "her grand-father was afraid of her. He might scold his officers, but he never dared say anything of the kind to Miss Frances.

"Pardon me," replied the captain, "Colonel Von Zwenken never scolded his officers; I speak from experience. It is, nevertheless, true that he left Miss Frances too much to herself. He was always at the gaming table, while Miss Frances did imprudent things which exposed her to calumny. What I say is well known to everybody."

"Yes, known as well as the eccentric acts of *Major Frank*."

"Just think," said an old lady who had thus far said nothing, "how terribly she was compromised with that stranger who was stopping at the *Golden Salmon*, to whom the colonel had forbidden his house, and with whom she had secret meetings. She even boldly promenaded with him in broad daylight on the 'plantation.' I know from good authority that she was obliged to pawn her diamonds to pay his hotel bills, and she even wanted to sell them."

"For my part, I have always thought there was more charity in that affair than anything else," said the indefatigable champion of the poor girl.

"Fine charity!" answered the old lady, "to compromise herself in that manner with adventurers, vagabonds without money or baggage! We seriously questioned whether we should not exclude her from our reunions. If we did not do it, it was out of respect for the colonel. But we were soon relieved from embarrassment, for she exiled herself."

"That was after another adventure," added the charming little widow. "Her own conscience forced her to it, after her affair with her coachman."

To my great disgust, this time the captain remained silent.

"What happened to her with her coachman?" asked a little gentleman with spectacles, whom I learned was the postmaster."

"Unfortunately no one knows exactly," answered the old maid. "It is generally believed that she wanted to have this coachman elope with her. Perhaps she would have succeeded, but the coachman was engaged to be married, and when that became known to her——"

"She threw him off his box when they were driving at a furious pace," added the old lady with a diabolical smile.

"Others say that she whipped him to death," said the young widow. "*Horrible, most horrible.*"

"I have heard," murmured another voice, that while she was fighting with him, the horses took the bits in their teeth, and that the unfortunate coachman was run over."

"Pardon me, ladies," observed Overberg, "if there had been anything of this kind, the law would have intervened."

"Bah," replied the widow, "the prosecuting officer was a daily partner of the colonel. To save appearances he made an official visit, and naturally Frances came out of it as white as snow. Still the fact is, that after this adventure she did not dare to appear again in our society, and that her grand-father retired from the service."

"Yes, with the rank of general," added the captain, "and he retired to Castle Werve."

"Where Major Frank now commands, and where she passes her time in riding and hunting," volubly answered the little widow.

"Oh, the general, I can assure you," said Overberg, "does not hunt any more, and has no land to hunt on."

The conversation soon took another turn. I had heard enough to ask myself if I should not do well to renounce all further inquiry.

The next day, however, Overberg, still imbued with the idea that I wished to see Miss Mordaunt, in order to propose some amicable arrangement, suggested that without further information I ought not to form an opinion solely on the gossip of a little village. For instance, he knew a little more than the others about the pledging of the diamonds. It was he who, by agreement with Miss Roselaer in relation to this as well as other matters, had loaned the money on this security, and at a reasonable rate of interest; but my great-aunt had never asked for the possession of the diamonds — they were still in his hands—nor for the payment of interest. Frances had need of a somewhat large sum to assist an unknown person, in whose behalf she could not speak to her father. That was all that he could tell me about that. As to the affair of the coachman, it was evident that to him things were not as black as the imagination of these ladies pleased to see them. Miss Mordaunt had the reputation of being blunt, often thoughtless in her answers, bizarre in her manners, but also of having a good heart and of showing much nobility in her sentiments. Overberg was clearly right. I ought not to turn back without having seen for myself. I ordered a carriage and set out for Castle Werve.

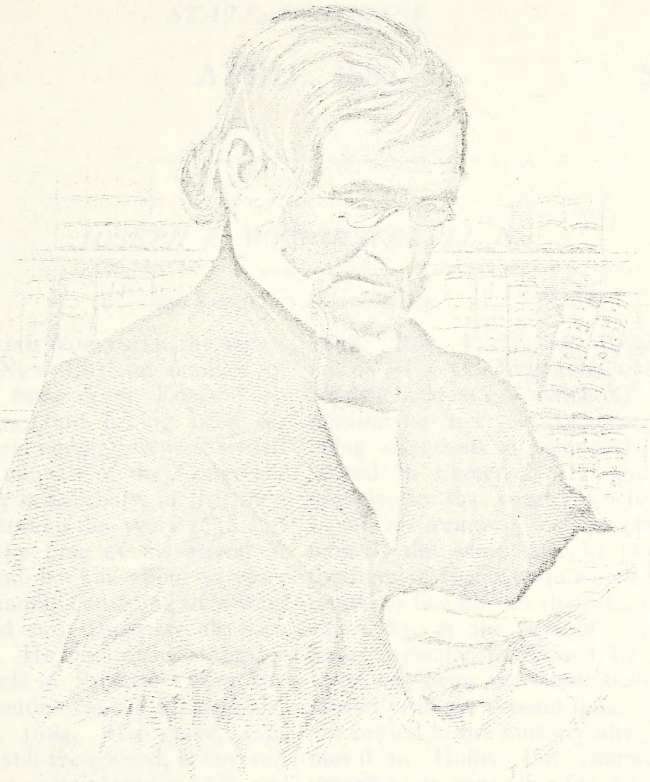
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TEAR DROPS.

Only a tear!
A maiden shed it at dead of night
When the news was brought from Shiloh fight.
Only a tear!
But love and light and life were there
Wrung from a heart too dead for prayer.
Only a tear!

Only a tear!
A woman shed it at her hour of prayer.
With none to know it and none to care.
Only a tear!
It told of want, and woe, and sin
Suffered for *his* sake, and buried in
Only a tear!

Only tears!
We see them fall and we mark their glow.
But their hidden meaning we may not know;
Only tears.
God gathers them all and saves them above
To christen the souls redeemed by His love.
Our tears.



J. E. Worcester

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JOSEPH E. WORCESTER, LL. D.

BY SAMUEL T. WORCESTER.

REV. WILLIAM WORCESTER, the ancestor of the New England families of that name, came from England to Massachusetts, and having been ordained before emigrating, was settled as the first minister of the Congregational society in Salisbury, in that then Province, between the years 1638 and 1640. At the time of his arrival in New England he was about 30 years of age, his family consisting of a wife, two sons and two daughters, all born in England. He continued as pastor of the church in Salisbury from the time of his settlement till his decease, October 28, 1662. His grave, supposed to be still recognized, is covered by a large flat stone placed over it, according to tradition, to protect the body from disinterment by wolves. No production of his pen indicating his intellectual attainments has come down to posterity, but Rev. Cotton Mather, in his Magnalia, has enrolled his name in his "List of the Reverend Learned and Holy Divines coming from Europe to America, by whose Evangelical Ministry the churches in America have been illuminated."

One of the first, if not the first of the posterity of Rev. William Worcester (of the third generation from him in descent) who settled in New Hampshire, was Rev. FRANCIS WORCESTER, born in Bradford, Mass., June 7, 1698. Rev. F. W. was ordained as pastor of a Congregational church in Sandwich, Mass., of which he was the minister for ten years or more. After being dismissed at Sandwich, he removed to Exeter, N. H., and subsequently, in the year 1750 to Hollis. Upon his removal to the place last named, the same year, he purchased the farm in Hollis upon which he continued to live till his decease, October 14, 1783, at the age of 85. This farm, originally purchased by him in 1750, has been the homestead of his posterity till the present time. He was not settled in the ministry after his removal to Hollis, but continued to preach as an evangelist for the greater part of the time at different places in New Hampshire and other parts of New England till his decease. There is still in the possession of his descendants a small volume of Essays upon moral and religious subjects, first published about 1740, and reprinted in 1760. He was also the author of a series of "Meditations in Verse," published in Boston, in 1760.

Capt. NOAH WORCESTER, the grandfather of the subject of this sketch, the youngest son of Rev. Francis Worcester, was born in Sandwich, Mass., October 4, 1735, and came to Hollis with his father in 1750, at the age of 15. He was married to Lydia Taylor, of Hol-

lis, February 22, 1757, and settled with his father upon the paternal homestead in Hollis, where he continued to reside till his decease, August 17, 1817, in his 82d year. He was captain of the Hollis company of militia, in 1775, and also of a New Hampshire company of minute men, composed mainly of Hollis soldiers, which served in the siege of Boston in the fall of 1775, and winter of 1775-'76. In a biographical sketch of Capt. Worcester to be found on page 261 of volume 1, of the New Hampshire Historical Collections, it is said of him: "That his advantages for education in early life were limited, but the powers of his mind—naturally good—were much improved by reading, and he was much respected for his intelligence, vigor of mind and integrity. In 1775 (under the new government), he was commissioned a justice of the peace for the county of Hillsborough, and continued to hold that office till his decease, a period of more than 40 years,—was much employed in public business, and for upwards of 60 years was an exemplary member of the Hollis Congregational church." During the war of the Revolution he was town-clerk, and first selectman from 1775 to 1780, chairman of the Hollis committee of safety from 1775 to 1779, and a member of the New Hampshire constutitional convention, called in 1778. His two oldest sons were soldiers in the war of the Revolution,—Noah, the oldest, at the age of 16, and Jesse, the second, at 15. He was twice married, and had 16 children, seven by his first marriage, and nine by his second. Four of his sons by his first marriage became clergymen, viz., Noah Worcester, D. D., afterwards of Brighton, Mass.; Leonard, settled in Peacham, Vt.; Thomas, in Salisbury, N. H.; and Samuel Worcester, D. D., in Salem, Mass.

Jesse Worcester, the second son of Capt. Noah Worcester, was born in Hollis, April 30, 1761. In 1776, at the age of 15, he enlisted in Capt. Emerson's company of Hollis soldiers, raised in aid of the defence of the forts at Ticonderoga. In 1777, at the age of 16, he was a soldier in the garrison at Portsmouth; in 1778 he enlisted with his father in a New Hampshire regiment, raised for the defence of Rhode Island, and in 1780 he was a soldier in the continental army. In June, 1782, at the age of 21, he was married to Sarah Parker, daughter of Josiah Parker, of Hollis, by whom he had nine sons and six daughters, all of whom lived to adult age, and fourteen of the fifteen became teachers in the public schools or academies of New England. Of his nine sons, Joseph E., the subject of this sketch, was the second.

During the year of his marriage, Mr. Worcester removed from Hollis to a farm he had purchased in Bedford, N. H., where his seven oldest children were born; but afterwards, in 1794, he returned to Hollis, and settled with his father upon the ancestral homestead, where he resided till his decease, January 20, 1834, in his 73d year. He was for many years a teacher of the public schools both in Bedford and Hollis, was honored with various public offices, was an occasional contributor to the public journals of the time, and was the author of an unpublished work entitled the "Chronicles of Nissitissit." Seven of his nine sons aspired to a collegiate education. Jesse Worcester, Jr., the oldest, died in 1809, at the age of 26 after having prepared himself to enter the junior class at Dartmouth; David, the youngest, after spending three years at Harvard, left college without graduating, and became a teacher; Joseph E. and Henry A. were graduates of Yale college; Taylor G., Samuel T., and Frederick A., of Harvard; Leonard, the third son, became a machinist; John N., the fifth, settled in Hollis, as a farmer, at first upon the paternal homestead, and was chosen a state councillor in the years 1858 and 1859.

Joseph Emerson Worcester, son of Jesse and Sarah Parker Worcester, was born in Bedford, N. H., August 24, 1784, and came to Hollis with the family of his father, in 1794. His boyhood and

youth were passed in agricultural labor on his father's farms in Bedford and Hollis, till he reached the age of majority, his assistance being needed and cheerfully and faithfully rendered till that age, in the support of the then young and numerous family of his father. His opportunities for attending school during his minority were limited to the short terms of the public schools in Bedford and Hollis. Yet, notwithstanding his means for school instruction were thus limited, from his early boyhood, he manifested an earnest love of knowledge, and eagerly embraced every opportunity for self-culture within his reach, with that quiet and unwearied perseverance and resolute energy, which were marked traits of his character through his whole life. It was not till he reached the age of majority that he finally determined, if possible, to obtain a college education, and after having so decided, his resolution was carried into effect, amidst difficulties and discouragements to which a weaker nature would have yielded.

He prepared for college, in part, at the academy in Salisbury, N. H., of which his life-long friend, Hon. Richard Fletcher, afterwards of Boston, and judge of the supreme court of Massachusetts, was at the time preceptor, and in part at Phillips Academy, in Andover. In the year 1809 he entered, in advance, the sophomore class in Yale College, graduating at Yale in 1811. After leaving college he was for several years employed as the teacher of a private academy, at Salem, Mass., and it was at Salem, while so engaged, that he began the life-long career of his literary labors. These labors, for several years, were confined to the preparation for the press and publication of his various works in the department of geography.

After closing his school at Salem, about the year 1816, he passed two or more years at Andover, Mass., where his first geographical works were published. In 1819 he removed to Cambridge, Mass., where he continued to devote himself to his literary pursuits, and to the preparation for the press of his numerous and valuable publications till his decease, at that place, after a short illness, October 27, 1865, in his 82d year. June 29th, 1841, he was married to Amy Elizabeth McKean (who yet survives), daughter of Rev. Joseph McKean, D. D., professor of rhetoric and oratory, in Harvard college. Mrs. Worcester was a lady highly educated and accomplished, in full sympathy with the literary labors and researches of her husband, and his ever ready and helpful assistant in them.

The first literary publication of Dr. Worcester was his "Geographical Dictionary; or, Universal Gazetteer, Ancient and Modern," in two octavo volumes of near 1,000 pages each, first published at Andover, in 1817. A second enlarged and improved edition of this work was published in Boston in 1823. In an elaborate notice of this work in the North American Review of that year, the reviewers say of it: "It is, we believe, the most comprehensive geographical dictionary that can be called a manual, and we think it would be difficult to name a work in two volumes in which more information is contained. We regard it as more free from defects than any other work of the kind before the public." His next publication was a "Gazetteer of the United States," an octavo volume of 372 pages, also published at Andover, in 1817.

In 1819, after his removal to Cambridge, he published his "Elements of Geography, Ancient and Modern," for the use of the public schools and academies, a duodecimo volume of 324 pages, accompanied with an ancient and modern atlas. This work was received by the public with such favor that it soon passed through many editions, and was for many years used as a standard text book in a large portion of the public schools and academies in New England. This work was followed, in 1824, by a smaller geographical manual, with an atlas, known as the "Epitome of Geography." The same year, with the publi-

cation of his first school geography, he published a work, in two volumes, duodecimo, of about 360 pages each, with 100 pictorial engravings, entitled "Sketches of the Earth, and its Inhabitants."

In 1825, upon being elected a member of the American Academy, he communicated to that association an essay entitled, "Remarks on Longevity and the expectation of life in the United States," relating more particularly to the state of New Hampshire, as compared with some foreign countries. This essay, congenial to his tastes and habits of diligent and quiet research, was published with the memoirs of the academy.

His "Elements of History, Ancient and Modern," a duodecimo volume of more than 400 pages, with an elaborate chronological and historical atlas, appeared in 1826, and has been extensively used as a text book in academies and high schools, both in and out of New England, and is still so. It appears from Allibones' Dictionary of Authors, published in 1871, that 60,000 copies of this work were printed from 1851 to 1863. All the foregoing works are believed to be distinguished by a scrupulous accuracy in the statement of facts, good taste, and a condensed and simple style, and their merits were widely recognized by a popularity at once immediate and lasting. In 1827 he published his "Epitome of History," accompanied with historical charts; in 1828 "Outlines of Scripture Geography," with an atlas; and in 1839 his "Outlines of Ancient, Classical and Scripture Geography," also with an atlas.

Dr. Worcester's first work in the department of lexicography was an edition of "Johnson's Dictionary, as improved by Todd, and abridged by Chalmers, with Walker's Pronunciation Combined." This was a large octavo volume of 1,155 closely printed pages, and was first published in 1828. In the preparation of this dictionary for the press, Dr. Worcester introduced and incorporated with the text of it very many words, collected by himself, with their definitions, not found in either of the original works. This dictionary was so well received and met with such acceptance with the public, that the sales of it for many years afterwards amounted to 12,000 copies annually.

In the year 1829 he was induced by Mr. Sherman Converse (his personal friend), the publisher of Dr. Noah Webster's large dictionary, to prepare for the press an abridgment of that work. He finally, but with great reluctance, yielded his consent to undertake it, "but not till the persuasive powers of Mr. Converse (to use his own words) had been severely taxed in securing the result he desired." Subsequent events vindicated the instinctive disinclination of Dr. Worcester to this task, and caused him to regret that he had not persevered in his original refusal. But having yielded his consent, and in pursuance of the arrangement, having become interested in the copy-right, he incorporated with this abridgment much valuable matter which he had collected and prepared for original works of his own. This abridgment, having been so undertaken, was prepared and edited with his accustomed care and scrupulous fidelity,—was stereotyped and published in 1830, and appeared that year in an octavo volume of 1,011 pages. The same year (1830) he published his "Comprehensive Pronouncing and Explanatory Dictionary," a duodecimo volume of 420 pages. This work was the first of his original dictionaries, and soon so commended itself to public favor that it at once had an extensive sale, and passed through many editions. The number of the copies of this book (as stated by Mr. Allibone), printed for the seven years from 1856 to 1863, was 57,000, averaging over 8,000 per annum. For the five years next previous to 1877, as reported by the publishers, the number of copies sold was 38,397, or about 7,700 annually. In February, 1877, the copy-right of all the dictionaries of Dr. Worcester was sold to the present publishers of these works,

Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co., of Philadelphia, since which, the sale of them is reported to have been largely increased.

At the close of the year 1831, Dr. Worcester sought relaxation from his long and arduous literary labors in a voyage to Europe, where he remained for several months, visiting the places most interesting to him in England, Scotland, France, Holland and Germany, and in the collection of books in the departments of geography, history, philology and lexicography. He recorded his impressions of what he saw in Europe in a journal which still remains in manuscript, and is marked observation, with accurate unprejudiced good sense, and sound moral feeling.

After his return from Europe, he assumed the editorship of a periodical known as the "American Almanac and Repository of Useful Knowledge," a statistical Annual, each number of it containing from 300 to 375 pages. This work presenting the carefully prepared annual statistics of the United States.—of each of the separate states, and of the several nations of Europe, besides a great variety of other important and useful information, he edited for the following eleven years, with his characteristic care and fidelity.

In the meantime, his studies and labors in the preparation of his future publications in lexicography were diligently continued, and in 1835 he published his "Elementary Dictionary," with a pronouncing vocabulary of classical Scripture and Geographical proper names, for the use of the public schools. In 1846 there appeared a new work, wholly his own, entitled, "A Universal and Critical Dictionary of the English Language, with Walker's key to the Pronunciation of Classical and scripture proper names, much enlarged and improved." This was a large royal octavo volume of 956 pages, the result of many years of patient, literary labor, containing nearly 27,000 more words, with their definitions, added by the author, than were contained in Todd's Johnson dictionary, already referred to.

About a year after the publication of this work, a London bookseller of the name of Bohn, coming to Boston, purchased a set of the stereotyped plates of this dictionary of the American publishers, under an agreement to publish the work in London. In the meantime, however, this bookseller having become interested in the sale of Dr. Webster's Dictionaries, in disregard of his agreement with the Boston publishers, made use of those stereotyped plates for his proposed London edition, with the following false and fraudulent title: "A critical pronouncing dictionary of the English Language, including scientific terms, &c., compiled from materials of Noah Webster, LL. D., by Joseph E. Worcester." In this spurious London edition, the author's preface was also grossly garbled and mutilated. Dr. Worcester, always disinclined to assail others, or even to vindicate himself, could not allow so iniquitous and barefaced a fraud to pass unnoticed, and on its coming to his knowledge, in a pamphlet written for the purpose, showing the fraud involved in the London title-page and preface, he exposed and repelled its baseness.

He published, in 1847, an enlarged and improved edition of his "Comprehensive Dictionary," which was afterwards enlarged and improved. It was during this year (1847) that he was seriously threatened with a total loss of the sense of sight, to him so precious and invaluable. Both of his eyes had yielded to the strain of his long and assiduous literary labor, and for nearly two years became wholly useless for the researches and investigations in which he had been engaged. During this period three operations for cataracts were performed on the right eye, and two on the left. As a result, the right eye became, in the end, nearly blind, but the left eye was at last happily saved. This sad and painful affliction, so severe to a man of his studious tastes and habits, whose life had been so long wholly devoted to quiet and unostentatious literary pursuits, in which the sense of sight was

so indispensable, was borne by him with an uncomplaining, gentle patience, alike the result of an equable temperament, of a deep-seated religious faith, and a trustful submission to the will of Providence.

After the partial recovery of his sight, one eye having become nearly blind, the other somewhat impaired, he published the following works: In 1850 his "Primary Dictionary," for public schools, containing 384 pages, which was revised and published by him in 1860. Of this book, as stated by Mr. Allibone, 45,000 copies were printed in the seven years from 1856 to 1863. The number of copies of it sold, as reported by its publishers, for the five years next prior to 1877, was nearly 50,000, but little less than 10,000 per annum; in 1855 he published another work, entitled, "A Pronouncing, Explanatory and Synonymous Dictionary," for the use of high schools and academies, a duodecimo volume of 565 pages. His "Pronouncing Spelling-book" of the English language, containing 180 pages, appeared in 1857, the annual sales of which, for the five years from 1870 to 1875, was over 35,500 per year; this were followed in 1864, when the author was 80 years old, by his "Comprehensive Spelling-book," a work of 156 pages; in 1860 he revised and republished his "Comprehensive Dictionary," containing 612 pages, duodecimo.

But the most important and elaborate of all of the author's literary labors, and to which all of his many previous works and researches in the department of Lexicography for the preceding 30 years and more, had been introductory, and more or less preparatory, was his large quarto "English Dictionary," first published in 1860, when he had reached the age of 75 years. In the final preparation of this work, more particularly in the definitions and explanation of technical and scientific terms, he had the aid of many able assistants, but so far as relates to himself, this dictionary presents the ripe fruits of his many years of patient, assiduous and conscientious research and labors, shaped, as is believed, by sound, discriminating judgment and uniform good taste. There is no occasion, in this connection, nor would it be pertinent here, to institute a comparison between the claims of this dictionary to public favor and approval, and other works of the same class. It is enough here to say that it was received by the public with a degree of favor which more than met the modest expectations of the author, and the very many expressions of approval which it called forth from scholars, eminent in literature and philology, both in this country and England, gave him the highest satisfaction an author can enjoy,—the pleasant assurance that his labors had been appreciated by competent judges.

This work has been now before the public for the last twenty years, and has become so familiarly known as to need no special description or note of its contents. It contains 1,786 closely printed large sized quarto pages, with 1,000 pictorial illustrations, being the first work of the kind so illustrated, published in this country. The number of words, with their definitions, contained in it is nearly 104,000, a number much larger than in any other English dictionary before published, and about 19,000 more than are contained in the author's "Universal and Critical Dictionary," published in 1846.

In the Preface to this Quarto Dictionary, his last work in this department of literature, the author says of it: "That it was not undertaken with the expectation of securing anything like an ample pecuniary compensation for the labor." But he adds: "Time spent in a useful employment, however humble, passes more pleasantly than time wasted in idleness, and if this dictionary shall be found to be a work of utility, in any considerable degree proportioned to the labor bestowed upon it,—if, instead of tending to corrupt the language, it shall serve to promote its purity and correctness, and shall give satisfaction to those who have manifested an interest in it, the

author will feel that he has no reason to regret having performed the labor. He has reason to be gratified with the reception his former labors in lexicography have met with, and he now dismisses this book with the expectation that it will receive an equitable judgment, and that his last attempt to produce a useful work in the department of literature will not be wholly unsuccessful."

In respect to the Orthography of the English language, and also its Pronunciation, it was the aim and design of the author, as stated in his preface, to adopt and present, in regard to both, that which his researches found to be most in accordance with the best usage in England and the United States, without attempting to give currency to unauthorized innovations of his own. But in respect, however, to words of doubtful or disputed pronunciation, while indicating and giving his preference to the usage he believed to be best authorized, he presented, in the same connection, the several different modes in which these disputed words were pronounced by each of the most eminent English lexicographers.

The labors and researches of Dr. Worcester in this department of literature did not end with the publication of his Quarto Dictionary. But after it came from the press, he provided himself with a complete printed copy of it, from its first page to its last, bound in seven different volumes, with one or more blank leaves between each two of its printed pages. Upon these blank leaves, from 1860, for the following five years, till his decease in 1865, he continued to enter and write down, as the result of his daily researches, all such new words, with their definitions not found in the original text, together with such additions, corrections and suggestions as might be regarded as necessary or proper for a new and revised edition. At the period of life he had then reached, he could have had no reasonable hope or expectation of living to see such new edition. But acting upon his life-long maxim, appearing in his preface, "that time spent in a useful employment, however humble, passes more pleasantly than time wasted in idleness," these memoranda and notes were prepared and left by him as a sort of literary legacy, in the belief and hope that they would be found useful for some future edition of the work, to be edited by some other person and given to the public after his own labors should be ended.

Mr. Allibone, in his notice of this dictionary, says of it, "that we have before us many eulogies from eminent authorities of this admirable work, which should form a part of the literary treasures of every household." The number of copies printed, as stated by Mr. Allibone, from 1860, the year of its publication, to September, 1863, was 27,000. The sales of it afterwards, during the war, considerably fell off, but since it was published in Philadelphia, they have largely increased.

In a memoir of the author, prepared and read before the American Academy, soon after his decease, by Ezra Abbot, LL. D., one of its members, appointed for that purpose, it is said of him: "All the works of Dr. Worcester give evidence of sound judgment and good taste, combined with indefatigable industry, and a conscientious solicitude for accuracy in the statement of facts. The tendency of his mind was practical rather than speculative. As a lexicographer, he did not undertake to reform the long-established anomalies of the English language; his aim, rather, was to preserve it from corruption; and his works have certainly contributed much to that end. In respect to Orthography and Pronunciation, he took great pains to ascertain the best usage, and, perhaps, there is no lexicographer whose judgment in respect to these matters, in doubtful cases, deserves higher consideration."

Dr. Worcester was an active member of the Massachusetts Historical Society, of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, of the American Oriental Society, and an honorary member of the Royal Geographical

Society of London. He received the honorary degree of LL. D. from Brown University in 1847, and from Dartmouth College in 1856.

In a biographical sketch of Dr. Worcester, by Hon. George S. Hillard, deceased, late of Boston, it is said of him: "His long and busy life was passed in unbroken literary toil; though his manners were reserved and his habits retiring, his affections were strong, and benevolence was an ever-active principle in his nature. * * * He was a stranger to the impulses of passion and the sting of ambition. His life was tranquil, happy and useful. A love of truth and a strong sense of duty were leading traits of his character. Little known to the public, except by name and his literary works, he was honored and loved by that small circle of relatives and friends who had constant opportunities of learning the warmth of his affections, and the strength of his virtues."

THE YELLOW LEAF AND SERE.

BY WILLIAM C. STUROC.

Not mine to sing a dainty song
Of bud, and bloom, and cheer;
But of the "yellow leaf and sere"
I fain would moralize—not long:—
'Tis but the story of a leaf
That flush'd and faded fast,
And then its day was past;
Like human day, how brief!

A leaf! how small a thing
To touch our tender chords,
And yet, how full of words
It glides on fluttering wing;
Prone to the earth it falls,
Reft from its parent stem,
Where, like an em'rald gem
It hung in airy halls!

Through noon of summer's blaze,
And through the dewy night,
Still fresh, and green, and bright,
Till came October days—
As age comes, weak in sight—
With fitful, faltering breath,
To sing the "dirge of death,"
'Mid streaks of sunset light!

So, let our mortal race
Be high, and bright, and true;
Till, from the frost and dew,
We pass with joyous grace,
Where stems shall never dry,
Nor yellow leaves be found;
Nor chilling blasts shall sigh,
O'er leaf-strewed frozen ground!

MR. WEBSTER ABROAD.

PART OF THE DIARY KEPT BY MRS. J. W. PAIGE, AND FURNISHED BY PROF. E. D. SANBORN.*

Mr. Webster and his party arrived in London on the 6th of June, 1839. Lodgings had been secured for them at the Brunswick hotel, but the rooms could not be put in readiness for two or three days. Accordingly, says Mrs. Paige, we became the guests of our kind friends, Mr. and Mrs. Jaudon. On the 7th of June we dined at 6 o'clock with Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Wiggin, who had just established themselves in a new and richly furnished house in Park Crescent. Here we met several American friends, whose society gave additional zest to a splendid and agreeable dinner.

June 10. Mr. Kenyon, a poet and man of letters, came to see Mr. Webster, yesterday, and invited us all to meet some literary friends at breakfast, to-day. Great was our delight when (contrary to English custom, and in compliment to us as strangers), the following distinguished persons were named: Wordsworth, Rogers, Hartley, Coleridge, Mr. Richard Moncton Milnes, author of "Poems of Many Years," and a member of parliament, Mr. Wordsworth, a son of the poet, and Mr. Babbage, well-known among men of science. Miss Sarah Rogers, sister of the poet, was the only lady invited, except the members of our party. Wordsworth and his son are to leave, to-morrow, for Cumberland. Rogers must be nearly 70 years of age, with a pale face and great simplicity and warmth of manner, and full of wit and humor. He has the reputation of being cynical, but he gave no evidence of such a character, to-day; Mr. Babbage, whose eye is penetrating, and his whole expression indicative of energy, invited us after breakfast, at 12 o'clock, to visit his "self-calculating machine," and from Mr. Kenyon's we proceeded to his house. This piece of machinery I cannot attempt to describe, although Mr. Babbage, who is the inventor, made its operation quite plain to Mr. Webster's more scientific capacity. It was even to me very curious and wonderful, and the machine itself seemed to be endued with intelligence, and only needed the power of speech to make its computations understood. With Mr. Babbage we lunched, and saw, afterward, an automaton lady of his own invention, that performed very creditably many of the movements of a human being. At 7 o'clock, we dined with Mr. and Mrs. Jaudon, and then attended a soireé at Miss Rogers's, where we had the good fortune to meet Tom Moore, Lockhart, Henry Hallam, Lady Davy and Lady Chautrey. We were also introduced to Miss Coutts, daughter of Sir Francis Burdett, and heiress of the immense wealth of the late Duchess of St. Albans.

Mr. Webster visited the houses of parliament to-day, with Mr. Stevenson, although he made a previous visit, incognito, three days ago.

June 11. Mr. Webster having expressed a desire to meet "Boz," whose works have given us so much pleasure at home, Mr. Kenyon invited him to dine with him to-day, for the express purpose of an introduction to the author of the "Pickwick Papers." Mr. Webster, Julia and myself, were invited in the evening.

June 12. This day we visited the tower, and examined attentively its antiquities and its treasures. We dined, afterwards, with a large party, at Mr.

* Mrs. Paige, a sister in law, accompanied Mr. Webster and his wife and daughter on their trip to Europe. Mrs. Paige was a very accomplished lady, kept a full diary, and loaned it to Prof. E. D. Sanborn about the time of Mr. Webster's death, with permission to copy, *ad libitum*, for his own use as he might think proper. He copied the whole, and has kindly contributed a part for the GRANITE MONTHLY.—ED.

Jaudon's, and there met Mr. and Mrs. Cowell, who have recently returned from America. Mr. Hanky, M. P., and lady, Mr. and Mrs. Guthrie and lady. Mr. Guthrie is also a member of parliament from Scotland. He seemed to take pleasure in depreciating everything American, even our natural scenery. At last, provoked by his persistence in maligning us and our country, contrary to the resolution I had taken *to avoid all comparisons*, I told him, in reply to his question about the relative beauty of the oak trees of England and America, that we could show more varieties of the oak alone than his country contained among all her forest trees. This he seemed to doubt, but an appeal on my part to Mr. Cowell convinced and surprised my antagonist, and he afterwards remained silent on his favorite topic. Christopher Hughes, Esq., our Chargé to Sweden, was one of the guests, and Mr. and Mrs. Bates met us in the drawing-room above, at coffee.

June 13. We went, to-day, in company with Mr. Kenyon (who is very devoted in his kind attentions), to the justly celebrated "British Museum," on Great Russell street, Bloomsbury. Mr. Webster did not accompany us, preferring to make the visit more quietly at some future time. We were first taken to the apartment of the librarian. Here was assembled a group of persons who had come there, as Mr. Kenyon whispered, to get a sight of the "Great Western," as they denominate Mr. Webster. These persons expressed so much regret and such evident disappointment, that Mrs. Webster was induced to send her carriage back to Hanover square, with a message to Mr. Webster, desiring him, if possible, to come to the museum, as there were many things which she wished particularly to point out to him. In consequence of this, Mr. Webster shortly appeared, but he was not a little annoyed when he learned the true object of the summons. However, "the deed was done," and he made the best of it. I was amused as well as touched at the enthusiasm and interest which the sight of Mr. Webster produced. I overheard Mr. Kenyon's question to a young artist who had followed Mr. Webster with admiring eyes: "Well, how do you like our head?" "Glorious, magnificent; one of nature's noblest works," was the reply. "How I should like to paint that head," he added. This was uttered with so much enthusiasm of manner, the clasping of hands and rolling of the eyes, that I was reminded of scenes somewhat similar in our own dear land. After examining the curiosities of this place, we dined with Mr. and Mrs. Bates, in Postman square.

June 14. Breakfasted with an agreeable party at Mr. Seniors, Hyde Park gate. He is a scholar and a lawyer of eminence. The presence of gentlemen of widely different political views gave vivacity and piquancy to the conversation. Mr. Bingham Baring, son of Lord Ashburton, expressed great regret that "there was nobody in London! Devenshire house closed, the Duke abroad, the Duchess of Sutherland also absent, Lady Jersey and some others out of town, he feared we should lose all opportunity of seeing anything of London society." The Earl of Shelburne, son of the Marquis of Lansdoune, and Lord Lovelace, who married Ada Byron, were among the guests at Mr. Senior's.

June 15. By previous arrangement and invitation, we drove to Chiswick, to visit the horticultural exhibition. The sea of equipages outside the grounds was astonishing to an unpractised eye, and within was an immense throng of gaily dressed people. The exhibition of flowers was extremely attractive. The heaths were of uncommon size and beauty. The fragrance of the growing pineapples was very powerful and agreeable. Owing to the density of the crowd we could not approach the tables where they were standing. On leaving Cheswick, the train of carriages extended as far as the eye could reach, waiting for their fair occupants, and yet, on reaching Hyde Park, and driving there for

an hour, the crowd of equipages seemed in no way diminished. We were intending to meet by appointment, this evening, at Mr. Babbage's, "some of the cleverest people in England," but having received, through the Lord Chamberlain, an invitation, or, rather, "command," to attend the Queen's ball, on Monday night, we are obliged to forego the expected pleasure, and pay a visit of consultation to our dress-maker.

June 16. Sunday. Through the kindness of Mr. Charles Augustus Murray, who is attached to the Queen's household, we were to have attended divine service, to-day, at the chapel royal. To our great regret and disappointment, after the services of all the other churches had commenced, came a note from Mr. Murray to Mr. Webster that, owing to the departure of her cousin, Victoria, one of the Princesses of Coburg, the Queen would not attend chapel to-day; and presuming that we would prefer to go when the Queen was present, he had postponed sending the tickets of admission; and so we lost the opportunity of going to church at all.

June 17. Mr. Webster dined with Sir William Rolfe, having declined invitations from the Marquis of Lansdoune, and several other noblemen for to-day. We are told that it is a great privilege to attend a court ball before a regular presentation, it being contrary to etiquette, and that it is a compliment to be appreciated by Mr. Webster and his party.

June 18. The Queen's ball, last night, was, of course, magnificent. Mr. Webster wore a court dress, which was exceedingly becoming, consisting of small clothes, silk stockings, diamond knee and shoe buckels, a coat of the fashion of the last century, lined with white satin, with a white satin vest, embroidered in colors and with ornamental buttons of the same style as the coat, with point lace shirt ruffles and lace frills over the hands. To the collar of the coat, behind, are attached ribbons, &c., to give the appearance of a bag wig of former times. This costume or uniform was worn by all the gentlemen present. We drove to Buckingham palace at 10 o'clock, the hour named, and joining the long train of carriages with their liveried footmen, in full dress, we soon reached the palace door, where the "Yoemen of the Guard," in their uniforms, stationed on each side of the entrance, and a band of very fine musicians constantly playing. We entered the spacious and magnificent hall, and in an apartment beyond deposited our shawls, and received from one of the maids in attendance numbered tickets, corresponding ones being attached to our garments. Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson were awaiting us, and passing rapidly through several very splendid apartments we found ourselves in a flood of light, amid a crowd of richly dressed people, blazing with diamonds and badges of the different orders of nobility, there awaiting the appearance of Her Majesty. We had hardly time to look about us, when the doors of the adjoining apartment, called the "north yellow room," were thrown open, and the Queen appeared, preceded by her chambermaids, with long gold sticks, walking backward, facing the Queen. Her Majesty was attended by her uncle, the Duke of Sussex, and several other members of the royal family; then came the ladies in waiting, maids of honor, and others in regular order, according to the prescribed etiquette. The queen wore a white point lace dress, of the richest pattern, over satin. Her hair was simply dressed with flowers, intermingled with diamonds, and a diamond bandeau, with the broad blue velvet belt of the order of the garter, across her shoulder and chest, meeting under one arm. She passed along the line formed each side of the entrance door, bowing graciously, and shaking hands with many, proceeded to the throne room, and for a few moments only ascended the platform or dais, which was richly adorned with crimson velvet and gold, with an awning of the same material above. Then she at once commenced dancing, having,

through her Lord Chamberlain, selected her own partner. As I looked at her, I must confess that had she not been distinguished from every other lady in the realm by the blue belt above described, she might entirely have escaped my notice or recollection. Her majesty is under height, inclining to *en bon point;* her hair is light, and her eyes grayish blue. Mrs. Stevenson had desired us to be near her when the dancing was over, that she might present us all in due succession. Two other ladies, however, followed Mrs. Webster so closely in their eagerness to approach the throne, that Julia and myself became separated from Mrs. Webster, and found it entirely impossible amid the rush to recover our position (for even court people will crowd and push), so that we had the disappointment of seeing Mrs. Webster presented, while we were far behind. Every lady is expected "to do her duty" to the Queen, in this particular. However, in our case this coveted and formal ceremony was only postponed, and we had no great reason, ultimately, to regret the delay. After another dance by the Queen, she again ascended the throne, and Julia and myself were formally presented by Mrs. Stevenson, our names being distinctly pronounced by the Queen, after Mrs. Stevenson, in an audible voice. We then, to our great relief, backed our way from the throne room, and were permitted to wander at pleasure through the various rooms of the palace and indulge our curiosity. When the Queen was not dancing she occupied a large velvet arm-chair, with V. R. in gold letters on the velvet wall above, and in the other chairs near her sat the Duchess of Cambridge and her daughter, the Princess Augusta, and other members of the royal family. The Duchess of Kent sat on one side. She is still a fine-looking woman. Seven apartments were open and lighted. The picture gallery is a very splendid room, 164 feet by 28, and runs nearly the whole length of the palace. After a short time the Queen left the throne-room and danced in the south yellow drawing-room. At 1 o'clock the supper-rooms were opened; the tables were loaded with gold plate. The dishes were mostly French, and highly and tastefully ornamented. An abundance of fruits, such as pines, which are very delicious, and grown in pineries, strawberries and cherries, was exhibited. Champagne and seltzer water, which the English mingle with the wine, and ices of all kinds were served all the evening previous to the supper, in another apartment. I believe that tea and coffee were also offered. The side-board was in a raised niche, covered and hung with crimson velvet, ornamented with massive gold candelabra and wax candles, and literally groaning with the weight of the very superb gold plate with which it was covered. This exhibition struck us as magnificent in the extreme. The blaze of jewelry was also perfectly dazzling. The Marchioness of Londonderry is quite celebrated for the possession of valuable diamonds. On this occasion she was literally covered with them. From the large sprigs on the front skirt of her dress, to the neck, together with her gloves and around her waist, she was one unbroken glitter of diamonds. A coronet of brilliants also encircled her head. The Princess Doria's diamonds were also very splendid, and were shown to advantage with a black dress. Prince Esterhazy's jewels have always been very celebrated. On this occasion he displayed a broad band of diamonds over his crimson velvet coat. his sword case was also covered with these precious gems, mingled with pearls, and so was his cartridge bag. Being an ambassador from a foreign court, of course his dress was that of his country. He carried his cap in his hand. The jewels upon this are of inestimable value. Esterhazy's wealth is unbounded. It is said of him, that on a recent visit to Holkam hall, the Earl of Leicester, during a walk over his grounds, showed him his large flock of sheep, being the largest found on any estate in England; that Ester-

hazy bestowed just praise on this display, and then remarked that on his estate, "he had as many shepherds," which was literally true! The Duchess of Sutherland, although not so youthful as her portraits represent her, is still a superb woman. She is mistress of the robes to the Queen. It is said that no English woman excels her in propriety of dress. On this occasion she was attired in simple mourning, for the loss of a child. She had just returned from the continent only a day or two before.

We left the dancing room at 2 o'clock, but owing to the crowd of carriages did not reach our lodgings until 3 o'clock, when it was quite daylight. We were not a little amused, while waiting our turn in the anteroom, in listening to the call of different carriages, the titled names of their owners echoing from hall to staircase, and from room to room, by the strong lungs of numerous servants. "The Marquis of Anglesea's carriage stops the way." The Marquis appeared, his halting gate giving proof of his identity. He wears an artificial leg instead of the natural limb, which was buried on the field of Waterloo.

June 18. We drove, to-day, in Hyde Park, after a late breakfast, and made ten visits, or rather left our cards, and returned to find that we had received as many more. Among them were the cards of Lord and Lady Lyndhurst, the Earl and Countess of Lovelace, Vicount Palmerston, Lord and Lady Denman, Lord and Lady Burgherst, Sir Charles and Lady Bagot, Vicount Morpeth, and others. We declined two or three invitations to dinner, in consequence of Mr. Webster's engagement of long-standing to dine with Sir Robert H. Inglis.

June 19. We dined with Mr. and Mrs. Grote. He is a member of parliament and a staunch whig. Mrs. Grote has the reputation of superior mental endowments. She is quite *au fait* in politics, and is thought to have written on political questions. I have thought that English ladies are generally better versed in legislative proceedings and more ready in conversation on such topics than our American ladies. Mrs. Grote had invited a large party after dinner, which is quite customary here, but we were obliged to take leave of her very agreeable guests, having two other engagements for the evening.

June 30. This day the Queen held her drawing-room party. Our party was summoned to attend. At 2 o'clock we drove to Mrs. Stevenson's, according to appointment. In her drawing-room we found other ladies who were to be presented that day, and a still larger company of spectators. Returning to our carriages, we were soon set down at the ambassador's entree, at St. James's, and after ascending a staircase, we walked through several passages, lined with well-dressed people, who were there seated, patiently waiting to catch a glimpse of the passing court costumes. After the arrival of all our party, giving our names to the secretary in waiting, to be inserted in a book kept for the purpose, we passed "en train" to the adjoining apartment filled with ambassadors, ministers and other diplomats, awaiting their turn to appear before the sovereign. This was the privileged entree. Another apartment, the passage to which was guarded by officers of the household, and partially separated from the first by a brass railing, was filled with expectant faces, waving feathers and glittering jewelry. The effect of this full dress, by daylight, in the warmth of a July atmospeare, was peculiar.

At the upper end of the room in which we were assembled, were two doors. These were soon opened with some ceremony. Our party was the second in order, and following Mrs. Stevenson, we slowly entered the left hand door and found ourselves immediately in the presence of Her Majesty. The Queen was standing upon an elevated platform, which supports the throne, and on either side of her stood the members of the royal family. A simple courtesy by the Queen, and by her guests in return,

constituted the ceremony of recognition by this august personage. The groom of the chamber, as we entered, arranged our long trains in folds upon the floor, and then raised them up and placed them like drapery over our left arms. We left the presence chamber, facing the Queen during our retreat, and passed out of the right hand door into the same apartment from which we entered. Here, at a greater distance, we could still witness the presentations and examine other matters that interested us. Here, too, we were favored with an introduction to many distinguished people, and many others to whom we were not presented, were pointed out to us. Among others, I had the great satisfaction of seeing the Duke of Wellington, admitted by all to be the most remarkable man in England. On his arm, was timidly leaning his daughter-in-law, the young Marchioness of Douro, just a bride, and this her presentation by the duke. I was much struck with her beauty, and the elegant simplicity of her dress. Her whole "tourume" was in admirable taste. The Princess Doria was also present, and I heard herself and the young marchioness styled the "twin stars of the Queen's drawing-room." At 7 o'clock we dined with Mrs. Denison and her son, the Bishop of Salisbury. Here we met a very agreeable party, and passed the hours of the evening delightfully. At half past eleven o'clock, after once more exchanging our dresses for lighter ones of tulle and flowers, we went to a magnificent fête, at the town house of the Earl of Westminster, in Grosvenor street, whose magnificent mansion in Cheshire county, is called "Eton Hall," being one of four splendid country seats. His house, in London, stands 100 feet from the street. The passage to it was temporarily covered and tastefully ornamented with greens, flags and various devices. Our carriage set us down at this entrance. Our names were then announced, and we passed through five splendid rooms and entered the sixth (which was the ball-room) through a window. This was very spacious and temporarily built over the grounds and garden, and adorned with flags and every variety of rare plants and growing shrubs. At the extremity of this room hung a crimson curtain, which, after a lapse of about one hour, was raised, disclosing a supper table, splendidly furnished with gold plate, and covered with every luxury and device, both of art and nature. Pines in abundance surmounted a silver-gilt basket, filled with cherries, strawberries and other costly fruits, grown under glass. The confectionery was very beautiful and delicious. "As her Majesty," (I quote from a morning paper), "did the Earl of Westminster the distinguished honor of being present, another supper-room for herself and the other members of the royal family was simultaneously opened on the opposite side of the suite of apartments." The Queen was dressed in a blue crèpe, over white, ornamented with roses, the centre of each being set with a large brilliant, with a wreath of roses upon her head, each rose containing, also, one of these precious gems. The Queen does not sanction the wearing of feathers while dancing; this is considered decidedly "mauvais ton." Her Majesty, when not dancing (which she seemed very fond of), sat on a raised platform, on one side of the ball-room, surrounded by her family, her attendants, and the Marchioness of Westminster. The "gold stick in waiting," stood at the foot of the dais, and on receiving Her Majesty's orders respecting the partner she might choose, with a low bow he backed from her presence, smiling constantly, to convey the happy announcement to the envied partner, and he, appearing, took the Queen's fingers, and led her to the dance. Once I observed the young and handsome Marquis of Douglass, son of the Duke of Hamilton, was the favored personage. He is said to be a great favorite at court. The Queen herself always takes the lead in conversation, and no remark is made except in reply to those of Her Majes-

ty. She dances gracefully, and appears to be conscious of it, too. The music was excellent, and the whole scene was one of enchantment and delight. After supper, we went to examine the rare paintings of the Earl. The gallery is 150 feet long, and contains some of the rarest works of the old masters to be found in England. We returned to our lodgings just in time to see the daylight dawn, greatly fatigued in mind and body.

June 21. Breakfasted with the Rev. Mr. Milman and his accomplished lady. He is an author and a poet, and one of the Prebendaires of Westminster Abbey. His house communicates, through the gardens, with the Abbey itself. The guests, besides our party, were Mr. Lockhart, Mr. Taylor, the author of Philip von Artevelde, Professor Thurwell of Cambridge University, Rev. Mr. Harness, Miss Rogers and Miss Milman. After breakfast, by a private passage we entered the Abbey and surveyed, at our leisure, the interior of this magnificent and time-honored edifice.

MEMORIALS AND ANECDOTES OF GEN. STARK.

BY H. W. HERRICK.

The excellent and popular biography of Gen. Stark, by Edward Everett, published about forty years since, together with the memoir by his grandson, Caleb Stark, have made the public familiar with the military life of their illustrious subject. But the home life and surroundings that influenced his youth, and fitted the soldier for his life work, are but little known. Much of the material necessary for a clear understanding of the nature of Starks's influence in the era in which he lived, is not suited to a memoir for national use, but is of interest in the locality in which he spent most of his life.

Previous to entering on his military career Stark's life was checkered alike by the vicissitudes of the hunter and the farmer. Like Daniel Boone of Kentucky, he was a frontiersman, whose daily companions were as frequently Indians as white men; and having a passion for hunting and adventure, he was early enured to hardship, and became expert in the habits and woodcraft of border life. The formative period of life was thus controlled by the influences of both savage and civilized society. In New England but four newspapers were published, and at this period (about the year 1750), educational influences were very few and of a low standard.

The Pennacooks, aboriginees of the Merrimack river valley, had succumbed to advancing civilization, and while adopting all its vices, were but partially modified in habits by its customs. They were frequently found in the ranks of scouts in time of war, but were in time of peace, to the grief of the settlers, but the veriest tramps and vagrants. Dealing as much with these nomads as with his own race, Stark became, at manhood, an athlete, expert in all feats that required steadiness of nerve, strength of muscle, power of endurance, or decision of character. An instance of his physical prowess is given in the record of his winter campaign of rangers, in the French war, when, on the borders of Lake Champlain, with the snow five feet deep, and travelling on snow-shoes, he fought the enemy in a forest one afternoon, drawing off at sunset the remnant of his shattered band, and travelling all night, reached, in the morning, the borders of the lake. Here, leaving the wounded and disabled in care of a guard, he travelled forty miles on

skates and snow-shoes to Fort George, for succor, and, without rest, returned immediately with a relief party, rescuing, ere night, his suffering companions. Forty hours of the most severe labor, under these circumstances of peril and anxiety, showed his power of herculean endurance.

Probably there was no officer of the revolution who had greater power than Stark to inspire troops with courage and enthusiasm. In our own state his influence in obtaining recruits was marvelous. In two days after the battle of Lexington he had a crowd of followers, ready for organization into companies. After forming his own regiment, two hundred men were left, making the nucleus of a second organization.

Wherever their commander went his troops followed, bravely emulating the spirit of their leader. The qualities of character that constitute this magnetic power over men are often difficult to define, but their influence is none the less felt. Garibaldi is a remarkable instance of like power, in our own times. All national peculiarities of race, religion and habits of life, alike bow to this nameless influence. In Stark, it may have been caused, in part, by his entire confidence in his own resources, his bluff, decisive manner, and a masterly power of self-possession in the most trying circumstances. It is said that after the battle of Bennington an officer remarked to him that he would give a fortune if, in time of action, he could rap his snuff-box with the general's coolness, while giving orders. "Ah, sir," replied Stark, "the coolness was on the outside !"

Old residents of Manchester, who yet well remember the general, speak of his great power over his facial expression. No one, now living, remembers ever having seen him weep, and he seldom laughed or even smiled. Always decided, and often violent in action on the battle-field, he yet had great restraint over himself in his general intercourse with men. His war record shows that he was never wounded, never taken prisoner in battle, never had a mutiny in his command, and was never reprimanded by his superior officers for military errors. When generously treated by his associate officers, he was ready to reciprocate, and no man had a finer sense of obligation for a favor received. The treatment of Stark and his New Hampshire troops by the committee of safety at Bennington, was not only just but magnanimous ; supplies were always forthcoming, and no jealousies or ambitions were permitted to disturb these kindly relations. This noble conduct Stark so deeply felt that two days after the battle, while ill and prostrated from over-exertion and loss of sleep, he wrote an article to the Hartford Courant, expressing in complimentary terms his sense of the generous and efficient services of the Vermont committee. His sense of justice would permit no indiscriminate plundering after the battle ; all booty that was captured was accurately appraised by a commission, the articles sold at auction, giving to each of the soldiers about five dollars.

When the surrender of Burgoyne—two months after the victory of Bennington—completed the triumph of the American arms in the north, Stark was selected by Gates to fire a salute on the day of the capitulation. After firing thirteen guns, one for each of the states then in the union, Stark exclaimed, "Now, one more, for young Vermont !"

The vigor and decision shown by Stark in military life is traceable in the management of his secular affairs. He was emphatically a worker, and had no patience with indolence, mental or physical. His plans for farm labor were comprehensive and far-reaching in results, and for the period in which he lived, he effectively wielded a large capital. This good management was noticeable in the expenses he incurred for government in his military capacity. The financial cost to New Hampshire for the Bennington victory was for mustering, mileage, rations, wages and contingent expenses, a trifle over $82,

000 in the depreciated paper currency of the day, or $2,500 in gold. Stark did not die a rich man in the modern understanding of the term: he prudently used his resources, and thus answered the large demands on his hospitality, and kept his estate intact.

The interests of his farm and an extensive trade in lumber and tracts of woodland, divided his time and labors. At one time he owned, with two partners, the present township of Dunbarton, then called Starkstown, and operated largely in lumber. The facilities for getting logs and manufactured lumber to market were greatly increased by the completion of the Amoskeag or Blodgett canal in 1807, and Stark's property in timber tracts was made much more valuable. In early life he erected a mill for sawing lumber on Ray's brook, at the present site of Dorr's pond, and it was this mill that was so suddenly stopped at the news of the battle of Lexington, and permitted to rot and rust during the eight years of the revolution. The remains of the dam are yet observed at low water. After the revolution, Stark, in connection with Judge Blodgett, erected a saw and grist-mill on the east side of Amoskeag falls, near the present entrance of the company's large canal.

Notwithstanding the rough and stirring character of Stark's life, he had naturally a literary taste, and was never more happy than when reading a favorite author. Books were comparatively rare in his day, but his collection represented the standard authors of contemporary literature. Dr. Johnson's works and the Scotch poets of the early part of the century were his favorites.

As second childhood came upon the old war veteran, after the age of fourscore and ten years, one of his great pleasures was the taming and fondling of his domestic and farm animals. Though always a lover of fine horses and cattle, he now found great satisfaction in petting and cherishing them. A very large bay family horse named "Hessian," was a special favorite, and he took pleasure when sitting in his easy chair on the lawn, in the sun, in feeding and taming his poultry. A descendant now living in the city describes the general's enthusiasm about his fowls as quite equal to that of a modern poultry exhibitor. One enormous fowl was his pet and pride; the golden plumage, black breast, and fine sickle feathers of the tail, were descanted on with true appreciation. This queer pet would eat corn from his master's hand, perch on his cane, crow at command, and was even admitted into the general's room, by his expressed wish, to while away the tedious hours, when he could no longer sit on the lawn.

The farm-house of Stark was a plain, two-story structure, with an ell, a front door and entry, dividing it into two equal parts; this, with four barns and some smaller out-houses, comprised the farm buildings. They were erected a few yards above the junction of the present Reform School road with the river road, and the well, with its platform cover of plank, is still to be seen. The house was erected by the general in the year 1765, and at that period was considered an edifice of notable qualities. It had handsome pediment caps to the windows and doors, corner boards generously ornamented, and was, within, of large dimensions and careful finish. The taste of Stark, when applied to house-building, was somewhat peculiar and erratic, for while he had his rooms finished with the best skill and most costly material of the period, he would never suffer paint or room paper to be seen inside of his house. He took great pride in pointing to the width and quality of native woods used in the large and sumptuous panels in the walls of the rooms, and in the wood carving of a large *bouffet*, or French side-board, filling one corner of his dining-room. When age and infirmity confined him to the house, he chose one of the lower front rooms, where, from the window, with an eastern exposure, he could see the first beams of

the morning sun. To secure more sun-light, he gave directions to have one of the front windows enlarged, making it double its former dimensions. The injury to the symmetry of the building was urged by his friends, but all remonstrance was useless; the capacity of the window was doubled, and until the alterations of the buildings many years after, the strange and whimsical window remained, a memento of the former proprietor. The house was burned about the year 1866, and the land adjacent, originally several hundred acres, diminished by sale and gifts to descendants, was, about twenty years since, purchased by the state as the site for the present Reform School.

Stark was married at the age of 30, to Elizabeth Page, of Dunbarton. With a whimsical propensity for nicknames, he seldom called any of his family by their true names. According to the custom of the day, Mrs. Stark's name would be shortened to Betty, or Bess; but her husband invariably called her Molly. This will be remembered as the name he used in his speech at Bennington, to his troops,—"The victory is ours, or Molly Stark sleeps a widow."

Mrs. Stark died in the year 1814, at which time the general was 86 years old. An adecdote is told of him, as occurring at the funeral ceremony. The minister officiating, in his remarks referred to the general, and made some very complimentary allusions to his patriotic services for his country. The old veteran rapped tartly with his cane on the floor, saying, "tut, tut! no more of that, and please you!" This sudden interruption of the ceremony was soon substituted by the more appropriate allusions to the virtues of Molly. As the funeral procession left the lawn, the old man tottered into his room, saying sadly, "Good bye, Molly; we sup no more together on earth!" Eight years after the death of his wife, Stark was called by the last summons of Providence. The latter years of life were largely spent in his room, attended by two favorite grand-daughters,—Miss Mary Babson and Abby Stark, the last named still surviving, honored and loved by a large circle of friends in our city. Though quite a young lady at the time of Stark's last sickness, Abby Stark was his constant nurse. Two weeks before the old veteran's death, he was stricken with paralysis of one side of the body, the throat being so affected as to make it almost impossible to take nourishment. He could express his wishes only by signs, and the expression of the eyes. Just before his last attack, he had expressed to his son, Caleb, his wish and readiness to depart whenever "it was God's will." His mind had been much exercised for a few years on the realities of the last great change, and the Bible had been the constant companion of his sick room. While unable to speak or move one half of his body, he would give a motion to the sound leg, and look up in the face of his nurse with a playful expression, signifying that a little of the old general was animate yet. After a fortnight's suffering, the old hero passed away May 8, 1822. The funeral obsequies were observed two days subsequent, and were, at the general's request, simple and unostentatious. The morning was beautiful, and the sun of early spring had so warmed vegetation for a few days previous, that the grass was green and luxuriant, and the trees were fast expanding their buds into the young and tender leaves. In front of the house, beyond the road, a line of infantry, leaning on reversed arms, under the fragrant budding of the orchard, waited the time of their escort service. The day was quite oppressive in its heat, and many of the soldiers suffered from their close and warm uniforms.

At the close of the religious service by Dr. Dana of Londonderry, and Rev. Ephraim Bradford of New Boston, the procession was formed. The military moved in front and at the sides of the body, as escort. Mr. Ray, a much-respected neighbor, led the horse Hessian, decked in war

trappings, and the long procession of mourners moved from the lawn, and, at the sad funeral pace, proceeded to the family burial ground in the field, about a quarter of a mile distant. The young people of the town had, unknown to their elders, obtained a small cannon, and stationed some distance from the grave, fired minute guns, as the procession approached. The body was lowered to the bier, and deposited in its last resting place; the infantry, filing right and left of the spot, with crossed muskets, fired three volleys as their last mournful tribute of respect to the memory of the beloved patriot and soldier.

MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN STARK.

WAR-SONG OF KANCAMAGUS (JUNE, 1689).

BY MARY H. WHEELER.

At the old fort in Pennacook
The Indian sachems met.
An insult had been given
Which no red-man could forget.
Sir Edmund had attacked their friend
And plundered without law;
And in the solemn council
Each voice had been for war.

Ignoring former treaties,
Which their allies ne'er sustained,
Of slight, and fraud, and falsehood,
And unfairness they complained.
Their mutual accusations
Made a list both dark and long,
And each could well of insult tell,
And individual wrong.

The council had declared for war,
And formal invitation
Had been to all the warriors given,
According to their station.
And now, in circles seated,
With the chiefs and braves within,
The stern-faced red man waited
For the war-dance to begin.

Then up rose Kancamagus,
And ferocious was his air;
High up he swung his hatchet,
And his brawny arm was bare;
The eagle's feather trembled
In his scalp-lock as he sang,
And far across the Merrimack
The Indian's war-song rang.

* * * * *

War! War! Lift up the hatchet!
Bring scalping knife and gun,
And give no rest to foot or breast
Till warfare is begun!
Look where the braves are gathered
Like the clouds before a flood!
And Kancamagus' tomahawk
Is all athirst for blood!

My fathers fought the Tarratines,
And the Mohawks, fierce and strong,
And ever on the war-path
Their whoop was loud and long.
And Kancamagus' daring,
And feats of vengeance bold,
Among the Amariscoggins
Have been full often told.

Will the warrior's arm be weaker,
And will his courage fail,
When in grounds well known he shall strike for his own,
And his people's foe assail?
Will the son of Nanamocomuck
Stand trembling, like a squaw,
When the Sagamons around him
Are all hungering for war?

War! War! The foe are sleeping,
And the scent of blood is sweet,
And the woods about Cocheco
Await the warrior's feet!
From silent ambush stealing,
We will capture, slay and burn,
Till those plundering, cheating English
Shall the red man's vengeance learn!

The chiefs about Piscataqua
Refused my proffered hand;
The bad whites at Cocheco
By treachery took our band.
They treated us like reptiles,
But the red man's day is nigh;
On Kancamagus' wigwam pole
Their bloody scalps may dry!

I am eager as the hunter
When the fleet deer is in sight,
And the arrows in my quiver
Are all trembling for the fight!
War! War! Lift up the hatchet!
Bring the scalping-knife and gun!
The shade of Nanamocomuck
Shall glory in his son.

Pittsfield, Feb. 29.

LEGAL RIGHTS OF MARRIED WOMEN IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

BY E. P. DOLE.

Few, perhaps none, of the great revolutions of history have wrought a more radical change in property rights and interests than has been effected by statutes enacted in England and the United States during the past generation.

The destruction of one form of government and the substitution of another, the conquest of a state, even the change of a dynasty, attracts the attention of the civilized world, and every circumstance attending it is a public event, and rises to the dignity of history; but often, after the great tragedy is over, the actors and all whom they represent, settle down into substantially the same condition as before. The laws, the customs, the institutions, the rights, the interests, the ideas, and the feelings of the people remain unchanged.

Yet it has sometimes happened that, unobserved by the historian, scarcely noticed by intelligent men outside of the legal profession, and amid the noise and strife of politics, unconsidered by the majority of the lawmakers themselves, there have slipped through the legislature, the congress, or the parliament, statutes more important to the material rights and interests of the people, than the most startling event or the bloodiest battle in their history.

The late civil war, the emancipation proclamation, the reconstruction of the southern states, the passage of the XIIIth, XIVth, and XVth amendments to the constitution of the United States, and the legislation by which those amendments are, or are supposed to be enforced, in a word, the transformation of a chattel into a citizen, has effected a change in the condition of the negro but little more complete than that which, within a generation, has quietly taken place in England, and in most, if not in all of the United States, in regard to the legal rights of married women.

Our law may, for general purposes, be divided into common and statute law.

"The common law is that which derives its force and authority from the universal consent and immemorial practice of the people." Its foundations are precedent, reason and public policy. It is found in reported decisions and in text-books of approved authority. It is the growth of a thousand years, being formed by the decisions of the English courts from the earliest times, the decisions of the courts of the several states (with the exception of Louisiana), and especially in each state, by the decisions of its own court, of last resort.

Until a comparatively recent time, the legal rights of married women, both in England and this country (except that part of it originally settled by the French, and governed by French law), were determined almost exclusively by the rules of the common law. In this respect, as in some others, its claim to be "the noblest of sciences and the perfection of human reason," seems, at least, questionable.

At common law, the husband and wife were almost literally "one flesh," her legal existence as well as her name being merged in his. It made two one, simply by blotting out one. He was styled the *baron*, or lord; she the *feme covert*, or woman, under protection and authority. She could neither acquire nor dispose of property. Her husband was entitled alike to her earnings and to her savings. Generally speaking, she was incapable of making any contract or of entering into any binding engagement. It has been held that she could not bind herself to pay for her own food, even though

living separate from her husband, by mutual consent, and in the enjoyment of an ample income provided by him for her maintenance. As she was not, generally speaking, bound by her agreements, neither was her husband bound by them, neither were others bound by their agreements with her.

Upon marriage, the husband became entitled,—

1st. To all his wife's goods and chattels, to the Bible in her closet and to the clothes upon her back. They were his to use, to sell, to give away, to dispose of as he pleased during his life, and at his death (with the exception of her clothes and ornaments, her *paraphernalia*), by will, also, as absolutely as if he had himself earned or inherited them.

2d. To all his wife's *choses in action*, a technical phrase which includes bonds, mortgages, notes, drafts, bills, book accounts, and, in a word, all credits and evidences thereof. On reducing these to his own possession or control, which he had a right to do at any time during her life, they became his absolutely. In case she died before he had reduced them to his possession, he, having a right to administer upon her estate, was not only entitled to recover them in that capacity, but also to hold and enjoy them, subject only to the payment of her debts.

3d. To her chattels real, which included rights in real estate, less than a life interest, such as leases, etc. These, unless barred by a marriage settlement, he could sell, assign, mortgage, or otherwise dispose of as he pleased, by any act during his life, but not by will.

4th. To the rents and profits of all real estate in which she had a life interest during their joint lives; or, in case it was for the life of some other person, then during the joint lives of himself and that other person.

5th. To the rents and profits of all real estate owned by her in fee simple during their joint lives; and, if a child had been born of the marriage, during the remainder also of the husband's life, in case he survived her.

Briefly, then, and with few exceptions, the husband, upon marriage, became the absolute owner of his wife's personal property, and the owner, for life, of her real estate.

He became not only the owner of her property, but also the guardian of her person. In the exercise of a reasonable discretion, he could restrain her liberty, and, as in the case of a minor child, administer moderate corporeal punishment.

In return for these rights and privileges, the common law imposed upon the husband corresponding obligations. It held him responsible for his wife's conduct to a far greater extent than it did for that of his children. It held him responsible for all wrongs and injuries done by her to the person or property of another, whether intentionally or through negligence, and in default of payment, he was liable to arrest and imprisonment, both on *mesne process* and on execution. The common law has never recognized a similar liability for the acts of a minor child, or, even, unless known to be vicious, for those of domestic animals. If husband and wife joined in the commission of a robbery, or other felony, except treason and murder, the man was hung, and the woman went unpunished. The law presumed her to be under his control and authority, and held her guiltless, as it would the horse that bore him to and from the scene of crime. When we consider how, generally, female criminals are associated with those who are, or pass for, their husbands, and that one hundred years ago there were *one hundred and sixty capital crimes known to English law*, we can well imagine that not seldom a woman's life depended upon the validity of her marriage. Two crimes, however, were excepted from this rule,—treason and murder,—and while a man who killed his wife was guilty only of murder, and was drawn and hanged, a woman who killed her husband was guilty of treason against her lord and master, *petit*

treason, and was subjected to the same punishment as if she had killed the king,—that is,—she was drawn and burned alive.

The husband was, during marriage, liable for all debts contracted by his wife before marriage. Sometimes a man was ruined by marrying a woman deeply in debt. At the death of the wife, this liability ceased. Sometimes a man married a woman with a great fortune. Upon marriage, the fortune became his, and if his wife died before the debts were paid, he held her fortune free from her debts, even that part of it for which the debts were contracted, and the creditors might whistle for their pay. This was well settled law for 700 or 800 years, and until recent times.

The husband was (and still is) bound to furnish his wife, at his own home, with a decent maintenance, according to his position and circumstances in life, and if he drove her therefrom, by cruel treatment or otherwise, he was bound to pay for such actual necessaries, having regard both to her individual care and to his position and circumstances in life, as others should supply; and it may here be remarked, contrary to the popular idea, that publication by the husband that he will not be responsible for such necessaries, has no legal effect, even though read by the person who afterwards supplies them; for the common law, with all its injustice to women, does not, and never did, permit a husband to drive his wife from home without cause to subsist upon the charity of others.

At the husband's death, his widow was entitled, any will to the contrary notwithstanding, to the rents and profits of one third part in value of all improved lands owned by him during their marriage (which was called her dower), to a forty days' residence in his mansion house, and to her wearing apparel and personal ornaments, unless of extraordinary value, and out of keeping with her circumstances and condition in life. If he died intestate, leaving children, she was also entitled to one third of the personal property, and if he died intestate and childless, she was entitled to one half.

The father was (and is) the legal guardian of his minor children, and entitled to their service, earnings and obedience, in preference to the mother, unless adjudged to have forfeited his parental rights on account of gross cruelty, immorality or other sufficient cause.

At common law, the husband and wife could not be witnesses for or against each other in a civil suit, as thereby, says one of the old cases, the foundations of society would be shaken. In case the wife were defamed, wronged or injured, suit was brought either in their joint names or in the husband's alone, according to the nature of the action, and the damages, when recovered, belonged to the husband. In case the wife were disabled by the negligence or wrong of another, the husband had a right of action for the value of her services; but if the husband were so disabled, the wife had no right of action for the value of her support and maintenance. The husband was the master, and entitled to his wife's services; the wife was the servant, and her lord could sue for himself.

Such, very briefly stated, are some of the leading principles of the common law in regard to the rights of married women. Of course, extending as they naturally must to an almost infinite variety of property interests, supplemented by numberless minor rules and exceptions, and sometimes, often in England, varied by marriage settlements, trusts, &c., they formed an important branch of the law, and occupied large treatises and numberless decisions. Under certain circumstances, too, courts of equity had power to restrain husbands from an unjust, cruel and tyrannical exercise of their legal rights; but such circumstances were exceptional, and are not within the scope of a brief sketch like this.

The position of a married woman at common law was one of vassalage to

the authority, and dependance upon the protection of her baron or lord. Often, doubtless, in feudal times, even as now, she was, in fact, his loved companion, his equal, sometimes his acknowledged superior; but in contemplation of law, until recently, she held a position intermediate between that of a minor child and a domestic animal.

By a series of statutes, some of which are very recent, and nearly all of which have been passed within thirty years, more or less, the legal rights of married women have been completely revolutionized, both in England and America. The English and American statutes are largely modeled after each other, those of New Hampshire being, perhaps, as good specimens as any. They begin as follows:—

"Every woman shall hold to her own use, free from the interference or control of any husband she may have, all property at any time earned, acquired or inherited by, bequeathed, given or conveyed to her, either before or after marriage, if such earning, acquisition, conveyance, gift or bequest were not occasioned by payment or pledge of the property of the husband."

Here is a complete abolition of the elementary principles of the common law, effected only about three years before the abolition of slavery.

Section 12 of the same chapter, as amended by the legislature in '79, goes on to say:—

"Every married woman shall have the same rights and remedies, and shall be subject to the same liabilities in relation to property held by her in her own right, as if she were unmarried, and may make contracts, and sue and be sued, in all matters in law and equity, and upon any contract by her made, or for any wrong by her done, as if she were unmarried; *provided*, however, that the authority hereby given to make contracts shall not affect the laws heretofore in force as to contracts between husband and wife; *and provided*, also, that no contract or conveyance by a married woman, as surety or guarantor for her husband, nor any undertaking by her for him or in his behalf shall be binding on her, except a mortgage releasing her right of dower and homestead."

It may be in place to remark here that the legislature of 1878, in revising the Homestead Act, neglected to reserve the right of homestead to married women owning real estate, although reserving it to the widows and minor children of real estate owners, to single women and to single men. Whether the defect could be cured by invoking the aid of the statute quoted above might be doubtful, and the oversight—for certainly the legislature could not have intended such a discrimination—should be remedied.

In several cases the supreme court of New Hampshire has held, in substance that, under existing statutes, a married woman could make contracts with her husband, and sue him, and be sued by him. The latest of these decisions (Clough *v.* Russell, 55 N. H., 279), was rendered in 1875. Since that time the above important provisos have been enacted, and the extent to which they may apply has not been judicially determined.

A married woman, of full age and sane mind, can now make as valid a will as her husband can. Her property is as fully hers as his is his, to invest, to spend, to give away, to dispose of by will; although her husband has certain rights in her property, they are, for the most part, the same as her rights in his property. At the death of either, the survivor is entitled to one half of the personal property of the deceased if there are no children or representatives of children; otherwise to one third, any will to the contrary notwithstanding; and a similar provision is made in regard to the real estate for the wife, in case she elects it instead of dower, for the husband in case he elects it instead of courtesy, or has no courtesy.

While the property rights of a married woman are now substantially the same as those of her husband, and

while she is protected from loss by any undertaking in his behalf, his common law liability to maintain her and their children remains in full force, even though she has an ample fortune of her own. She is thus, instead of having to use the language of the common law, "her very existence, lost or suspended in that of her husband," in a more independent position, so far as property rights are concerned, than he is.

From a servant and vassal she has become the companion and equal of her husband. The old law originated in, and was well adapted to those turbulent times when might made right, and the sword was law. Strong in precedent, honorable in the authority of centuries, and cherished in the traditions of a learned profession, it continued in existence long after its harshness had been mitigated by the usages, manners and morals of a more just and refined age; and when, at length, a legal revolution came, it had been preceded by such a change in public opinion, that the foundation of society remained unshaken.

That women should have personal and property rights similar to those of their husbands, that they should not be wholly at the mercy of visionaries, misers or spendthrifts, seems to us self-evident, although fifty years ago it was denounced as unscriptural, unnatural and revolutionary. But because woman is the equal of man, does it follow that her abilities are of the same character? Because she is entitled to equal personal and property rights, does it follow that nature and reason have designed her for the same political duties and responsibilities? Is not this a question, not of justice like her property rights, but of mere expediency, and of very doubtful expediency, indeed, until such objections as those urged by Mr. Parkman, in recent numbers of the North American Review, can be fairly and reasonably answered?

CHARLOTTE BRONTE.

BY MARY HELEN BOODEY.

Life was not unto thee sunshine and flowers,
With only April glooms and April showers,
The dark, relentless storms of winter cast
A shade around thy way until the last.
Thou hast bequeathed a memory, sad, but sweet,
With high, unswerving womanhood replete,
Aglow with genius, truly, purely great,
That blest the world, and left no room for hate.
Oh woman, strong in weakness! fortified
By thine own spirit, following as its guide
The noblest dictates conscience gave to thee,
Unflinching in thy truth and modesty.
Who wins must suffer, and whoe'er aims high,
Must, in proportion, breast adversity;
But who, with coward heart, would yield the prize,
Because so rough the hill whereon it lies?
Thy life, so sad, was crowned with one great joy,
Mixed tho' it was with sorrow's dark alloy;
Success came to thee, spite of many years,
In which were times of anguish, fraught with tears.

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF NEWPORT.

BY JOSEPH W. PARMELEE.

The Dudley family from Saybrook, Conn., were in Newport at an early period in its settlement. We find in the old cemetery a stone bearing the following inscription:—"In memory of Deborah Dudley, who died Feb. 6, 1789, aged one hundred years;" and another in memory of Daniel Dudley, who died in 1808, aged ninety-two years,—probably her son, who must have been the father of Daniel Dudley, Jr., born April 10, 1755, in Saybrook, where he married Mehitable Johnson, Sept. 16, 1776. The Dudleys built the first grist-mill (1787) in what is now the village. Their homestead was nearly opposite the present Congregational Church, where some of their descendants still abide, and others in different parts of the town.

The Stevens family, originally from Killingworth, were also in Newport at an early period (1771). Josiah Stevens was born Oct. 21, 1743; married Mary Gray, Jan. 26, 1763. This family was settled on the place adjoining that of Ezra Parmelee on the north. There were eleven children, mostly daughters, born to them in the years from 1763 to 1785. Josiah was a well educated man, a school teacher, and otherwise of good abilities, a deacon in the Congregational church, and occasionally a town officer. The Stevens family were in moderate circumstances, occupied a log cabin, and had pretty hard scrabbling to get bread and meat for so large and unproductive a family. Their principal sources of revenue were a small, somewhat unthrifty farm, and a potashery over on the brook that crossed the Unity road near their place, and to which that at present emaciated stream is indebted for its euphonious name, the "Potash Brook," to this day. The excellent wife and mother of all the children died Sept. 26, 1787. A few months after this painful event, Benjamin Giles, Esq., also departed this life, leaving an attractive widow, possessed of considerable property, to mourn his departure. How much all this had to do in assuaging the grief of the bereaved deacon, our fidelity to exact statements will not permit us to say. It is sufficient to state that on May 15, 1788, the vacancy at the fireside of Dea. Stevens was supplied by his wedding the widow Giles.

In consideration of his more prosperous condition, he set to work and built a fine house, for that time, locating the same a few rods south of the old cabin. The style of architecture adopted, whether English, French, Colonial or Renaissance, was peculiar to that period. The front was of two stories, sloping back to one story in the rear. There are many such in New England. The north front room was arranged for a store, into which he introduced a stock of dry goods, groceries, etc., and commenced business as a merchant. Things went on swimmingly for a while, when it became apparent that the incomes of the farm, ashery and store, were not equal to his advanced style of living, and without going into details, or reviving any ancient gossip, Dea. Stevens found it desirable to dispose of his entire interest. The house and lands were sold to Ezra Parmelee, as before stated. After this the Stevens family removed to Orwell, Vt., where the eight daughters were all respectably married and settled. Incidental to this, it has come to us that an eccentric and wealthy gentleman of that place once gave a social entertainment at which were present, by invitation, the eight daughters with their eight husbands. In regard to the sons, Oliver, the youngest, born March 11, 1783, settled in Liberty county, Ga., where his descendants may be found. Edward, born March 12, 1768, with his wife Sally, visited Geor-

gia, and were lost at sea on the passage between Savannah and New York, in April, 1801. Josiah, Jr., remained in Newport. Dea. Josiah Stevens, Sr., being a man of deeply religious convictions, and a good deal of perseverance, became a minister of the gospel, and, returning from Vermont, preached for a time in our neighboring town of Goshen. Abigail (Giles), his second wife, died March 15, 1800, aged fifty-eight years. After her decease he went, in the interest of "the society for the propagation of the gospel in foreign parts," as a missionary to the fishermen on the Isles of Shoals. What remains of his eventful history may be best told by quoting from the marble tablet that covers the remains of himself and his third wife, to be found in the cemetery on Star Island: "In memory of Rev. Josiah Stevens, a faithful instructor of youth, and pious minister of Jesus Christ, supported on this Island by the society for propagating the gospel, died July 2d, 1804, aged sixty-four years. Likewise of Mrs. Susannah Stevens, his beloved wife, who died Dec. 10, 1810, aged fifty-four years."

Josiah Stevens, son of the former, was born in Killingworth, Dec. 4, 1765, married Hannah Huntoon, of Kingston, Sept 19th, 1785. His homestead was on the South Branch, near the hamlet of Southville, a pleasant locality, where he lived and cultivated a farm, and died Dec. 3, 1844. He was for many years a deacon in the Congregational church, but perhaps as well known as Major Stevens as by any other name. They had six children, of whom was Josiah, the only son, born Jan. 28, 1795. He grew up with good advantages, was well educated, and had a peculiar faculty of "telling well" what he knew; was a successful teacher, an active town officer and sheriff; represented the town three years in the state legislature, and in 1838 was elected secretary of state and removed to Concord. He held the office five years, and continued to reside in Concord during his lifetime, where he also became a valuable and respected citizen. He was a member of the building committee of the N. H. Asylum for the Insane, chairman of the town board, school committee, and was several times a candidate for the mayoralty. He married Fanny, a daughter of Aaron Nettleton, Esq., June 20, 1820, and died June 23, 1867. His descendants are in the state.

Ephraim Towner was also one of the earliest settlers of Newport. We find his name connected with lot No. 66, at the south-eastern end of the meadows. At first he was a coadjutor of Ezra Parmelee, and quartered in his cabin. Towner was a man of excitable temperament, and foremost in every frolic or hunting excursion. When the entire force of the settlement was called to arms for the capture of a bear whose continued depredations had become intolerable, we find him with his pine torch, under the tree in which the monster was at bay, directing the fire, and gazing upward into the thick branches to receive the blood of the wounded Bruin in his face.

His bed was hung hammock-fashion from the beams of the cabin and accessible only by means of a ladder. In cold weather he had a habit of taking off his outer clothing before the great log fire, and retiring leisurely and comfortably up the ladder to his roost. On one occasion, when a few neighbors had gathered for an evening chat and some fun, a mischievous party had weakened the bark supports to his couch, and as he began to ascend, a large iron fire shovel was drawn from under the forestick, red hot, which accelerated his ascent, ending in a vigorous jump, and an immediate descent, bed and all, into the middle of the floor below.

There are more tales on Towner than we wish here to recount. He married, Oct. 20, 1774, Hepsibah Ammidown, of Claremont, and settled on his own land, near the Goshen road, where he put up a one-horse mill, on the brook that has since borne his name, and, for a description of which, we are indebted to a peripatetic poet, who came upon it on a summer ramble:

"Across the plain by homestead gray
With pilgrim tread we take our way,
Until afar we overlook
The sources of the Towner brook,
That tumbling from the eastern ridge,
Through dark ravine, o'er rugged ledge,
Now winds its way through meadows green,
Reflecting from its silvery sheen
The ferns and willows on its brink,
Or face of him that stoops to drink;
Or anxious lad with fishing gear,
Whose sly approach betokens fear
Lest the quick trout with wary eye
The gay deceiver should espy.
Again it shoots with arrowy rush
O'er rocks and logs, through underbrush,
Until, emerging from the wood
Where Towner's ancient cabin stood,
It winds through verdant meadows slow
To cheer the fields where plowmen go;
And join the South Branch in its flow,
And set tub wheels and boats in motion,
Or help to fill the Atlantic ocean."

The Towner family, with many children, afterward moved to the western part of the town, and finally disappeared from our borders.

Abijah Wines, D. D., was born at Southold, on the eastern end of Long Island, May 28, 1766. About the year 1781, he removed with his parents and other members of their family to Newport. When about twenty years of age he married Ruth Giles, the youngest daughter of Benjamin Giles, as before stated in this sketch. The newly constituted and youthful family settled on lands a short distance north of the cross roads at the foot of Claremont hill, at present, and for many years the residence of the Aikens. After some years of labor on the farm, and several children had been born to them, Mr. Wines, who was a person of sedate temperament, studious, and religiously inclined, felt called to a higher work than that of grubbing and tilling the soil. It has come to us traditionally, that in this new departure he was advised and encouraged by his excellent wife, and that it was at her suggestion that he entered upon a course of study, and was finally graduated at Dartmouth College in the class of 1794. He was the first alumnus of that institution from the town of Newport. He afterwards pursued a course of theological studies under the tutelage of the distinguished Dr. Emmons, of Franklin, Mass., and returning was installed over the Congregational church in Newport, Jan. 5, 1796. During this period of study and absence at college and in Massachusetts, and after he became pastor of the church, Ruth, like her historic namesake, who gleaned in the fields of ancient Boaz, "carried on" the farm, superintending all the details of its husbandry, and paying her husband's bills from the proceeds of the crops. His pastorate continued until Nov. 26, 1816, when he was dismissed at his own request, and accepted a professorship in the Theological Seminary at Bangor, Me., from which he retired at the close of his first year, and during the remaining years of his life engaged in preaching the gospel on Deer Island, off the coast of Maine. He died Feb. 11, 1833, in the 67th year of his age. It is said of Mrs. Wines, that she much preferred the superintendence of outdoor business to the domestic labors of the household. Mr Wines was a beloved pastor and a useful citizen.

It would give us great pleasure to go on and speak of the Bascoms, Buells, Chapins, Churches, Goodwins, Havens, Jenks, Kibbeys, Lanes, McGregors, Nettletons, Newtons, Osgoods, Perrys, Peabodys, Pikes, Richards, Stanards, Tenneys, Wilmarths and many others that settled in Newport during the last part of the 18th century, and who have been an advantage and an honor to the town, and whose descendants still remain, but by so doing we find that our sketch would far exceed any reasonable limits as a magazine paper, and must desist.

Many of the names that appear among our earliest settlers—the Braggs, Clarks, Churchs, Halls, Lanes, Merritts, Stevens, Stanards, Towners and others have long since disappeared from the check-list, and can be known to the present only as we give them life in our sketch.

It may be observed in this connection that in the early days of Newport, and New England generally, the marriage state was entered upon early in life. The man and the woman who were to be made "one flesh," came together with equality in age and condition, and were thus better qualified to aid and comfort each other in all the

possibilities of life that were before them. They reared large families of children, and were able to see them grow up around them, and push out into new fields of usefulness and labor, while the homestead was yet in full vigor as a base of operations. It was perhaps not so well that the sickly and weak-kneed members of the flock were educated and turned into the professions, but from the stand-point of the parent of that period, muscle was the preëminent quality, and it was not wisdom or policy to waste a good healthy young man in college or an office while there were forests to hew down or savages to fight. It was in those good old days that families were founded, as well as states, and the men and women of the present turn with reverence and pride to memories and legends of their ancestors and the old home around which so many hallowed recollections cluster.

The wants of a now more thriving community required better accommodations for the transaction of the public business. A building was also wanted for school purposes, and a more appropriate place for public worship on Sundays. Heretofore the people had resorted to private houses or barns for their assemblies. Accordingly at a meeting of proprietors, held at the house of Jesse Wilcox, Nov. 23, 1772, Daniel Dudley in the chair, it was resolved to erect a building for the use of the town, and a tax of fifteen shillings was levied on each proprietor for that purpose. It was stipulated that the building should be thirty feet long, twenty feet wide, with one fire place, and that it should be ready for use by the next July (1773). It was undoubtedly a primitive piece of architecture, rudely constructed, with a square roof, and the weather boards were secured to the frame and rafters by wooden pins. This was emphatically the wooden age of Newport. Nails and other hardware for building purposes were an expensive luxury in those days. It was placed on the plain a few rods south of the present residence of R. P. Claggett., Esq, and this was the "old Proprietors' House," for years a rallying point of great interest. It was here the proprietors now came together to regulate their municipal and judicial affairs; here the children of the settlement collected to receive instruction in the rudiments of knowledge from their appointed teachers; here gathered on Sundays the people in their tidy homespun apparel, those living at a distance coming on horseback, the wife or daughter riding on a pillion behind, while perhaps one of the juveniles of the family may have had a front seat on the pommel of the saddle, or reposed in arms. Or, the long-horned oxen and cart were made ready, a team such as Uzza drove out from Kirjath-jearim to the threshing floor of Chidon in Old Testament times, and the family and as many of the neighbors as wanted transportation, were hauled in. And here they listened to the preaching, and joined in singing the good old tunes that have made glad the hearts of christian people in all the latter ages, and will go on, in all time to come, in their blessed mission to devout hearts and worshiping assemblies.

At the annual meeting March 8, 1774, the town voted to build a bridge across the easterly or main branch of Sugar river, and appropriated fifteen pounds for that purpose, the same to be paid in grain or labor. Aaron Buell, Phineas Wilcox and Ezra Parmelee were chosen as a building committee to have charge of this work. The bridge was located on or near the site of the present bridge on Main street, near the centre of the present Newport village.

At the annual meeting, March 13, 1775, the town voted to build the so-called intervale bridge, crossing the South Branch on Elm street, and twenty-five pounds were appropriated for that purpose. Amos Hall, Ebenezer Merritt and Aaron Buell were chosen as a building committee. The bridge was built in 1776. Other bridges and many roads were projected and built from this time forward to accomodate the community and the

travel, of which it is not necessary to go into detail. Those above mentioned were important public works, in the central part of the town, and must remain as permanent institutions.

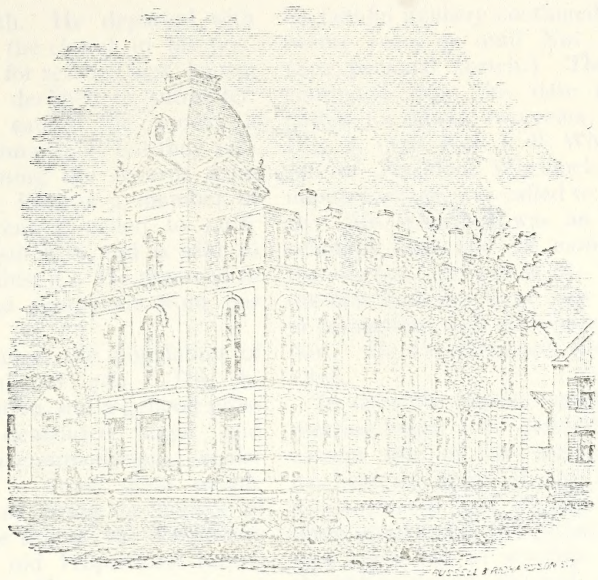
The fathers of the town, as we have before stated, made liberal arrangements for a village and business centre on the western side of the intervale. On the magnificent avenue they had projected, were scattered the homes of the leading and wealthy men of the town. There was the proprietors' house, and the Congregational meeting-house, a short distance north of which, among the Lombardy poplars, rose the sightly residence of Rev. Abijah Wines, while stores and shops began to cluster about the four corners. But while all this was going on so pleasantly, a power they little appreciated at the time was asserting itself among the rocks and alders not more than a mile distant, on the eastern side of the valley, where stood the Dudley mill. This was no other than a water power, and a mill, to which came the farmers with their wheat and rye and corn to be ground for family use; and while the grist was in the mill, it was convenient, perhaps, to have the horse shod, or the share sharpened, and the next thing in order was a blacksmith's shop, and the mill and the smithy begat other shops and trades, and after a time the stores came over and the dwelling houses of the people began to appear. In 1821 the Baptist meeting-house came down from Northville; and in 1822 the Congregational church moved to their new brick meeting house at the south end of the village.

The castles in the air, and some of the buildings on the ground disappeared from the minds and lots of their owners and inventors. There was no use in resisting a power as potent in controlling a new settlement as the attraction of gravitation in nature. This illustrates the practical influence of a "water privilege," and the origin and growth of most New England villages of any importance.

The present county of Sullivan, comprising 15 towns, was originally a part of old Cheshire county, extending some 60 miles up and down on Connecticut river. The courts were holden alternately at Keene and Charlestown. The increasing population and business of the upper towns were such that on Dec. 26, 1824, a law was passed by the state legislature removing the May term of the Supreme Court of Judicature from Charlestown to Newport, and on June 23, 1826, the legislature submitted to the several towns of Cheshire the question of its division, so as better to accommodate the people.

On July 5, 1827, an act incorporating the county of Sullivan, was passed, to take effect in the September following, and the question in regard to the shire town of the new county, as between Newport and Claremont, was also submitted to the popular vote, and decided in favor of Newport by a majority of 3728. A glance at the map showing Newport as the honest geographical centre of the county would seem to furnish a conclusive argument on this question, still it was not without a long struggle that it was finally settled in favor of Newport. The important town of Claremont adjoining proved an adversary, or a competitor in the case, hard to overcome.

The first building for a court-house and town-hall was erected in 1825 and continued in use for those purposes until 1873. The county jail, formerly at Charlestown, was established here in 1842. In 1843 the fire-proof building, known as the "county safe," was erected for public offices, and the safe keeping of records. The present spacious building for a court-house, town-hall and public offices, was erected in the year 1873, at an expense to the town of some $40,000. It stands as the concession of Newport to the county. There is perhaps no more sightly and convenient structure for such purposes in any interior town in the commonwealth. It may be of interest to state, that, according to an estimate made by Mr. Howe, to whom we have already referred, the door sill



COURT-HOUSE.

of the new county building is 822 feet above mean tide water at Boston.

The county of Sullivan, with Newport as its seat of justice, may be considered as a permanent political division of the state for the time to come.

As indicating the growth of Newport at different dates, by the census returns, we find that in 1775 the population of the town was 167; 1790, 780; 1800, 1265; 1810, 1427; 1820, 1679; 1830, 1913; 1840, 1958; 1850, 2020; 1860, 2077; 1870, 2163; 1878, 2556.

THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

The town of Newport was exceedingly fortunate in the personal characteristics of its early settlers. Unlike greedy adventurers that rush for mining regions to delve and spoil from place to place for immediate gain, they came to establish homes and a community for themselves and their successors.

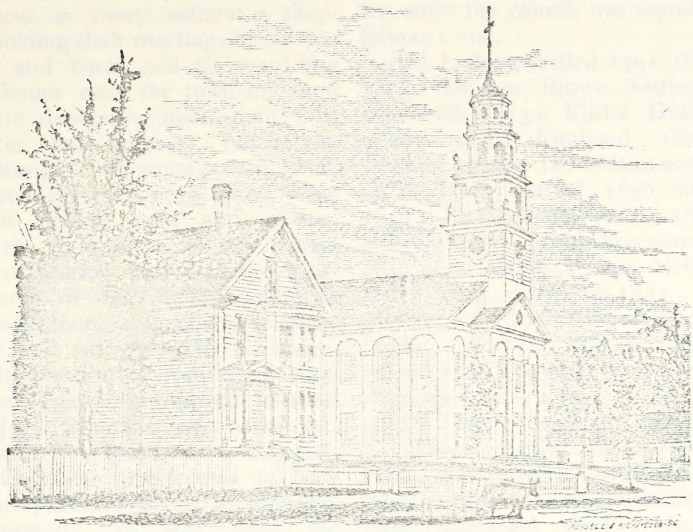
As we have observed, their first collective act was one of praise and worship to Almighty God under the shade of a forest tree; and from that day, they failed not to "assemble and meet together," on each Lord's day, after the manner of their ancestors, who had fled from the persecutions of princes and prelates in the old country. They met at first in private houses, one of their number led the meetings, and sermons were read from printed volumes. After the Proprietors' house was erected, their accommodations were enlarged, and as early as June, 1775, they sought the ministrations of Rev. Eleazer Sweetland, and afterward of (1778) Rev. Thomas Kendal. On October 28, 1779, this flock in the wilderness, organized in accordance with existing laws, temporal and spiritual, the first Congregational church. The covenant obligations then entered upon were of a very solemn character. After this, Rev. Mr. Tracy officiated for a time, and after him Rev. Samuel Wood was offered a settlement, but declined. On January 22, 1783, Rev. John Remele was duly installed as their first pastor, and so continued until Oct. 10, 1791, when, on account of some social eccentricities on his part, he was dismissed. He is said to have been a man of intelligence and ability, and a successful in-

structor of youth. He departed with the archives of the church in his possession, which, for reasons best known to himself, he declined to surrender. His defection caused the society a good deal of annoyance, but they succeeded in restoring the records from other sources. He was a member of the state convention called to ratify the federal constitution, and is said to have voted against it. He removed to Orwell, Vt., and disappears from our history.

In the year 1790, the population of Newport numbered 780. This increased population, and a general prosperity again demanded larger and more suitable accommodations, secular and religious. Those good people had no idea of living in houses of cedar while the ark of the Testimony abode in the old Proprietors' house. Accordingly, on Nov. 7, 1791, it was voted in town-meeting to purchase from Mr. Absalom Kelsey "some land" on which to erect a meeting-house, and a committee, consisting of Christopher Newton, Jeremiah Jenks, Phineas Chapin, Samuel Hurd and Aaron Buell, was appointed to superintend the business. This union of "Church and State" continued until about the year 1803. The site secured was a pleasant elevation of land lying in the southeast of the four corners at the foot of Claremont hill. The committee reported progress at an adjourned meeting, and the sum of £200 was appropriated to commence the work. The building thus projected was not raised until June 26, 1793. Our authority for this statement comes from a solemn gray stone, standing in the old burial ground, from which we learn that Charles Seamans, a young man nineteen years of age, son of Rev. Job Seamans, pastor of the Baptist church in New London, fell from a "plate," at the raising of this meeting house, receiving injuries from which he died in a few hours (June 26, 1793). It was in this house, after the church had been four years without a pastor, that Rev. Abijah Wines was installed on Jan. 5, 1796, and where his faithful ministry continued for over twenty years, or until Nov. 26, 1816. (See personal sketch.) The church continued from this date without a pastor for about two years, when, on Dec. 2, 1818, Rev. J. R. Wheelock, a son of President Wheelock, of Dartmouth College, was called to its ministry. Mr. Wheelock was an able and scholarly man, and an earnest christian worker. It was in his time that the first Sunday-school was instituted in connection with this church in Newport. He was dismissed February 23, 1823.

In 1822 the present spacious brick meeting-house was erected on the eastern side of the intervale, which has been the home of the Congregational church and society for nearly three score years, and hither the tribes now come up to worship. In 1869 the old-fashioned elevated pulpit and high-backed pews were removed, and the auditorium reconstructed more in accordance with modern ideas of comfort and convenience. A large and fine-toned organ was also placed in the loft, the gift of Dea. Dexter Richards as a memorial of a beloved daughter who died in 1868, at the age of twenty years. In 1871 an additional structure of brick was erected partly in the rear and connecting with the main building, as a chapel, with parlors arranged for social gatherings, and facilities for culinary purposes, if required. A convenient and handsome parsonage was erected on the church grounds in 1877.

In the enjoyment of all these improvements, the members of this congregation may well say with the Psalmist of old, "O how amiable are thy dwellings, thou Lord of Hosts." The chapel addition does not appear in the engraving presented. In resuming an account of its ministry, it was here that Rev. John Woods was installed on Jan. 24, 1824. He was a man of great firmness of character, and marked ability. His pastorate continued until July 16, 1851—over twenty-seven years, and probably would have terminated only with his life, but for



CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

some unfortunate dissensions that arose in regard to certain of his acts, one of which was his refusal to perform a marriage ceremony uniting an old parishioner to a deceased wife's sister, all members of his church. The church was troubled to its foundations at this time, and many left its communion, a few only of whom returned after his retirement. He was an early and vigorous advocate of temperance reform in Newport. The same day on which Mr. Woods was dismissed (July 16, 1851), Rev. Henry Cummings, a graduate from the Theological Seminary at Andover, Mass., was ordained over the church. Mr. Cummings had a successful ministry, from which he withdrew July 25, 1866, when Rev. G. R. W. Scott, another Andover graduate, took his place, and was ordained Sept. 17, 1868. His ministry was very satisfactory. He was dismissed at his own request Dec. 7, 1873, and is at present pastor of a Congregational church at Fitchburg, Mass.

The present incumbent, Rev. E. E. P. Abbott, was born in the city of Concord, about thirty-nine years since. He is an alumnus of Dartmouth College; was two years a student in the Theological Seminary in New York City; a graduate of Andover Theological Seminary, and has had valuable experiences as a teacher and as a foreign traveller. He was first settled at Meriden, and succeeded Rev. Mr. Scott in the pastorate at Newport, Jan. 1, 1874, and was formally installed March 24, 1875.

The Congregational church celebrated its centennial on the 28th of October last (1879) with appropriate and interesting services. Since its first start in the wilderness, a hundred years ago, it has enjoyed the teachings of an educated and able ministry. In our private judgment, no personal inspiration, however fervid, can atone for a want of liberal culture in the ministry, for if so be the blind become leaders of the blind, both may fall in the ditch.

THE BAPTIST CHURCH.

Sometime about the year 1770, additional settlers came from some of the interior towns in Massachusetts, some of them locating on high lands in the north-western part of the township, and others in the south-western part of Croydon, adjoining. Most of these people were Baptists in sentiment, and that locality has been known as "Baptist Hill" from its earliest times. For

eight or nine years they abode in this wilderness as sheep without a shepherd, holding their meetings in private houses and barns, and afterward in a school-house near the town line, and otherwise depending upon their own resources for religious edification. Their numbers and wants accumulated, until about the year 1779, when some of their leading men and women sought the good offices of Rev. Caleb Blood, of Marlow, pastor of the nearest church of that denomination, to procure for them a qualified religious teacher. It was through his instrumentality that the Warren Association of Rhode Island were moved to send Rev. Job Seamans, of Attleboro', Mass., and Rev. Biel Ledoyt, of Woodstock, Conn., as missionaries to look after the spiritual interests of this destitute region. In May, 1779, the "Baptist Church of Newport and Croydon," was duly organized. It was, however, soon after known only as the "Baptist Church of Newport."

Its original members were as follows: viz., Seth Wheeler, Elias Metcalf, Wm. Haven, Ezekiel Powers, Mrs. Seth Wheeler, Mrs. Elias Metcalf, Mrs. Wm. Haven and Mrs. Nathaniel Wheeler. It is unfortunate for our sketch that we cannot give the exact date and attending circumstances in connection with this matter, from the fact that at a later period—about 1818—the dwelling house of Philip W. Kibbey, who was an officer in the church and the custodian of its records, was burned, with much of its contents, including the archives of the Baptist Church and Society, covering the first 45 years of its existence. On Oct. 3, 1791, Rev. Biel Ledoyt was installed as pastor of this church, and the sermon on the occasion was by Rev. Job Seamans, who afterward became pastor of the church in New London.

In 1798 the first Baptist meeting-house, a building forty-four feet square, was erected on a lot adjoining the cemetery grounds at Northville. Elder Ledoyt was a successful pastor, and remained with the church until 1805, when, at his own request, he retired.

The succession in the Baptist ministry, since the church was founded, is as follows: viz.,

Biel Ledoyt, settled 1791, dismissed 1805; Thomas Brown, settled 1806, dismissed 1813; Elisha Hutchinson, settled 1814, dismissed 1818; Ira Pearson, settled 1821, dismissed 1835; Orrin Tracy, settled 1836, dismissed 1838; *Ira Pearson, settled 1838, dismissed 1842; Joseph Freeman, settled 1842, dismissed 1846; Wm. M. Guilford, settled 1847, dismissed 1851; Paul S. Adams, settled 1851, dismissed 1856; James Andrews, settled 1857, dismissed 1858; Mylon Merriam, settled 1858, dismissed 1859; W. H. Watson, settled 1860, dismissed 1861; David T. James, settled 1862, dismissed 1866; Foster Henry, settled 1866, dismissed 1872; H. C. Leavitt, settled 1872, dismissed 1878; Charles F. Holbrook, settled 1879.

The disposition to centralize the various institutions and interests of the town at the village, and the fact that the growth of the church had been in that direction, caused the erection of the present house of worship in the year 1821, and the transfer of its services from Northville to the new house, which occupies a conspicuous situation at the north end of the common in the village. In 1867–8, under the efficient superintendence of Rev. Foster Henry, a sightly and convenient parsonage was erected; and in 1870 the church edifice was turned to front southward, and thoroughly reconstructed, within and without. The handsome chapel adjoining the church was built in 1874. Of the sixteen pastors in the list presented, our eye falls upon the name of Ira Pearson, twice a pastor, and called a third time to the position he filled so well, but declined, and now spending the evening of his days an honored resident of Newport,—hale and hearty in the 89th year of his age. He was born in Windsor, Vt., Sept. 28, 1791, and consequently when Biel Ledoyt stood up to receive the right hand of fellowship

* We adopt the modern spelling of the name. In the time of which we write he was known as Rev. Ira Person.

from the church on October 3, 1791, he was an infant of five days. His age covers a few days more than the entire official ministry of the church he has loved and served so well, and nearly the whole period of its corporate existence. This church has the honor of having furnished seven candidates for the christian ministry, of these were the late Rev. Baron Stowe, D. D., of Boston; Rev. Elijah Hutchinson, of Windsor, Vt., and Rev. F. W. Towle, late of Claremont. Of its lay membership, who have been particularly active in its support, are the Wheelers, Metcalfs, Stowes, Cheneys, Kelleys, Littles, Goldthwaits, Fletchers, Farnsworths, Nettletons, Kibbeys, Jenks, and others. On Sept. 23, 1879, the church celebrated its centennial year, when its ancient founders and supporters were appropriately remembered. A historical discourse was pronounced by Rev. Chas. F. Holbrook, the present accomplished pastor of the church. A centennial poem by Joseph W. Parmelee was read, and the hymns used on the occasion were written by Mrs. Annie B. Holbrook and Matthew Harvey, Esq.

THE UNIVERSALIST SOCIETY.

The Universalist Society of Newport, the next religious society in the order of time, was organized Feb. 11, 1830. Their meetings were held in the court-house or town hall until 1836, when their chapel was finished and dedicated. Their ministry has been conducted from time to time by Rev. John Moore, Wm. S. and A. L. Balch, Levi Ballou, Walter Harriman, Ezekiel Dow, Lemuel Willis, Luther Walcott, Thompson Barron, J. T. Powers and Joseph Barbour. At present they are without a pastor, and the chapel is occupied by the Unitarian society.

THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

Previous to the year 1830, the elements of Methodism in Newport were feeble and scattering, but in the progress of events they were bound to strengthen and come together, and ultimately flourish.

The Spirit moved upon the hearts of a few individuals about this time, and a class of six persons was formed, under the leadership of Peter Wakefield. They received occasional aid and comfort from the preachers of the Goshen circuit. In 1840 they became so unpopular as to be denied the privilege of holding their meetings in the school-house at "Baptist Hill," and Father Wakefield built a chapel for their special use in that precinct. In 1843 they came near being overwhelmed by the tide of Millerism that swept over the land. About the year 1850 the troubles in the Congregational church to which we have alluded, caused quite a secession of important members who sought another fold. There were also many disaffected Baptists, and a larger number of Freewill Baptists,—these combined with the Methodist brethren, and applied to the N. H. Conference for a preacher. Accordingly, in May, 1850, Warren F. Evans was sent, and the Universalist chapel was secured as a temporary place of worship. A good congregation was gathered; a society formed; an eligible lot on the eastern side of the Park was purchased, on which a commodious house of worship was erected, and such was their enterprise in the matter, that on the 25th of December (Christmas day), 1851, they were able to decorate and dedicate their own temple to the worship of Almighty God. A fine organ has since been placed in the choir, and a parsonage built opposite the church, on Main street. Elder Evans remained two years. After him came Sullivan Holman, A. C. Manson, J. W. Guernsey, D. P. Leavittt, John Currier, James Thurston, S. G. Kellogg, C. M. Dinsmore, Charles Young, C. W. Mellen, Chas. E. Hall, Elijah R. Wilkins, O. H. Jasper. The present incumbent is A. W. Bunker. The church enjoys a flourishing Sabbath-school, and a membership of over two hundred.

THE UNITARIAN SOCIETY.

The Unitarian Society in Newport was formed Sept. 30, 1873, and Rev.

G. S. Piper called to its pulpit Dec. 10, same year. This society occupies the Universalist chapel as a place of worship, and many of the attendants have heretofore gathered with the Universalists. On the retirement of Rev. Mr. Piper in 1874, Rev. A. S. Nickerson had charge of the congregation. In 1876 the interior of the house was remodeled in accordance with modern requirements. In 1878 Rev. Geo. W. Patten came to the pastorate. Soon after the organization of this society, Hon. Edmund Burke, one of its strongest friends, placed an organ in the choir, which has been greatly appreciated by those attending the services there.

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH.

The last event we have to notice in the ecclesiastical history of Newport is the advent of the Roman Catholic church, which now seeks in Puritanical New England the freedom it has ever denied to Protestant people in the Old World, or wherever it gains the ascendancy. That it should follow so closely in the wake of the Puritans, is evidence of its aggressive spirit.

The first Roman Catholic service in Newport was held in 1854. Since 1870 services have been conducted on one Sunday in each month. Since December, 1873, the worshippers have assembled in the old Masonic Hall in Bunker's Block. The Rev. Father O'Sullivan, the priest at Claremont, has charge of the mission. The congregation numbers about 150.

The interest taken by the people of Newport from the beginning and at all times in the cause of education, has been paramount. Among the earliest acts of the Proprietors was that of appropriating money for the building of school-houses and the employment of teachers. The idea that intelligence was a governing power in a community, and in a country, and that the assertion of self-government without it must result in unsuccess, was quite as well developed in our early days as at present.

The township has been mapped out into school districts that from time to time have been reconstructed to meet the wants and interests of the population, and on the hills and in the valleys the school-house has been a present and potent argument in its own behalf, and a shrine for all those who have sought, through the education and advancement of their children, the building up of the land in which they dwell. There have been as many as nineteen districts in town, with schools well instructed and well attended.

In 1819 the Newport Academy was incorporated in order to afford opportunities for instruction and learning in the higher branches. It was controlled by a board of trustees, of whom were James Breck, John B. McGregor, Wm. Cheney, I. D. Wolcott and others. It was without an established fund, and necessarily self-supporting. It continued until 1873, and by this instrumentality many young men were fitted for entering college, and others—young men and women—for the duties of life.

Many gray-headed men of to-day will remember with pleasure the "old white school-house," so called, that once stood on the south side of the intervale road, a little east of the bridge, which was the home of that famous institution for many years, or until it came to occupy the rooms in the first court-house and town-hall, or in the basement story of the Baptist meeting-house.

The system of graded schools was adopted by the four village districts in the year 1874. The old court-house building has been leased by the town to the Union district, and properly fitted up for the reception of the higher classics and the High School, while the primaries continue to occupy the district school-houses as usual. The inhabitants of other school districts in the town may avail themselves of the advantages afforded by the High School on payment of a reasonable tuition. At the last annual meeting two accomplished ladies were elected members of the school board.

Up to this time nearly one hundred

of the sons and daughters of Newport have become graduates of collegiate, theological, law and medical institutions, and gone out to western and southern states, to Europe and Asia and Africa and the islands of the ocean, with aid and comfort, or messages of peace and good will to men. In this regard we might follow the Rowells to the Sandwich Islands, the Moores to Burmah, Miss Jane Eliza Chapin to China, and the daughter of Rev. Henry Cummings (a late pastor of the Congregational church in Newport) to the south-west coast of Africa.

Others have a record in the literature of the country, and of the earliest of these we may mention Rev. Carlos Wilcox, born in Newport Oct. 22, 1794; a graduate of Middlebury College, Vermont, a Congregational minister at Hartford and afterward at Danbury, Connecticut, where he died May 27, 1827. Mrs. Sarah J. Hale, of whom we noticed a delightful sketch in the March number of the GRANITE MONTHLY, by Mrs. Lucy E. Sanford of Claremont, was a daughter of Newport, born Oct. 28, 1788, and after a distinguished and useful life of more than ninety years, died in Philadelphia, April 30, 1879. Horatio Hale, a son of the former, born in Newport May 3, 1817, is a graduate of Harvard, a man of letters, author, and scientist. He was the philologist of the U. S. Expedition, in command of Capt. Wilkes, and has contributed largely to ethnological and philological science in his thorough researches on those subjects.

The Baldwins were of Connecticut lineage, grandsons of Capt. Samuel Church, whose ancestor, in 1676, cut off the head of the famous Indian warrior, King Philip of Mt. Hope. Capt. Church once owned all the land between Main street and the river, north of the intervale road, now Elm street, and this was their heritage. Erastus and Lucy (Church) Baldwin, their parents, died in middle life, and four of their six children never came to manhood or womanhood. Henry Erastus was born Dec. 19, 1815. We find him first as a youthful angler for trout in the Towner Brook; afterwards as a practical printer, an engraver on wood, caricaturist, artist, humorist, poet, editor of the *Argus and Spectator*, register of deeds and probate, clerk of the state senate, editor and proprietor of the *Lowell Advertiser*, inspector in the Boston Custom House, and last of all a private secretary to Franklin Pierce while President of the United States. He married, March 3, 1848, Marcia L., a daughter of Thomas W. Gilmore, Esq., and died in Washington, D. C., Feb. 12, 1857. Marcia died July 8, 1849. No issue. He was a man of fine presence and agreeable personal qualities, and a versatile and able writer. Mr. Baldwin had sometime held a commission on Gen. Newton's staff, 31st Reg. N. H. Militia, which entitled him to the rank of colonel. We remember the genial glow in his eloquent spectacles when a not over well-bred countryman approached his desk one day to inquire of the "Colonel," *vis-a-vis*., "*if he was the feller that recorded deeds?*"

Samuel Church Baldwin, the younger brother, was born Sept. 15, 1817, married Sarah S., a daughter of Dr. Mason Hatch. He was associated with Henry E. in the management of the N. H. *Argus and Spectator*, and the *Lowell Advertiser*; was afterward proprietor of the *Plymouth Rock* (1844), and twice elected to the Massachusetts Legislature. He ultimately returned to his native state, and was proprietor of the N. H. *Democrat* at Laconia, where he died, Dec. 3, 1861.

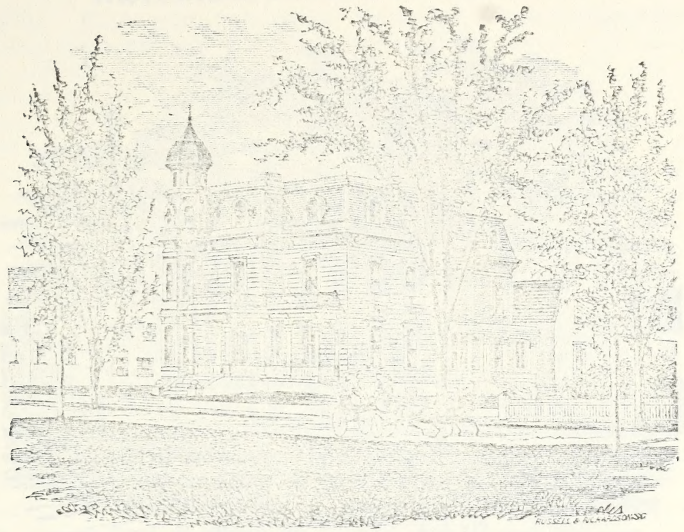
Amos B. Little, son of Amos and Ann Brickett Little, was born Feb. 16, 1821; was educated principally at Meridan Academy and Brown University; studied law, but an infirmity of deafness prevented the completion of his studies. In 1845 he was appointed to a place in the Patent Office at Washington, by Hon. Edmund Burke, then commissioner. He was in course of time (1853) promoted to the position of law clerk, and while holding that office, codified and published the Patent Laws of the United

States. He was a vigorous political writer and correspondent of the *N. H. Patriot*, and other journals of that time. He died in Washington, D. C., October 1, 1862.

Mrs. Mary Chellis Lund, neè Mary Dwinell Chellis, the *nom de plume* by which she is known in her writings, is a lady in the prime of womanhood, of distinguished ability. An inferior boundary line only prevents her from having been a native of Newport, but as her residence has been here for many years, and as she is closely allied to the Chellis family of this town and married here, we may, at least, contend with our neighboring town for the honor of her intellectual life and growth, if not her birth. Books, sketches, stories, poetry and dramatic pieces flow from her brain and pen with as much facility as the delightful streams of picturesque Goshen flow along its ravines and meadows, sometimes gently and sometimes with power. In her productions she does not, perhaps, appeal to the imagination as much as to the moral and religious sentiments, yet they are not without a happy blending of both. Her books are in all libraries and families. In society Mrs. Lund is a conspicuous element in all social and moral reforms. Mr. S. Frank Lund, her husband, is a lineal descendant of Dea. Stephen Wilcox, of whom we have made mention heretofore in this sketch.

We may also speak in this connection of Captain Geo. E. Belknap of the U. S. Navy,—a historical name in the state of New Hampshire,—a son of Sawyer and Martha (Aiken) Belknap, born in Newport Jan. 22, 1832. In 1847 he entered the Naval Academy at Annapolis. After graduating from that institution in 1854, we find him early in command, asserting the honor and interests of his country at different times in all seas. During our unhappy civil war he was conspicuous in many successful naval engagements, earning his promotion in rank by sturdy achievements. In 1873 he was assigned to special duty on the U. S. Steam Corvette Tuscarora, by the Secretary of the Navy, in making deep sea soundings across the Pacific, from California to Japan, to determine the practicability of laying a telegraphic cable between America and Asia. This cruise of the Tuscarora we may properly consider as a work of genius, and one that has attracted the profound attention of scientists in America and Europe. As a recognition of merit in this regard he has been elected a Fellow of the American Geographical Society, and awarded a medal by the French Geographical Society of France. Referring to Capt. Belknap's account of this expedition, as published in the United States Quarterly for April and July, 1879, we find not only scientific facts of great interest, but are introduced into a realm beneath the "multitudinous seas" of the earth where romance contends with reality for our better judgment. The intelligent reader must be amazed at the heights and depths and wonders developed in the explorations of the bottom of the ocean. Under the placid surface of the great Pacific, between the Hawaiian and the Bonin groups, we are told, are six ranges of submarine mountains, varying in height from 7,000 to 12,600 feet. We can only briefly allude to Capt. Belknap's contribution to the Quarterly, trusting the reader will examine it in detail. On this expedition the Tuscarora traversed 16,600 miles of ocean; there were made 483 casts or soundings. The greatest depth reached was 4,655 fathoms, equal to 27,930 feet or about 5 1-4 miles. Capt Belknap is at present the commandant at the U. S. Navy Yard, Pensacola, Fla.

Edward A. Jenks, Esq., whose progenitors are said to have arrived in Newport on the 4th of July, 1776, was born here about fifty years since (Oct. 30, 1830), and while a printer, an editor, an incumbent of public office, and at present at the head of the Republican Press Association of Concord, has found opportunity, in the course of his busy life, to scatter here and there literary leaves that have found places in the choice collections of verse that adorn our tables and libraries.

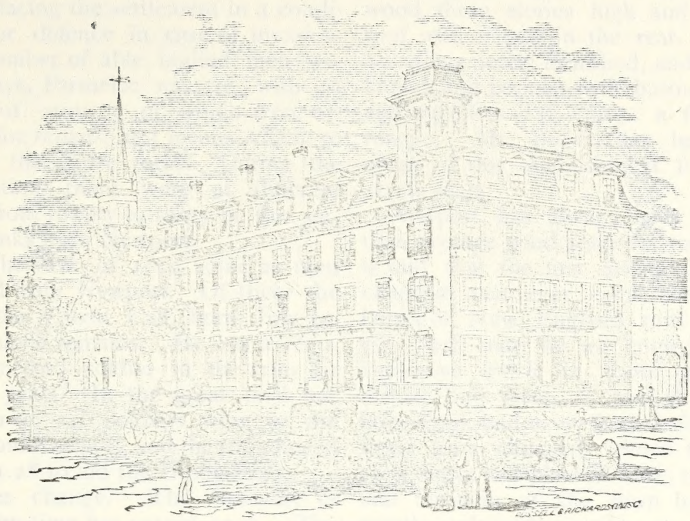


RESIDENCE OF HON. DEXTER RICHARDS.

There are many other *literateurs*, native and resident, of whom we might write, but the necessary brevity of this sketch forbids further enlargement.

We cannot, however, omit the name of our contemporary, Col. Edmund Wheeler, the author of two town histories—Croydon and Newport — and acknowledge our indebtedness to his comprehensive and elegant History of Newport, lately from the press, for dates and facts which otherwise would have been gained only by much labor and research.

The incumbents of the legal profession, since Hon. Caleb Ellis opened the first law office in Newport, in the year 1800, have been numerous, and some of them distinguished. Mr. Ellis was a representative to Congress, 1805–9; a judge of the Supreme Court of New Hampshire; moved to Claremont, where he died in 1816. Hubbard Newton, a son of Christopher and Mary (Giles) Newton, born Jan. 1, 1780; commenced practice in 1806; was eminent in his profession, and as a man of letters. Amasa Edes, born in Antrim, March 21, 1792; was admitted to the bar and came to Newport in 1822, where he still remains in practice, though in the 90th year of his age, possessing one of the best legal minds in the state. Weare Tappan settled here in 1811–12, but afterwards removed to Bradford, where he died in 1868. David Hale opened an office in 1811, and died in 1822 at the age of 40 years. Josiah Forsaith in 1822, and died in 1846 in the 66th year of his age. Hon. Ralph Metcalf came to Newport in 1826; he was afterwards Governor of the state, 1855–6, and subsequently removed to Claremont. Benj. B. French, lawyer, editor, and poet, was in Newport from 1828 to 1834, and spent the remainder of his life in Washington, D. C. Hon. Edmund Burke, lawyer, editor, statesman, a man of distinguished ability, opened his office here in 1834, and is still in practice. David Allen, Jr., in 1849. Lewis Smith, 1840. David Dickey, 1842. Austin Corbin, Jr., 1849. Samuel H. Edes, son of Amasa, 1851, is still in practice. Hon. Levi W. Barton opened an office in Newport in 1851, has been a successful practitioner, and a leading man in political affairs in the state. Samuel M. Wheeler had an office here in 1847, but removed to Dover. Albert S. Wait came to Newport in 1857; an able lawyer and also distinguished as a man of letters. Shepherd L. Bowers has been in successful practice since 1856; has held several



NEWPORT HOUSE.

responsible offices. William F. Newton, son of Hubbard Newton, Esq., was admitted in 1843, and is at present associated in the practice of law with Samuel H. Edes. Hon. W. H. H. Allen was here in 1858; remained about 8 years and removed to Claremont, where he now lives; is Judge of the Supreme Court of the state. Ira M. L. Barton, a Union soldier of the Rebellion, was associated with his father, Levi W. Barton, in practice, and died in 1876. Geo. R. Brown opened an office in 1868, and is still in practice. Nathan E. Reed has had an office in Newport since 1874.

The first settled physician in town (1790) was Dr. James Corbin. After him, in 1804, came William Joslyn and Arnold Ellis. Dr. John B. McGregor was born in Newport, Nov. 27, 1787, where he was many years in practice, and greatly esteemed; he died Sept. 14, 1865. Dr. Alexander Boyd, 1815. Dr. W. P. Gibson, 1830, afterwards entered the Christian ministry. Dr. John L. Swett came to Newport in 1836, and is still in practice. Dr. Reuben Hatch, 1808. Dr. Isaac Hatch, 1837. Dr. Mason Hatch, 1838. Dr. W. C. Chandler, 1838. Dr. Thomas Sanborn, 1843. Dr. James A. Gregg, 1855. Dr. W. H. Hosmer, 1855. Dr. L. E. Richardson, 1847. Dr. Albina Hall, 1840. Dr. John W. H. Baker, 1843. Dr. Mason A. Wilcox, 1869. Dr. Ira P. George, 1867. Dr. J. S. Elkins, 1869, still in practice. Dr. D. M. Currier, 1869, still in practice. Dr. H. W. Brown, died in 1873. Dr. Thomas B. Sanborn, son of Dr. Thomas Sanborn, is a worthy successor of his father. Dr. H. D. Gould opened an office in 1878. Dr. W. W. Darling has been in practice here since 1869. The medical profession has ever been represented in Newport but never more so than at present.

We do not believe a tory ever domiciled for any length of time in the town of Newport. From the day the Declaration of Independence was read to the people in the old Proprietors' House, to the present, the patriotic record of the town has been unquestionably good. The town belonged to the military department of Gen. Jonathan Chase of Cornish. On Sept. 6, 1776, Ezra Parmelee was elected captain of minute men; Christopher Newton, 1st lieut.; Isaac Newton, 2nd lieut. On May 27, 1777, the town voted to raise £18 in lawful money, and invested the same in 40 pounds of powder, 100 pounds lead, and two

dozen flints. There were war measures placing the settlement in a condition for defence in case of invasion. The number of able bodied men under Capt. Parmelee was 36, with 19 stand of arms, 5 of which were ordered for repairs, and means taken to supply the entire force. During the Revolution there were at different times from twenty to thirty in the patriot ranks from Newport.

In the war of 1812 some 20 men enlisted from Newport. Of these the venerable Calvin Call, born July 30, 1796, alone remains. He was a regularly enlisted soldier in the army for several years. In the great civil war of 1861–5, 240 soldiers were in the field from Newport, and the town raised $70,491.28 to aid the Union cause.

Times change. The Newport of the olden time has passed away. The horn of the postillion as he swayed upon his laboring stage coach, has been superseded by the scream of the locomotive.

The Concord and Claremont Railroad was finished, and the first through train rolled through our village on Sept. 16, 1872. The landlords of the cosy old village and way-side taverns have made up their last slings and toddys for the chilly travellers that have driven up on their pungs, and disappeared, to reappear only in story and song. The tourist, or sojourner, or business agent may now perambulate and smoke his cigar on the piazzas of first-class hotels in the town of Newport.

The Newport House occupies a central and delightful position at the lower end of the village park. The main part of the building was erected in 1859. It was enlarged in 1876. It is built of brick, three stories high, with a French roof. It has 100 rooms and is nicely furnished throughout. During the summer season it affords ample and elegant accommodations to throngs of summer tourists. Elbridge L. Putney is the owner and manager of the establishment.

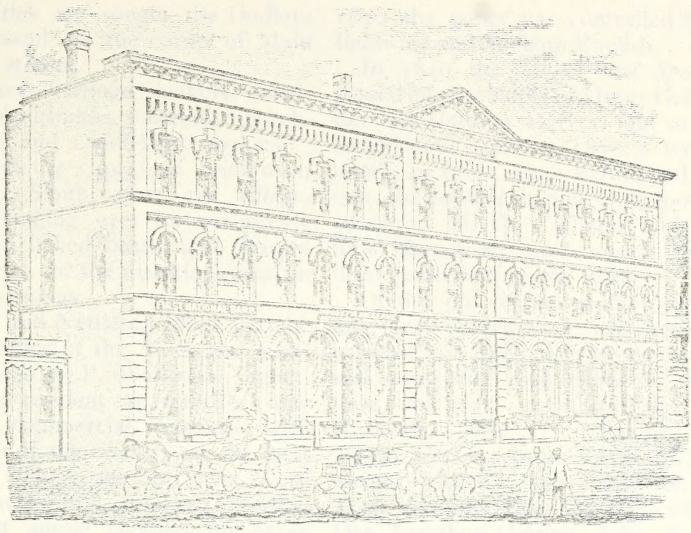
The Phenix Hotel, James H. Brown, proprietor and manager, occupies a central situation on Main street, near the bridge. It is handsomely built of wood, three stories high and French roof, with ell part in the rear. It has 42 rooms neatly furnished, and is well known and popular with business men and travellers. It enjoys a fine patronage. Mr. Brown has been the owner of this establishment for some seven years.

Newport has always been a more than average good place for trade. It is said that the first article of merchandise that ever came here was a barrel of New England rum. However that may be, we know it was a legitimate article in those days in church and state, as well as in the household, and as we have before said, times have changed. Since the railroad depot was planted here, the general business of the town has been greatly enlarged, possibly at the expense of the farming towns on the north and south, where, in former times, more local stores were supported than at present.

In 1810 Col. William Cheney built a store on the present site of Richards Block, where he conducted business for many years. In 1816 James Breck built a brick store on the corner of Main and Elm streets. The particular adherents of each grouped around these social and business leaders, and for more than a quarter of a century the river and the village bridge divided rival parties, not only in their trade, but in the growth of their respective precincts, equal in spirit to the Montagues and the Capulets of Verona.

The north side of the river ultimately won the victory, and the Wilcox and Breck corners are occupied by private residences, without detriment, however, to the beauty or interests of the village.

Up and down Main street are scattered many elegant blocks of buildings, mostly identified by their owners' names or former associations, as Richards Block, the finest and most expensive in town; Cheney Block, owned by Dexter Richards, and partly occupied by the Post-Office and Masonic Hall; Nettleton Block; Wheel-



RICHARDS BLOCK.

er's Block; Edes Block; Little Block, the old stand of Amos Little, Esq.; Burke Block; Hubbell Block, etc., etc., affording ample facilities for the retail business of the town.

Dealing in general merchandise we find Richards and Coffin, in Richards Block; Fairbanks and Royce, farther down the street; Jona. Barnard, in the Cheney Block.

In special dry goods are C. M. Emerson, at the old Hatch stand; Edes and Son, in Edes Block; A. O. Whitney, in his own store.

In groceries are F. A. Rawson, E. M. Kempton, and A. A. Huntoon.

In hardware are Calvin Wilcox and Son, and S. G. Stowell and Son.

In drugs and books are E. C. Converse and Carleton Hurd.

In the harness and trunk trade we find E. A. Pollard, in Wheeler's Block; and Chas. H. Watts, in Richards Block.

A leading house in the boot and shoe trade is Ethan S. Chase and Son (Alva S. Chase). Mr. Chase is a native of Hopkinton, son of Caleb Chase, born 1810; came to Newport in 1821 with his parents; has been in the trade since 1845. Alva S. was born in 1847; married (1875) Clara A., daughter of Jonathan Barnard and niece of Hon. Daniel Barnard. They do a successful business. Daniel F. Patch is also in the boot and shoe trade.

In clothing and furnishing goods we have Mooney and Meserve, R. M. Rowe, and John Lyons.

In the jewelry business are A. O. and G. H. Woodbury, in Woodbury's Block, a substantial concern of long standing.

Mrs. A. J. Prescott, Mrs. A. D. Howard, Miss A. M. Foote, and Edes and Son are largely in the millinery business.

W. W. Hubbell, and Mooney and Meserve have furniture.

John H. Hunton is the proprietor of the upper tannery on Cross street.

Lyman Rounseval and Son own and operate the tannery on Central Place, near the grist-mill. Both establishments are in successful operation.

If any are troubled with toothache or are in want of perfect teeth, we would refer them to Dr. Henry Tubbs, in Richards Block, or Dr. I. G. Nichols in the old County Building. If any are an hungered, we would direct them to the restaurant of Wallace Reed, a Union soldier, who understands his business. Or if tonsorial

opportunities are sought, the Dudleys may be found on the corner of Main and West streets.

We have carriage makers, cordwainers, blacksmiths, painters, "butchers, bakers and candlestick makers"; and towards the capacious brick-oven of E. H. Smith, near the village, we turn longing eyes for our weekly dividend of baked beans and Boston brown bread, for the matutinal meal on Sunday mornings.

In the old Nettleton Block may be found an office of the U. S. and Canada Express, A. P. Wellcome, agent, where the resident or traveller may establish commercial relations with other parts of the country on the best of terms. There are also two livery establishments well stocked, affording the tourist ample facilities for easily reaching distant neighborhoods and viewing our delightful scenery, or a drive to Unity Springs, or the Lake, or a fishing excursion to Wendell Brook and Spectacle Pond, or to Reed, Morse, Kimball, Beaver or Perry brooks in different parts of the town; or the ponds on Cornish Mountain, or Otter Pond in Sunapee.

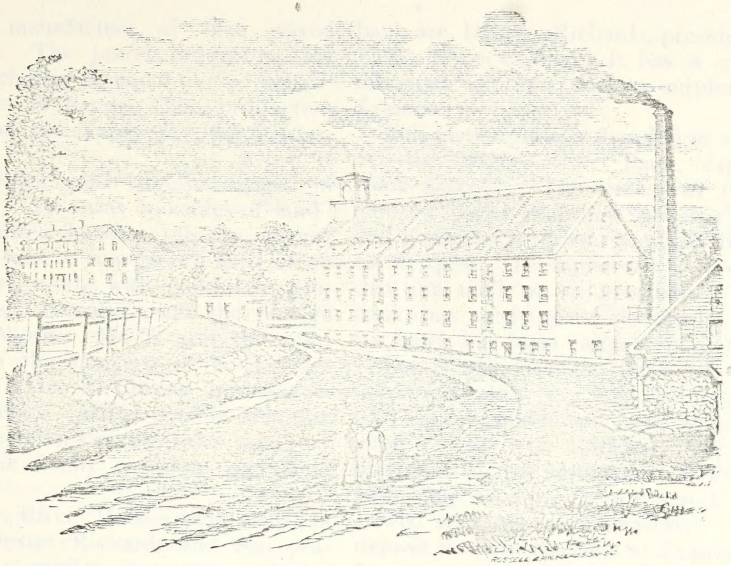
In connection with other institutions the town of Newport has had the advantage of an ably conducted newspaper press, which, like a river of the valley, has flown in correspondence and harmony with the professions, schools, political affairs, farming interests, and business of the town for nearly 60 years. The *N. H. Spectator* was originally established at Claremont in 1823, by Cyrus Barton. In 1825 Mr. Barton moved his press to Newport, where he was afterward associated with Dunbar Aldrich, B. B. French, Cyrus Metcalf, and Simon Brown. In 1833 we find Edmund Burke at Claremont in charge of *The Argus*. In 1834 Mr. Burke came also from Claremont with his paper. In 1835 the *Spectator* and *Argus* were united under the editorial management of Mr. Burke, and became the *N. H. Argus and Spectator*, and has so continued to the present. From 1838 to 1840 the paper was controlled by the Baldwins and William English.

In 1840 the *Argus and Spectator* passed into the hands of Henry G. Carleton and Matthew Harvey, and so continued until April 1st, 1879, a term of nearly 40 years, when Barton and Prescott, the present incumbents, took the concern. H. G. Carleton and Matthew Harvey are now among the retired gentlemen of the town.

Of the old citizens of Newport, not long since passed away, who have contributed in a large measure to the general prosperity and character of the town, we may mention Capt. Seth Richards, Thos. W. Gilmore, Hon. Austin Corbin, Amos Little, Esq., Dr. Mason Hatch, Bela Nettleton, Dr. Thos. Sanborn, Dea. David B. Chapin, Dea. Jonathan Cutting, John S. Parmelee, Chester Averill, Richard S. Howe and others.

There are others still on the stage, somewhat retired from the activities of business, enjoying the golden evening of a well spent life, of whom we may mention Rev. Ira Pearson, Amasa Edes, Jonathan M. Wilmarth, Rev. P. S. Adams, Calvin Wilcox, Benj. M. Gilmore, Albert Wilcox, Sawyer Belknap, William Dunton and others.

Of those who in these latter years have gone out from their native town to achieve fame and fortune in other places and states, we have in mind S. D. Gilmore (born Dec. 22, 1815) of San Francisco; Rev. Chas. Peabody (born Nov. 8, 1816), Chicago; Leonard W. Peabody, M. D. (born Sept. 13, 1817), Henniker; Samuel M. Wheeler (born Aug. 9, 1823), Dover; Quincy A. Gilmore (born March 1, 1825), Iowa; Lovell White (born March 6, 1827), San Francisco; Edward P. Woods (born Sept. 15, 1827), Lowell; Austin Corbin, Jr., (born July 11, 1827), New York City; Moses R. Emerson (born May 19, 1828), Concord; Edwin O. Stanard (born Jan. 5, 1832), St. Louis; Wm. J. Forsaith (born April 19, 1836), Boston; Henry M. Wilmarth (born Jan. 25, 1836), Chicago, and others.



SUGAR RIVER MILLS.

To those interested in the mechanic arts as applied to wood, the establishment of Wallace L. Dow and Co. (Hial and Wilbur A., the Co.) will afford particular entertainment in the din of saws and lathes and planes and boring implements. Under the influence of complicated machinery church furniture, sashes, blinds, moldings, etc., etc., seem to fall out from the rough lumber as if by magic. The Dows are men worthy of consideration in this community. Wallace L., son of Hial Dow of Croydon, and nephew of Edward Dow, Esq., of Concord, was born Sept. 21st, 1844; came to Newport in 1847; started in business for himself in 1866. Mr. Dow is a well known carpenter, builder, contractor, architect, and the evidences of his skill are numerous in the handsome public buildings and private residences in Newport, on the State Prison and St. Paul's School buildings in Concord, and in churches and public buildings in all parts of the state. The residences of Hon. Dexter Richards, corner Main and Pearl streets, and F. W. Lewis, Esq., on Cheney street, are some of their best efforts in architecture, etc.

The Granite State Mills, of which we have spoken heretofore in this sketch, Messrs. Coffin and Nourse, proprietors, are engaged in the manufacture of flannels and suitings. They employ 110 operatives; have a force on machinery estimated at 90 horse-power; produce 1,100,000 yards per year—about $275,000 in value.

Perley S. Coffin is a native of Royalston, Mass., born Jan. 13, 1818; came to Newport in 1840; was at first connected in business with John Puffer and D. J. Goodrich, afterward with Seth and Dexter Richards. In 1867 the firm of Coffin and Nourse was formed, and the Granite State Mills were built by them. William Nourse, the other member of the firm, was born in the town of Acworth about 58 years ago (May 10, 1822); came to Newport in 1846, and was in business in a general store, but finally joined Mr. Coffin in establishing the Granite Mills.

There is still much unoccupied water power on the Sugar river. From Sunapee Lake to Newport Village, five miles, the face fall is about 300 feet, with water sufficient to move three times the machinery now operated.

The Eagle Mills, Samuel H. Edes, proprietor, old stand of Parks & Twitchell as far back as 1838, are occupied

in the manufacture of blue mixed flannels. The power brought to bear on machinery is equal to "40 horse." Employs 22 hands. The production is about 700 yards per day; value, $175.

Mr. Edes is also largely engaged in farming. He owns 600 acres of land; works three hands; tills 70 acres; cuts 70 tons of hay; has a herd of 60 Ayershire cattle, with good dairy productions. He also owns the Village Water Works. He is also the principal in the concern of S. H. Edes and son (Geo. C.) doing business in Eagle Block. It is a notable fact that four generations of the Edes race occupy the family mansion on Main street.

Sugar River Mills—established in 1847, Dexter Richards and Son, proprietors; capital, $150,000. Dexter Richards, president; Seth M. Richards, superintendent; Arthur B. Chase, secretary. Employ 85 operatives; run eight sets of cards, Francis Foote, overseer; 44 narrow looms, B. F. Peasley, overseer; 15 spinning machines, H. M. Ingram, overseer; coloring and finishing, Patrick Herrick, overseer. Manufacture 900,000 yards gray twilled flannels annually; use 280,000 pounds of cotton and wool. Selling agents: Lewis Brothers, Boston, New York and Philadelphia. Trade mark, "D. R. P." In this mill eleven hours constitute a day's work.

The Richards' establishment in its management and results, has undoubtedly been more successful than any other ever conducted in Newport, and it is but due to Mr. Richards to say that in the achievement of this success, he has not, as in several instances we might mention in our past history, removed with his capital and influence to a more important place, but invested liberally in the lands, buildings and institutions of his native town, thus contributing to its appearance and prosperity.

The First National Bank of Newport has its offices in the south end of Richards Block. The officers of the bank are Dexter Richards, president; F. W. Lewis, cashier. It has a capital stock of $100,000—a surplus of $23,000.

This institution was founded in 1853 as the Sugar River Bank, capital stock $50,000. The bank was reorganized under the new law in 1865, and became The First National Bank of Newport. Its capital stock was at that time made up to $100,000. The bank has made good dividends. F. W. Lewis has been cashier since 1862.

The Newport Savings Bank was incorporated July 1, 1868, and organized and commenced business soon after. Henry G. Carleton, Esq., is president of this institution; Worthen Hall, Esq., vice-president; and F. W. Lewis, secretary and treasurer. The deposit account amounts to $340,000; $9,500 guarantee fund; $3,000 surplus. The Newport Savings Bank is a very useful institution in a community where there are so many operatives, assuring the safe keeping of their weekly or monthly balances.

As we have progressed in the writing of this sketch the material has developed to such an extent, that, as we close and hand it to the press, we feel that the ground has been very imperfectly covered in many respects.

Unlike the approbative old lady in the early days of the town, who cut in twain her nice pewter basin that its two rounded sides might show on her dresser to better advantage in the view of her envious and admiring neighbors, we have more basins on hand than we have been able to set up, without extending our sketch to an unreasonable length. We have not exhausted the subject by any means, only retired from it, closing with some statistical facts which will have more interest to the business reader than any array of words.

The aggregate valuation of the town for the year 1879 amounted to $1,294,287; money at interest, $160,437; stock in trade, $83,005; bank stock, $62,100; number of polls, 725; sheep, 4,127; horses, 508; neat stock, 1,503; dogs, 139.

MAJOR FRANK.

BY MME. BOSBOOM-TOUSSAINT,—TRANSLATED BY SAMUEL C. EASTMAN.

It would take too long to tell you how it happened that my coachman, who did not know the way, lost himself in a wood which once had some pretentions to being a park; how we found ourselves on the borders of the wood against a ditch full of water, which could only be crossed by a bridge which was only strong enough, at most, for a person on foot, and how, to my great astonishment, my coachman pointed out to me, at a distance, a gentleman or a lady on horseback, for I could not tell which it was, riding at full speed, saying, "See Major Frank, there! she is certainly going to see the child." "What child?" I asked anxiously. "The child whose board she pays. She would not pay it if it did not belong to her to do it." Still grumbling, he did his best to find his way through the woods, and very soon the new road became so narrow that the carriage could go no farther. I was obliged to alight and reconnoiter. In a short time I found myself on another border against another ditch, this time half dry, on the other side of which was a pine grove and a field of potatoes. The land was elevated in places, so as to form small hills. Very much provoked, I had a dispute with the coachman. Suddenly there came a peal of laughter from the nearest hill. "Hullo! there is Major Frank," exclaimed my blockhead, without caring whether he was overheard.

It was really he, or rather it was she. The fact is that you could hardly recognize her sex. Her riding dress was looped up in a manner that made it look like the pantaloons of a zouave: over that she wore a sort of course blouse buttoned to the chin. Her gray hat was without a veil, and to make up for this the rims hung down, fastened from the wind by a green silk ribbon, tied under her chin against a red neck-handkerchief. Still her figure, so far as one could judge of it in the frightful costume, was slender and delicate; in spite of everything, there was an air of distinction pervading this strange person, and instead of the masculine and even rough features which I attributed to her in imagination, I saw before me a blonde with fine features and a Roman nose: but at this moment I was little disposed to favorable considerations, and I asked her in a somewhat harsh voice what road I must take.

"Where do you wish to go?" she asked of me.

"To castle Werve."

"And what are you going to do at castle Werve?" said she, approaching me, and in a tone which indicated a certain anxiety.

"Call on General von Zwenken and his grand-daughter, Miss Mordaunt."

"The General does not receive visitors, and if you have anything to say to his grand-daughter, you can speak to me now. I am Miss Mordaunt."

"I find it difficult to believe that," said I quite firmly, "but if it is so, I venture to ask Miss Mordaunt to point out a more suitable place for the conversation I wish to have with her, than the sides of a muddy ditch."

"Well, turn back with your carriage to the other end of the wood, gain the village, and from there you can easily find your way to the castle."

"Yes," thought I, "so that you can have the door shut in my face, my fine Major." I immediately made up my mind, dismissed the coachman, and with a spring, I jumped vigorously and succeeded in landing on my feet on the dry ground on the other side of the ditch. "Bravo, well done," cried this strange being, with a voice which this time seemed pleasant to listen to; a few steps more and I was by her side, hat in hand. "But if you

wish to go to the castle in this direction," she said, saluting me with her riding whip, "you must cross the heath, which you are not familiar with, and you will again lose your way."

"You forget that I have now some right to count on your company."

"A right! you are like all the others; you infer a right from some casual word."

"Miss Mordaunt was pleased to promise me an interview; can she wonder that I take her at her word?"

"So be it; but it is doubtful if I know the way over the heath. My horse has lost a shoe and I left him at the foresters and was returning somewhat by chance; have you really any business at the castle? The General is not very hospitable, I warn you in advance."

"I only came to call on him as well as on you. I am to pass some time in the vicinity, and I remember that on my mother's side, we were relatives."

"Worse yet, at castle Werve, they are not very fond of relatives."

"But my name is not Roselaer; I am a Zonshoven."

"I have never known any relative of that name; but don't you come to talk with the General on business? If such is the case, tell me what you want of him. He is old, is now seventy, has had much trouble in his life, and I will not conceal from you," she added, sighing, "that even now troubles are not wanting. That is why I persist in asking you to confide to me without reticence the object of your visit. Perhaps I can find some means—"

"I assure you that my only desire is to aid you in saving your grandfather from every trouble and anxiety."

"And you are of our family! Then you are a great exception. You shall then be received in the castle as an exception, for we seldom admit new faces there."

"Still you cannot desire to live in complete solitude."

"On the contrary," said she in a somewhat disdainful tone, "I know enough men to very willingly dispense with all acquaintance with them."

"So young and already so misanthopical!"

"I am no longer young, I am twenty-six, cousin, and some years of campaigning, which count double, as my grand-father says. My experience is forty."

"Women say so when they wish to be contradicted."

"O cousin," said she, with an accent of indescribable contempt, "don't include me among the number of those creatures whom men call women. What did you take me for, when you first saw me? I like frankness."

"Well," said I, hesitating, but finally deciding, "I took you—for a forester—with the toothache."

She bit her lips, blushed, and looked at me with eyes that shone like fire.

"What you say is very uncivil."

"You demanded frankness."

"True, you are right. Shake hands on that, cousin," holding out an ungloved hand, but white and delicate, I assure you, and which I held in mine a little longer than was absolutely necessary."

"What is your christian name?" she then asked.

"Leopold."

"Well, I hope we shall be friends, and now call me Frances, as I will call you Leopold."

"Very gladly, cousin," and I again seized her hand, which this time was quickly withdrawn.

"But the coachman has also told you my other name, *Major Frank*."

"True, and don't you find it unbecoming, Frances, that they give you this surname?"

"What is that to me? I know the origin of it; I am neither the better nor the worse for it. They take me for a sort of Cossack, because I ride a great deal on horseback, and because I dress rather to suit my convenience than their taste."

"Nevertheless, permit me to suggest, we ought, if only out of self-respect, to take some care of our external appearance, and even the simplest dress may show good taste."

I saw her again blush a little. "You

believe then," she continued, "that I am wanting in good taste, because I wear a blouse in this cold wind?"

"I cannot decide from an accidental experience; but I maintain that a woman ought not to pretend absolute indifference as to her personal appearance, and that we have a bad opinion of the taste of a young lady who muffles her face in an ugly red handkerchief—"

"Which gives the air of a forester with the toothache," she added quickly and coldly, "there is a remedy for that."

She immediately untied the handkerchief, let her riding dress down, and truly, William, she was beautiful. Her beauty, if not formal, was at least very real, very marked, with large blue eyes which shone with frankness; cheeks slightly tinged; a countenance at once proud, animated, and which still bore marks of early sufferings. I had won a slight victory at our first meeting; but I was obliged to accept the consequences of it. The riding dress caught on all the small bushes; to get on, she was obliged to raise it, without being afraid of showing me a somewhat worn under skirt of blue merino. I offered her my arm, she refused, I insisted; this time I was beaten. I reproached her in a friendly way for the peal of laughter with which she had greeted the sight of two poor travellers who had lost their way. She replied that nothing put her in better spirits than to surprise in some embarrassment those who prided themselves on being the lords and masters of the world.

"What is the cause of your antipathy to men?" said I, a little piqued at these continual attacks upon our sex.

"Major Frank," said she, "has had only too many opportunities to know men."

"That means that after having trusted too much to the brilliant uniforms, Major Frank has awakened from her too great credulousness and now makes the civil dress suffer as well as the military."

"You are entirely deceived. Major Frank has seen a whole army and all its grades file by, has also seen many black coats and decorated buttonholes, and her conclusion is that discipline is still the best means of bringing out whatever good there is in man. Besides, it would be impossible to recognize any superiority whatever in a sex where mediocrity reigns and triumphs."

"That is not very encouraging for your future husband, Frances."

"My future husband!" she exclaimed, with a bitter smile, "it is plain enough, Leopold, that you are a new comer. Be assured, I shall never marry."

"Who knows? Circumstances—"

"Listen, Leopold. If you have heard anything about me it was only evil. So I don't blame you for what you have said. But I beg you to believe that I shall never sacrifice my pride, my dignity, my person to those low considerations, to what is called a reasonable marriage, the greatest immorality that I know. More than that would be needed. You will tell me," she continued with increasing animation, "that my determination to remain free and completely mistress of myself exposes me to poisoned shafts, from which I might shelter myself by marriage, and you believe that I should be cowardly enough to take refuge behind the Don Quixote or the ninny who would expose himself to receive them in my place! Oh! how little you know me and how much do I prefer to meet face to face and with the contempt that belongs to them, those who shoot the shafts. Besides, there is no danger. Don Quixote is dead and his race is extinct."

Forewarned, forearmed, I understood then, that not to spoil all at the first interview, I must use the greatest prudence. Still I could run no risk by making a feint. I was a few steps in advance. "And if I had come to castle Werve to make you such an offer?" said I, suddenly turning towards her.

"What offer?" said she, raising her eyebrows.

"To ask you to be my wife?"

"Me! It is not true, say that it isn't true!" she exclaimed, violently. "If it were true, I would plant you there in the heath, you would get to the castle as you could, and that would be my answer."

She acted as she spoke.—"Listen, Frances," said I, on rejoining her, "if I was coming to the castle with this design, your reply would not stop me, I am a little obstinate, I too; but, as I should not wish to wound the delicate feelings of a woman,—pardon the word,—I should take good care not to ask her to be my wife abruptly nor especially without some hope that my request would receive consideration."

"Very good, but your joke was neither witty nor original."

At the same moment a gust of wind amused itself by carrying off her hat, which was no longer fastened. A veritable cascade of blonde hair fell on her shoulders and back, so as to almost wholly conceal the horrible blouse. Oh! in that moment she could have passed for a Madonna. I could hardly believe my eyes, or rather my eyes would not give up the enchanting sight. She doubtless read her triumph in my looks and even seemed to be pleased at it for an instant. Decidedly the woman in her had not entirely abdicated, but the instant was short. "Well," said she, "how gallant you are! You stand rooted to the ground instead of running after my hat." I did not let her say it twice, but ran after the unfortunate hat and was lucky enough to catch it just as it was going to roll in the sand. She also ran after me, but, oh misfortune! the train of her riding habit was caught on a bush, she fell and in her efforts to rise, her beautiful golden fleece became entangled in the branches. She was obliged to accept my services to get free. She was furious at being thus reduced to avail herself of my aid. I kneeled down by her and loosened—God knows with what precaution—one after the other her silky locks. This operation required considerable time. She was nervous, impatient, and in her angry moments she often destroyed in a moment what it had taken me some minutes to do.

"Now do you see," said she, "what I gained by following your precious advice? I should have done better to have kept my handkerchief for the toothache. Why was I moved from my principles? why did I conform to others' ideas instead of my own?"

"You are free," I exclaimed at length, my fingers blue with cold.

She instantly sprang on her feet like a deer and ordered me to walk ahead without looking back, because she wished to repair the disorder of her toilette. I obeyed. When I came back by her side, the horrible hat was fixed again, and the villainous handkerchief once more fastened around her neck. I had nothing more to say. This time it was she who took my arm and said in a gay tone, "Leopold, it is to reward you for not being avenged."

"And how could I have taken vengeance?"

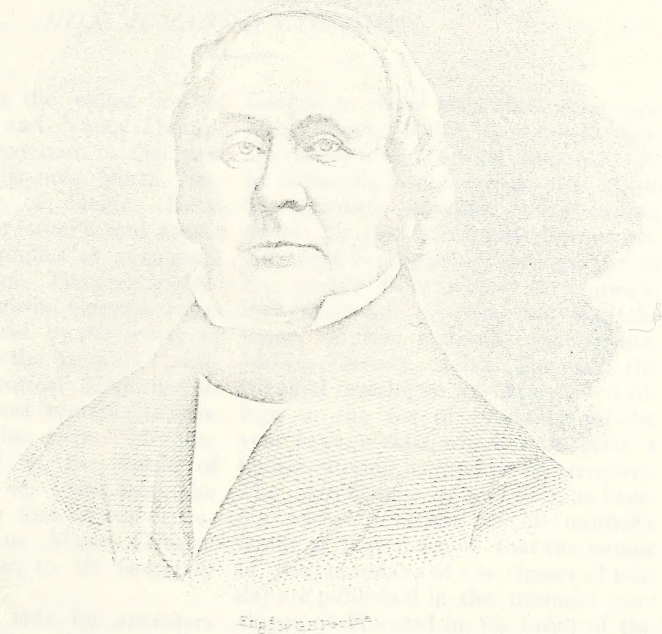
"You did not laugh."

"But, Frances, I did not dare to."

We continued for sometime to discus feminine and social proprieties, she claiming the right, not of reforming abuses or rooted prejudices, but of living absolutely in her own way without troubling herself about public opinion, and I maintaining that reserve and gentleness become a woman, in all points of view, better than the airs of a rowdy. I learned at the same time that I should not find the General alone at the castle, and that he had a companion in his hermitage, Capt. Rolfe, an old retired officer, a soldier of fortune, without education, but of a good heart and whom the baron could not do without. Having become a gourmand and epicure with his age, capable of assisting the cook, he fished, raised poultry, and discussed every morning with the General the, to them, important question, "What shall we have for dinner?"

While we were on this subject, Frances suddenly exclaimed, pointing with her finger, "There is castle Werve!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



Ichabod Goodwin

ICHABOD GOODWIN,

GOVERNOR OF NEW HAMPSHIRE 1855-58.

THE

GRANITE MONTHLY.

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE, HISTORY, AND STATE PROGRESS.

VOL. III. MAY, 1880. No. 8.

HON. ICHABOD GOODWIN.

MR. GOODWIN is the eldest son of Samuel Goodwin and Nancy Thompson Gerrish, and was born in that part of Berwick which is now North Berwick, in the state of Maine. He is descended on both father's and mother's sides from families of very great colonial importance. The great grandfather of Mr. Goodwin, Captain Ichabod Goodwin, is said, by the writer of the genealogy of the Berwick Goodwins, in the Historical Magazine, to have been the most remarkable man who ever lived in that town. He distinguished himself at the battle of Ticonderoga and we learn from the London Magazine that he was especially mentioned in Major General Abercrombie's report to Mr. Secretary Pitt.

On his father's side, his ancestors figured conspicuously in the wars before the Revolution, and up to the period of the Revolution were of the families upon whom devolved the magisterial work and honor of the times. On his mother's side he is likewise descended from families which for a century and up to the time of the Revolution, performed a large share of the duties of public office; and some of the most conspicuous names in the colonial history of Maine and New Hampshire are to be counted among his maternal ancestors.

To mention the names of Champernoun, Waldron and Elliot, none more familiar to those informed upon colonial history, is but to recall the persons from whom, on the maternal side, he is lineally descended or with whom his maternal ancestors were closely allied by ties of family connection. The ante-revolutionary importance of the people from whom he comes is well illustrated by the fact that the name of his maternal grandfather, Joseph Gerrish, stands first on the triennial catalogue of Harvard College in the list of graduates of the year 1752, a class which numbered a Quincy among its graduating members. The significance of this fact, as bearing upon the status of his mother's family at that time, is that the names of the members of the classes of that day are published in the triennial catalogue of Harvard in the order of the social importance of the families to which the members respectively belonged.

At the time of Mr. Goodwin's birth, which was just before the beginning of the present century, the state of things which the Revolution had brought about had had ample time to crystalize. Whether it was through the great changes that under the new order of things had taken place in the political, social and commercial affairs of the country, or whether from those inherent causes under the operation of which families conspicuous and influential in one

period drop out of notice and are lost to the eye of the historian, the annalist, and perhaps even of the town chronicler, Mr. Goodwin's family, at the time of his birth, were simply plain farming people, highly respected within the limits of the little country town in which they lived, but no longer among the noted, or influential or wealthy people of Maine. The country had, by the close of the last century, taken a considerable stride onward in prosperity as well as in numerical growth, and the bustle and hum of industry pouring itself into new channels of prosperity had passed by many of the families which in the earlier era had been the foremost in developing the resources of the country, in leading the yeomanry in war, in presiding over the tribunals, and sitting in council as civic magistrates.

Mr. Goodwin's academic education consisted of several years of study at the academy at South Berwick, an institution having at that time a good deal of local importance, and then as now the only school in the vicinity of his birthplace where a fitting for college can be obtained. Shortly after leaving that academy, he entered the counting-house of Samuel Lord, Esq., then a very prominent merchant and ship owner of Portsmouth, N. H., and he became a member of Mr. Lord's family. He here displayed qualities which had been quite conspicuous in his earlier boyhood, those of energy and assiduity and a very marked capacity for affairs. These qualities, which at the early age of twelve had made him quite a competent and satisfactory manager of the farm of his widowed step-grandmother, who was the grandmother of Mr. Lord, showed later in his conduct as a clerk in the commercial business of the then very thriving shipping port of Portsmouth. Mr. Lord finding that Mr. Goodwin's business abilities were more comprehensive than the mere duties of a clerk required, placed him as a supercargo in charge of the business of what was then the largest ship owned in the port, the "Elizabeth Wilson." In the present days of railroads, sea-going steamers, oceanic cables and the commercial complement of these foreign correspondents or agents, it may seem a trivial sign of a young man's capacities to name the fact of his being made the business manager of a ship, especially as ships then went in regard to size; but it is the introduction of these very modern appliances for conducting business which has rendered the responsibility of the delegated management of this species of property comparatively easy. In the days of Mr. Goodwin's early voyaging, the whole discretion as to the conduct of the ship's affairs was vested in the supercago, except in the brief period of her being in the home port, when the owner resumed his authority and control. In foreign places, among strangers, beyond the reach of opportunity for consultation with his owner, the young man must rely upon himself; must decide upon what voyage his ship shall go, and must be ready to account to his principal upon his return for the results of a prosperous enterprise or a disasterous adventure. It was not long before Mr. Goodwin had learned enough of seamanship to enable him to add to the duties of the supercargo the further business of navigating his ship, so that for several years he was both shipmaster and business manager, offices, then as now, rarely combined in one person; for the ship-master is today chiefly the navigator and head seaman of his ship, while the business, involving the chartering and the rest, is attended to by a merchant in the port of destination, who is in ready communication with the owner both by the fast going mail of the steamship, and the quicker method of the ocean cable. Mr. Goodwin's sea life lasted for about twelve years. During that time he had been so far successful as to become a part owner, and to be enabled to begin business at home. In the year 1832 he established himself as a merchant at Portsmouth. Portsmouth has been his home ever since that time; and there he, for

many years, conducted an extensive mercantile business, his chief business interests lying in the direction of the foreign carrying trade. Upon retiring from the sea he soon manifested a large public spirit and interest, and became in a short time foremost in the affairs of the day which were of public concern. He was one of the early projectors of the railroad interests of New England; and until within a few years he has taken a large part in all the enterprises of public import in the vicinity of his home, including, besides railroads, the enterprises of manufacturing and banking, and he has been vested always with a large share of the local trusts, both public and private, which devolve upon the public spirited and trusted citizen. He has of late years been inclined to withdraw from these responsibilities; but of those which he still retains, the presidency of the "Howard Benevolent Society," a position he has held for over thirty years, and the presidency of the "Portsmouth Bridge Company" may be mentioned. He has, however, within the last two years assumed the presidency of the "First National Bank," of Portsmouth, in which he is largely interested as a stockholder, and in which institution he has been a director from its incorporation as a state bank. He was for many years and at different periods a director in the "Eastern Railroad Company," and was the first president of the "Eastern Railroad in New Hampshire," which position he held for twenty-five years. He was also of the first board of direction of the "Portland, Saco and Portsmouth R. R. Co.," and was the president of that corporation from the year 1847 to the year 1871. But it is unneccessary to mention all the public trusts of a corporate nature which have been confided to his care. His chief claim to public esteem, and that which will secure to him its most enduring recognition, is derived from his services as the first "war governor" of New Hampshire.

Upon Mr. Goodwin's settling as a business man in Portsmouth, he did not confine his energies to his private business and to corporate enterprises, but soon acquired a large interest and influence as a member of the Whig party. He served in the legislatures of New Hampshire as a member of that party in the years 1838, 1843, 1844, 1850, 1854 and 1856. He was also a delegate at large from that state to the conventions at which Clay, Taylor and Scott were nominated by the Whigs for the presidency, and was a vice-president at the two first named conventions; and he has twice served in the Constitutional Conventions of New Hampshire. He was the candidate of the Whigs for Congress at several elections before the state was divided into Congressional districts. New Hampshire was in those days one of the most powerful strongholds of the Democratic party in the country; and a Whig nomination for any office determined by the suffrages of the whole state, was merely a tribute of esteem by that party to one of its most honored members. Upon the the establishment of Congressional districts, Mr. Goodwin received a unanimous nomination of the Whig party for Congress at the first convention held in his district. This nomination bid fair to be followed by an election, but the circumstances of his private business prevented his acceptance of the candidateship. In the great political convulsions which preceded the war of the Rebellion, the power of the Democratic party in New Hampshire began to decline, while the ties which through years of almost steady defeat in the state at large had been sufficient to hold together the Whig party, now came to be loosened; and out of the decadence of the former and the extinction of the latter party there was built up the Republican party, which gained the supremacy in that state, and which has ever since, with a brief exception, maintained that supremacy. Mr. Goodwin, while in full sympathy with the cause of the Union, which he believed the politicians of the South were

striving to dismember, yet felt that perhaps the impending crisis could be arrested through the means of the old political organizations; and he remained steadfast to the organization of the Whig party until he saw that its usefulness both as a state and as a national party was gone. He was the last candidate of the Whigs for the office of Governor of New Hampshire, and received in the whole state the meagre amount of about two thousand votes. This lesson did not require to be repeated. He immediately did all in his power to aid in the establishment of the Republican party in that state; for although the old time issues between the Democrats and the Whigs had gone by and new questions had arisen involving the very integrity of the nation, he did not regard the Democratic party as one capable of solving or disposed to solve those questions in a patriotic and statesmanlike way. He was chosen the Governor of New Hampshire, as the Republican candidate, in the year 1859, and was reëlected by the same party in the following year, his second term of office having expired June 5, 1861.

The military spirit of the people of New Hampshire had become dormant and the militia system of the state had fallen pretty much to decay long before the first election of Mr. Goodwin to the office of governor. A slight revival of that spirit, perhaps, is marked by the organization in his honor, in January, 1860, of "The Governor's Horse Guards," a regiment of cavalry in brilliant uniform, designed to do escort duty to the governor, as well as by a field muster of several voluntary organizations of troops which went into camp at Nashua in the same year. But when the call of President Lincoln for troops was made in the spring of 1861, the very foundation of a military system required to be established. The nucleus itself required to be formed. The legislature was not in session and would not convene, except under a special call, until the following June. There were no funds in the treasury which could be devoted to the expense of the organization and equipment of troops, as all the available funds were needed to meet the ordinary state expenditures. The great confidence of the people of New Hampshire in the wisdom and integrity of Mr. Goodwin found in this emergency full expression. Without requiring time to convene the legislature so as to obtain the security of the state for the loan, the banking institutions and citizens of the state tendered him the sum of $680,000 for the purpose of enabling him to raise and equip for the field New Hampshire's quota of troops. This offer he gladly accepted; and averting delay in the proceedings by refraining from convening the legislature, he, upon his own responsibility, proceeded to organize and equip troops for the field; and in less than two months he had despatched to the army, near Washington, two well equipped and well officered regiments. Of this sum of $680,000 only about $100,000 was expended. On the assembling of the legislature that body unanimously passed the "Enabling Act," under which all his proceedings as governor were ratified, and the state made to assume the responsibility.

During the period of this gubernatorial service, there was a reconstruction of the bench of the highest judicial tribunal of the state; and during that time nearly every position upon that court was filled by his appointment. It is sufficient to say that the exalted rank which that tribunal has ever held among the courts of last resort of the states of the nation, suffered no diminuation from his appointments to its bench, such was the good sense and discernment of Mr. Goodwin in making the different selections, although himself not versed in the law.

In "Waite's History of New Hampshire in the Rebellion," we find the following estimate of Mr. Goodwin as a public man and as a citizen and business man: "His administration of state affairs met with universal approval,

and he left the office (that of governor) with the respect of all parties. As a member of the legislature and of the constitutional convention, he took a leading part on committees and in debate. His speeches were never made for show. He spoke only when there seemed to be occasion for it, and then always to the point, and was listened to with great respect and attention; for his conservatism and practical wisdom in all matters of public policy were well known. In all public positions he has discharged his duties with fidelity, industry and marked ability. As a citizen and business man he is public spirited, liberal, high-minded, and enjoys the unbounded confidence and respect of all."

Mr. Goodwin has always been noted for his kindness to young men, aiding them without stint, both with his purse and his advise in their business difficulties; and he has ever been ready to extend to all his townsmen who needed aid, the assistance of his influence, his counsel, and his pecuniary means.

In 1827 Mr. Goodwin married Miss Sarah Parker Rice, a daughter of Mr. William Rice, a wealthy and prosperous merchant of Portsmouth. Of seven children one son and two daughters survive.

FRANK GOODWIN.

A DAY WITH THE WEBSTERS.

BY EX-GOV. HARRIMAN.

One bright morning in August, 1875, we (Mrs. H. and myself) took a suitable team at Concord, with one day's rations, and, in light marching order, set off for Elms Farm, Shaw's Corner and Searle Hill. We desired more light on a few points in reference to the early life of Daniel Webster. At Boscawen Plains, that ancient village, with its broad street, shaded houses and "magnificent distances," we made our first halt. A venerable lady of intelligence and culture gave us the information we there sought. She *knew* Daniel Webster and his brother Ezekiel. She related interesting anecdotes concerning their life in Boscawen, and pointed out the exact spot where, in 1805, Daniel Webster opened his first law office, and commenced (as he used to express it) "making writs." He occupied this office but two years, when he gave it up to Ezekiel, and went to Portsmouth. This office, at the Plains, was a small building attached to a dwelling house, just above the ancient cemetery, and on the same side of the street, but it was removed from this place many years ago, and the ground on which it stood is now a shaded lawn.

Some of the readers of this periodical will remember how the country was shocked by the sudden termination of the life of Ezekiel Webster. On the 10th day of April, 1829, while arguing a case in the Court-House at Concord, he fell lifeless to the floor.

Having visited the ancient cemetery at Boscawen, and particularly noticed the inscriptions on the tombstones of Ezekiel Webster and his first wife, we proceeded on our journey. We soon passed the county buildings (and the magnificent farm connected therewith) which overlook the charming valley of the Merrimack, and came to Stirrup-Iron Brook, which comes down from Salisbury, passes under the Northern Railroad and falls into the river. This brook takes its name from the circumstance, that, sometime after the independence of the colonies was acknowledged, Gen. Dearborn, of Revolutionary fame, while going, on horseback, to visit a sister at Andover, in fording this stream, which was then at a high stage of water, lost one of his stirrup-irons.

We cross the railroad and are soon looking both to the right and left upon the broad, smooth acres of the Elms Farm (now the Orphans' Home). To this place Daniel Webster was brought, with the family, when he was about one year of age, and around this sacred spot clustered all his early recollections. He owned this farm, after his father's decease, and made annual pilgrimages to it till the year he died. Here was the theatre of his early sports and joys, as well as trials and disappointments. Here his school days began; from here he went to Phillips Academy at Exeter for a term of six months, when fourteen years of age; from here he went to Boscawen Plains, under the instruction of Rev. Samuel Wood, D. D., to prepare for college, in the spring of 1797; from here he went to Dartmouth, and when he graduated, with distinction, in 1801, it was right *here* where he entered the law office of Thomas W. Thompson, as a student of Blackstone.

This Thompson first opened an office at Salisbury South Road, but after remaining there a year he came down to the river road, where his office was nearly opposite to the Webster House. This office was removed many years ago and made the ell of a house standing on the hill towards Shaw's Corner. Thompson finally went to Concord, and after a life of industry and success, having filled the chair of Speaker of our House of Representatives in June, 1813, and served as Senator in the Congress of the United States, from June, 1814, to March, 1817 (to fill a vacancy), he died and was buried in Concord.

With reverent step we entered the Webster Cemetery at the Elms Farm; saw where Captain Ebenezer Webster and his wife, Abigail (the parents of Daniel), as well as many others of his kindred, were laid to rest, and we felt that this was the proper place for the dust of the great expounder to sleep, instead of being secreted off in that lonely pasture at Marshfield. We felt, too, that Webster made a mistake in cultivating the barren slopes of Green Harbor and making a home there, when the Elms Farm presented opportunities so much better. We visited the celebrated oak tree on which (as tradition has it) Daniel hung his scythe after failing to make it suit him hung in any other way. But the tree was then dead on the mow-field. Time had laid it low, as it had him who had often basked in its shade.

Writing of this place toward the close of his life, in a letter to a friend, Webster says: "Looking out at the east windows, with a beautiful sun just breaking out, my eye sweeps along a level field of 100 acres. At the end of it, a third of a mile off, I see plain marble gravestones, designating the places where repose my father and mother, and brother, and sisters, Mahitable, Abigail and Sarah—good scripture names, inherited from their Puritan ancestors. This fair field is before me. I could see a lamb on any part of it. I have ploughed it, raked it, but I never mowed it; *somehow I could never learn to hang a scythe*. My brother Joseph used to say that my father sent me to college in order to make me equal to the rest of the children."

We crossed the mouth of Punch Brook, just above the Elms Farm, and, turning immediately to the left, proceeded on up the old road running to Shaw's Corner. About half way up, and near where the road crosses the brook, we find the foundations of a saw-mill which Capt. Webster owned when Daniel was a lad. From letters of the latter we learn, that, while at work with his father in this mill, while listening to the roar of the water-fall and gazing on the mountains and forests in their grandeur, Daniel Webster had his first visions of future eminence, or of the possibility of it. Here, to this youth, there were "sermons in stones, tongues in trees, and books in the running brooks."

A half mile or more to the northward of Shaw's Corner, on a road leading to East Andover, and on the charmed banks of Punch Brook, where the birds sing sweetly in May, is the

birthplace of Daniel Webster. Here Judge Webster, coming up from Kingston, selected his farm in the wilderness. It was average land for tillage and pasture, and was quite valuable on account of its pine timber, but by years of neglect and waste the farm has become very ordinary. The old log cabin was demolished before Daniel's birth, but the spot where it stood is still visible, as well as the foundations of the grist-mill which Capt. Webster erected on Punch Brook. The well and the historic elm are there, and a part of the little frame house in which Daniel Webster was born is there, constituting the ell of the present two-story house standing on the premises. The room in which Daniel was born is there, precisely as it was Jan. 18, 1782, excepting that now there are two windows in front, whereas, at the former period, there was but one. Of all these facts we satisfied ourselves after patient and thorough investigation.

We now began our toilsome ascent. The sun having passed an hour beyond its high meridian, and our experiences for the day having been not totally unlike those of him of the olden time, who, "in weariness, in watchings often, *in hunger and thirst,* in fastings," pursued his high calling, we halted and went into bivouac. On the eastern slope of Searle Mountain, under the shadow of a huge rock-maple, which stood by the side of a sparkling rivulet, we supplied our wants. A fire was kindled,—the coffee-pot and frying-pan were taken from the carriage, and "salt-hoss and hard-tack" (the soldier's fare) made the foundation of our meal. Old "Nimrod," the faithful animal who had been ridden in the army, was not forgotten, but was led "into green pastures," and had set before him his coveted "gallon of shoe-pegs" which had been brought along for the occasion.

The summit of Searle Hill (more commonly known, perhaps, as Meeting-house Hill) was now our objective point. It is a mile west of Shaw's Corner, on an old road leading to Salisbury Centre. The ascent of this hill, especially from the east, is attended with much labor. The hill is both long and steep—very steep, even for the mountainous regions of New Hampshire. The road is rough, and is now entirely abandoned as a public highway. Giving the horse his head, we toiled up this mountain as pedestrians. Half way up from Shaw's Corner, on the right hand side of the road, is seen an old cellar and all the foundations of extensive farm-buildings. But the voices which once rang on that mountain side are hushed. It was William Webster, a brother to Capt. Ebenezer, who settled on this spot. Here, in his early manhood, he came and selected his home. Here he raised his large family, lived a life of usefulness and died. But this deserted place is further made memorable by the fact that Daniel Webster, after leaving Exeter Academy in the spring of 1797, and before commencing with Rev. Mr. Wood, at Boscawen Plains, taught a private school for a few weeks, on this side-hill, occupying for his school-house a room here in his Uncle William's dwelling-house. Daniel had a fine class of girls and boys, and his brief charge here, it is said, was pleasant and bewitching. This was

"In life's morning march, when his bosom was young."

On the top of Searle Hill, on the left hand side of the road as we are travelling, stood the first church edifice erected in Salisbury. *It could not be hid.* It was a large two-story building, without a steeple, with but little inside finish, and with a pulpit at a dizzy height. Think of bleak December,—the cold blasts sweeping down these old mountains, the roads blocked full in every direction,—no fire in the church, but two long sermons, reaching up to sixteenthly, every Sunday. It's enough to make a saint shudder!

Jonathan Searle, the first occupant of this pulpit, commenced his labors here before the Revolution, viz., in 1773, and closed them, after 18 years

of faithful service, in 1791. He was a graduate of Harvard,—a man of large ability and of lofty and dignified bearing. He was also a man of fine personal appearance. He wore a tri-cornered cocked hat, powdered wig, ornamented knee and shoe buckles, with the most ample surplice and gown. All the Websters worshipped in his congregation. Young Daniel was baptized here, by the Rev. Mr. Searle, in the summer of 1782. The day was pleasant and warm, but on that mountain top there was a strong breeze. After the ceremony of baptism, as the Webster family were leaving the church, a Mrs. Clay, who, no doubt, was an excellent lady though a little intrusive, made herself quite conspicuous. She had on a new bonnet, and a very large one,—it was large for the *fashion*, and fashion at that time justified one simply immense. This bonnet was liberally decked with flowers, feathers and ribbons, and taking it all in all, was well calculated to make a sensation on Searle Hill. This good woman pushed her way into the aisle, congratulated the minister on the felicity of his performance, congratulated Captain Webster and his wife on the auspicious event, patted little Daniel lovingly on the cheek, and chiefly cut off the view of the rest of the congregation. Just as she was leaving the vestibule of the church, a sudden flaw of wind struck her ponderous bonnet, snapped the slender thread that fastened it under her chin, and like riches, that noted bonnet "took to itself wings." This woman called lustily on the dignified Searle, who was nearest to it, to seize the fugitive article of head-adornment; and Searle was willing, but it would be unministerial for him to *run*. She called again—"Do, Reverend sir, catch my bonnet; it will be ruined!" He quickened his pace a little, but still preserved a measured and dignified tread. The distance between pursued and pursuer began rapidly to widen, when good Mrs. Clay, becoming frantic and unguarded, sang out, "Searle, *you devil you*, why don't you run!" The reverend gentleman did then accelerate his motion, and overtaking that indispensable article of head-gear, bore it in triumph to its distracted owner.

A grand-son of this reverend ambassador for Christ, is one of the prominent and solid lawyers of Concord, and it is said that in personal appearance and in many characteristics of mind, he bears a striking resemblance to his worthy ancestor.

The venerable sanctuary, which the winds and rains of heaven beat upon in the last century, has been gone a great many years, and on the old mountain, which was once the abode of numerous and thrifty families, silence now reigns undisturbed. Still the distant view from the summit is as varied and grand as in the days of Daniel Webster's infancy; still the eye takes a broad reach over mountain, mead and vale, embracing no insignificant fraction of

"This universal frame—thus wonderous fair."

Coming on down to the South Road, where stands the chief village of Salisbury, we were fortunate in finding a Mrs. Eastman, a native of that town, and a very intelligent old lady, who was pleased to favor us with items of much interest, and who pointed out the very house (now in a good state of preservation) in which "Daniel Webster, Esq., of Portsmouth, and Miss Grace Fletcher, of Salisbury," were married, in June, 1808.

Night approaching, and the object of our short trip having been more than realized, we struck a bee-line for Concord.

THE COLOURS OF ISANDLWHANA.

BY CHARLES W. COIT.

Not alone in olden story do we hear of deeds of might,
Deeds of valour, deeds of glory, wrought in battle and in fight;
But in modern times the spirit of those days of yore remains,
And, for right and honour dying, his reward the hero gains.
Scarce a twelvemonth has passed o'er us, since, in Afric's sunny land,
Fighting for their Queen and country, died a gallant British band;
Though by savage foes outnumbered, firm they stood and met their fate,—
Bravely met the deadly weapon of the Zulu's fiendish hate.
Hear ye, then, a thrilling story, list ye to a battle lay,—
How they saved old England's colours, on dread Isandlwhana's day.

On the heights of Isandlwhana spread Aurora's rosy hue,
Tinging with the blush of morning crags that never winter knew;
While from rocky cliff the torrent, leaping in its sheer descent,
Caught the golden rays of sunlight, and a thousand rainbows sent.
Scarcely had the daylight's dawning, with its brilliance, put to flight
Lingering stars and gloomy darkness and the dusky shades of night,
When the British bugle sounded in the camp, below the hill,
And the dying notes resounded on the rocks, that erst were still.
Then was bustle and awakening to another toilsome day,
Then was heard the cattle's lowing and the charger's shrilly neigh,
And the soldier's merry whistle, and their cheery shout and play;
For they knew not that around them hidden foes and dangers lay.
From the camp then issued proudly men equipped for mortal fight,
With their arms and sabres flashing, as they caught the morning light;
And the fifes and drums were sounding, as battalions formed in line,
And began their march, obedient to the General's silent sign.
Soon the rear-guard of the column by a turn was lost to view,
And again fair Isandlwhana all-pervading stillness knew.
In the camp remained, on duty, those whose fate concerns us here,
And they whiled away the moments;—strangers they to dread or fear.
But, with wingèd footsteps flying, came a scout at breathless speed;
News he brought of foes appearing; and too truly he had need.
Then was movement and confusion, where before was peace and rest;
But they soon regained their order, prompt for bidding and behest;
And a party moving quickly was despatched to try the foe,
What his motions, what equipment and what numbers he could shew.
Swiftly sped they on their errand, and soon gained th' opposing height,
Then, among the rocks and boulders, vanished from their comrades' sight;
But a desultory firing warned them that the foe was nigh,
And alert they took precautions, with a ready hand and eye.
The approaching noonday's sunbeams found them yet unmoved and still,
When, at once, the scouts appearing hurried headlong down the hill,
Driven by a band of Zulus, the advanced guard of the host,
Who, with savage yells and outcries, spears and darts above them tossed.
Then the British formed in order, on that fatal battle field;
Though they numbered but a thousand, they might die, but never yield.
As, of old, o'er Egypt's coast-lands spread the locusts far and wide,

So appeared that host of Zulus darkening all the mountain's side.
There was wily Cetewayo, with his chieftains young and old,
Smeared with paint, with plumes bedizened, decked with chains and rings of gold.
Round him pressed his dusky warriors, bearing shields of wondrous length ;—
Sons of Afric's burning deserts, proud in stature, frame and strength,
Armed with cruel, barbèd weapons, with the *assegai* and lance,
Destined to be dyed hereafter with th' Imperial blood of France.
As, among the southern islands, of a sudden monsoons rise,
And the leaden clouds of thunder haste across the darkling skies ;
All is quiet, nature's voices silent are, and hushed in fear,
And the deep appalling stillness presages a tempest near ;
Then the awful roar of thunder peals with soul-inspiring dread,
And the lightning flashes vivid, and the deep is dyed with red ;
While on high the whirlwind rages, and sweeps wide o'er sea and land,
And the waves, with unpent fury, lash the shore and shingly strand ;—
Thus, around was deathlike silence, and the echoes yet were still,
While, in crescent-shape advancing, came the Zulus down the hill.
In the camp, in martial order, had the British ta'en their stand,—
Bravely waiting their destruction, that devoted little band ;
But anon the word was given, and the cannon's thundering roar
Burst upon that awful stillness, and the heights knew rest no more :
And the balls made hideous breaches in each serried Zulu rank ;
But a comrade took position where the dying warrior sank ;
And, with steady steps and eager, onward pressed that dense array,
As the wolves, in northern climates, madly rush upon their prey.
Then, as by a signal given, darts and *assegais* they cast,
And, among the British soldiers, stricken men were falling fast.
Still they plied their guns with vigour, and the ground was heaped with slain ;
But the countless hordes of Zulus, nothing daunted, charged amain.
Thrice the Africans, with fury, rushed against the British height ;
Thrice the troops, though faint and weary, put their savage foes to flight.
Thus the battle was contested, while the sun in heav'n rode high,
And the British ranks were thinning ; and, alas ! no help was nigh.
But why ceased the cannon's roaring, and the bullet's whizzing sound ?
Ah ! munition 's failed the gunner ; gone the rifleman's last round !
And the Zulu host exultant to the baggage-waggons pressed,
And, despite the brave defenders, soon the gunners' stores possessed.
As, of old, the Scots, at Flodden, fighting fell around their king :
So, about old England's colours, England's soldiers formed a ring.
With their bayonets and sabres, long they kept the foe at bay ;
But their numbers ever lessened, and no hope before them lay.
Then to save his country's honour sought the leader of the band,
And her colours he entrusted, with a faint and trembling hand,
To the care of two lieutenants, bidding them, with utmost speed,
Leave that direful scene of carnage, sparing neither strength nor steed.
With the colours wrapt around them, plunged they in the battle's tide,
'Midst the swaying mass of Zulus, who assailed on every side.
As, in wintry seas a vessel stoutly braves the tempest's might ;
Though the waves dash high around her, and the billows crested white
Leap upon her massive bulwarks, fold her in their cold embrace,
She escapes their fatal pressure, and outstrips them in her race :
So, among the savage warriors, right and left they cut their way ;
While the Zulus leaped upon them, striving their wild flight to stay,
And some seized the British colours, and would fain have dragged perforce
To the ground those sacred emblems, with the rider and his horse ;

But in hostile blood each gallant, to the hilt, had dyed his sword,
And, before their fiery chargers, yielded fast the Zulu horde;
And among those surging masses had they hewn a ghastly lane,
And, then, soon, though wounded sorely, they were flying o'er the plain.
White with foam, with blood bespattered, flew the steeds more swift than wind,
And, with bounds of Thracian coursers, left pursuers far behind.
As they left the din of battle, evening's breeze bore to the ear,
From the field of Isandlwhana, the last dying British cheer.
As a stag, by huntsmen stricken, drags his weary length along,
And, with ever-failing vigour, seeks to die his haunts among:
So rode Melville and his comrade, faint with wounds, with fighting spent;
While the sun, with fading splendour, rays of crimson lustre sent
Through the trees, upon whose branches perched the birds of plumage gay,—
Hushed their notes of blithesome music, waiting for the close of day;
And among the grass and bushes swiftly sped the wily snake,
And the lion left the forest, at the pool his thirst to slake;
Couched amidst the shady thickets, started oft th' affrighted hind;
Naught disturbed the evening's quiet, save the sighing of the wind,
And the clatter of the chargers, as they hastened on their way,
Bearing their exhausted riders where a rushing river lay.
For nor ford nor ferry waiting, plunged they in the swelling flood,
And the waters hurried onward, crimsoned with the soldiers' blood.
As the panting steeds and weary struggled up the rocky shore,
Coghill, in his saddle reeling, sank to earth, to rise no more.
In his arms his comrade held him, as the sobs came thick and fast,
And the moonbeams fell around him, as the warrior breathed his last.
When, at length, the brave survivor sought his saddle to regain,
Staggering back he felt the death-damp, and in anguish dropped the rein,
Yet unwavering in his duty, as he sank upon the ground,
For a shroud, the British colours his poor frame he wrapped around.
Then her light of silver radiance shed the moon o'er heroes slain,
And the night-wind whistled hoarsely, as it hurried o'er the plain.
Little recked the soldiers' spirits; for at last they were at rest,
And had ceased from war and fighting, in the mansions of the blest.

Thus, in Isandlwhana's battle, cherished they their country's name,
May their deed of self-devotion and their death be giv'n to fame!

O'er the spot, where fell the heroes on that fatal battle day,
Now, a simple cross erected bears the words their comrades pray:

Patriâ et pro Reginâ, Jesu Miserere!

GLIMPSES OF THE HISTORY OF OLD GILMANTON.

BY REV. J. E. FULLERTON.

The advantage of having a state magazine is obvious to one who glances over the volumes of the GRANITE MONTHLY, and notices the valuable collection of articles on New Hampshire history.

Such a magazine serves as a magnet to draw out from the memories of the studious many a choice bit of history, and to collect, where many can read and enjoy, much which would otherwise be only the possession of the few. As in fireside conversation, the anecdote of one refreshes the memory of another, and connected history weaves itself; so, in a magazine which has interest enough in the state to open its pages for numerous and extended articles on local history, one story suggests another, and the history grows.

Great pleasure and profit are derived from the stories about our own state. The aged read of scenes which they but half understood as they viewed or heard of them in childhood. The busy mature, with no time to read the town histories or search the ancient documents, catch at a glance the most interesting parts of the history. The young learn to have a pride in their own state and an interest in her welfare, which means much for her future prosperity.

Old Gilmanton wishes a share of the notice which her sister towns are properly receiving.

She thinks she has a story to tell which is a part of the best history of the state. Her record is one of which all New Hampshire can be proud.

From the part of her old domain, now set off as the town of Gilford, she has sent thirty young men to preach the gospel. What town can boast a larger number of able and worthy sons prominent in the state?

Besides her own villages, she is the mother of the flourishing Gilford village, Belmont, and busy halves of Lake Village and the present Laconia.

Real history is something more than a list of names and dates. We wish to feel the breath of the men who lived before us, and to understand their hopes and fears and to enter into their struggles. If we ask how our fathers built the town, commencing with the question how they came to seek the wilderness and how little by little the wilderness became a fruitful farming town, the log huts gave place to comfortable houses, the schoolhouse and church arose, and the academy and seminary gave tone to society and intelligence to the young, we shall learn the true history.

What led our fathers to seek the wilderness? The same reason which is filling the rich prairies of the west with busy villages. By the deep fireplaces, where the long logs crackled in the winter evenings, the fathers and mothers discussed the question which brings the anxious look to the parents face to-day, "What shall we do with our daughters?" "What shall we do with our sons?" It is true they were people of simple tastes, with powers as far exceeding their necessities as the necessities of the luxurious child of to-day exceeds his powers.

The coarse home-spun was all the youth knew to play the fop with. Up with the dawn and tilling the field till dark, toil was second nature. The simple food of beans, or salt fish, with fresh meat as a special luxury, would be easily supplied. It was the pride of the maiden that the fabric of her own garments was woven by her own hand. With a lack of household conveniences which would paralyze the modern servants, the woman of the period was her own servant and so her own mistress.

With such powers and simple tastes

and necessities it would seem to be a simple question, what shall we do with our children. But it was not so simple. There was no Lawrence, with her thousands of spindles giving employment to the strong and the deft. There was no modern Boston, with her clerkships and stories of wealth; no railroads calling for freight men, with the promise of promotion. Farming must be the great employment.

That the farms of the parents could be broken up for the children was out of the question. The flocks of children were larger in New Hampshire in those days than many of the flocks of sheep are to-day. So a number of the fathers would seek the grant of a township together. The hives would swarm. The new town would grow up.

Gilmanton was huge. Eighteen miles was the length from Northfield, Canterbury and Loudon, to the Lake Winnipiseogee at the Weirs. In some places it was ten miles wide. It contained 83,500 acres. The old town included the present towns of Belmont, Gilmanton, Gilford and the portion of Laconia on the east side of the Winnipiseogee river.

The township was granted in 1727 to 24 persons by the name of Gilman, together with 153 others. Many of the shares were the gift of the government for service in the wars.

The character of the first proprietors and settlers will be the acorn determining the character of the full grown tree. A greater part of the early inhabitants came from Exeter. As Exeter was settled from Massachusetts, and was for some time under Massachusetts, the early settlers were embued with the ideas and habits of the state.

It is worthy of special notice that at least seventeen of the founders were college graduates; twelve of them ministers of the gospel. Others were men of note and influence in their old homes.

Though all the proprietors did not become settlers, their enlarged ideas in regard to the founding of schools and the early building of churches attracted the best class of citizens, and have given Gilmanton a proud record in the state.

The great attractions of the region to-day were the great hindrances to its early settlement.

The beautiful lake on its northern boundary was a favorite resort of the red man as it is of his white brother. The clear waters abounded with food for his scouting parties. The chain of lakes and rivers served as the B. C. and M. Railroad for the Canada Indians, as they made their dreadful incursions upon the white settlers.

Old Belknap was a point of observation which the savage climbed, not to revel in the wonderful view of lake dotted with green islands of mountain and valley, but to see where the curling smoke of some settler revealed the hope of a scalp.

It is not surpising that so exposed a spot was not settled till 1761, when the Indian wars were over.

We little realize the hardships and toils of the early settlers. Imagine all the iron work for the first saw-mill brought on horseback. Or think of the 26th of December, 1761, when Benjamin Mudgett and wife arrive in town. Think of it, oh ye who boast of an hour's walk as a great achievement. The last twelve miles, so the story goes, they came on foot and on snow-shoes. It is not strange that a mile from her journey's end the wife threw herself upon the snow, saying, "I may as well die here as anywhere; if I attempt to go farther it will kill me, and if I stop here I shall but die." She reached her home and lived seventy-three years after.

Imagine Jeremiah Richardson and John Fox and their families coming in March of 1763, from Exeter,—men and women, all on snow-shoes, the last twelve miles of the way. The men can drag along the heavy hand-sleds with some degree of laborious comfort. The women had a hard task to lift the snow-shoes, choose a safe place in the yielding snow, while carrying a baby in their arms.

The snow would give way. The

woman would sink and fall. The child would be laid on the snow, and the mother would recover herself, take up the child and go on. Before them, as the end of their journey, was the log hut, three families eating and sleeping in the one room.

Stout hearts and stouter bodies, strong wills and stronger health, those old settlers needed. Blame not their descendants if their constitutions are feeble and their nerves weak. Physical vitality cannot be entailed for posterity, like the property of England. The rigor of climate and frontier life consumed the nervous energies which their grand-children would have been glad to inherit.

The roads, and mills to saw their lumber and grind their grain, were the first public interests of the new settlers. The town was first surveyed, divided into sections of lots, in tiers called ranges. Dividing these tiers of lots from others would be range ways two or four rods wide, left as public property. When the roads were cut they would necessarily cross the farms of the citizens, and the town would vote a piece of the public land to the citizen to repay him for the loss. As oxen were few, and there were no carriages, a foot or horse path was sufficient for the first road.

The settlers would mark the trees by cutting the bark with an ax, clear out the bushes so that a person on horseback could pass, or an ox sled in winter, lay a log raft across the stream where they could not be forded, and the road was built. These were the highways. Private citizens would cut a narrower rougher path to their own farms. In 1761 a cart path was made from Epsom to the Gilmanton line. The men who cut the path were Orlando Weed, Jeremiah Connor, Benjamin and Thomas Edgerly, Joshua Bean, John and Benjamin Mudgett, John Page, Ephraim Morrill and Samuel Gilman.

The proprietors promised that as soon as there were ten families in town they would build a saw-mill and grist-mill. In 1761 the iron of the saw-mill was brought on horseback by Benjamin Connor, and the mill erected by Stephen Butler. In October, 1762, six pounds were paid by the proprietors for a man and a horse to bring the iron for the grist-mill from Amesbury. Rather expensive freight. Before 1763, when the grist-mill was finished, the settlers carried their grain 12 miles on horseback in summer, or on hand-sleds in winter. Much was probably carried by men on their own backs.

Our fathers were wise and regarded religious and educational privileges as of prime importance. Considering the exceptional caracter and intelligence of the proprietors, we should expect exceptional religious and educational advantages.

Few towns can boast that within one year and eight months from the first settlement, the minister, who was also school-master, was on the ground. The proprietors had promised to support a minister for the first ten years of the settlement. They were wise and fortunate in the selection of Rev. William Parsons, of South Hampton, who arrived in town Aug. 1, 1763, and remained ten years as preacher and school-teacher, and then to the end of his life as citizen. He came from a twenty years' experience in the ministry. He was himself one of the proprietors, and so had a personal interest in the welfare of the town. On horseback or on foot you might have seen the people coming to some private house or school-house to listen to the truth on Sunday, for no church edifice was built till 1774.

From the record of the seventh year of the settlement, we have the first account of public action in regard to schools. A resolution was adopted to hire a teacher eight months. From this time, for years even after he ceased to preach, Mr. Parsons was a teacher of the young.

Who can measure the influence of this intelligent, godly man upon the history of the town. The physician, Dr. William Smith, also taught the schools.

After the Revolution came Eliphalet Wood and Samuel Hidden, afterwards the apostolic minister of Tamworth; both of whom gained renown in the district schools, and left the influence of rare and noble men.

What a beautiful ideal picture it was, and what a rebuke to all the petty jealousy and rivalry of the sects in later times, when the effort was made to have one church and only one settled minister for all Gilmanton.

But where is the man of breadth of sympathy and culture sufficient to understand and teach and influence the various casts of mind and heart which God creates. The rose and the oak and the waving corn must be fed by the same elements from the earth, yet the sap must be according to the nature of each. So the mind of forethought and vigorous inquiring after the great principles of nature and of the government of God may need the same gospel required by the mind, emotional, ardent, careless of the future and of hidden forces. But how different the form of the gospel required.

What one man could hold a community together when all the little infelicities and mutual repellings of neighborhood life arise.

Our fathers in many towns, and Gilmanton among them, tried the experiment of calling one minister for the whole town. But differences in men's natures found expression and sought instruction in separate churches.

In May, 1774, Rev. Isaac Smith commenced to preach for the town in Jotham Gilman's barn. He represented the standing order, but many of the citizens, though taxed for their proportion of the $175 which the town voted him as salary, sought a different teacher.

In September of the same year, when the meeting-house erected by the town was raised, these citizens at their own expense raised a house of worship for a Baptist society. In 1775 it was agreed to omit, in the tax list, for the minister, all persons who should produce a certificate from the wardens of the Baptist church that they have attended that meeting three fourths of the time, and had paid their tax to that society.

They believed, these sturdy brave old farmers, that God had something to do with town affairs. On the 8th of August, 1774, the town voted to set apart Wednesday, the 17th inst, as a day of fasting and prayer in relation to the settlement of a minister. Rev. Mr. Smith was called to settle. He remained with them till his death, which occured the 25th of March, 1817.

The Baptists had no settled pastor for several years.

It seemed a little cruel that the settlers should be called upon to help in the expenses of a burdensome war before they had been able to cut the highways or build the school-houses, and that many should be called to the army who, with their best endeavors, had only gained the simplest necessities for their families.

But the fathers of Gilmanton met their duties in the war of Independence in the proper spirit.

In 1775 the population of the town was 796. Of these, 151 males between the ages of 16 and 50 were, according to the old rule, liable for military duty.

When the news of the battle of Lexington came, 12 hardy yeoman enlisted. Ebenezer Eastman, lieut.; Joshua Danforth, 2d sergeant; John Mudgett, corporal; Thomas Flanders, Stephen Dudley, Jr., John Folsom, Joses Moulton, Edward Sinkler, Thomas Frohock, Dudley Hutchinson, Levi Hutchinson, Benjamin Cotton, Jonathan Currier, Nathaniel Fox. These twelve were a part of the force sent up to Breed's Hill on the night preceding the battle of Bunker Hill to throw up an intrenchment, and during the battle were posted behind a fence with Col. Stark, "where they sorely galled the British."

The poets have sung the praises of the wife of Lieut. Eastman. Hearing the rumor of the battle at Church and that her husband was slain, she

took her infant child in her arms, mounted a trusty horse, and through the woods, guided often simply by the blazed trees which marked off what was called a road, she hastened forty miles to her father's in Brentwood. She leaves her child and hurries on the remaining fifty to Charlestown. The brave woman finds her husband alive.

The brave twelve returned after a service of three months and sixteen days.

Gilmanton was represented in 1776 by Capt. Joseph Badger, Ensign John Parsons, Corporal Bradbury Sinkler, Drummer Richard Sinkler, Fifer Joshua Sinkler, Privates Jeremiah Richardson, Robert Tibbits, Stephen Dudley, Jr., David Clough, John Avery, Thomas Currier, Jonathan James, Stephen Huckins, Nathaniel Dow, Jonathan Marstin, Jonathan Magoon, Samuel Maloon, John Drake, Ebenezer Garland, Jr., Winthrop Durgin, John Rawlings, Benjamin Burleigh.

Rev. Mr. Lancaster's History of Gilmanton tells us they joined the army of Canada and saw service at Ticonderoga and Mt. Independence. They served three years and three days.

Gilmanton's quota in 1777 was 20. Of these, 15 were enlisted from the town. Ezekiel Gilman, Thomas Currier, Moses Mills, Joses Moulton, John Taylor, John Dow, Benjamin Cotton, William Willey, Ambrose Thurston, Sargent Currier, Nathaniel Dow, John Clough, David Mudgett, Thomas Bail, Thomas Piper. These men enlisted for three years or during the war.

The next year a company of minute men, 35 in number, comprised of soldiers from Gilmanton and some surrounding towns, were ordered to the front and did good service.

From the committees chosen for important business, we learn who were the leading citizens. Jan. 7th, 1782, a committee consisting of Gen. Joseph Badger, Rev. William Parsons, Capt. Joseph Moody, Dea. Stephen Dudley, Col. Antipas Gilman and Col Joseph Badger and Benjamin Woodbridge Dean was chosen to examine and report on the new constitution formed at the convention at Concord. The town voted to reject the form of government. Joseph Badger was moderator twenty times in the first twenty-five years, town treasurer six years and clerk three. Dr. William Smith was was clerk twenty-four years. Mr. Badger was also selectman eleven years out of the first fourteen, and his son Joseph, Jr., and Samuel Greeley were the first representatives chosen in 1794. Samuel Shepherd was reëlected eleven times to represent the town. Some of our readers may be interested in a hurried glance at the numerous villages which have grown up in the old town.

Lower Gilmanton was the first region settled. Here lived the old lawyers, Stephen Moody, Esq., John Ham, Benjamin Emerson, and the old physicians, Dr. Silver, Dr. B. Kelley, and Dr. N. C. Tebbetts.

East Gilmanton was of importance. Here was the first Congregational church, and when Gilmanton became a shire town of Strafford county, the court was held in the meeting-house.

Iron Works or Averytown grew up from the operations in iron ore commenced in 1778. The ore was taken from Suncook or Lougee's Pond, in twenty feet of water. The working being unprofitable was discontinued. Here Senator James Bell practiced law and kept the post-office.

Gilmanton Corner has been the social and literary centre of the town. Gilmanton Academy was erected in 1796. In 1799 the county court began to be held in this village. Here Judge Ira A. Eastman commenced his practice. The Theological Seminary was opened in 1836.

Factory Village, now Belmont Village, receives its name from the brick factory erected in 1834. The town of Belmont was left by the separation of the lower part of Gilmanton from it in 1859.

Meredith Bridge Village, Lake Village and Gilford Village were set off in 1812, with the town of Gilford.

The first settler in Meredith Bridge

Village was Samuel Jewett, who came in 1777. He served at Bunker Hill. When he enlisted he was too short, but the enlisting officer run his hand through the soldier's hair and lifted it till it touched the pole under which the soldiers stood, telling him that what he lacked in inches he made up in grit. Daniel Avery who came in 1790, by his energy may be called the father of the village on the Gilmanton side.

Lake Village, for a time, boasted her iron works, the ore for which came from Gunstock mountain. On Gunstock brook, at the foot of the mountain, grew the rural village now called Gilford Village.

Gilmanton boasts her literature ventures. In 1800 appeared the *Gilmanton Gazette* and *Farmer's Weekly Magazine*. The *Rural Museum* appeared the same year. Both soon disappeared.

For four years from its first number, May, 1835, the *Sabbath-School Advocate* was issued. The *Parents' Magazine* was born in Gilmanton, September, 1840, but was early carried to Concord. In 1842 and 1843 the *Biblical Journal* was born and died. The New Hampshire *Repository* was the last venture.

Gilmanton Academy was chartered 20th of June, 1794. Peter L. Folsom, A. B., was the first preceptor, holding the position six years. The tuition was $1.00 a term.

The Academy was, for a while, one of the two principal institutions in the state, and numbers among its graduates many leading citizens. It was a part of the original design to have the Academy furnish a theological training for ministers. A department called Gilmanton Theological Seminary was formed in 1836, "to aid in providing an adequate supply of able, humble, zealous and laborious ministers of the gospel for the churches of the state and country, especially the feeble and destitute."

Rev. Aaron Warner and Rev. Charles Tenney served as professors of sacred rhetoric. Rev. Isaac Bird and Rev. Mr. Cogswell, D. D., professor of christian theology, Rev. Herman Rood and Isaac Bird, professors of sacred literature. Of the first class that graduated in 1838, Stephen Greeley now preaches in the old church, and Father Wallace "cuts a double swath down the broad isle," as the people expected him to do when he first went to Manchester. Long may he swing the scythe of an earnest, sympathetic, wise logic.

Gilmanton soil and climate have been especially favorable to the growth of churches. There have been three Congregational churches. The first, for years the town church, was incorporated in 1817 as the First Congregational Society. Rev. Luke A. Spofford succeeded Rev. Mr. Smith in 1819, and was succeeded in 1825 by Rev. Daniel Lancaster, who became pastor of the second church in 1835.

The Centre (Congregational) church, on the Academy grounds, was organized in 1826. Rev. Herman Rood became pastor the same year. Enjoying the audience from the Academy and the patronage of the Seminary this church has been the leading Congregational church in town. After Mr. Rood's pastorate, it was ministered to by Rev. Daniel Lancaster half the time till he became its pastor in 1835. Mr. Lancaster conferred a great benefit upon the town by compiling a laborious and accurate history, which must serve as the foundation of all future histories of the town.

The Iron Works Congregational Church was organized in 1829. The first pastor, Rev. Charles G. Safford, came in 1831 and remained till 1836. Rev. S. S. N. Greeley was pastor from 1839 till 1842.

The First Baptist Church was organized Nov. 16, 1773. The original male members were Orlando Wood, Thomas Edgerly, Thomas Mudgett, John Fox, Dudley Young, Samuel Weeks.

Sept. 18, 1776, the articles of faith were adopted.

June 15, 1780, Samuel Weeks was ordained preacher with this church.

In 1811 the church was divided. The upper church (Lake Village) called the second Baptist Church. The first church never enjoyed a communion after the division. But a new church was formed June 10, 1818. In 1842 a new house of worship was erected.

Four Free-Will Baptist Churches have been formed in Gilmanton. Elder Aaron Buzzel was the first preacher of the one formed near the Iron Works. The one at Gilford Village was formed by Elder Richard Martin, who seceded from the Calvin Baptist in 1797. The third (Lake Village) was founded in 1810 by Joseph Young, ruling elder, and Peter Clark, leading elder, and commenced with thirty members. They erected a meeting-house in 1811. The fourth (Province Road) was founded Nov. 6, 1816, by Elder John Knowles, and reorganized in 1837.

A Christian Baptist Society was organized in Factory Village in 1839, by Elder Richard Davis, and a house of worship erected in 1840. Elder Davis was succeeded by Elder Knight Allen and John Gillingham.

As early as 1807 a Methodist class was formed, which was continued with occasional visits of the circuit preachers till 1827, when a brick church was erected at Gilmanton Corner at a cost of $2,500.

A society of Friends was formed in 1780, which worships near Academy Village.

In 1811 a Union Meeting-House was built, which afterwards fell into the hands of the Laconia Congregational Church.

There is not opportunity in this brief glance to mention the sons of Gilmanton who have remained and honored the town at home. Gov. Badger was sheriff of the old county of Strafford; president of the Senate of N. H. two years, and Governor of the state. George G. Fogg, the father of the *Independent Statesman*, and Dr. Luther Bell, of McLean Hospital, have honored the town. Hon. Ira A. Eastman, grandson of Lieut. Eastman and his brave wife, has been speaker of the N. H. House of Representatives, a member of Congress, and a Judge on the Supreme Bench.

Brief and fragmentary as this outline has been, it has shown that Gilmanton represents much that is highest and most efficacious in building up the state.

The railroad in its royal gifts has overlooked the old town. The Theological Seminary has become a thing of the past. Her magazines are no more. The courts are held in a section now no more her own. Her farms have little power to keep her young men at home.

But who can tell her future. Blood tells. History has a tendency to repeat itself. The intelligence and character for which she has been famous,—may they long continue.

SNOW.

BY MARY WHITCHER.

What kindness of our Father,
To spread a mantle o'er
All dark and ugly features
Which face of nature bore.
All draped in lily whiteness
The rocks and mountains side,
Alike the vale and hill-tops.—
Thus would our Maker hide
Our darkest wrongs with whiteness,
Our errors and our sin.

If we, beneath the covering
Of mercy would come in.
This is the Lord's pavilion;
It covers all below.
As doth the rain and sunshine,
So doth the mantling snow.
O when shall we consider
What God for us hath done,
And in that loving kindness
Deal kindly with each one?

Shaker Village (Merrimack Co.), N. H.

CAPT. WILLIAM TULLOCK.

COMMUNICATED BY REV. SILAS KETCHUM.

JOHN TULLOCK, of Stromness, Orkney Island, Scotland, was a prominent merchant, and his wife was Jean Sandison. During the American revolution two of his ships, with heavy cargoes from Amsterdam, were captured off the coast of Scotland, by the famous John Paul Jones. These and other losses impaired his fortune, and he served as King's pilot north about Stromness. While acting as such in a naval engagement under Lord Nelson, a cannon ball passed so near as to paralyze his hand. The shock, it was thought, hastened his death, which occurred at Rochester, England, 6 Sept., 1800, when he was 56 years old.

CAPT. WILLIAM TULLOCK, son of the above, born at Stromness, 11 May, 1781, was early possessed of a passion for the sea, and sailed, when he was twelve years of age, in a vessel bound to Philadelphia, and thence as a cabin-boy to Portsmouth, N. H., in a vessel owned by Martin Parry, an eminent merchant of that town. In 1794 he commenced service with Capt. Samuel Pierce, of Portsmouth, and was there naturalized in the United States District Court, in March, 1805.

He rose rapidly in his profession, and was accounted an experienced navigator. His voyages previous to 1815 cannot be definitely traced. But a memorandum of those subsequent to that date, shows that he was constantly employed, was seldom in port longer than to discharge his cargo and reload, and that he sailed his vessels without disaster. He was in the employ of Ruben Shapley, Thos. Manning, Jacob Sheafe, Geo. Long, Titus Salter and others, and commanded ships, *Geo. Long* and *Manning*; brigs, *Sultania*, *Equator*, *Horizon*, *Success* and *Margaret*; schooners, *Brilliant*, *Two Sisters*, *Betsey*, *Victory*, *Enterprise*, and other vessels.

Sailing as master of the *Equator* from New York, 20 June, 1809, with a cargo of rice and tobacco, his vessel was captured off the port of Amsterdam, 8 Aug., by the French privateer *Nebe*, Capt. Jolly, under the Berlin and Milan decrees, and the ship and cargo were confiscated. Under the administration of Andrew Jackson, who insisted on a settlement with American claimants, the French government indemnified the owners for their losses.

He sailed 1 Jan., 1811, on a voyage from Portsmouth to Bath, Maine, and thence to Hull, England, in the brig *Horizon*, encountering severe gales and very heavy seas; the passage occupying sixty-four days, and obliging him to go into dry-dock for repairs. Returning, he arrived in Portsmouth 2 Sept., 1811, and was warmly commended for his seamanship.

From another voyage, made in the brig *Margaret*, Capt. Tullock returned to Portsmouth, 24 April, 1812. On the 26th of June following he took command of the privateer, *First Consul*. John Reding, Jr., father of Hon. John R. Reding, formerly Member of Congress from New Hampshire, was his first lieutenant, and the late Capt. Eben Lord was his steward. Full and interesting orders to govern his cruising, in the hand-writing of the late Hon. George Long, of Portsmouth, are still preserved.

During the war of 1812, while becalmed in the Bay of Fundy, the fog which had prevailed lifted, and the privateer captain found himself confronted by a British Man-of-war. Resistance was simply waste of life. Capt. Tullock surrendered, was taken to Halifax, and imprisoned on Amelia island, where he remained several weeks. He then succeeded with others in eluding the guards, swam to a

French fishing-smack at anchor, and escaped to the coast of Maine.

He was again captured on the schooner *Dart*, on a passage from Portsmouth to France, was carried to Portsmouth, England, and paroled to go to Reading, fifty-nine miles from London, whither he went to remain as a prisoner of war awaiting exchange. When this was effected does not appear, but he wrote from Reading, 20 May, 1813, expecting to be included in the next cartel. He was again taken prisoner by the British and paroled at St. Mary's on the Spanish Main.

In the famous "Sea Fencibles," a company organized in Portsmouth during the same war, to repel any sudden invasion of that port, and composed entirely of officers from the merchant marine, Capt. Tullock was an officer.

After the war Capt. Tullock sailed from Portsmouth for Rio Janiero, and had orders to bring home the guns and other property belonging to a Portsmouth privateer which had been condemned as unseaworthy. Returning with these on board, when in the latitude of the West India Islands, he was boarded by a British Man-of-war, and was informed that they were in pursuit of a noted pirate vessel which had captured several merchantmen in that vicinity. They described the vessel, and offered to convoy him if he desired protection; but the offer was declined.

Toward evening a vessel, answering the description, was descried bearing down upon him. Capt. Tullock had up the cannon from the hold, made temporary port-holes, and placed his guns in position on deck. Handspikes were dressed in sailors' clothes to give the appearance of a numerous crew. The pirate lay "off and on" during the night, and at daylight bore down upon the ship. When within good gun-shot distance Capt. Tullock rounded to, and delivered a well-directed broadside of langrange shot, which caused the pirate to put about with all speed; but Capt. Tullock continued to send his compliments after it, till the ship was beyond range. The cannon used in this emergency lay, not many years ago, near the Pier Wharf in Portsmouth.

Capt. Tullock when sailing the *Two Sisters*, in 1826, was chased by a pirate, but having the fleeter vessel escaped. The next year a piratical craft kept company with him many hours; but there being a heavy sea the pirates were unable to board him, and during the night he took leave of them.

When in command of the *Brilliant*, on a passage from Gibraltar to Havana in 1819, he discovered the rocks off the Formigas or Ants of the Azores, marked on the charts as "Tullocks Rocks." Purdy, the hydrographer, has the *Brilliant's* track over the Bahama Banks on his West India charts, and calls the shoals the "Brilliant Shoals."

On the 14th of July, 1825, Capt. Tullock sailed from Portsmouth in the ship *George Long*. The crew mutinied the first day out; he, however, returned to Portsmouth harbor, signalled the fort, and a squad of soldiers came on board and arrested the mutineers. The fear of the crew was that the ship was not seaworthy; but she was found on examination to be perfectly sound, and sailed again for Buenos Ayres, 21 July, with a new crew.

Gathering many curious articles in his foreign voyages, he contributed many of them to the museum of the Portsmouth Athenaeum, a collection in which many of the old ship-masters interested themselves.

On the 15th of March, 1829, he sailed from Portsmouth in the *Enterprise* for Jeremie, West India, for a cargo of mahogany, and died at that port very suddenly, 3 June, 1829.

Capt. Tullock married (1) at Portsmouth, 14 Dec., 1802, Eunice Tuttle, who died 5 Feb., 1806, leaving one son, William S., since deceased; he married (2) 29 March, 1809, Statira, sister of Capt. Thomas Manning (a patriot citizen and merchant of Portsmouth), who died 20 Dec. 1813, leaving no children; and (3) 17 April,

1815, Mary Neal, widow of Capt. John Barnes, who died 25 July, 1846, leaving three children: Robert Neal, Thomas Logan and Mary Jane, all of whom were young when their father died.

The second of the above is the Hon. Thomas L. Tullock, Assistant Postmaster of Washington City, D. C., formerly Secretary of State of New Hampshire, a man of life-long service in public affairs, of wide connections, and a national reputation.

LILACS.

BY LAURA GARLAND CARR.

Anear the school-house where I learned to spell,
Just up the hill, and on a little way,
There stood a house where sunbeams brightest fell—
Or so I fancied—and made longest stay.

Time stained and old, with moss be-sprinkled roof,
And green things crowding close on every side,
Lombardy poplars watching it aloof,
Hugging themselves as with ancestral pride.

It squarely faced the sunny south, and turned
Sharp angles to the public way near by,
As some wise people, having once discerned
The truth and light, will custom's ways defy.

Tall lilac bushes grew each side the door,
So tall they reached above the drooping eaves;
And thick along the wall were many more,
With wealth of bloom and satin sheen of leaves.

I looked across the yard with hungry eyes
One dewy morn when walking all alone,
And thought—what bliss if I could gain the prize
Of one fair branch, and call it all my own!

Up through the garden walk, with footsteps light,
A lady came, in Quaker garments dressed;
With smooth gray hair beneath a cap, snow white,
A spotless kerchief pinned across her breast.

"What does thee want?" she said. Her voice was low,
And fell like music on my childish ear,
While the sweet smile that made each feature glow
Won all my heart, and banished every fear.

She filled my hands with blooms. I watched her face,
Wond'ring if angels wore that kind of look,
Till on my brain each line had left its trace,
Clear and distinct as picture in a book.

I never saw her more; but all these years,
When lilac bushes deck themselves in spring,
Framed in their purple her calm face appears,
Nor ever fails a pleasant thrill to bring.

THE DIPLOMA OF THE NEW HAMPSHIRE STATE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

THE WEBSTER ELM AND WELL. MEADOWS, THE ENGRAVER; HIS CONFINEMENT IN THE VERMONT STATE PRISON; THE APPLICATION FOR HIS PARDON VETOED BY GOV. WILLIAMS; GRANTED AFTERWARDS BY GOV. ERASTUS FAIRBANKS. MEADOWS' REFORM.

BY HON. GEO. W. NESMITH, LL. D.

Early in the year of 1851 the directors of the New Hampshire State Agricultural Society voted to furnish an appropriate diploma for the use of the society. The task was imposed upon the president and secretary to provide it.

Their first object was to procure a good steel plate engraving from an artist, with proper matter and emblems impressed thereon. Upon inquiry we ascertained that one of the most accomplished engravers was then confined in Vermont's state prison. His name was Meadows. He had been employed by the famous "*Bristol Bill*" in the business of counterfeiting money, and while thus engaged both were detected in Groton, Vt., and were tried, convicted and sentenced to the state prison in Windsor, Vt., and were then and there suffering the just penalties of the law. Our secretary, John S. Walker, Esq., was authorized to visit Meadows and engage his services. The efforts of Mr. Walker were seconded by the kind aid of Mr. Harlow, the warden of the state prison, so that for a moderate compensation Meadows agreed to execute a plate for us in his best style of workmanship. Meadows suggested that he prized liberty much higher than money, and if we would engage to procure his pardon he would most certainly furnish us a more perfect article. Whereupon, Mr. Walker pledged himself that the officers of the society would use their honest exertions to secure, if possible, his liberation from his imprisonment. We were also required to furnish suitable designs for the plate. He was provided with Ceres with her golden sheaf, and the Goddess of Liberty with her symbolic cap. Another part of the plate had a good representation of the horse, the ox, cow and sheep, with many fine specimens of the feathered tribe, &c. Meadows remarked there was still room for the delineation of a tree, and required us to furnish a sketch of such a one as we might select.

We had a temporary resident in Franklin at that time, by the name of Almonte. He was a painter by profession. He was not successful in giving us a true graphic picture of the "human face divine," but had a happy talent in sketching a tree or landscape. We located him at the birthplace of Daniel Webster with the request to draw out, in his best manner, the stately elm tree, which had been planted over the well of sweet water by his honored father nearly one hundred years before, together with the well curb below, and the well sweep above, fastened to a limb of the tree, all which were necessary appendages thereto. Here was a well of uncommon cool and pure water, and it was the uniform custom of Mr. Webster never to pass by it without enjoying its refreshing power. Upon two different occasions, in the autumn of 1851, while Mr. Webster was enjoying his visit at Franklin, we partook with him the cool, pure water from this famous old well. At one of these times, after quaffing off his cup, in the exhilaration of the moment, he exclaimed, "This is sweeter than *Hybla's honey*.

The gods never enjoyed *nectar* like this." Above us the old elm sent out its wide spreading branches about sixty feet from its trunk, dispensing its fragrance around. We heard the well say to this tree :—

I give my pledge to this good old elm tree,
That has so long spread his branches o'er me,
That if you will longer lend your shade,
Most surely you shall be well repaid,
And thus let the world around us see
That we still live in love and unity.
Now let us sing to the brave hero, who planted us here
Though his *light* is gone out, his *memory* is still dear.

We seem to hear Mr. Webster, as he alluded to his well, sing :—

"We have a well, a deep old well,
Where the spring was never dry,
And the cool drops down from the mossy stones
Were falling constantly;
And there never was water half so sweet
Drawn up to the curb by the rude old sweep,
That my father's hand set up;
And that deep old well, oh! that deep old well,
I remember now the plashing sound
Of the bucket as it fell."

After the interval of a few days, Meadows returned his plate, giving us a diploma, which afforded to the practiced eye of Mr. Webster a very exact transcript of his favorite elm tree.

Thus far he had been a stranger to our efforts to give notoriety to it through the skill of the artist. He at once remarked upon seeing it, "This is a true resemblance of the tree at my birthplace. Who is the engraver, that has done this? Where does he dwell? I have been searching for such a man. We want him at the State Department to engrave some maps." We gave him our account of him. His next question was, "Why do you bury your best talents in your state prisons? Is Meadows an old offender?" Our answer was that Dr. Wm. J. Walker of Charlestown had informed us that he was the most finished engraver in New England. He knew him at Boston, and he was a quiet, inoffensive man in private life, but was over confiding and was likely to be led astray, when guided by the plastic hand of a cunning, designing man like Bristol Bill. We then told Mr. Webster that we were pledged to procure a pardon for Meadows, provided he executed for our society a satisfactory plate, and asked him if he would consent to lend his aid. To this proposition he gave his willing consent. Accordingly, he soon afterwards addressed a letter to Hon. Charles K. Williams, then governor of the State of Vermont, praying for the pardon of Meadows. On the 5th day of December, 1851, we made a similar request. On the 18th of the same December, Gov. Williams returned a respectful answer declining to liberate Meadows, assigning as reasons :

1st. That it was not usual to grant pardons to convicts who had served so short a proportion of the term of time for which they were sentenced.

2d. That he had instituted an inquiry into the character of Meadows, and found he was guilty of a *second offence*, for which he was now suffering, and for this reason, he must decline to interfere in his behalf.

These reasons appeared satisfactory to us, and hopes of freedom by Meadows were suspended for a time. Hon. Erastus Fairbanks, of St. Johnsbury, was the immediate successor of Gov. Williams. In the spring of the year 1853 Gov. Fairbanks informed us that he had found our letters to Gov. Williams in the Executive Department at Montpelier, wherein we had solicited the pardon of Meadows, and that he intended to investigate thoroughly the whole case, and that Meadows then had served out about half of his sentence. Gov. Fairbanks informed us soon afterwards that he had made up his mind to pardon Meadows and had assigned the 4th of July as the time to execute his purpose, that he had invited the wife of Meadows to be then present. Accordingly, when that day arrived, Gov. Fairbanks repaired to Windsor, delivered his pardon to Meadows, and what was better, contributed one hundred dollars towards a new dwelling in Windsor for Meadows, and procured other liberal gentlemen to pay their money, by means of which a home and a decent livelihood was afterwards procured for him, and enjoyed by him during the remainder of his life. His subsequent career was

respectable. He avoided his old companions. Friends furnished him employment in his profession. We have seen in and about Windsor and Hanover many trophies of his genius, and we believe he led the life of substantial reform. He died some years since. One great object of this communication is to show the kind and degree of influence and help which may be found necessary to reclaim the *talented prisoner*, who may be even guilty of the *second offence*. The remedy is found in the *total abandonment* of bad companions and in the timely *aid* of friends.

MAID MARIAN.

BY ABBA GOOLD WOOLSON.

Not she who wore the kirtle green
In merry England's famous wood,
The happy-hearted bandit queen,
Maid Marian of Robin Hood.
My darling bears her gentle name
In lands unknown to ballad fame;
No bugle winds, nor hunter calls,
Where tower her father's palace halls.

All day she trails her silken skirt
Of Lincoln green o'er marble floors,
And trembles if the breezes flirt
Rose-petals 'gainst the bolted doors:
Where oft her dainty feet must cross
Lie fleecy carpets, soft as moss:
And carven ceilings proudly spread
Their snowy garlands o'er her head.

Maid Marian, at ease reclined,
Cares naught for forest rangers bold:
One dream is dearer to her mind
Than all the simple rhymers told:
For me, I swear, when e'er the shine
Of those soft eyes enkindles mine,
To shield her close, come weal or woe,
From every breath the winds may blow.

My mother, when I bring her home,
Will ask me what my love can do;
If she can spin the flax alone,
Or help her maids to bake and brew:
And when with idle, lily hands
The little sprite before her stands,
Oh tell me, tell me what to say
To charm my mother's scorn away.

To say? What clumsy words of mine
Prevail as do the maiden's eyes?
What answer could my thought design
To match her lips, for sweet replies?
No heart, though steeled to pretty wiles,
Can brave the beauty of her smiles:
And thus, with winning graces drest,
My love shall plead her cause the best.

AN ELEGANT DESCRIPTION OF THE EMPRESS MARIE, WIFE OF EMPEROR PAUL, OF RUSSIA, BY MADAME LE BRUN.

CONTRIBUTED BY HON. GEO. W. NESMITH.

The Empress Marie was a handsome woman. She was tall and commanding, with splendid fair hair.

I remember seeing her once at a ball, with her beautiful curly locks falling each side of her shoulders, surmounted with a coronet of diamonds. This tall, stately figure rose majestically by the side of Paul, forming a striking contrast. A noble disposition was added to so much beauty. The Empress Marie was really like the woman spoken of in the Bible, and her virtues were so well known that she, perhaps, was the only woman whom Calumny dared not to attack. I confess I felt proud at being honored by her notice, and the nice ways by which she always showed her kindness.

MAJOR FRANK.

BY MME. BOSBOOM-TOUSSAINT,—TRANSLATED BY SAMUEL C. EASTMAN.

IV.

The castle presented all the marks of ancient wealth and of a decay already dating from a remote period. The approach was by a drawbridge, long since immovable, leading straight to a door defaced by age, whose leaves swung with difficulty on the rusty hinges. Built in the rich, solemn, somewhat affected style of the stadtholder, William III, the edifice was composed of a great central part, of a circular form, relatively better preserved than the rest, and two wings stretching out behind, which seemed to be uninhabited and even uninhabitable. The window-glass was for the most broken, and in some places replaced by gray paper. Broken vases, in which aloes struggled for life, adorned the broad flight of steps which led to the entrance. Captain Rolfe came to meet us. Blue jacket and pantaloons; waistcoat buttoned to the chin: black stock, which seemed to be a part of his skin; all, without speaking of the order of Willem and of the iron cross, with which he was decorated, nor of the fatigue cap, worn askew over one ear, all betokened the old soldier. He must have passed his fiftieth year, but his hair was still brown, and the stiffness of his long pointed moustache denoted an immoderate use of cosmetics. He had a ruddy complexion, brown and dull eyes, rough features, with something sensual in his thick lips, and something common in his short fat chin. He dragged one leg after him with some difficulty, leaning on a cane; he had a German pipe in his mouth and he greeted us in this singular fashion:

"Well, Major, you have taken a prisoner. As for us, we have had a devil of a breakfast, waited a half an hour, the eggs hard, beafsteak like leather, the General in a bad humor, and all because our young lady chose to ride on horseback at the wrong time, to come back on foot to headquarters and to bring there in triumph the hero of this fine adventure."

"All that, Captain," answered Frances, "because your Major, do you understand? your Major has had the pleasure of meeting Leopold de Zonshoven, her cousin; let that suffice, and if you have any more complaints to make, enter them on the report."

Thereupon I followed her into the vestibule, where a servant received us with a military salute, and ushered us into a large saloon, hung with gilded leather, where the General was sleeping in an arm-chair with a high back.

Instead of the bully whom I had imagined, according to the accusations of my old aunt, I saw a little thin old man, whose countenance had an air of distinction, in a dressing gown of worn damask. His nose was long and small, his lips thin and pale, his eyes, which opened on my entrance, of a clear blue, with an expression of continual drowsiness or fatigue. His hands were white and dried up, with the veins very distinct. On his finger he had a large gold ring, with a carnelian seal, on which was engraved his coat of arms, which served for a seal, and which he continually played with, even when speaking, with a certain nervous agitation. Frances told him my name and intentions.

"A relative! Mr de Zonshoven! Ah! yes, I remember," said he, with some embarrassment, which showed that his recollections were very vague. Nevertheless, he invited me to sit down while Frances asked the Captain if there was any breakfast left for two famished pedestrians. I was obliged to content myself with a bit of cold

meat, and a glass of port wine, which the captain produced in honor of the "gentleman." Suddenly the said captain placed himself before me and said in the most flippant tone, "Let me look at you at my ease; a young man who, like you, has found favor with our Major, must have something peculiar."

I was hesitating whether I should answer this impertinence as I had the right to, when the General intervened in an authoritative tone: "Rolfe," said he, "there are pleasantries that are allowable between us; but you forget that we are not alone, and you are wanting in the respect you owe to Miss Mordaunt."

"Excuse me, General. You ought to have given me my orders in advance. Now, I shall not forget."

It was clear to me that the Captain had long been accustomed to these vulgar familiarities and that I ought not to take them too seriously. He did his best to make amends for his fault by drinking my health cordially. I eat as rapidly as possible in order to renew my conversation with the old General. Frances had in the meantime gone out. The General of his own accord recalled me to his arm-chair. "Tell me, young man," said he to me, "is this the first time you have met my grand-daughter?" "The first time, General," and I gave him a rapid account of my pilgrimage in the vicinity of the castle. "So much the better," said he, with a sigh of relief, "Frances has excellent qualities, I can assure you, but she has her peculiarities and even her little oddities. She is not afraid to speak bluntly and likes to brave it out. That has cost her more than one friendship, and I was afraid that she had to make amends to you for some momentary wrong." I protested the contrary. "Then explain something to me," he continued, "Frances says that you are a relative, and in fact, I recollect having heard sometime of a Zonshoven related to my deceased wife. It was so long ago—" "My grand-mother, General, was one of Roselaer young ladies." "That is it, and did not she marry a Frenchman?" "A Belgian, General, Beuen d'Hermaele." "Ah, yes, but that was in the time of the French, when we did not look so closely into nationality. Our differences with Miss Sophia prevented us from making his acquaintance. The two made their home in Belgium, and later, under William I, I learned that the Baron d'Hermaele stood very well at court." "It was that which cost him his life," I added, "for he was faithful to his prince during the Belgian revolution, his mansion was pillaged by the populace, and he himself was killed in the tumult." "And what became of his widow and children?" "The widow returned to Holland with her son and seven daughters, the eldest of whom married my father, the chevalier de Zonshoven. I am their only son."

"Then I am your great-uncle, young man."

"That is the way I make it, and that is the reason why—"

"You don't come to talk to me about family matters, I hope?"

"But, uncle, we can talk about family matters without necessarily bringing in anything disagreeable."

"Humph! you are a Zonshoven, a stranger to all the old feuds of the Roselaers. Treasures have been engulfed in the law suits they stirred up. Frances and I still suffer on account of them. You see if you come to bring any new burden for Frances or any humiliation for me — I know what it is, the validity of my marriage in Switzerland is disputed. Be a gentleman; share her this trial of which she knows nothing. Perhaps, old and feeble as I am, I might find some means of stopping the gap; but be frank and tell me plainly—"

"I assure you, General, that my whole desire, as I have already promised Miss Mordaunt, is to save you from everything disagreeable. I simply desired to renew the too weak bonds of relationship, and my earnest wish is that a Zonshoven may have the good fortune to heal the wounds made by the Roselaers."

"Many things would be needed for that. In the first place we should want a deal of money. And, pardon me, if I am not mistaken, the Zonshovens were not rich."

"True, General. My grand-mother and her children barely lived on the pension given to the widow of Baron d' Hermaele, and this pension died with her."

"And the king did nothing for her daughters?"

"What could you expect, uncle? The only son received a strong support, but died in the flower of his age. Could the king remember his sisters? Besides we did not like to beg for favor, and up to the present time, we have managed our own affairs as we could."

"You surprise me, nevertheless at the present time there is a Zonshoven who is minister of foreign affairs."

"He is my paternal uncle, but I have very little respect for him. He married for money; he married millions and a coffee-colored young lady, who brought them from the Indes, without any education, mind or even heart. I am on bad terms with him and shall continue to be, for I must humble myself before him to recover his good graces."

"Always the way with the Roselaer blood."

"Pardon me, General, I am not vindicative, but I am proud. Poor and tenacious of my independance, I have lived soberly, without factitious wants. I have never sacrificed my liberty, and to tell you the whole, I value that even more than my noble blood."

"Bravo! well said!" came a voice from the other end of the saloon, which was none other than that of Frances, who had returned without my noticing her.

"Frances," replied the old General in a bitter tone, as if this exclamation of his grand-daughter had burst upon his ears with the sound of a reproach, "it is hard at my age to be forced to bear even indirect accusations,—eh!"

At this moment, the captain reappeared to propose to the old Baron a game of piquet, thinking, as he said with a certain irony, that the General had had his family interview and his usual remedy for melancholy would be welcome; but the General declined, and Frances ordered the Captain to go after her riding whip, which she had dropped on the heath, near the woods. "A droll task you give me there," he replied in a somewhat bad humor, "still, since you care for it, and I am not in service to-day, I will try."

"You are a little despotic," said I to Frances, who smiled.

"Ah, sir, this is nothing," replied the vassal, who had become submissive, "when Miss Major was a child, it was entirely different, and she has made me see stars."

"Just because you spoiled me, your punishment is severe to-day. Give me your hand, old Rolfe, I do not yet promise you absolution, but a truce."

The old soldier took the hand she held out. His eyes were moist; I discovered a strong affection under this uncouth envelope, and ashamed of his emotion, he wished to beat a sudden retreat. Suddenly he turned back and approached Frances. "I know very well that I disturb you, but better I than Fritz. The gentleman's coachman asks at what hour he intends to return." And I heard him add in a low tone, "I have been and had a review of the turkeys and there is only one that could be put on the spit, but not to-day—"

I hastened to intervene, "I ask nothing better than to pass the day here; as for dinner, I claim pot-luck."

"Certainly you will dine with us," said the General; "will he not, Frances?" added he speaking to his grand-daughter, who acquiesced after a little hesitation.

"And even I think that he had better pass the night in the castle rather than leave to-night by our bad roads."

"But where shall we lodge our relative; We have no chamber."

"Come now," interjected Captain Rolfe, "we could lodge a company."

"Of your comrades, perhaps," replied Frances, with a little bitterness,

"but our relative, accustomed to the mansions of the Hague—"

"Your relative is accustomed to a furnished room in a modest house, Frances, and knows perfectly well how to sleep on the first straw mattress that comes."

The old Baron plainly suffered from the suggestions of Frances.

"Very well, so be it," said she, "you wish to stay here; stay, I will try to find for you a chamber where the glass is not all broken. Captain, you are relieved from the task of going after my riding-whip. To-day you shall discharge the duties of quarter-master. Forward, march." And taking him by the arm, she led him out of the saloon.

She came back a few minutes later, while her grand-father sought to palliate what was so little encouraging in the reception I had met. The manner of Frances towards me had again become cold, haughty, indicating even spite and irritation. Nevertheless she made a great effort to control herself, and, as the weather was now fine, she proposed that we three should take a walk in the garden.

Behind the castle was an old bird-house, towards which we bent our way. The bird-house, very dilapidated like all the rest, was now only a poultry-yard, ruled over by the captain. Ascending, we came to a kiosk in the shape of a cupola, in the style of the 18th century, ruined by dampness, and which only served to protect against the north winds those who wished to sit on the worm-eaten benches. For compensation, once there we enjoyed a magnificent prospect over the heath and the undulations of land which succeeded each other as far as the eye could reach. Frances did not tire of admiring this landscape at once strange and simple; but I saw that her grand-father was given up to quite different thoughts than those of picturesque beauties. All these lands, the neighboring woods, the barns, whose roofs could be seen, all had formerly constituted the domain of castle Werve, all ought to revert to his grand-daughter, and he would not leave her an inch of land.

"By the way, nephew," said he abruptly, "what became of the six other d'Hermaele young ladies, your mother's sisters?"

"Oh! grand-pa, you wish to know if cousin Leopold has still a chance of becoming rich, if there is not on that side some aunt to inherit from!"

"The question is easily answered," I hastened to reply, "three died a long time ago; two others are very well married, for they did not hesitate at a misalliance, but they have children: I have also an aunt Sophia, whom the rest of the family and myself support as well as we can."

"Ah! an aunt Sophia! Did they by chance have the bright idea among the d'Hermaele of giving for a god-mother that old sorcerer Sophia Roselaer??"

"Perhaps, General, but I don't certainly know. My mother spoke very little about the past history of her family."

"Still it seems that she has not chosen her for her heir. Without doubt, you, Leopold, like us, did not receive any communication of her death and were not invited to her funeral? So far as I am concerned, I am quite indifferent, or rather, I expected it. Still I don't understand why she has carried her hate so far as to disinherit the only grand-daughter of her sister."

"As to me," said Frances in a tone of pleasantry, "I have never expected anything from her. And yet who knows? If I had wished— I only met her once in my life and it seems that the first interview one has with me, does not leave a very favorable impression (she glanced maliciously at me). Finally it only depended on me to prolong the acquaintance, and who knows if at this moment Major Frank is not brilliantly remembered in the will?"

"What! you have seen the old chatter-box?" broke in Gen. Von Zwenken, "and never said anything about it. When and where did you meet her?"

"At the beginning of this year, when I was obliged to go to Utrecht on a certain business that cousin has no need to know—"

"She never wants anyone to know the good she does," murmured the General.

"Bah! It was a very simple duty I had to perform. I was going to consult Dr. D—— about a poor insane woman. When I came to the doctor's door, I had a dispute with his servant, who thought it best to put me off till the next day on the pretext that the hour for consultation was over, and that her master was at breakfast with his family. I got on my high horse, and intimidated the dolt so successfully that he did not dare to refuse to carry my card to the doctor. He ordered that I should be brought in; I found him, in fact, breakfasting with two ladies who were introduced to me, one as his sister, and the other as his friend; he politely invited me to share in the very simple repast, and as I was voraciously hungry, I accepted without demure. I soon noticed that the lady friend watched me with her black eyes, which seemed to pierce me through and through. Her conversation was amusing. She cut right and left without pity; that provoked me, one word brought on another, until we were almost quarrelling. It was my great-aunt Sophia herself, as I learned a little later. But just fancy, the malicious elf managed to introduce her own name into her scandal and to ask me if I knew her and what I thought of her! I simply said that I had heard her spoken of, that there had been differences between her and my parents, but that I did not think it right on that account to attack her behind her back before strangers. She replied that I was right. The doctor did not seem at his ease, and broke up the interview by inviting me into his office. The consultation over, as I was leaving, I met the old lady in the vestibule; she asked me to go with her a little ways, as she was going to call on a friend, at whose house her carriage was to meet her. I consented, but I now knew who she was, and I was on my guard, especially when she invited me to pass a day with her. I declined—"

"That was impolite and imprudent," interrupted the General.

"It was in accordance with the spirit of all your relations with her, grand-papa, and I don't know how she took my refusal; but she hardly had time for reflection. A company of students, of those who are more regular in their attendance at the club than at their lectures, began to follow us and amused themselves with remarks, which were not very flattering. It is true that my toilette was very careless and that the old lady, with her impossible hat and her plaid shawl, looked very much like a caricature. It is certain that our appearance, and especially the hat, so excited these gentlemen that they gave free vent to their witticisms. I began to tremble, but controlled myself and knew how to tell them to their faces, that it was disgraceful and a great shame for young gentlemen to conduct themselves like street Arabs. My remarks were not badly received. The fact is that they retired somewhat penitent, and some of them even stammering excuses. We were then quite near the house of Van Beck, the notary, where Miss Roselaer was going, and she did not leave me without thanking me with some warmth for my protection and presence of mind. If I had known, grand-papa, that the account of this little scene would have amused you, you should have been regaled by it three months ago; but I was afraid that you would be vexed on hearing that I had met with aunt Sophia."

"And you never heard anything more from her?" asked Gen. Von Zwenken.

"No, and yet I have reason to believe that she wished to oblige me. I had been obliged to make arrangements at Utrecht for the treatment which my poor insane woman needed. The great question was one of money, and I confess to you that it troubled me; but that same evening I received

a note from Dr. D——, saying that the difficulty was removed by a rich lady friend who desired to remain unknown. That is all the result of my meeting with aunt Sophia, and that is why I have some reason for being astonished that she has included me in the hate she felt towards our family."

"That woman was capable of everything," grumbled the General.

For me all was cleared up. It was plain that my great-aunt had changed her will after this incident, about two months before her death. I felt myself more bound than ever to do my best to realize her intentions. I must conquer. I must marry Frances, and I must confess that this prospect did not greatly repel me. This upright and strong character, this solid yet delicate mind, her original and piquant beauty animated me with already passionate desire of asking her hand; still I must wait and see. There was more than one disturbing mystery in her past history, which I must have cleared up at any cost, and then how can I dispose of her aversion to marriage, to men, and even to society? But to tell all now, as I for a moment wished, would be to risk all. Once having given her refusal, she was a woman to suffer torture rather than withdraw it. I must wait, take advantage of a happy chance, study. Our conversation was interrupted by Fritz, who came for the Captain, and making a military salute, to remind Frances that she was wanted for the pudding sauce, and to prepare the dessert. She excused herself and left me alone with the General. I availed myself of that circumstance to get an invitation to stay longer. Fritz was ordered to take me to a room which was allotted to me. I ascended by a broad oak staircase to the second story of the left wing, and I entered a large chamber, containing a large antique bed, with red mohair curtains. I was surprised at the comparative obscuurity which prevailed there. The room was, or at least ought to have been lighted by three large windows; but the shutters of the two corner windows were closed, and those of the middle window were only half open. There were no curtains and the glass in two closed windows was nearly all broken

I comprehended the situation. The light near the one serviceable window was sufficient, a single broken pane was replaced by a sheet of white paper. My eyes became accustomed to the twilight and I recognized the venerable relics of a beautiful chamber in the style of Louis XV, with painted wainscot and panels, very much defaced by dampness and rats; a large sofa, covered with worn red damask, with here and there a hole; chairs of various patterns, not one of which seemed to be very safe; a table standing on three bears' feet, whose claws had once been gilded, and with a top of mosaic marble, several pieces of which were missing. Under an antique mirror, in which nothing could now be seen, was a plain modern wash-stand, which had evidently been brought in for my use. The view, obtainable from my only window, was very fine. It was a beautiful landscape of Guilders, heightened by the ruins of an old castle, outlined on the horizon. I was already making all sorts of plans as owner, for the alteration and beautifying of all this fallen grandeur, always with the reservation: if Frances approved,—when a bell was rung to announce dinner, and I hastened to descend with the military punctuality which was evidently one of the customs of the house.

I was curious to see if Frances deigned to make any change in her dress. Alas! my hope was not realized. Her magnificent hair was carelessly enclosed in a silk net, which seemed ready to break under the weight. She had not changed the old violet blouse, which had replaced her riding-habit, and a frightful worn out shawl was wrapped around her neck as if on purpose to conceal its beautiful form and color. Was she aware how disappointed I was? Her beautiful eyes looked at me as if to say, "Understand that I don't care in the least what kind of an impression I make on you."

In other respects she discharged her duties as mistress of the house with a great deal of prestige and zeal. I was even obliged to let her change the plates herself, since Fritz did not reappear after he brought in the dishes. To my great surprise the dinner was abundant and even elegant. An excellent soup, roast beef, choice preserves, chicken with rice, the famous pudding, for which Frances had made the sauce, a complete dessert; there was a bill of fare which I could not reconcile with the apparent narrow circumstances of my hosts. Wine of different brands, and the best of the kind, succeeded rapidly under the generous hands of the Captain, and with prolonged commentaries of Gen. Von Zwenken on their age, their qualities, their origin. Necessarily accustomed to a great sobriety, I was more than once obliged to afflict him by my abstinence. The china was old, niched, and replaced from time to time by commoner ware. The linen damask, very fine, represented the marriage of the infanta of Spain, and was made in that period. During its many years' service it had suffered more than one rent, which were very poorly mended. The silver was certainly reduced to the indispensable number, for Frances sent away and had brought back the same pieces more than once during the dinner. On the other hand, the glass was remarkably fine and elegant. I learned from the Captain that the General only enjoyed good wine in choice glass, and that as the the lady-commandant was very indifferent on this point, it was he who took care to keep his side-board in good condition.

I noticed, in the course of this gastronomical conversation, that there was a latent contest between Frances, who drank only water, and the Captain, who not only drank only wine, but also systematically approved of everything which could increase the relative luxury of the table. She even made a half allusion to the disproportion there was between this kind of prodigality and the available resources; the old General seemed to think the Captain entirely right. "Luxury is a necessity," said he, sighing. He drank a great deal and his pale cheeks became highly colored from the effect of the wine. During the dessert, Frances rang for Fritz to pass the cigars, and, in spite of furious signals from her grand-father, withdrew to the neighboring parlor, where I could follow her with my eyes, thanks to a large mirror before me.

I saw her throw herself on an old sofa, stretch her hands over her head and bite her lips as if to restrain her sighs. For the second time in the day I saw her beautiful hair escape from its prison and fall down on her shoulders. She remained there, her lips set, her eyes closed, immovable, like a statue of sadness. I did not take my eyes off of her while the Captain told me a story without end of his campaigns in Belgium, and while the General gently slumbered, I recollect that just at the moment when the Captain had seized a Belgian flag, I saw Frances burst into tears and carry her handkerchief to her face to conceal her sighs. I could not restrain myself longer, I left the Captain to his exploits and his brandy, threw away my cigar, and joined Frances.

She was at first a little disturbed at seeing that she was thus taken by surprise, but quickly recovered herself.

"You can smoke, if you like, when you are talking with me," she said, forcing a smile.

"That is not my custom before—," I wanted to add "ladies," but the word stuck in my throat.

"Come, I am not foolish on this point, you know very well. Do you wish me to make you a cup of coffee? These gentlemen do not take it. They drink and smoke until—"

It was her turn to stop, not knowing how to finish her phrase. "Tell me immediately," she resumed with animation, "Do you know now why I show so little hospitality?"

"Listen, Frances, I do not wish to be indiscreet; but I see clearly that you are unhappy, and that troubles me. If you would grant me your confidence,

perhaps together we might find the means of removing the cause of your sufferings."

"Don't give way to that chimera, Leopold; you would be attempting the impossible," she said in a tone of profound sadness. "You now see my daily society; every day the same thing. My grand-father sleeps with his cigar between his lips. The Captain takes his brandy and slips away into the billiard-room to snore by himself. Rather tell me about yourself, why are you not a lawyer?"

You would have said that she suspected me of having been a poor student. Since I had asked her confidence, it was fair that I should reciprocate. Consequently I was obliged to tell her how the death of my father, leaving my mother and myself in want, had compelled me to leave Leyden on the pretext that I had no taste for study, in reality, because my mother, that I might continue my studies, was subjecting herself to sacrifices and privations, the idea of which I could not endure, and which would not even suffice for our joint maintenance. I told her how I had succeeded in living by my pen, though not without great difficulty, by translating to order foreign novels and writing articles for periodicals. My mother faded away in a slow decline, and I had, at least, the satisfaction of not having afflicted her last days by disclosing to her the real reason for the interruption to my studies.

"Well, I only like you the better for that," my strange cousin said, heedlessly breaking in on my recital, "a man who sacrifices to a woman his egotism and his ambition is as beautiful as he is rare, Leopold. I want to look you in the face to remember you. It will do me good, for truly I have reason not to have too exalted an idea of your kind."

"Would you like to send me away at once?" not that I wished to take advantage of the half admission which had just escaped her, but because with a person like her I must be on guard not to take her too literally.

"Leopold, you see very well that you cannot remain here. Seriously, do you believe that we could live in this castle with a colonel's pension for our only income, and keep up such a luxurious table?"

"Did I not tell you, Frances, that I was accustomed to most simple diet?"

"Yes, but the Captain—"

"Well, are you not queen and mistress here?"

"Really, I should prefer to tell you the whole story. I believe you have a loyal and generous heart, and if I am deceived in you, as has already happened with so many others, so much the worse, one deception now won't make any great difference in the total. When my grand-father retired and we came to confine ourselves here, we were under the necessity of living in the strictest economy. Our habits up to that time had been luxurious, but for different causes our fortune had always been diminishing. My grand-father understood necessity as well as I, and during the first summer that we passed here, all went on as I wished. But the autumn, the long evenings, the General's rheumatism came on, and I saw with terror how our austere mode of life and our complete solitude weighed upon him. An ennui, a desperate ennui, which I sought in vain to withstand by reading and music, fell upon my poor grand-father like a leaden pall. He fell into a melancholy which frightened me, and I was very glad when an old comrade, retired in Arnheim, invited him to visit him for a while. It recalled him to his proper element. Arnheim, you know, is a city of pleasure and of brilliant society. My grand-father remained there three months."

"And you?"

"I remained here. They had forgotten to invite me, and when they thought about repairing their forgetfulness, their invitation was so plainly a mere matter of form, that I would not accept it, even if I had not firmly decided to avoid the cost of toilette and other expenses which such a visit would necessarily entail."

"Still, even here a little toilette would not do any harm," I interjected to profit by the opportunity of lecturing her a little.

"Come, now! I say, like a certain French-woman, 'at the time when I was a woman.' That time has gone by, and what matters it how Major Frank dresses?"

"Major Frank," I replied, "must know how to wear the uniform which belongs to his rank and to the circumstances in which he is placed. That is not coquettry, it is good manners."

"But, Leopold," she answered in a tone of vexation, while her foot beat the carpet with impatience, "Since I have been here, I have ordered nothing new and I have even been obliged to dispense with a great part of my wardrobe in favor of the poor daughter of an officer, who was going into a rich family as governess, and who did not know how to procure suitable dresses. Now, cousin, that you are initiated into the mysteries of my wardrobe, do you understand why I cannot come to the table in a ball costume? But enough of that, and don't trouble me any more with your foolish remarks. I continue. My grand-father came back from Arnheim cured of his melancholly and more ruined than ever. His stay, even at the house of a friend, had been expensive; he had spent a great deal for clothes, for entertainments, especially in gaming, which I heartily curse. In short, he was overwhelmed with debts. He extricated himself by selling at once the farm which still belonged to us, the price of which was barely sufficient to satisfy his creditors. My grand-father now swore that he would never again set his foot in the world, and he has kept his word; but I very soon saw him fall into the sombre ennui from which he had only just been emancipated. He could not even obtain the whole of his pension, a pitiless creditor having attached a third of it. Then Captain Rolfe came, an old protégé of my father, a brave soldier, who in spite of his merits, would not have obtained the rank of officer without his aid. Even before my birth, he had been a man of all work in my father's house. His sister was my nurse, and, my mother dying soon after my birth, the good woman did her best to keep me from feeling this cruel loss; unfortunately she had neither the character nor the education to fit her for such a task. With the best intentions, she did all she could to spoil me aided by her brother, Sergeant Rolfe, who would have preferred to show insubordination before his colenel, rather than not obey one of the caprices of her whom he already called his 'Little Major.' His visit to the castle diverted my grand-father. He had reached the rank of captain on the retired list. The difference in rank did not prevent the relations which followed; he could eat his pension just as well here as elsewhere. He had also inherited a little property in North Brabant. In short, he was installed in the house; I resumed my command over him; his jokes, vulgar as they were, amused my grand-father, and I calculated that the Captain's contribution to the household expenses would enable us to procure certain pleasures for the old man to which he was greatly attached. Rolfe and he are two gourmands and epicures. You could not believe how I suffer when I see them both rivalling each other in their enthusiasm for the pleasures of the table and when I am present daily at the humiliation of my poor grand-father."

Just then Fritz brought in the tea-tray and the General and the Captain followed. The conversation was labored, and Frances did nothing to aid in enlivening it, when suddenly the Captain noticed the disorder of her hair. "Aha," said he, "the lioness shakes her mane in order to frighten us."

Frances seized the opportunity and retired to her chamber on the pretext of replacing her hair in its prison. The General considered this sudden departure impolite, then suddenly proposed a game. This proposition was welcome to me, though I do not like

cards. At all events, I escaped the punishment of making people talk who do not talk. We began a game of hombre, and I found that for a ruined man, the General set the stakes rather high.

I was not slow in discerning that I had to do with players for whom the game was something more than an amusement. The old baron especially showed that it was a passion with him. His sleepy eyes sparkled when he took up his cards, his hands trembled, his nostrils dilated or contracted according to the chances of the game. He divined my hand with a mathematical certainty. He was bold, even rash in his play and almost always succeeded. As for me, I made mistakes or blunders; that enlivened my companions. I had already lost several games, when the door opened and Frances reappeared; she was in full dress.

I threw my cards on the table and hastened to meet her. The General did not know to what to attribute what he regarded as a most disagreeable occurrence. The Captain cried out, "The Major in full dress." I offered her my arm, which she readily accepted, to lead her to the sofa.

"What deuced caprice has possessed you, Frances?" said her grandfather, who had a magnificent hand, in an angry tone, "You have been running around all day like a cinder-breech."

"But the fairy has come and I reappear as a princess," replied Frances. "And the beautiful ermine slippers* on your feet," I added pointing to her ball slippers, which peeped out from the borders of her dress. "Perhaps, but I shall take care not to lose one of them." "Why not?" said I boldly, looking her steadily in the eye. "Because I do not wish to make a life question out of the romance of the hour."

"All that you say to Frances may be the height of gallantry," cried the terrible General; "Still it is not polite, my dear Leopold, thus to leave a card table."

I was obliged to return in penitence, while Frances went into the dining-room, seated herself at the piano, and allowed her fingers to wander over the keys as her fancy dictated. She was a good musician and must have had excellent masters. Her playing was at first fantastic and bizarre like her whole being; little by little it became sweet and melancholly enough to make one cry. You can understand that I paid much more attention to my beautiful cousin's piano, than to the cards which I took up and laid down mechanically. The General was furious at this and let me see it. Naturally I lost, even to my last bet. I wished to pay my debt, when Frances suddenly came in, and declared in a decided tone, so decided even that it displeased me, that I should not pay. I answered in the same tone, and in a manner to cut short any further interference, that I would pay. She even wished to snatch from Rolfe the bank-bill I had given him to adjust our account. I was obliged to let her know that I found her intervention very improper. She returned angry and provoked to the piano, while the General, who had been silent during the scene, plainly showed his pleasure at handling his gains. In other circumstances, poor as I was eight days before, I should have had the right to consider as a base design the game which he proposed to his nephew unacquainted with the mysteries of hombre.

At this time I did not believe I could pay too dearly for the advantage of openly reading the character and defects of a man whose past had had a fatal influence over the pursuit of Frances. I joined her by the piano. "Will you play?" she said abruptly. "I don't feel inclined." "As you like." And turning back to the instrument, while I made believe turn over the leaves of an old magazine. She began to strike the keys as if she would break them. Finally she played a prelude and began to sing an air of

* Glass slippers of the English version, also sometimes printed "Sonliers de vene" in the French, are said by Littre in her dictionaries to be a corruption of "Sonliers de vair" that is lined or trimmed with "vair" or ermine.

Ketty in the chalet. She has a strong, powerful alto voice, and there was something ironical, a sort of defiance addressed to me in the manner in which she launded out the famous refrain, "*Cherished Liberty, reign always there.*" "Do you know," I whispered to her, "how this charming little opera ends?" "Certainly; it always ends so in the theatre; but in real life, it is quite the contrary and I stick to the reality."

The evening was soon over, and by the manner in which Frances gave me the tips of her fingers when we separated to go to our rooms, I saw plainly that she was still very cool towards me.

Strange and incomprehensible character! Proud, generous, a noble heart, wit, beauty, a charm whose influence is only too great, and all spoiled by a detestable education, by the manners of a camp follower, and a disagreeable rudeness, without reckoning I don't know what in her past history, this terrible past, painted for me in such black colors. And when I shall see that she has been maligned on all these points, can I without fear contemplate a life in close union with a character so arbitrary, so domineering? Could I long endure her oddities? Would Major Frank, with her antipathy to men and marriage, even consent to become Mrs. Frances de Zonshoven? All these questions I turned over in my head, while I stretched myself out in the vast bed with red curtains, where, I must confess, I slept delightfully without awakening till morning.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SKETCHES OF SOME OF THE EARLY COLONIAL LAWS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.—No. 1.

BY HON. S. T. WORCESTER.

COLONIAL LAWS FOR THE SUPPORT OF THE MINISTRY AND PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

For many years previous to 1679 the then Provinces of Massachusetts and New Hampshire had been united under the same Colonial Government, having the same Governor and General Court. But in the year above mentioned these Colonies were separated by the Home Government, New Hampshire becoming what was called a "Royal Province." The commission of the King, Charles II, which appears to have been the fundamental law of the Province, establishing the new Government, provided for a President or Governor to be appointed by the King. A Council, also to be appointed by the King, and an Assembly or House of Representatives to be chosen by the people. This Commission of the King, among other things, also provided "that liberty of conscience should be allowed to all protestants, those of the Church of England to be particularly encouraged."—*Belknap History, p. 88.*

The first act of this Provincial Legislature providing for the support of the Ministry and Public Schools in the Province, now to be found in the Colonial Laws, was passed May 14, 1714, the third year of the reign of Queen Anne, and was, with its title, substantially as follows:

"*An Act for the Support of the Ministry and Public Schools.*

SEC. I. Be it enacted by his Excellency the Governor, Council and Representatives in General Assembly convened, That it shall be lawful for the Freeholders of every respective Town within this Province, convened in public Town Meeting, as often as they shall have occasion, to make choice of, and by themselves or any other person

by them appointed, to agree with a minister or ministers for the supply of such Town and what annual salary shall be allowed him or them; and the minister or ministers so made choice of shall be accounted the settled minister or ministers of such Town; and the Selectmen for the time being shall make Rates and Assessments upon the inhabitants of the Town for the payment of the minister's salary in such manner and form as they do for defraying other Town charges; which rates by a warrant from a Justice of the Peace with the Selectmen or the major part of them, directed to the Constable or Constables of the Town, shall be by him or them collected and paid according to the direction of the Selectmen for the end aforesaid, *Provided always that this act do not interfere with her Majesty's Grace and Favor in allowing her Subjects Liberty of Conscience;* nor shall any person, under pretence of being of a different persuasion, be excused from paying towards the support of the settled minister or ministers of such Town, but only such shall be so excused as conscientiously and constantly attend the Public Worship of God on the Lord's Day according to their own Persuasion.

SEC. II. And be it further enacted, That for the building and repairing of Meeting Houses, Minister's Houses and School Houses, and allowing a salary for a School Master of each Town within this Province, the Selectmen in their respective Towns shall raise money by an equal Rate on the Inhabitants in the same manner as in this act directed for the maintenance of the minister and every Town in this Province shall have, and after the publication of this act provide a School Master for the supply of said Town.—*N. H. Province Laws, p. 56, 1714.*

This act in respect to the maintenance of the ministry appears to have remained in force as the law of the Province and State till some years after the war of the Revolution, and was not repealed till 1792.—*N. H. Laws of 1815, p.* 475.

It is not our purpose in this connection to compare this N. H. Colony Law for the support of religious worship, with the well known State laws upon the same subject, in force in this State since the *Toleration Act*, so called, of 1819. But it may be pertinent, and not without interest to some of our readers to note the differences between this New Hampshire law and the Province laws of Massachusetts then in force in that Province. Viewed from the stand-point of our more modern ideas upon this topic this New Hampshire Colony law was sufficiently arbitrary and intolerant, giving to a majority of the Freeholders of a town the exclusive privilege of making choice of a minister for all of the rest of the inhabitants, as well as themselves, and agreeing upon his salary, the rights and duties of all others, not freeholders, being limited to listening reverently to the doctrines taught, and paying the Ministers Rates. Still, stringent and exacting as was this New Hampshire law, in some respects at least, as compared with that in the sister Province, it was mild and liberal.

It is well known that Massachusetts, prior to the final settlement of the South boundary line of New Hampshire, in 1740, claimed and exercised jurisdiction over that part of New Hampshire lying west of a line parallel with the Merrimack river, and running three miles east of that river. In the exercise of that jurisdiction, the General Court of Massachusetts, previous to 1740, had granted very many town charters in that part of the present State of New Hampshire, lying between the Connecticut and Merrimack rivers, and several east of the Merrimack. Among the town charters so granted, were those of Charlestown, Rumford (now Concord,) Souhegan West, (now Amherst), west of the Merrimack, and Nottingham West, (now Hudson,) and Litchfield, on the east side. The charters of those towns, like the charters of other towns then and still in Massachusetts, clearly indicate the law of that Province in force at the time in reference to the support of the ministry and the building of Meeting Houses.

We will take the charter of Litchfield, granted in 1734, as an example illustrating the law, and setting forth the conditions in respect to the support of the ministry and the building of Meeting Houses, upon which town charters were then granted by the General Court of that Province. These conditions were in the following words: "Provided the Inhabitants of said town of Litchfield shall be and hereby are strictly enjoined at their own cost and charges to erect and finish a suitable Meeting House for the public worship of God within three years next coming, and within the time aforesaid, shall procure and settle a *learned orthodox* minister of *good conversation*, and make suitable provision for his comfortable and honorable support."

Congregational Orthodoxy, as set forth in the current confessions of faith and creeds of the churches of that day, and as taught from the New England Primers at the weekly "catechisings," was at that time, virtually the established religion of Massachusetts. No other denomination was favored, and dissenters from the established faith were sometimes banished or imprisoned and otherwise punished, and it will be readily seen that no candidate for settlement could fulfil the conditions of these charters unless endued with the three gifts and graces of "learning," "orthodoxy," and "good conversation."

No such conditions as the above are to be found in the town charters granted by the Royal Governors and Council of New Hampshire. The two Governor Wentworths, who for very many years held the office of Governor (and it may be some of their predecessors in the office), were understood to be adherents to the Church of England. We have already seen that the Royal Commission for the government of the Province granted by the King in 1679, required that "liberty of conscience should be granted to all Protestants, those of the Church of England to be particularly favored."

It was doubtless due to that provision in the Royal Commission, in part, and in part, also, to the fact that numbers of the early settlers of New Hampshire, were dissenters from congregational orthodoxy, that the law in New Hampshire in respect to the support of the ministry differed so widely from the laws in the sister Province. As we have seen, the Massachusetts laws required the inhabitants of a town within a time limited, to build a Meeting House, settle and provide for the support of a minister having the qualifications specified in the charter. In case of non-compliance with the conditions of their charter, the inhabitants became liable to answer for the neglect in the Civil Courts.

No such conditions being embraced in the New Hampshire town charters, or the general laws of the Province, the Provincial act we have cited left the building of Meeting Houses and the settlement and support of ministers wholly to the uncontrolled discretion of the Freeholders of the town. These Freeholders, of whatever denomination they might be, might build a Meeting House and settle a minister in one year, three years, or ten years from the date of the charter if they should "see occasion," or not at all, if they should see no "occasion," the law in its terms imposing no penalty for the neglect. In the meanwhile, should they at any time see "occasion" to settle a minister, the law did not make it indispensable that the candidate to be settled should be "learned" or "orthodox," or even of "good conversation." He might be endued with all, a part, or even with none of these qualifications; and in respect to his religious sentiments, so far as the law was concerned, it was a matter of indifference, whether he was a Lutheran, a Calvinist, an Episcopalian, a Baptist, or New Light, or "Light that shines when few are nigh."

Neither had the church nor the religious society as such, if such organizations existed in the town (under the terms of the law), any voice in the selection of the candidate or in fixing the amount of his salary. Still, after the minister was settled, all the tax-

payers in the town, those chargeable with a poll tax only, or with a tax only upon personal estate were required to contribute their proportion of the "Ministers Rates," though having no voice in his settlement, either in the choice of the candidate or the amount of his salary. In the words of the law, no tax-payers in the town, whether freeholders or otherwise, could be excused from paying their proportion of the minister's salary, "under the pretence of being of a different persuasion," unless "they should conscientiously and constantly attend the public worship of God on the Lord's day according to their own persuasion." An incident to be found in the records of the town of Hollis, well illustrates the practical operation of this feature of the law and the common sentiment of the people in respect to it. It appears that in the warrant for the annual March meeting in 1785, one Edward Spalding had procured an article to be inserted, "To see if it were the minds of the people to exempt his estate from the minister's tax for the reason that he belonged to the Baptist denomination." This question being submitted to the meeting "the minds of the people" found expression in the following clear and sufficiently emphatic terms: "Voted that the estate of Edward Spalding shall not be exempted from minister's tax for the time past, present, or to come."

THE COLONIAL SCHOOL LAWS.

It will be seen on reference to the New Hampshire Province law of 1714 "For the support of the Ministry and public Schools," that in respect to Public schools, that act simply required the Selectmen to raise money by an equal rate upon the inhabitants of the town for the building of a School House and allowing a salary to a school master, without additional details in regard to the management of the school, the qualifications of the master, or what should be taught in the school. But in 1719, the fifth year of the reign of George I, an additional school law was passed with the following title:

"*An act for the Support and Settlement of Grammar Schools.*"

By this law it was enacted "That each town in this Province, having the number of fifty householders shall be constantly provided of a School Master to teach children and youth to *read* and *write*—and that when any Town has the number of one hundred families or householders, there shall also be a Grammar School set up and kept in every such town—and some discreet person of good conversation, well instructed in the *tongues* shall be procured to be Master thereof.—Every such School Master to be suitably encouraged and paid by the Inhabitants. And the Selectmen of such Town are hereby empowered to agree with such School Master for salary, and to raise money by way of Rates upon the Inhabitants to pay the same." This act further provided, "That if any Town qualified as aforesaid should neglect the due observance of the Law, for the space of six months, for the procuring and settling such School Master, that such delinquent Town should incur a penalty of twenty pounds for every conviction for such neglect, on complaint made to the Court of Quarter Sessions." —*Colonial Laws, p. 143, chap. 91.*

In 1721 the foregoing act was so amended as to require "Each Town having one hundred families or householders to be *constantly* provided of a Grammar School," (as well as for teaching reading and writing), "and that if any such Town after the publication of the act, should be without such Grammar School for the space of one month, the Selectmen of the Town should forfeit twenty pounds to be paid out of their own estates."—*Colonial Laws, p. 163, chap. 103.*

The above laws, without material amendments, remained in force till several years after the War of the Revolution, and were finally repealed by a new law "For the better regulation of schools in this State" passed June 18, 1789.—*N. H. Laws 1797. p. 306.*

This Colonial School Law was unlike the New Hampshire State Laws

for the regulation of the public schools, in force during the present century, in several important particulars among which are the following:

1st. The Colonial Law provided for but a single school for teaching children and youth to read and write only in towns having fifty families or householders and less than one hundred;—and a Grammar School, in which the "tongues," or dead languages were to be taught, in towns having one hundred families or more.

2d. It was wholly silent in respect to school districts, school committees and the examination of teachers.

3d. It contemplated the employment in the schools of male teachers only, "School Masters," alike in the schools for teaching reading and writing, as in the Grammar Schools.

4th. The building of school houses, —the hiring of school masters, and the providing for their support by way of Rates or taxes—and the whole control and management of the schools were left to the Selectmen.

5th. It appears to have required in its terms, both the school for teaching reading and writing, and also the school for teaching the tongues to be kept "constantly," or for the whole year.

The new School Law of 1789, repealing all former school laws, made it the duty of the selectmen of each town to assess upon its inhabitants a tax for the support of schools in the town, at the rate of five pounds for every twenty shillings of the town's proportion of the public taxes for the purpose of teaching reading, writing and arithmetic, sometimes called the three "R's." This act of 1789, appears to have been the first statute law requiring Arithmetic to be taught in the public schools. This act also required that all shire and half shire towns in the State should maintain a Grammar School for the purpose of teaching the Latin and Greek languages, as well as reading, writing and Arithmetic.—*N. H. Laws 1797, p. 306.*

This law of 1789, was repealed and superseded by another school law approved Dec. 13, 1804. This last act was silent in respect to Grammar Schools for teaching the "tongues," no provision being made for teaching Latin and Greek in any Public School. —*N. H. Laws, 1805, p. 295.*

An act of the New Hampshire General Court, passed Dec. 28, 1805, provided for the division of towns into school districts "For the support of schools and the building of School Houses." This act of 1805 appears to have been the earliest statute law authorizing or requiring towns to be so divided for that purpose, although there can be no doubt that some, and it may be many of the towns in different parts of the State, by vote of the town-meetings, were so divided previous to any legislative statute upon the subject.—*N. H. Laws of 1815, p. 366.*

HON. JONATHAN HARVEY OF SUTTON.

BY ERASTUS WADLEIGH.

HON. JONATHAN HARVEY was a native of Sutton, N. H., and elder brother of the late Gov. Matthew Harvey of Concord. In early life he was much in public office. He was in the House of Representatives several years, then was member of the state Senate and was its president from 1817 to 1823, when he was elected a member of the state Council. In 1824 he was elected member of Congress, which office he held six years. In 1834 he was a prominent candidate for the United States Senate and was defeated by Henry Hubbard. This was his first and last political defeat In 1836 he was an elector of

President and Vice-President. In 1839 he was elected to the legislature the last time.

He was an ardent supporter of Gen. Jackson's administration, and never disappointed his political friends. He was much beloved by his townsmen. His best days and the town's were contemporary. He was often selected by contending parties as referee. About the last case when he acted in this capacity was when a dispute had arisen as to the ownership of a crop of rye. By a previous contract with the then owner of the land, the party sowing the rye was to have the crop for clearing the land. The owner of the land sold it before maturity of the crop without reservation. The purchaser of the land claimed the crop as being part of the realty under the statute. In making his decision he disclaimed the statute, and stated there was a higher law which said in substance that "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he reap," and that the state of New Hampshire cannot revoke the law of God. Jonathan Harvey was a favorite with Gov. Hill, who used to ask the question in the *Patriot*, "Have you ever seen Jonathan Harvey?" as he was a man of attractive personal appearance.

In his last days he became lame and seldom left home except on election days. His latter days were somewhat obscured by mental and physical debility. He died in 1859 in his 80th year, on the farm where he was born, leaving his paternal estate to his posterity, by whom it is now posessed.

THE TOMB OF STARK.

FROM "GEMS FROM NEW HAMPSHIRE AUTHORS."—1850.

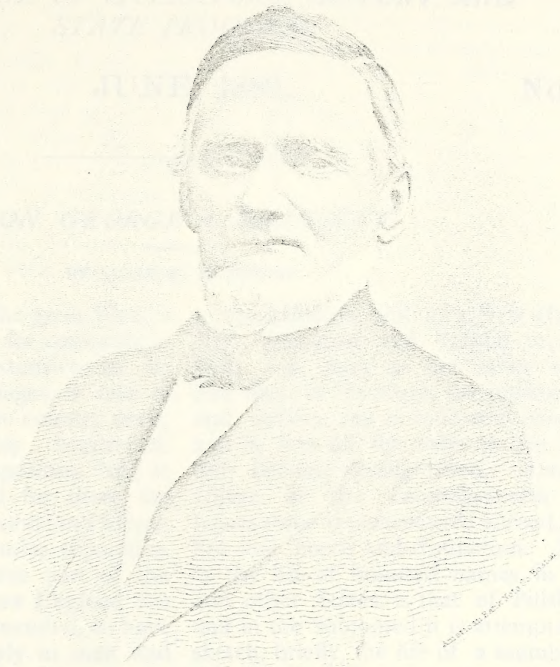
No trappings of state, their bright honors unfolding,
No gorgeous display, mark the place of thy rest;
But the granite points out where thy body lies mouldering,
And where the wild rose sheds its sweets o'er thy breast.

The zephyr of evening shall sport with the willow,
And play through the grass where the flowerets creep,
While the thoughts of the brave, as he bends o'er thy pillow,
Shall hallow the spot of the hero's last sleep.

As, from glory and honor, to death thou descendedst,
'Twas meet thou shouldst lie by the Merrimac's wave;
It was well thou shouldst sleep 'mongst the hills thou defendedst,
And take thy last rest in so simple a grave.

There forever thou'lt sleep,—and though ages roll o'er thee,
And crumble the stone o'er thy ashes to earth;
The sons of the free shall with reverence adore thee,
The pride of the mountains which gave thee thy birth.

H. W. Herrick.



Geo. A. Pillsbury

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HON. GEORGE A. PILLSBURY.

BY ALLAN H. ROBINSON.

The prosperity of the great West, a subject almost too vast for comprehension, certainly too extensive to be treated of in these pages, is one in which all sections of the country must, necessarily, be deeply concerned. Particularly is the proposition true as regards New England for there are binding ties of relationship and identities of interest that render separation or indifference upon the part of the latter, impossible. New England has claimed, justly it is conceded, to have contributed very largely in men and money to build up the West to its present flourishing condition, but certainly no State has done more proportionately, towards accomplishing this end than New Hampshire. National or sectional prosperity is as much due to the energy and enterprise of men as to capital, and to-day, there is not a State in the wide West that does not show the fruits of the pluck and perseverance of New Hampshire men. A glorious inheritance was the energy, industry and self reliance, which seem to have been transmitted from the settlers of the Granite State to their descendants; for it is to these traits of character that the State owes the credit reflected upon her by the success of her sons. Well may the State regard with pride the roll of names that have achieved distinction abroad, for it is as bright as a constellation, and, as a New Hampshire statesman and scholar recently said, "as long as the milky way." Not alone in literature, the professions, and politics, but in industrial pursuits, and in fact all the walks in life, have they become distinguished. Hardly a village in the commonwealth but boasts some representative abroad, who has won honor and distinction. High in the list of honored names, in this and other States, is that of Pillsbury, and in the subjoined it is attempted to sketch, briefly, the life of a member of this family, who recently left New Hampshire to make his home in Minnesota. Brief and unsatisfactory, in point of detail, as it is rendered by limited space, the writer feels assured that the facts will be read with interest by the many friends of the gentleman mentioned.

The branch of the family to which this sketch directly relates has been traced back to Joshua Pillsbury, who settled a grant of land in Newbury (now Newburyport), Mass., in 1640; which grant of land has been in the possession of the Pillsbury family for two hundred and forty successive years. Caleb Pillsbury, next in line of descent, of whom there is any record extant, from Joshua Pillsbury, was born in Newbury, January 26, 1717. At the time of his death, and for several years previous, he was a member of the

Massachusetts Provincial Legislature. Micajah, a son of Caleb Pillsbury, was born in Amesbury, Mass., May 22, 1763. He married Sarah Sargent, and had four sons, namely: Stephen, Joseph, John and Moses, and four daughters. In the latter part of the last century he removed to Sutton, New Hampshire, and in 1797 was a selectman of that town. He remained there till his death, which occurred about 1802. His wife survived him many years, and died at an advanced age. Stephen Pillsbury was a Baptist minister, and died in Londonderry. The other brothers were magistrates in the town of Sutton. The youngest sister married Nathan Andrew, and is the mother of five sons, all enterprising men.

John Pillsbury, who died in Sutton in 1856, aged 67 years, was a prominent man in that town, having held the office of representative and selectman and filled other positions, always acceptably. He held a Captain's commission in the militia, and was known as Capt. Pillsbury. On the 2nd of April, 1811, he married Susan, youngest daughter of Benjamin Wadleigh, of Sutton, who settled in that town in 1771. She was born March 23, 1793, and died in 1877, at the age of 84 years. She was a descendant of Capt. Thomas Wadleigh, of Exeter, a son of Robert Wadleigh of the same place, who was a member of the Provincial Legislature of Massachusetts.

The maternal grandmother of the Pillsburys was a daughter of Ebenezer Kezar, whose father hid the girl he afterwards married under a pile of boards at the time of Mrs. Duston's capture in Haverhill, Mass., in 1697. Ebenezer Kezar, the great-grandfather, lived in Rowley, Mass., in 1752, where he was a blacksmith, shoemaker, tavern keeper, wig maker and dealer in earthen-ware and other merchandise. The old wig-box and implements, which have been in disuse for more than a century, are now in the town. Ebenezer is said to have been a relative of "Cobler Keyzer," referred to in one of Whittier's poems as possessing the "magic stone." He was of German origin, probably. In Harriman's history of Warner, Mr. Kezar is spoken of as being moderator of a meeting held in that town, in 1778, for the choice of representatives from the classed towns of Fishersfield, Perrystown, New Briton and Warner. He called the first meeting of Sutton, after its incorporation in 1784, and presided over it. He went to Sutton in 1772, and worked as blacksmith, shoemaker, farmer and trapper. The first bridge in Sutton, of which there is any record, was built by him. His descendants, who are numerous there and elsewhere, own most of the pond in the town mentioned, which bears his name, and nearly a thousand acres of land in its vicinity, extending to and embracing the upper falls and mills above Mill Village.

Both John and Sarah Pillsbury were professors of religion and lived exemplary lives. They had four sons and one daughter, viz: Simon Wadleigh Pillsbury, born at Sutton, June 22, 1812; George Alfred, born at Sutton, August 29, 1816; Dolly W., born at Sutton, September 6, 1818; John Sargent, born at Sutton, July 29, 1827; Benjamin Franklin, born at Sutton, March 29, 1831.

All the brothers had a good common school education.

Simon W., the oldest, was a remarkable young man both physically and mentally. He was a superior scholar, being considered one of the best mathematicians in the State at the time of his death, which occurred in January, 1836, and which was superinduced by close application to study. When attacked by the sickness that caused his death he was prepared to enter college two years in advance. He gave the first public lecture on temperance in an old school house in Sutton, it being considered, fifty years ago, sacrilegious to use the "meeting house" for such a purpose. His success was most marked, for nearly every sober man was ready to sign the pledge.

At the age of sixteen, John Sargent Pillsbury went to Warner as a clerk for his brother, George Alfred, who was

then engaged in business in that place. He remained there till about the year 1848, when he entered into a business parrnership with Hon. Walter Harriman in the same town. He was subsequently in trade at East Andover and Concord. In the year 1854 he visited the west, spending nearly a year in Michigan, Illinois, Wisconsin and Minnesota. He finally established his home at the Falls of St. Anthony and at once went into the hard-ware trade, and by his energy and honorable dealing he succeeded in building up the largest hardware trade in the State. He took an active interest in the prosperity of the then territory of Minnesota and the city of his adoption. From 1863 to 1875 he served as Senator from his district, notwithstanding the fact that the politics of a majority of the district did not accord with his. In 1875 he was elected Governor of the State, was reëlected in 1877 and again in 1879.

The elections in Minnesota occur biennially, and this is the only instance in which a person has been elected to the office of Governor for a third term.

Dolly W. Pillsbury married Enoch P. Cummings, and their son, Charles P. Cummings was recently Sergeant-at Arms of the New Hampshire House of Representatives.

Benjamin F. Pillsbury remained in his native town till 1878, when he removed to Granite Falls, Minnesota, where he is conducting an extensive business in building and dealing in real estate and lumber. During his residence in Sutton he filled many offices of trust and responsibility. He was selectman and town treasurer quite frequently, and in 1877–8 he was a representative to the General Court. He has always been an active business man, and is a highly respected citizen in his adopted home.

The subject of this sketch, George Alfred Pillsbury, a son of John and Susan Wadleigh Pillsbury, was born in Sutton, Merrimack County, New Hampshire, on the 29th of August, 1816. He received a thorough, common school education in his native town, and being of an active temperament manifested a desire to enter business at an early age. Accordingly, at the age of eighteen years, he went to Boston and obtained employment as a clerk with Job Davis, who was doing business at that time as a grocer and fruit dealer under the Boylston Market. He remained in Boston but little more than a year, when he returned to Sutton and engaged in the manufacture of stoves and sheet-iron ware in company with his cousin, John C. Pillsbury. He continued there for a few years, doing an extensive business.

On the 1st of February, 1840, Mr. Pillsbury went to Warner, as a clerk in the store of John H. Pearson, in which capacity he served till July of the same year, when he purchased the business; and from that time through nearly eight years he was actively engaged, either on his own account or in partnership with others. His partners during this time were Henry Woodman and H. D. Robertson.

In the Spring of 1848 he went into a wholesale dry goods house in Boston, and in 1849, having leased the store of Ira Harvey, in Warner, and bought his stock of goods, he returned to that town and engaged in business, where he remained till the spring of 1851, when he sold back his interest to Mr. Harvey and went out of mercantile business entirely.

In 1844 he was appointed Postmaster at Warner, and held the office till 1849, there being at that time but one office in the town. In 1847 he served the town as selectman; in 1849 as selectman and town treasurer; and in the years 1850 and 1851 he was elected representative to the General Court.

During the session of 1851, Merrimack County decided to build a new jail at Concord, the old one at Hopkinton having become dilapidated and unfit for use. The Convention appointed Mr. Pillsbury chairman of a committee with full authority to purchase lands, perfect plans, and erect the building. The site selected by the committee, was that occupied by the

jail in present use. This lot contained ten acres. The general superintendence was given to Mr. Pillsbury by the other members of the committee, and he devoted his whole time to the work, which was not completed till the spring of 1852. At the time of its erection it was considered one of the best buildings of the kind in the State, and the thoroughness of its construction is shown by the fact that, now, after twenty-eight years of service, it will compare very favorably with other like institutions.

In November 1851, Mr. Pillsbury received from the Concord Railroad corporation an appointment as purchasing agent for the road, and entered upon the duties of the position in December of the same year, having, meantime, moved his family to Concord. He occupied this position continuously until July 1875, a period of nearly twenty-four years. During his administration of the office, which was always most satisfactory, his purchases amounted to more than three millions of dollars, and he settled more cases of claims against the road for personal injury, resulting from accident and fire, than all other officers combined. In all his long term of office, his relations with the officers of the road were of the most agreeable character; no fault was ever found or complaint made of his transactions by the management.

During a residence of nearly twenty-seven years in Concord, Mr. Pillsbury was called upon to fill many important positions of honor and trust, and he did much toward building up and beautifying the city. He was one of the committee appointed by Union School District, to build the High School Building and several other school buildings that now stand monuments of credit to the enterprise of our people. He was interested in the erection of several of the handsome business blocks upon Main street, and several fine residences in the city were built by him.

In 1864, Mr. Pillsbury, with others, organized and put into operation, the First National Bank, of Concord. He was elected a member of the first Board of Directors, and in 1866 became its President, and continued in that office until his departure from the State. He was also instrumental, more than any other person, in securing the charter and getting into operation the National Savings Bank, in 1867. He was the first President of this institution and held the position till 1874, when he resigned. During his connection with the First National Bank, that institution became, in proportion to its capital stock, the strongest of any Bank in the State, and its standing is equally good today. Up to December 1873, when the Treasurer was discovered to be a defaulter to a large amount, the National Savings Bank was one of the most prosperous institutions of its kind in the State, but the defalcation, coupled with a general crash in business, necessitated its closing up. During the first year of its existence, it received on deposit nearly seven hundred thousand dollars, and at the time of the defalcation of its Treasurer, it had nearly one million six hundred thousand dollars on deposit, its total deposits during the first five years of its existence, up to the time mentioned, amounted to more than three millions of dollars. The Bank eventually paid a large percentage of its indebtedness.

While a resident of Concord, Mr. Pillsbury was identified with most of the benevolent and charitable institutions of the day, and he was always ready to assist, by his advice and contributions, all organizations that had for their object the relief of the unfortunate and suffering. He was ever a liberal supporter of all moral and religious enterprises.

To his generosity is the city of Concord indebted, for the fine bell which hangs in the tower of the Board of Trade building, and for this donation he was the recipient of a vote of thanks from the City Council.

The large handsome organ in the First Baptist Church was a gift from Mr. Pillsbury and his son Charles A., both gentlemen being at the time members of that church.

He was actively engaged in institu-

ting the Centennial Home for the aged, in Concord; made large contributions to aid in putting it into operation and was a member of the board of its trustees. He also contributed largely to the Orphan's Home in Franklin, and was one of its Trustees from the time of its establishment till he left the State. Mr. Pillsbury was for several years a member of the City Council of Concord; was elected Mayor in 1876 and re-elected the following year. During the years 1871–2 he represented Ward five in the Legislature, and in the latter year was made Chairman of the Special Committee on the apportionment of public taxes.

In 1876 the Concord City Council appointed him chairman of a committee of three, to appraise all of the real estate in the city for the purposes of taxation, and in the discharge of the duties thus devolving upon him, he personally visited every residence within the limits of the city. The position was a very responsible one, requiring the exercise of sound judgment and great patience, and the report of the committee gave very general satisfaction.

In the spring of 1878 he determined to leave Concord and take up his residence in Minneapolis, Minn., where, with his two sons and brother, he was extensively engaged in the manufacture of flour. Probably no person ever left the city who received so many expressions of regret as Mr. Pillsbury. Complimentary resolutions were unanimously passed by both branches of the city government and by the First National Bank, the latter testifying strongly to his integrity, honesty, and superior business qualities. Resolutions passed by the First Baptist church and society, were ordered to be entered upon the records of each organization. The Webster Club, composed of fifty prominent business men of Concord, passed a series of resolutions regretting his departure from the State. A similar testimonial was also presented to Mr. Pillsbury, which was subscribed to by more than three hundred of the leading professional and business men of the city, among whom were all the ex-mayors then living, all the clergyment, all the members of both branches of the city government, all of the bank presidents and officers, twenty six lawyers, twenty physicians, and nearly all the business men in the city. On the eve of their departure, Mr. and Mrs. Pillsbury were presented with an elegant bronze statuette of Mozart. Such tributes, however worthily bestowed, could but afford great gratification to the recipient, showing as they did the great esteem in which he was held by his fellow citizens.

Mr. Pillsbury is now very pleasantly located in the beautiful city of Minneapolis, having built one of the most elegant residences in the city, and during the short time that he has been there he has frequently been called upon to fill places of honor and trust. He is at present Vice-President of the Board of Trade, and one of the Directors of the Minneapolis and North Western Railroad. He is a member of the firm of Charles A. Pillsbury & Co., of Minneapolis, one of the largest flour manufacturing establishments in the country. The following paragraph clipped from a New Hampshire paper, will give the reader an idea of the business done by the firm mentioned:

"They have already flouring mills in operation with a capacity of two thousand barrels per day, but the new mill, which they are about to erect, and which will be one hundred and seventy-five feet front, one hundred and fifteen feet deep and one hundred and sixteen feet high, will alone have a capacity of three thousand barrels, and will be, it is claimed, the finest mill in the world. This will make their full capacity up to five thousand barrels of flour per day. The new mill is to be built in the most thorough manner, of blue limestone, and will be supplied with the best attainable apparatus, and will cost not less than a quarter of a million of dollars."

The firm has a world-wide reputation, as honorable, fair dealing men, and their flour has a large sale in most of the European markets.

Mr. Pillsbury married Margaret S. Carleton, May 9, 1841, by whom he had two children, Charles A., and Fred C. Both sons are now associated with him in business and are excellent business men. Charles, the oldest son, graduated at Dartmouth College in the class of 1863, and is now a member of the Minnesota State Senate

George A. Pillsbury is a gentleman of great personal magnetism, genial and affable in manner and possessed of entertaining and attractive conversational powers. Warm hearted and generous, he was ever ready to respond to calls of distress, not only with good counsel, but with more substantial aids, as many an unpublished charity in Concord will attest. All who approached him were sure of a kindly greeting, and any petition for favors received a patient consideration and a courteous reply. With the young he was very companionable, and with his conservative and liberal views of life, he was able to impart much valuable advice and information. His mind was well disciplined and evenly balanced, and his habits very systematic. He was possessed of sound, practical judgment and great executive ability. Quick to grasp a point he seldom erred in action, and by a faculty of reading character, he seemed always ready to meet any emergency that might arise. In early life he received a thorough business training, and in his dealings with men he was straightforward and liberal. In his enterprises he looked beyond the present and results seldom disappointed him. In public life his administration of affairs was most satisfactory and able, and won for him the esteem of all with whom he came in contact. His ability, upright character, and genial ways won for him hosts of friends in this State, who will sincerely wish him success and happiness in the State of his adoption.

REV. ELIAS SMITH.

BY REV. S. KETCHUM. *

Rev. Elias Smith was a son of Stephen and Irene (Ransom) Smith, and was born in Lyme, Conn., June 17, 1765; died in Lynn, Mass., 29 June, 1846. He became historically distinguished as the publisher of the first religious newspaper in the world, and as the founder of that religious sect known as Christians (commonly pronounced with a long i), and sometimes called Christian Baptists. His father was a Baptist, his mother a Congregationalist. What little education he had might literally be said to be picked up. His youth seemed to be a compound of fear, wilfulness and frenzy. When he was very young his parents removed to Woodstock, Vt., where he taught school, and afterwards taught in Connecticut. He was converted and began to exhort, and being gifted and eccentric, his preaching drew crowds. Although affiliating at first with the Baptists, his methods were so erratic that they became cautious of encouraging and endorsing him, and he left their fellowship, frequently denounced them, and preached for a time the doctrines of Universalism. He had a retentive memory and became extensively acquainted with the letter of the Scripture. He soon abandoned Universalism, and gave himself entirely to travelling and preaching, baptizing his converts by immersion, and teaching them to call themselves simply *Christians*. The Free-Will Baptist denomination had then just risen into being in the vicinity of Durham, and

*This was the last sketch prepared by Mr. Ketchum for the GRANITE MONTHLY before his death, and is unfinished.

the preachers of the new mode generally fellowshipped young Smith. He circulated extensively through Eastern New Hampshire, and had his headquarters at Lee, where he preached for a time, and was there ordained in August 1792. He did not intend to "settle" anywhere, but going to Salisbury he drew off some from Rev. Thomas Worcester's flock, and made some new converts, a church was organized, and he became its pastor. The people helped him to build a house to live in, and he was pastor there about two years, preaching also frequently in Warner. He afterward preached to a church in Woburn, Mass., from 1798 to 1801. He next travelled widely, preaching and baptizing; finally settled in Portsmouth, where he lived several years. In 1810 he removed to Portland, Me., where his son, Matthew Hale Smith (recently deceased) was born the same year. He next lived a year or two in Philadelphia, where he had a printing office, published some books, and travelled preaching through many of the Western and Southern States. He afterwards returned and resided at Portsmouth many years, mostly engaged in publishing his opinions. In that town he commenced on the first day of September 1808, the publication of the *Herald of Gospel Liberty*, the first religious newspaper ever published, being five years older than the *Religious Remembrancer* of Philadelphia; and eight years older than the *Boston Recorder*. It begun with 274 subscribers, and had, in 1815, 1,500; was discontinued in 1817. In 1816 he published "The Life, Conversion, Preaching, Travels and Sufferings of Elias Smith," Portsmouth, 12 mo. In this he proposed to issue a second volume, to contain his experiences in the West and South, but it never appeared.

NEW HAMPSHIRE MEN WHO HAVE REPRESENTED OTHER STATES THAN NEW HAMPSHIRE IN THE CONGRESS OF THE UNITED STATES.

BY MISS A. J. HERBERT.

SONS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

New Hampshire had no sons outside her own delegation in the 1st, 2d, 5th, 6th, 7th Congresses but in all others men born on her soil have represented there the states of their adoption. Nor had she sons—save in her own delegation—in the House of Representatives in the 16th, 17th, 20th, 21st, 23d, 24th, and 38th Congresses, but in all the years of those congresses, she stood well on the Senate floor, where granite men won honors for their birthplace as well as for their adopted homes.

First Massachusetts sent Dr. H. Dearborn to represent her Maine district in the 3d and 4th Congress; then Rev. Mr. Taggart represented Massachusetts proper in the 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th and 14th Congresses. She sent also from the Maine district J. Chandler to the 9th and 10th Congresses; and Ed. St Loe Livermore to the 10th and 11th Congress; Richardson to the 12th and 13th; Connor to the 14th; Orr to the 15th; Daniel Webster to the 18th and 19th, and N. Appleton and H. A. S. Dearborn to the 22d.

New York chose H. Ashley and E. Whittemore to present her interests in the 19th Congress; and Ohio, Wm. Wilson in the 18th and 19th; Maine elected J. Cilley to the 25th and N. Clifford to the 26th Congress; New York, W. Patterson to the 25th Congress; Maine honored herself and the

man by placing W. P. Fessenden in the 27th Congress.

Illinois represented herself in part through J. Wentworth, so well known as "Long John," in the 28th, 29th, 30th and 31st Congress; Vermont, W. Henry; and New York, Horace Greeley in the 30th Congress; and Maine chose R. K. Goodenow and Chas. Stetson; and Vermont, Henry to the 31st Congress; Pennsylvania sent J. W. Howe to the 31st Congress; Illinois sent Timothy R. Young, and as above stated, J. Wentworth—six at the same time.

To the 32d Congress Maine gave R. Goodenow; Massachusetts, L. Sabine, and Illinois, R. S. Malony.

Massachusetts elected T. Wentworth; New York, Davis Carpenter, B. Perkins, W. A. Walker, and G. A. Simmons; and Illinois, J. Wentworth to the 33d Congress.

Maine sent Perry and Knowlton; Massachusetts, Damrell; New York, Simmons, to the 34th Congress.

In the 35th Congress Massachusetts was represented by Damrell, and New York by Cochrane.

Maine returned Somes, French and Perry for service in the 36th Congress; Massachusetts, N. Appleton and G. F. Bailey; Ohio, S. T. Worcester; and Louisiana, B. F. Flanders to the 37th Congress.

Illinois sent J. Wentworth to the 39th Congress.

Masachusetts elected B. F. Butler to the 40th Congress; and North Carolina was represented by J. R. French.

In the 41st Congress Massachusetts had Butler; New York, J. Fisher and Noah Davis; and Wisconsin, D. Atwood.

Massachusetts returned Butler; Illinois, N. Stevens; and Wisconsin, Gerry W. Hazelton to the 42d Congress.

In the 43d were Butler from Massachusetts, Hazelton from Wisconsin, G. A. Smith from Louisana, and E. O. Stannard from Missouri.

Maine to the 44th Congress sent Plaisted; New York, Whitehouse and Walker.

In the 45th Congress Massachusetts elected Butler and Norcross; New York, G. W. Patterson; Wisconsin, Geo. C. Hazelton.

In the present or 46th Congress, Massachusetts sends Norcross; New York, W. A. Wood; Missouri, S. L. Sawyer; and Wisconsin, G. C. Hazelton.

SENATE.

It was Vermont that first honored her sister state by sending a New Hampshire man into the United States Senate. Dudley Chase (spelled Chace) served in the 13th, 14th, 15th, 19th, 20th and 21st Congresses.

Maine next, when she came into the Union (1820), selected J. Chandler for one of her first senators, in the 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th and 20th Congresses.

Massachusetts discovered the merits of the great expounder, Daniel Webster, and sent him into the Senate in the 20th Congress, and retained him through the 21st, 22d, 23d, 24th, 25th, and 26th Congresses, and again in the 29th, 30th and 31st, till he resigned.

New York chose John A. Dix to succeed Silas Wright, in the 28th, 29th, and 30th Congresses.

Maine sent Wm. P. Fessenden—honoring herself in honoring the man—to the 33d, 34th, 35th, 36th, 37th, 38th, 39th, 40th and 41st Congresses.

Massachusetts elected H. Wilson to the Congresses, numbered the 33d, 34th, 35th, 36th, 37th, 38th, 39th, 40th, 41st and 42d.

Michigan placed Lewis Cass in the 29th, 30th, 31st, 32d, 33d and 34th Congresses.

Ohio elected Salmon Portland Chase to the 31st, 32d, 33d, and again to the 37th Congress.

Michigan sent Z. Chandler to the 35th, 36th, 37th, 38th, 39th, 40th, 41st, 42d and 43d Congresses.

Iowa selected James W. Grimes to the 36th, 37th, 38th, 39th, 40th and 41st Congresses.

North Carolina was served by Joseph C. Abbott in the 40th and 41st Congresses.

Michigan returned Z. Chandler to the 46th, whose sudden death so soon after taking his seat her million and a half of people truly mourn.

In the 37th Congress, New Hampshire had Fessenden, Wilson, Chase, Grimes, Chandler—without throwing in her own John P. Hale and Daniel Clark. If any other state can show so many bright particular stars in one shining constellation, when and where shone their radiance?

In the 41st Congress were Fessenden, Wilson, Chandler, Grimes, and J. C. Abbott.

Eleven Senators from seven states! Surely New Hampshire is a good state to emigrate from. But are the heroes dead? Has her glory departed and was the obsequies of Chandler her funeral knell?

Mother of statesmen! long may she have wisdom to train her children in simple holy homes to honest labor and hardy endurance; thoroughly to educate them in her common schools and college; to lay as deep within their souls the foundation principles of morality and religion, as the granite ledges are imbedded in the heart of her soil; so shall she have perpetual honor from them and ever sing:

"For the strength of the hills we bless thee!
Our God, our father's God.
Thou hast made thy children mighty
By the touch of the mountain sod."

NEW HAMPSHIRE IN THE 46TH CONGRESS.

There are people who will care to hear that besides New Hampshire's well-filled delegation in Congress, four other states represent themselves in part through men native born among her granite hills.

Massachusetts selects to represent the Tenth of her eleven districts, the counties of Franklin and Hampshire with parts of Worcester and Hampden, Amasa Norcross, born in Rindge; admitted to the bar in 1847. He has been in both the House and Senate of his adopted state; Assessor of Internal Revenue and Mayor of Fitchburg, the city of his residence in 1873–4, and was elected to the 45th and 46th Congresses as a Republican.

New York sends from the 17th of her 36 districts—the counties of Rensalaer and Washington—Walter A. Wood, of Hoosick Falls, a native of Mason; of common school education, an inventor, and manufacturer of reapers, mowers and binders; who has held no public office until elected by 16,000 odd votes as a Republican to the present Congress.

Missouri represents the 8th of her 13 districts—the counties of Cass, Clay, Jackson and Platte—by Samuel L. Sawyer, of Independence; born in Rindge; admitted to the bar in Amherst in 1836; settled in Missouri in 1838; Attorney of the 6th Judicial Circuit; delegate to state and national Democratic conventions; Judge of the 24th Judicial Circuit; elected to the present Congress as an Independent Democrat. I am told he is a brother of Judge Sawyer of Nashua. He is ever in his seat, though with a heavy correspondence on the claims for war damages of the loyal men of Missouri, and can speak when he has anything to say.

Wisconsin, not yet old enough to represent herself by sons of her soil, presents George C. Hazelton, of Boscobel, born in Chester, to represent the 3d of her 8 districts—comprising the counties of Crawford, Grant, Green, Iowa, LaFayette and Richland. After admission to the bar in New York, he settled in 1863 in Wisconsin; has been in the state senate and president *pro tem* of that body; was in the 45th Congress and reëlected to the 46th as a Republican by 11,695 votes against 11,603 for his opponent. Mr. Hazelton spoke twice, at least, in the last Congress. and very well too. He has just delivered the oration at Arlington on Decoration Day.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF SONS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE IN THE CONGRESS OF THE UNITED STATES FROM OTHER STATES.

Joseph C. Abbott, born in Concord, July 15, 1825; editor and lawyer; senator from North Carolina from 1868 to 1871.

Nathan Appleton, b. in New Ipswich,

Oct. 6, 1779; represented Massachusetts in the 22d and 37th Congress; d. in Boston, July 14, 1861.

Henry Ashley, b. in Cheshire county; represented New York in the 19th Congress, Catskill.

David Atwood, b. in Bedford, Dec. 5, 1815; printer and editor; represented Wisconsin in the 41st Congress, Madison.

Goldsmith F. Bailey, b. in Westmorland, July 17, 1823; editor and lawyer; represented Massachusetts in the 37th Congress; d. Fitchburg, May 8, 1862.

William Burleigh, b. in Rockingham county; lawyer; represented Maine in the 18th Congress; d. at South Berwick July, 1827.

Benjamin F. Butler, b. in Deerfield, Nov. 5, 1818; Waterville College; lawyer; represented Massachusetts in the 40th, 41st, 42d, 43d, 44th, and 45th Congresses.

Davis Carpenter, b. in Walpole, Dec. 25, 1799; Middlebury, M. D.; represented New York in the 33d and 34th Congresses.

Lewis Cass, b. in Exeter, Oct. 9, 1782; lawyer; senator from Michigan from Dec. 1, 1845 to May 1857; d. in Detroit, June 17, 1866.

John Chandler (uncle of Zachery), b. in Epping; represented the Maine district of Massachusetts in the 9th and 10th Congresses, and senator from Maine when she became a state.

Zachery Chandler, b. in Bedford, Dec. 10, 1813; senator from Michigan from 1857 to 1875, and again in the 45th; d. Nov. 1. 1879, in Chicago.

Dudley Chase (uncle of S. P. Chase), b. in Cornish, Dec. 20, 1771; Dartmouth College; lawyer; senator from Vermont, 1813, reëlected 1817; d. Randolph, Vermont, Feb. 23, 1846.

Salmon P. Chase, b. in Cornish, January 13, 1808; Dartmouth College; lawyer; senator from New York, 1849 to 1855; senator from Ohio in 1861, resigned the day after taking his seat to accept a secretaryship under Lincoln; d. in New York, May 7, 1873.

Jonathan Cilley, b. in Nottingham, July 2, 1802; Bowdoin College; lawyer; represented Maine in the 25th Congress from September, 1837, to February 24, 1838, when killed in a duel by Wm. J. Graves of Kentucky.

Nathan Clifford, b. in Rumney, Aug. 18, 1803; lawyer; represented Maine in the 26th and 27th Congresses.

Clarke B. Cochran, b. New Boston, May 31, 1815; Union College; lawyer; represented New York in the 35th and 36th Congresses; d. in Albany, March 5, 1867.

Samuel S. Connor, b. in N. H; Yale; represented Massachusetts in the 14th Congress; d. at Covington, Kentucky, Dec. 17, 1820.

Wm. S. Damsell, b. in Portsmouth, Nov. 20, 1809; printer; represented Massachusetts in the 34th and 35th Congresses; d. at Dedham, May 17, 1860.

Noah Davis, b. in Haverhill, Sept. 10, 1818; represented New York in the 41st Congress; U. S. Attorney, Southern District of N. Y., New York.

Henry Dearborn, b. in Hampton, Jan. 23, 1751; M. D.; represented Maine district of Massachusetts in the 3d and 4th Congresses; d. June 6, 1829, at Roxbury.

Henry Alexander Scammell Dearborn (son of above), b. in Exeter, 1783; Mary and William College; lawyer, better known as an author; represented Massachusetts in the 22d Congress; d. at Portland, Maine, July 29, 1851.

John Adams Dix, b. in Boscawen, July 24, 1798; lawyer; senator from New York to fill term on resignation of Silas Wright, from 1845 to 1849; d. in New York, April 21st, 1879.

Wm. Pitt Fessenden, b. in Boscawen, Oct. 16, 1806; Bowdoin College; represented Maine in the 27th Congress; senator from 1854 to 1864; again in senate from 1865 to death in Portland, Sept. 8, 1869.

John Fisher, b. in Londonderry, March 13, 1806; merchant; represented New York in the 41st Congress.

Alvin Flanders, b. in Hopkinton, Aug. 2, 1825; machinist; delegate from Washington Territory from 1867 to 1869.

Benjamin F. Flanders, b. in Bristol, Jan. 26, 1816; Dartmouth College; lawyer; represented Louisiana as Unionist for a short time in the 37th Congress.

Ezra B. French, b. in N. H.; represented Maine in the 36th Congress.

John R. French, b. in Gilmanton, May 28, 1819; printer and editor; represented North Carolina in the 40th Congress.

Robert Goodenow, b. in Farmington, June 10, 1800; represented Maine in the 32d Congress.

Rufus K. Goodenow, b. in Henniker, April 24, 1790; farmer and in coasting trade; represented Maine in 31st Congress; d. Paris, Maine, Mar. 24, 1863.

Horace Greeley, b. in Amherst, Feb. 3, 1811; editor and author; represented New York in the 30th Congress; d. Nov. 29, 1872, near New York.

James W. Grimes, b. in Deering, Oct. 20, 1816; Dartmouth College; lawyer; senator from Iowa from 1859 to 1871; founded professorships in Iowa and Dartmouth Colleges, established Free Public Library at Burlington, Iowa; d. Feb. 7, 1872.

Gerry W. Hazelton, b. in Chester, Feb. 24, 1829; lawyer; represented Wisconsin in the 42d and 43 Congresses.

George C. Hazelton, a brother, b. in Chester, Jan. 3, 1833; Union College; lawyer; represented Wisconsin 3d district in the 45th and 46th Congresses, Boscobel.

William Henry, b. in N. H., Bellow's Falls; represented Vermont in the 30th and 31st Congresses.

John W. Howe b. in N. H.; represented Pennsylvania in 31st and 32d Congresses, Franklin.

Ebenezer Knowlton; theology; represented Maine in 34th Congress.

Edward St. Loe Livermore, b. in Londonderry, 1752; (Dr. Bouton says 1761) lawyer; represented Massachusetts in the 10thand 11th Congresses; d. at Tewksbury, Mass., Sept. 15, 1832.

Richard S. Malony, b. in Northfield——S; Dartmouth College; M. D.; represented Illinois in the 32d Congress.

Amasa Norcross, b. in Rindge, Jan. 26, 1824; lawyer; represented Massachusetts 10th district in the 45th and 46th Congresses; Fitchburg.

Benjamin Orr, b. in Bedford, Dec. 1, 1772; Dartmouth College; lawyer; represented Massachusetts in the 15th Congress; d. Brunswick, Maine, Sept. 1, 1828.

Geo. W. Patterson, b. in Londonderry, Nov. 11, 1799; farmer and engineer; represented New York in the 45th Congress; d. at Chataugua, 1879.

William Patterson, b. in Londonderry, June 4, 1789; lawyer; represented New York in the 25th Congress; d. Aug. 18, 1838, at Warsaw, New York.

Bishop Perkins, b. in N. H., represented New York in the 33d Congress.

John J. Perry, b. in Portsmouth, Aug. 2, 1811; lawyer; represented Maine in the 34th and 36th Congresses; Portland.

Harris M. Plaisted, b. in Jefferson, Nov. 2, 1828; Colby University, lawyer; represented Maine in the 44th Congress; Bangor.

Edward C. Reed, b. in Fitzwilliam, March 8, 1793; Dartmouth College; lawyer; represented New York in the 22d Congress; Homer, N. Y.

Wm. M. Richardson, b. in Pelham, Jan. 4, 1774; Harvard College; lawyer; represented Massachusetts in the 12th and 13th Congresses; d. in Chester, March 23, 1838.

Eleasor Wheelock Ripley, b. in Hanover in 1782; Dartmouth College; lawyer; represented Louisiana in the 24th and 25th Congresses; Major-General in war of 1812, distinguished in the battles of Chippawa, Niagara and Erie; the murder of his only son at the Fanning massacre hastened his death at Jackson, La., March 2, 1839.

Lorenzo Sabine, b. in Lebanon, Feb. 28, 1803; merchant, better known as an author; represented Massachusetts in the 32d Congress; d. at Boston, April 14, 1877.

Geo. A. Simmons, b. in N. H., 1791; Dartmouth College; represented New York in the 33d and 34th Congresses; d. Oct. 27, 1857 at Keeseville, N. Y.

Geo. L. Smith, b. in Hillsboro' county, Dec. 11, 1840; represented Louisiana in the 43d Congress. Resides at Shreveport, La.

Robert Smith, b. in Peterborough, June 12, 1802; represented Illinois in the 28th, 29th, 30th and 35th Congresses; d. at Alton, Dec. 21, 1867.

Daniel E. Somes, "b. in New Hampshire"; removed to Biddeford, and represented Maine in the 36th Congress; Washington, D. C.

Edwin O. Stannard, b. in Newport, Jan. 5, 1832; removed to Iowa, then to St. Louis; in milling and other business; represented Missouri in the 43d Congress.

Charles Stetson, b. in New Ipswich, Nov. 7, 1801; graduated at Yale; lawyer; represented Maine in the 31st Congress; Bangor.

Bradford N. Stevens, b. in Boscawen, now Webster, Jan. 33, 1813; graduated at Dartmouth College; farmer and merchant; Bureau county; represented Illinois in the 42d Congress.

Samuel Taggart, b. in Londonderry, March 24, 1754; theology; author of various religious and political pamphlets; represented Massachusetts in the 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th and 14th Congresses; died at Coleraine, Mass., April 25, 1825.

John O. Whitehouse, b. in Rochester, July 9, 1817; machinist and manufacturer; represented New York in the 43d and 44th Congresses; Poughkeepsie.

Elisha Whittemore, b. in Rochester; represented New York in the 19th Congress.

Henry Wilson, b. in Farmington, Feb. 16, 1812; senator from Massachusetts from 1855 to 1873; died in Washington, Nov. 22, 1875.

William Wilson, b. in Hillsboro' county; represented Ohio in the 18th and 19th Congresses; died at Newark, Ohio, May 29, 1827.

Charles C. B. Walker, b. in Drewsville, June 27, 1824; represented New York in the 44th Congress.

William A. Walker; represented New York in the 33d Congress; died in New York city, Dec. 18, 1861.

Daniel Webster, b. in Salisbury, Jan. 18, 1782; graduated at Dartmouth College; lawyer; removed to Boston, in 1816; represented Massachusetts (having represented New Hampshire in the 13th and 14th Congresses) in the 18th and 19th Congresses, as senator from 1827 to 1841, and again senator from 1845 to 1850; died, Oct. 24, 1852, at Marshfield, Mass.

John Wentworth, LL. D., b. in Sandwich, March 5, 1815; graduated at Dartmouth College; lawyer and editor; represented Illinois in the 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st, 33d, and 39th Congresses; Chicago.

Tappan Wentworth, b. in Dover, Sept. 24, 1802; lawyer; represented Massachusetts in the 33d Congress from 1853 to 1855; died June 12, 1875 at Boston.

Samuel T. Worcester, b. in Hollis, Aug. 30, 1804; graduated at Harvard University; represented Ohio in the 37th Congress; Nashua, N. H.

Timothy R. Young; graduated at Bowdoin College, 1835; represented Illinois in the 31st Congress; Marshall, Illinois.

Samuel L. Sawyer, b. in Mt. Vernon, Nov. 27, 1813; graduated at Dartmouth College; lawyer; represents Missouri in the 46th Congress; Independence, Mo.

Walter A. Wood, born in Mason, Oct. 23, 1815; manufacturer and inventor; represents 17th District of New York in the 46th Congress; Hoosick Falls, N. Y.

Experience Easterbrook, born in Lebanon, April 30, 1803; claimed to represent Nebraska and occupied the claim from Dec. 5, 1859, to April, 1860, when he was rejected.

THE WALKER HOUSE AND THE WALKERS.

BY FRED MYRON COLBY.

The capital of New Hampshire occupies historic ground. Years before the feet of white men trod the soil, this spot was the home of the noblest tribe of Indians that ever lived under New England skies. In this beautiful valley of the Merrimack, under the rule of wise and valiant chiefs, the Pennacooks held sway for perhaps a thousand years, feared and respected by every tribe around them, and acknowledging no rivals save the fierce Mohawks, the man-eaters of the West. Between these powerful tribes there existed a long and bitter feud. Once the warriors of the Iroquois in a foray penetrated to the very banks of the Merrimack, and a bloody battle occurred on the plain near the stream. Where the rattle of machinery and the bustle of trade is now heard, echoed the fierce shouts of the contending warriors. The Pennacooks were in the end victorious, and their enemies never again invaded the land watered by the Merrimack. Passaconaway, the chief of this tribe when the whites first settled, was one of the most famous of Indian Sagamores. He lived to the advanced age of one hundred and twenty years. Both he and his son and successor Wonalonset, were friendly to the English, but the tribe gradually became extinct.

There was good reason that the first colonists of what is now called Concord should name their settlement Pennacook. It was a noble tribute to the old lords of the soil, those noble warriors whose fame has been made immortal by Whittier's sweet lay; and the designation should by right have been retained. The little colony was begun in 1726. A fort and a church were erected that year, and a small hamlet soon rose in the wilderness. Many of the colonists were men of brain as well as muscle, and were destined to found influential families. Five years after the beginning of the settlement it was incorporated as a town by the name of Rumford.

The visitor, as he walks down Main Street—the Broadway, the Boulevard des Italiens of Concord—and views the magnificent rows of business blocks, stately mansions and public edifices, worthy of comparison with any outside of the nine great cities of America, does not generally recognize the aroma of antiquity and romance that pervades Concord history. Seldom does he pause to think even how different the city of to-day is from the Rumford of one hundred years ago. It is not until you wander into the old cemetery on State Street that you fully realize the age of Concord and the influence it wielded in the ancient day. Here, among the tombs of the Walkers, the Rolfes, the Eastmans, the Coffins, the Stickneys, the Bradleys, the Livermores and others, names famous then and not forgotten now, we are carried back to the old time, while visions of dead and buried greatness are called up.

A few old houses divide with the ancient graveyard the memorials of the past. But on these also the hand of change has left its touch. The first house that was ever built of boards in Concord is still standing. Alas, that it should have fallen into abject debasement! The building that saw Pennacook chieftains wandering sad and forlorn where once they had held sovereign power; nay, before which the granddaughters of the lithsome Weetamoo may have sported, and within whose walls the first child of Anglo Saxon parentage was born north of old Dunstable[1] is now used as a wood shed and horse stable. It is known as the Abbot house, and stands at the corner of Main and Montgomery Streets.

Further up Main Street at the "north end," the visitor will find another celebrated old mansion. It is

the well known Walker house, home of a race which for five generations has produced chaste, beautiful and accomplished ladies, and scholarly, able, and God-fearing gentlemen. Its chiefs have led the aristocracy of Concord during a hundred and fifty years. Good blood is in their veins, the blood that flowed in many a Norman gentleman from whom they claim descent, and more particularly fired the eye and gave force to the brain of the old minister, the founder of the family in Concord, who moulded the people by his teachings and example, and who lived among them over half a century, known and reverenced throughout the State, as a true patriot, a scholar, and a devoted servant of God.

Plymouth had its Bradford and its Winslow. Massachusetts Bay had its Winthrop. The Plantation of Providence had its Roger Williams. Exeter had its John Wheelright. Rev. Timothy Walker was the great leader, the recognized light around which centered all that was noble and good and exalted in Concord for fifty years. The clergyman of those days was teacher and guide, parent and friend; and feared not to preach a political sermon or lay bare the abuses of society when he saw fit to do so. Though something severe in general, in private life he kept himself above reproach. He was steadfast in doctrine, never confounding his flock with any sudden change of creed. "Such were the men," says an eloquent writer, "who laid line and plumet to the foundation stone of New England society, and we yield them the respect their teachings have gained for her sons." Parson Walker was one of these admirable men. He had come in with the first settlers, fresh from the classic shades of Harvard, a young man twenty-four years of age. At the meeting of the grantees and settlers Oct. 14th, 1729, he was unanimously chosen for their pastor. The following paper is presented not so much as an historical record, hitherto, in manuscript, but as a fair specimen of the manner in which ministers were hired in the early years of the settlement of our country:

"Voted, that Mr. Timothy Walker shall have £100 for the year ensuing, and then rise 40s. per annum, till it comes to £120, and that to be the stated sum annually for his salary, during his continuance in the ministry, together with the parsonage so long as he carries on the whole work of the ministry. Provided, and it is to be hereby understood, anything to the contrary above mentioned notwithstanding, that if Mr. Walker, by *extreme old age*, shall be disenabled from carrying on the whole work of the ministry, that he shall abate so much of his salary as shall be rational."

In addition to what was provided by this vote he was to receive twenty cords of wood, and as the first minister of the place he drew the right of four hundred and fifty acres of land. Some may regard this as a meager settlement, but a moments reflection will convince anybody that it was a very liberal allowance. The usual estimate of a pound was $4.86, lawful money; and thus computing it, Mr. Walker's first salary equalled $486 of our money, while the final salary he was to receive would amount to $583.20, exclusive of the wood. One hundred years ago such a salary would purchase more than four times the amount of breadstuff that it would at the present time. The style of living was very different from now and far less expensive, and visitors were few. The right of land which he received was equal to two good farms, and, of course, was soon in a condition to yield him abundant crops. Taking everything into consideration, it is more than doubtful if there is a minister in New England, outside of the cities, so amply provided for as was Mr. Walker upon the day of his installation.

His place of residence was one of the most charming locations in Concord. On a green slope overlooking the broad current of the Merrimack and the green woods stretching northward to Horse Shoe Pond, Parson Walker erected a log cabin, one of a

hundred that dotted the valley and composed the little settlement then termed Pennacook. Three years afterwards, in 1733, he laid the foundations of a statelier and more commodious residence some thirty rods lower down facing the south and west. So the old house has a history that extends ten years beyond that of Mount Vernon, fifty beyond that of the Langdon House, and in its halls gleamed beauty thirty years before Lady Wentworth's bright eyes glanced out of the windows of the great mansion at Little Harbor. It was the first two-story house outside of Portsmouth, erected between Haverhill, Mass., and Montreal, Canada. The building was constructed with an eye to endurance. The timbers were of hard wood; the underpinning was of granite brought from the now famous quarries at Rattlesnake Hill. The interior was finished in a style similar to that found in the better class houses of that period. Belvoir, Pepperell House, or Livingstone Manor were not more elegant, though they might have possessed greater sumptuousness. Most of the partitions were of panel work. The front hall was dadoed with paneling, and the front stairs were in three short flights conducting to broad landings, and guarded by a moulded railing supported upon curiously wrought balusters. The rooms were painted various colors. The north parlor and the south parlor chamber were green; the south parlor and the north parlor chamber blue. The kitchen was red and the dining room white. In 1739, six years after its erection, the mansion was enclosed by a stockade in apprehension of an Indian attack. But the house remained unmolested, though the war-whoop of savages more than once echoed through the forests of Pennacook. After the old French war was over the palisades were removed and the house was enlarged by the addition of an ell.

Many a memory of the olden time clusters about the old house. Indeed, a skilful hand might paint a vivid picture of the social and public life of those ancient days, using the Walker mansion for a back ground. Gay weddings, fêtes and sociables have been celebrated within its walls. Civic and military gentlemen of renown have been domiciled under its roof. Its foundations have shaken with laughter and the sound of dancing feet; they have echoed with the manifestations of of woe. Families met together at the homestead; the neighbors walking over the village green and through the forest paths to talk and sing with Parson Walker's folks. Men wearing queues and three cornered hats and knee breeches and long waist-coats, and shoes of russet leather fastened with shining steel or brass buckles; and women clothed in petticoats of flannel and linsey-woolsey gowns dyed black with logwood or brown with butternut, white aprons, and hair coiled on the top of their heads *a la Pompadour* or *a la Marie Antoinette* stepped lightly in the graceful galliard or the stately minuet over the oaken floors on more than one winter's night. Under its porches lovers have sat on lovely moonlight summer nights, and spoke the universal language in provincial English. Learned men, collegiate ministers, grave councillors of State have met here in solemn conclave, and uttered words of wisdom and some, not so wise.

Here through all his long pastorate and life lived the distinguished founder of the house. Few men have labored so long and so successfully in their profession as Mr. Walker did. Not only was he pastor of a church, but he was the pastor of a people. Possessed of more than ordinary intellectual power, of great moral stamina, active and enterprising, he was eminently the man for his place and time. He was deeply interested in the welfare of the town, and the citizens three times sent him to England as their agent at the time of the trouble with Bow. He was also an ardent patriot, and although too old to take personal service in the contest for liberty, the prestige of his great name was a wonderful help at home. He lived to behold the triumph of the American arms. Already wrest-

ling with death, the news of the surrender of the British at Yorktown was conveyed to him. "It is enough!" exclaimed the aged veteran. "Lord, now letteth thy servant depart in peace." He died in January, 1782, at the age of seventy-seven.

The private life and personal habits of such a man become a matter of interest. Mr. Walker was a deep student, but his sermons were rather exhortations to practical christianity as exemplified by Christ than doctrinal dissertations. In his manners toward his parishioners he combined the character of a father with that of the earnest minister. He was far from being a dreamer, but entered with zealous care into the practical affairs of life. He had a large household and kept three slaves: a man called Prince, and two women named Luce and Violet. These were manumitted on the adoption of the State Constitution.

He was a very careful and prudent father, and trained his children after the old fashioned orthodox manner. In those primitive times people were as social as they are now, and the quiltings, apple bees, corn huskings, and sugar parties—old idyls of New England life—were well patronized both by the old and young. On one occasion there was to be a corn husking or apple bee across the river at what is now known as the Hoyt place, near Sugar Ball Bluff. Of course the young folks were all invited, and all were eager to attend. "Ma, may we go?" asked a rosy cheeked miss of sixteen, daughter of one of Mr. Walker's neighbors. "Perhaps so," answered the careful parent. "If Parson Walker lets his girls go you can accompany them." Parson Walker did permit his daughters to attend, although it was under the condition that they should return before a late hour. It was a gay party that crossed the ferry in the early part of the September eve, and after merry doings remembering their parents injunctions they started on their homeward route. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and some of the young men proposed a row down the river, but when they arrived at the bank there was Mr. Walker waiting to ferry them over. So the delicious boat ride on the moonlit Merrimack was indefinitely postponed to the disappointment and chagrin of both belles and beaux. It is safe to say that there was little cooing and billing that evening at least.

Another anecdote is related of the parson which is too good, in our opinion, to be allowed to be lost. It forcibly illustrates the command Mr. Walker had over his temper as well as a certain quaint humor which was natural with him. Mr. Walker usually employed one or more "hands" through the summer season, to assist in the labor of his large estate. David Davis helped him one season. David was a rough fellow, but he cherished a great déal of respect for his employer, though he was tempted to play a rude joke upon him which constitutes the gist of this story. David was going out one morning with cart and oxen to the field, accompanied by Mr. Walker who was seated in the hinder part of the cart. As they were crossing a miry place in the path the thought suggested itself to the merry Davis of serving him a trick to "see if he could raise his danders," as he forcibly expressed it. To effect this he quietly slipped out the sword pin, allowing the cart to dump, and depositing Mr. Walker in the mire and water completely sousing him. Davis meanwhile threw the pin away, thus making apparent the cause of the mischance, although he did not suppose that he was suspected. Not long after this occurrence the twain went forth to the fields again, but this time the reverend gentleman held the whip while David rode. Suddenly a similar catastrophe injected the unsuspicious laborer into the mud very near the identical place where Mr. Walker had been similarly treated. The parson could not restrain his laughter. "Ah, David," he cried, "it's too bad; it's too bad; but I couldn't throw the pin away." The lugubrious David took the joke pleasantly, but never after-

wards attempted to play any tricks on Parson Walker.

Not only was Rev. Mr. Walker loved by his parishoners and servants, but even the rude wild men respected him. The following incident which occurred soon after the close of the seven years war, about 1763, testify both to the humanity of the race against which there are so many accusations of blood-thirstiness and riot, and their respect for a man who had always befriended them. A party of warriors visiting their native haunts came to Concord and encamped near the Walker House not far from the shores of Horse Shoe Pond. Mr. Walker was away from home, and his wife expressed apprehensions of danger. Aware of this the Indians remarked to each other, "minister's wife afraid," and to allay her fears, they gave up their weapons, leaving them in her possession till they were ready to depart. Such courtesy and respect would have done honor to the Chevalier Bayard.

At the death of Rev. Mr. Walker the mansion came into the hands of Hon. Timothy Walker, or, as he was more frequently called, Judge Walker. He was the oldest son of his father and like him a man of character and marked ability. Born in 1737, he entered Harvard College in his fifteenth year and graduated in 1756. He filled several municipal offices and was colonel of one of his Majesty's regiments of the Province. At the breaking out of the Revolution, Col. Walker embraced the patriot cause and became one of the leading men of the State. He was one of the committee of safety and commander of a company of minute men. Subsequently he was paymaster of the state forces. In 1779 he served in a campaign under General Sullivan. He was a member of the convention which framed our constitution in 1784, was for several years afterward a member of the Legislature, and for a long period sustained the office of Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas. He died in 1822.

His oldest son was Hon. Charles Walker, a graduate of Harvard, and a lawyer of note in Concord during the second and third decades of this century. He was the father of Miss Lucretia Walker, the reputed belle of Concord, whose beauty and accomplishments won the heart of a young portrait painter, afterwards the famous inventor of the electric telegraph—Samuel Finley Breeze Morse. Joseph Walker, Esq., a younger brother of Charles, born in 1802, owned the house for many years, and when he died in 1853 the mansion and estate became the property of his son Hon. Joseph B. Walker, who is the present owner.

The Walker House though approximating its one hundred and fiftieth birthday exhibits no signs of decay. It has been well preserved, and though somewhat altered and modernized in looks, would seem to be an excellent repository for the household furniture and utensils of the period in which it was built, being itself one of the best specimens of early New England architecture. As it stands at present, it seems to honor two if not three periods. The gambrel roof of the Revolution is contrasted with the picturesque French windows and covered porticoes of modern days. In the interior there have been greater changes. Wainscots have been torn away, and the variously painted rooms have lost their peculiar individuality. What is now the parlor was used for the same purpose in 1750, but the broad fire-place, the massive hearth-stone of the old time have disappeared before the innovations of coal and furnaces.

In this apartment usually designated as the "north room," Mrs. Sarah Rolfe, a widowed daughter of Rev. Timothy Walker, was married in December 1772 to Benjamin Thompson. The bride was beautiful, accomplished, wealthy; the bridegroom, poor, ten years the junior of his wife, but handsome, intelligent, ambitious. Forty-two years afterwards the plebian Thompson, ended his days as Count Rumford, after one of the most useful and brilliant careers of modern times. Many relics of his, portraits of himself

and friends are to be seen in the parlor, and afford an interesting study. There is a large portrait of Rumford in oil, copied from the original which hangs in the rooms of the Royal Institution in London, a society that he founded. It shows the Count in uniform, his splendid figure clad in the blue and crimson of the Bavarian Court, the decorations of Knight and Count of the Empire glittering on his breast. The face is very noble: features chiseled in the Roman mould, the hair dark auburn, and the eyes a light blue. In another portrait taken later in life the Count is seen reclining in an easy posture in a large arm chair, his brow resting thoughtfully upon his hand. His garb is rich and magnificent, the coat being blue, his vest white, and his breeches a fawn color.

The Countess Rumford, his daughter, who is remembered only as an old, somewhat eccentric and very benevolent lady by the residents of Concord, flashes her blue eyes out of a magnificent gilt frame, beside her father. She was evidently her father's child. The same aquiline cast of features, the same light blue eyes, hair of the same rich auburn hue. Yes, she is Thompson all over. Her dress is of light muslin, not silk, I think, with rich point lace at the breast and sleeves. Opposite her smiles the lovely young Countess Baumgarten, a German lady of rank who honored Rumford by her friendship and was honored by his. I have seen few faces more bewitching than that of the Austrian Countess. She was a magnificent blonde. The large well opened hazel eyes, the beautiful lips red as cleft pomegranates and shapely as cupid's bow, the small regular nose, the throat white and round and magnificent as that of a Venus, and the great coils of golden hair making an imperial crown for that graceful head, form as attractive a picture as one could wish to gaze on. Her dress of gray silk concealed a form as enrapturing as those of the beauties that Lely and Vandyke loved to paint in the old Stuart days.

The grandest portrait of all is that of the Elector, Charles Theodore of Bavaria, who was the great patron of Rumford and the creator of his honors. Both the portrait and the man are superb. The Elector looks the noble Wittelbach that he was, heir of a line that has, as counts and dukes and electors and sovereigns, ruled Bavaria since 1180, and is to-day the oldest family holding royalty in Europe. He is represented about sixty years of age, with a florid, rather determined face, keen blue eyes, and the powdered wig of the eighteenth century. His garb is most magnificent. A coat of blue velvet faced with crimson and a white vest, almost covered with decorations, clothes the soldier-like figure. On one arm and shoulder hangs a cloak of crimson edged with ermine. All these oil portraits are the work of Kellerhoven the Bavarian court artist. Smaller pictures of Captain LeFefre, a natural son of Count Rumford, and other personages, delicious water colors, and an exquisite bit of landscape in oil above the mantel constitute about all to be seen of interest in the room.

On the opposite side of the hall is the sitting room, or the "South room," as it is called. It is of the same size as the parlor, about twenty-two by twenty feet. This in the olden day was the study room of the parson. Here we can imagine him reviewing many a ponderous folio and putting thoughts upon paper for many a weighty sermon. We can behold him performing the marriage rite for some rustic swain and his blushing bride, or wrestling in prayer with some awakened but struggling spirit. Here, too, at evening he gathered his family to read aloud the news from the metropolis, which he alone of all the village received. Modern carpets and furniture have obliterated most of the antique landmarks of the room. On the walls are many pictures, most of them once the property of the Count and Countess Rumford. The most striking is the portrait of the Countess Nogarola, the sister of the Countess Baumgarten, and another good friend of Rumford's. She is larger, more voluptuous than her sister,

but less graceful. The face looks like that of a tragic actress, and is full of character. The white round arms are like those of Juno's of whom Homer sings. The eyes are dark, misty, fascinating, and their expression haunts one like a dream. A small portrait of Walter Scott, and two German landscapes painted in water colors and presented by the ladies of Munich to Count Rumford for his signal service in keeping the French and Austrian troops out of the city, with several engravings of battle scenes, like those of Bunker Hill and Quebec, are the other artistic gems to be seen in this room.

The library is dim and cloister-like, the light coming in only at one end, and is an ideal retreat for a scholar. It is a large room, and the sides are nearly lined with books. A portrait of Rumford in the uniform of a British officer, red coat with blue facings and white vest, hangs above the mantle. In Mr. Walker's possession is a memorandum book of substantial linen paper, with parchment cover and a brass clasp, containing thirty-six leaves, which once was the property of the Count. Also here can be seen a diary that was kept some more than a hundred years ago by Rev. Timothy Walker.

There are about twenty rooms in the house. The dining room is the largest and grandest. Anciently, according to the custom of the time, it served as kitchen, dining room, and for the usual avocations of the family. The hall is about ten feet wide and twenty long. On the wall is a full length portrait of Maximillian Joseph, first King of Bavaria, a tall, soldierly looking man in the military garb made familiar to us by the pictures of Washington and Napoleon's generals. The stairs are winding that lead to the second story.

Out of doors are some grand old elms which cast their shadows over the patriarchal roof. These were transplanted in 1764 by Parson Walker. The largest is a giant, a very Og of Bashan, girting sixteen feet and ten inches, three feet from the ground. A cottage house and several large barns belong to the estate which is almost of baronial dimensions. The land is under the best of cultivation and is very fertile.

Mr. Walker though a graduate of Yale, and a scholar and a gentleman, is largely interested in agriculture. He has studied the best methods of farming both at home and abroad, and his contributions to the agricultural journals are alike important and valuable. He has filled many important offices which have been thrust upon him, and his record as a man of ability is high. The old blood has not degenerated, and we see in the fifth generation the same gentlemanly culture, the same fine sense of honor, the same enterprise, the same practical insight, the same generous hospitality which distinguished the remote ancestor, the founder of the family in New Hampshire. Many a race less ancient, less honorable, less renowned, have been honored with a title and an escutcheon.

BY-PAST HOURS.

BY WILLIAM B. TAPPAN.—1850.

Go, dream of by past hours;
In retrospect, once more,
Pluck fancy's gayest flowers,
And revel in thy store.
Go, seek thy native cot,
Scene of affection free,
Where pleasure cheered thy lot,
Where love was all to thee.

Do this, but never tell
The heartless world thy dream;
Its scorn would hope dispel,
Would crush the fairy theme.
Do this, but in thy breast
Let each fond wish expire:
For sorrows unrepressed
Are his who loves the lyre.

THE CHANDLER SCIENTIFIC DEPARTMENT OF DARTMOUTH COLLEGE.

BY OLIVER P. HUBBARD, M. D. LL. D., PROFESSOR IN DARTMOUTH COLLEGE.

Among the Institutions in our country, designed to fit young men by a liberal scientific and literary culture for the practical walks of life, the Chandler Scientific Department of Dartmouth College is the fourth in order of time.

The Rensselaer Polytechnic School, of Troy, N. Y., founded by that eminent pioneer in scientific instruction, Professor Amos Eaton, prior to 1824, and liberally endowed by Hon. Stephen Van Rensselaer, of Albany, whose name it bears, was the first. In connection with it Prof. Eaton organized the first scientific "Summer School," so called in this country, when he took his pupils in a canal boat into the interior of the State, where they made collections in Natural History, Botany, Zoölogy, Mineralogy and Geology, Professor Eaton lecturing to the youth in the larger towns and villages. By this peripatetic teaching a great deal of good seed was sown which in after years produced much good fruits. In 1847, Prof. B. Silliman, Jr., and Prof. J. P. Norton organized a private enterprise by opening a "laboratory on the Yale College grounds, for the purpose of practical instruction in the application of science to the arts and to agriculture," which by the munificent donations of a still living benefactor, has become the widely known Sheffield Scientific School of Yale College. About the same time the Lawrence Scientific School was founded at Harvard, by a gift of $50,000 from the Hon. Abbott Lawrence, whose first Professor was elected in 1849.

As early as 1845, the intention of founding a similar school at Dartmouth was in the mind of "Abiel Chandler, Esq., of Boston, who was born at Concord, N. H., in 1777. His parents were highly respectable but poor. In his childhood they removed to Fryeburg, Maine, where he labored on a farm until the age of 21 years. Within that time, when one day working in the field he was accosted by some young men who were travelling on foot, who asked him to show them their way; he left his work, gave them the right direction and returned to his labor, but he was never the same man as before this incident. The young men were students from Dartmouth College and their conversation produced an impression that was never effaced, and led to his forming a resolution that he too would obtain a liberal education. By the aid of a brother he was fitted for college at the Academy at Exeter, N. H., and in 1806, graduated at Harvard. After leaving college he was a teacher at Salem and Newburyport, Mass., till 1817. To the good reputation which he had previously gained as a student, he added that of an excellent preceptor, an exact disciplinarian and a thorough teacher. By great faithfulness and propriety, he gained the confidence of the best citizens, who continued his friends through life. He left this employment with money sufficient to liquidate the expenses of his education, and to establish himself as a merchant. From 1818 to 1845, he was successful in business in Boston, and retired with a fortune." Whoever would appreciate the character and life of Mr. Chandler should read President Lord's commemorative discourse from which these extracts are taken.

Dr. Lord thus depicts the mental processes of Mr. Chandler when meditating upon a mode of doing good to young men, who, like himself were poor and had no helper:

(p. 18) "When after a few years of honorable industry as a teacher, he became a merchant, the idea conceived at Fryeburg was freshened by the peculiarities of his new position.

He saw himself, *though now a scholar*, ignorant to a great extent, of the principles and methods of mercantile life. Whereupon he set himself to a new variety of learning. He gained it and with it gained a fortune. He saw other men around him, in different spheres, suffering as he had done, from a similar want of knowledge. Merchants, traders, shipmasters, artisans, farmers, laborers, all failed, under his observation, to make their respective callings lucrative, beneficial and honorable, to any adequate degree. They were ignorant, to a great extent, of the best books, the best tools, the best methods of use, and the best results. They were ignorant of the relations naturally existing between the different branches of science and art, and their comprehensive influence upon society. They were consequently incapable of turning their abilities to the best account, and subjected themselves to injurious temptations. *His idea grew upon him. It would not let him rest.* He long revolved expedients for giving it the best effect as a public benefactor. It assumed shape and definiteness, at length in his last will and testament. The result is the *Chandler School; not the product of an impulse or a sentiment, but of the hard thinking and experience of a life, the ripened fruit of a well considered purpose to benefit mankind.*

His charity in its conception and design is sound, comprehensive and benevolent. It is adapted to the conditions of society, its wants and interests."

As to the relations between the college and the school, the President farther says:

(p. 23) "To the friends and benefactors of the College, that none of its higher departments have yet by far attained their respective limits. They all need and want, each for itself and in its relations to the whole, the stimulus of a higher patronage. They must be made to keep their respective places, —to hold their rank,—to perform their offices; each made more productive by the general fruitfulness, and the whole more effective by the increased vigor of every part.

(p. 24) If it were supposed that the new department would become encroaching and disproportionate to more essential varieties of learning yet that evil is, at the worst, remote and perhaps never necessary. The new accession to the College is not yet of learning but of the means of learning. The learning is yet to be acquired by the instruments which are put into our hands. *While the process is going on, other departments may receive a more adequate support and a corresponding impulse. The new may consist with a higher advancement of the old and be a natural occasion of it; and the old become effectual in giving temper and direction to the new.*

Up to the natural limits, all the departments may attain to a higher proportion, symmetry and finish; and become in general more subservient to the ends of the common foundation.

Within these limits we cast our anchor; we work with good hope, and *with devout gratitude for whatever means of growth the divine providence may appoint. Beyond these limits we take no responsibility. That is the natural inheritance of our children.* Every age must have its own probation."

On the 26th of March, 1851, a letter was sent from Boston, as follows:

"The Rev. Nathan Lord, D. D., President of the Board of Trustees of Dartmouth College:

SIR. We have the honor of notifying you that Abiel Chandler, Esquire, formerly resident of Boston, died on Saturday last at his house in Walpole, N. H., and was buried yesterday at Mount Auburn in Cambridge. Upon opening this day Mr. Chandler's will (dated October 21, 1850), we find in it a legacy of fifty thousand dollars to the Trustees of Dartmouth College, to be received by them in their corporate capacity, in trust for the establishment and support of a permanent Department or School of Instruction in said College, in the practical and useful arts of life, under the supervision of a board of visitors, as particularly provided for by the will, an extract from which con-

taining all that relates to this bequest we herewith enclose.

The undersigned are appointed executors of this will, and on the first Tuesday of April next, we intend to present it to the Probate Court for the County of Cheshire, then to be holden at Keene, N. H., preparatory to the probate of the same.

Very respectfully, we are your
Obedient servants,
J. J. DIXWELL,
FRANCIS B. HAYES."

The purpose of Mr. Chandler is fully indicated and declared in the following extracts from his will. The fund is conveyed to the Trustees "to have and to hold the same forever,—but in trust—to carefully and prudently invest or fund the principal sum, and to faithfully apply and appropriate the income and interest thereof for the establishment and support of a permanent department or school of instruction in the College, in the practical and useful arts of life, comprised chiefly in the branches of mechanics and civil engineering, the invention and manufacture of machinery, carpentry, masonry, architecture and drawing, the investigation of the properties and uses of the materials employed in the arts, the modern languages and English literature, together with book keeping and such other branches of knowledge as may best qualify young persons for the duties and employments of active life; but, first of all and above all, I would enjoin in connection with the above branches, the careful inculcation of the principles of pure morality, piety and religion, without introducing topics of controversial theology, that the benefits of said department or school may be equally enjoyed by all religious denominations without distinction. No other or higher preparatory studies *are to be* required in order to enter said department or school than *are pursued* in the common schools of New England. . . .

To the end that my wishes in respect to the foregoing legacy may be observed, I do hereby constitute a perpetual Board of Visitors, consisting of two persons who shall, during the term of their respective natural lives, visit the said department or school as often as they may deem it necessary and advisable to do so, and at least once in each year one or both of said visitors shall examine the condition of its funds and the management and disposition of the same, as well as the management of the affairs of the said Department or School generally; and I hereby direct that all the expenses incurred by the said Visitors in performing the duties assigned to them under this will, shall be paid by said Trustees of Dartmouth College from the income derived from this legacy."

"The said Board of Visitors shall have full power to determine, interpret and explain my wishes in respect to this foundation," and after specifying a dozen particulars in which it may be applied "to see that my true intentions in regard to this foundation be faithfully executed."

"And in order that said Board of Visitors may not be limited in their powers by the foregoing recital, I further confer upon the said Board of Visitors all the visitatorial powers and privileges which by the law of the land belong and are intrusted to any visitor of any eleemosynary corporation."

The survivor of the two to appoint a successor i. e. "hereby investing the said Board of Visitors with the power of perpetuating themselves," and if a failure occurs in both, "I request the Judges of the Superior or highest State Court in the State of New Hampshire, or a majority of said Judges to appoint and fill such vacancy, &c."

His heart was full of benevolence and thoughtfulness for the poor, and he provides that, "In order to extend to the whole community as far as is practicable the benefits of said Department or School and at the same time to ensure its growth and prosperity, I consider it indispensable that the fees for tuition be moderate and that the said Department or School be always open to a limited number of indigent and worthy students for gratuitous instruction."

As to the care of the fund he prescribes "that said capital of $50,000 shall be secured in the best manner, having regard to the *safety as well as the productiveness of it*, and the yearly income thereof be forever applied to the purposes aforesaid, the principal sum to be kept safe and entire."

The Executors of the Will were appointed also the Visitors.

On July 30, 1851, the Executors at Hanover, wrote the Trustees of Dartmouth College of the legacy, that they "are ready to transfer it to you, either in cash or in approved stocks or bonds as you may prefer; that Mr. Chandler, several years since, devoted the amount of this bequest to your Institution, and that as long since as the year 1845, he requested us to be the Trustees of the munificent bounty designed by him for the cause of education in his native State of New Hampshire."

"The idea of giving to Dartmouth College was not suggested by the liberal benefaction for a similar purpose to a sister University of a neighboring State, but was determined upon before that benefaction was made." On the subject of establishing the school "we think it most judicious to refer the subject to those of you who, being intimately acquainted with the practical management of the existing school of instruction at your College, can best devise those means which will promote the interests of the College proper as well as those of the proposed School, by harmonious arrangement and judicious system adapted to the present situation of the Institution you govern."

"We would, however, now suggest that in our opinion there should be no haste to open this school to the public. A reasonable time should be taken for maturing our judgment so that a School may be established, which, under a wise administration will be of the greatest benefit to the present and future generations."

"A portion of the income derived from this legacy should, in our opinion, be devoted to the foundation of a *contingent fund*, which may at some future day be needed for buildings and for purchasing apparatus required in the prosecution of the study of the Arts and Sciences."

"It is our fixed opinion, *that no part of the principal* should ever be invested in other than productive property, and that as the principal must 'be kept safe and entire' we should in the outset provide liberally for future expenditure and unavoidable losses. A wise policy indicates this course, and firmness in executing this obvious dictate of wisdom will alone secure to posterity the benefits of this foundation."

"In presenting ourselves to you in the new relation of visitors, to a School about to be established through the munificence of a deceased friend, for the promotion of practical education, and for the "inculcation of the principles of pure morality, piety and religion," we would humbly ask of the Supreme Ruler and source of wisdom, that all of us may be governed aright in our doings and so act that present and future generations may have reason to bless the memory of their pious benefactor; and we may not at last be counted unfaithful stewards of the trust committed to us.

With sentiments of great respect we are Your Obedient Servants

J. J. Dixwell,
Francis B. Hayes."

This communication of the visitors was referred by the Trustees to a committee viz., Hon. Joel Parker and His Excellency Governor Dinsmore "to report an answer thereto and suitable resolutions to be adopted by the Trustees, &c."

This letter (written by President Lord) after referring to the gift of Mr. Chandler says: "The members of the Board of Trust are deeply sensible of the value and importance of this most unexpected donation, and fully appreciate the great liberality of the Testator, the more because being a graduate of another Institution, the College had no particular claim to become his almoner. The Trustees accept the donation and will spare no

exertions on their part to carry into effect the intentions of the donor as expressed in his Will. * * * The Trustees tender to you personally the expression of their grateful appreciation of the courtesy, kindness and energy, with which you have executed the duty of executors; and they have much pleasure in assuring you that they will at all times be happy to receive you in the interesting relation of Visitors and exponents of the wishes of Mr. Chandler, and will rely upon your aid and coöperation in the execution of the duties which devolve upon the Board.

They concur entirely in the view you have expressed respecting the preservation of the capital of the fund entire, and the caution and deliberation which should be observed in the organization of the school which is to be instituted, and they join with you in fervently invoking the support and guidance of an all wise Providence in the administration of this most noble charity, praying that this support and guidance may be extended to all concerned in such measure that the trust committed to their charge, may be faithfully executed.

(Signed,) N. LORD,
President."

The resolutions comprehended all the preliminary matters incident to the business arrangements—the acceptance of the legacy, &c., tribute to the character of Mr. Chandler—request "to the President to deliver a discourse at the next commencement (1852) in commemoration of the life and character of Mr. Chandler and of the inestimable value of his benefaction," to procure a portrait of Mr. Chandler for the College Library—providing by a committee for the organizing of the new institution—and thanks to the Visitors for their "valuable services in *making investments* of the fund *and requesting them to cause the residue to be invested* in such stocks and securities as they shall deem most advantageous."

The donation and acceptance of this fund were announced by the President on commencement day, July 31st, 1851.

Thus far this beneficent scheme was advanced, alike honorable to the benevolence of Mr. Chandler, to the courtesy and integrity of the Visitors, to the gratitude and pledges of the Trustees.

At the meeting of the Board, July 27, 1852, the Trustees established a school of instruction in connection with the College and as a department thereof, named "The Chandler School of Science and the Arts," with "such rules and regulations as the Trustees may ordain, with the *advice and approval of the Board of Visitors and in subjection always to the will of the founder.*"

A course of study was prescribed, statutes adopted and the school was ordered to be opened at the commencement of the next College term, and proclamation to that effect was made. The $50,000 of the original legacy, and $2,077 the balance of income to August 1st, 1852, in certificates and stocks were placed in the hands of the College Treasurer, and everything necessary of a business character was finished.

All these proceedings were watched by a class of observers as yet unnamed, who had from the first regarded this donation and its purpose with great interest and a loyal sympathy, whose coöperation now became indispensable and was solicited.

The Trustees say: "As an experiment is to be made, it is not expedient to appoint professors and teachers."

"Resolved that the (College) Faculty be authorized to make provision for all needful instruction at the opening of the school."

The faculty acceded to this request with a hearty good will and to their experienced advice and assistance is the school indebted for its most favorable outset. Never has a new department in a college been organized under better auspices. The combination of forces was such as had not heretofore been known here. A generous benefactor, a large fund, an enlightened, wise and energetic Board of

Trustees who not only appreciated the benefit at present, but the demands for liberal, broad, unselfish provision for great results in all future time, a Board of Visitors whose personal character, skill and integrity as executors of the will were a guarantee of their faithfulness in future duty, a learned, generous College faculty who gave to this new institution their sincere God speed and cordial aid, with the hope and expectation of greatly increased usefulness and enlargement to the College.

At the commencement, July 29th, 1852, President Lord delivered a discourse upon the life and character of Mr. Chandler. This was performed in his best manner, not surpassed by any among the numerous memorials, which, during his thirty-five years of service, he was called upon to pronounce upon his colleagues.

Extracts from President Lord's discourse, July 29, 1852:

"I rise by order of the Trustees, to announce the organization of the 'Chandler School of Science and the Arts,' as a new department of instruction in the College.

The school is constituted by the last will and testament of ABIEL CHANDLER. In that document, remarkable as well for learned propriety as for benevolence, the sum of fifty thousand dollars is bequeathed to the Trustees of Dartmouth College, in trust, for the establishment and support of a permanent department or school of instruction in said College, in the practical and useful arts of life, comprised chiefly in the branches of mechanics and civil engineering, the invention and manufacture of machinery carpentry, masonry, architecture and drawing, the investigation of the properties and uses of the materials employed in the arts, the modern languages and English literature, together with book-keeping and such other branches of knowledge as may best qualify young persons for the duties and employments of active life.

In order to the faithful observance of the wishes of the testator in respect to this foundation, a perpetual Board of Visitors is constituted by his will, whose duty it is to examine the condition of its funds, the management and disposition of the same, as well as the management of the affairs of the school in general. In accordance with these and other provisions of the will, an experimental basis and scheme of instruction and discipline have been adopted by the Trustees, and the school will be opened to young men at the beginning of the next College term.

In connection with this announcement, it is made my duty by the Board of Trustees, in public testimonial of the honor due from them and from the friends of learning in general, to the memory of this distinguished patron and benefactor, to discourse at this time of his life and character and of the value of his benefactions." Of his will he says; "It is eminently characteristic, significant of his mental and moral habits and his method as a man of business. In respect to beneficence it has hardly a parallel; his ample fortune was all bestowed in charity. To numerous relatives, less prosperous than himself, who for a quarter of a century had been receiving constant and substantial tokens of his sympathy, he made liberal bequests with great delicacy and judgment. After his legacy to the College the residue of his estate, thirty thousand dollars, was bequeathed to the New Hampshire Asylum for the Insane."

"The Trustees having received from Mr. Chandler's executors the full amount of his munificent bequest will proceed in good faith to apply it with a profound sense of its value to learning, and with corresponding expectations of advantage. Wherefore we regard it gratefully as the gift of God." "Liberal endowments to learned institutions are necessary, and inasmuch as such institutions are necessary and could not be otherwise advanced nor even without the greatest difficulty be sustained; therefore we reasonably honor the founders of such public charities, we honor the institutions which by such means are put in a greater capacity of doing good. The man-

agement of Mr. Chandler's trust requires a change in the organization of the College order. But the change will consist mainly *of additions*. The regular *course is left untouched, no arrangement is made or contemplated that will diminish the number, quantity or proportion of the studies* or exercises heretofore established as a foundation for the learned professions. These will be liable to be interpenetrated by the spirit and genius of the new department, but the influence will be reciprocal. Nothing will necessarily be lost by either. The *system is intended to be one of mutual giving and receiving with a view to the more natural and perfect development of all the branches and a greater corresponding usefulness of the College.*

By this new organization the College receives preparatory students and classes of under graduates, who contemplate, not the professional but the active pursuits of life. It introduces new branches and methods of study adapted to this description of young men, and it *creates a new degree, the degree of Bachelor in Science, intended to be equivalent to the degree of Bachelor of Arts. Its scope is to elevate mechanical and industrial pursuits, and give to material science and labor a social and political consequence in a higher proportion than they have heretofore held to the professional.* It implies that all the departments of knowledge and occupation are equally necessary to the subsistence and well being of society, and that they have hitherto *not held their natural and proper relation to each other.* Its *aim is to restore that natural and constitutional propriety.* This is its theory. The Trustees having accepted Mr. Chandler's trust, *are bound to carry it on according to his ideas, but they accepted his ideas first and consent to perform his work upon these ideas.*

Mr. Chandler had confidence in the importance of his object, the integrity of his aims, the wisdom of his advisers, and he could do no more.

He bestowed his charity with a hearty good will, surrounded it with all imaginable safeguards, gave it what seemed the best direction and left the event with God.

With a like mind we shall best administer his rich endowment, shall give the surest effect to his generous wishes and bring about to society, so as it is the will of God, the good which he disinterestedly sought."

The College faculty were requested to make all necessary plans and arrangements for the opening of the school as announced.

Mr. James W. Patterson, (Dartmouth 1848), who held an eminent rank as a scholar in College, and had added much successful experience as a teacher of Academies, was elected tutor in 1852, and the next year Chandler Professor of Mathematics. Some of the College Professors in the Physical Sciences were associated with him in instruction to the two entering classes of seventeen students.

As the number increased, in 1857, a fourth year was added to the course, the curriculum of studies widened and the number of instructors grew also. It has now a considerable faculty of its own and until the abrupt termination of the arrangement in 1879, had enjoyed the *invaluable cooperation and instruction of most of the experienced Professors of the College, at a small cost.*

Prof. Woodman, who for many years had the chief superintendence of the school, thus refers to it in a circular in January, 1867: "The four years course secures *a liberal education on a scientific basis.* It aims to prepare young men, to ascend easily to the most influential and honorable positions in society. It is believed to be, as nearly as possible, the sort of liberal education now most needed in our country and to be deservedly in the highest repute for the century to come. Its object elevated above that of the numerous *high schools and academies* in the land, seems the only one worthy to be undertaken consistently with the best interests of the country and with the views of the liberal and beneficent founder. But the greatness of the un-

dertaking, compared with the income, required extreme economy, the best financial management and the utmost unity and steadiness of policy.

All this the Trustees and Visitors have given with diligence and patience. They have insisted on adding a part of the income, yearly to the principal of the fund, in order that it may in time become a sufficient basis, for that stable, commanding and independent existence, necessary to its usefulness and toward which its plans and policy are patiently traveling.

Our students are now well advanced in age, well qualified and mature, some of them have been several years in the army, others are skilled farmers, carpenters and iron machinists. They work like men, in diligence, in purpose and in conduct. Our graduates are now largely trained, liberally educated, men of great value to society as citizens, over and above their scientific and practical knowledge. I would not hesitate to say that they will be found by no means second in comparison with the first class of our liberally educated and cultivated men, and among our most sound and effective citizens in all that is highest and best for humanity."

This circular to the public was accompanied by a letter from Ex-President Lord.

HANOVER, May, 1867.

"The circular of Professor Woodman, concerning the *Chandler Scientific Department of Dartmouth College, sets forth truly and wisely, in my judgment, the design, history, deserts and wants of that department. My own personal connection and intimate acquaintance with it from the beginning till within a recent period, will justify my commendation of the Professor's circular to the regards of all who may receive it.

The Academical Department of the College will not fail to receive a large share of the public patronage. The numerous Alumni and the friends of professional learning in general will not suffer it to languish for want of adequate means of instruction and discipline. It may be confidently trusted to their sympathies and active charities. They will stand to their resolutions and fulfill their pledges.

The Scientific Department has yet to make its way to a corresponding favor. I would accordingly commend it on the grounds suggested by the Professor, and, more particularly, in view of the necessity now becoming constantly more evident of a higher education in the 'practical and useful arts of life.'

It is clear to all considerate observers that the tendency of society everywhere is rapidly increasing in that direction. Agriculture, manufactures, trade, engineering, military necessities, the fine arts, and industrial pursuits in general, with the commerce ensuing to a more extended and busy civilization, necessarily engage the many, while merely professional pursuits are confined to comparatively few, and are likely to decline in the general estimation. Whatever differences of opinion may exist as to the remote consequences of this remarkable drift, it certainly is undeniable. It is a law, no more to be overcome than that of gravity. It is the part of wisdom therefore not to resist the law, which would be fruitless, and probably injurious, but so to use and apply it as best to avert or neutralize its possible, or certain dangers, and make it subservient, on the whole, to christian and patriotic ends.

To those ends it becomes clearly the duty of all good men and citizens to sustain, regulate and dignify our scientific institutions. They should not be left to any bad accidents. They should not be suffered to languish in any one locality, and become disproportionately powerful and exorbitant in another. A good foundation wherever wisely laid, and thus far built upon successfully and honorably, should be strengthened, and the superstructure enlarged and furnished agreeably to its natural occasions. New Hampshire

*The name was changed by the Trustees in 1856.

should not be overshadowed, in this respect, by any sister State. The Scientific Department of Dartmouth should be kept up to its design, in due proportion to the Academical, and to the important district of country which it represents. It should have determined friends and patrons, and they should look well to its administration, that it may be conducted on the righteous and benevolent principles and with the ability and zeal contemplated by its high minded and generous founder. The young men who might resort to it, from whatever quarter, should find here means and opportunities as ample as could be afforded elsewhere, and should perceive themselves to be trained answerably to the demands now everywhere made upon scientific men.

Dartmouth has deserved well of the State and the country. It has done probably its full share for the learned professions. Its late scientific endowment gives it an additional advantage. To strengthen adequately this new member will be to add vigor and tone to the institution as a whole. Wherefore let this and every member be helped together, that the whole body may grow by that which every part supplies, and thus subserve effectually and permanently the general interests of the State."

The Chandler Department thus instituted and administered by men who comprehended clearly Mr. Chandler's liberal designs has been conducted to the present time with increasing prosperity. The testimony of the two distinguished men, just cited, on this subject harmonizes with that of all who have been in circumstances to apprehend the need and spirit of the times, and the great value of the work of the institution.

Such a donation as Mr. Chandler's was at the time, rare, and in seeking for a precedent for the construction of the legal instrument under which the fund was to be conveyed and received, it was found entitled: "The Statutes of the Associated Foundation in the Theological Institution in Andover, executed by Moses Brown, Wm. Bartlett and Moses Norris, Esq., in 1808, March 21, with a gift of $40,000 to found two Professorships." This instrument exists in full force, and for aught that appears, the design of the foundation is amicably maintained between the Trustees and Visitors, and is "to continue as the sun and moon forever."

All the conditions prescribed in Mr. Chandler's will concerning the use and management of his donation were copied from the "Statutes of the Associated Foundation," and are intended to have like beneficent effects and perpetuity.

A very serious view is by some entertained in regard to the relation of "visitors of a foundation," and a few words of the history of the Andover case may not be amiss. It was termed a "seven years coalition, if then it appear to the visitors that the visitatorial system is either unsafe or inexpedient, the coalition may be continued on such other principles or system as may then be agreed on by the Trustees and visitors in consistency with the original design of this foundation." "Or the *visitors may withdraw the said fund.*" "Or if at any time within the said term of seven years, *contrary to our most sanguine expectation*, the said visitors shall by the Trustees aforesaid, be denied or deprived of the regular and proper exercise of the power, authority, rights or privileges in them hereby vested agreeably to the true meaning of these our statutes, *then the said fund shall revert to the said visitors* to be appropriated by them *as they shall judge most consistent* with the original design of this foundation.

If at the end of seven years the Visitors and Trustees be well satisfied with the safety and expediency of the visitatorial system and that a perpetual coalition is desirable, *Union shall be established* upon visitatorial principles *to continue as the sun and moon forever.*"

"The Trustees formally accept the donation and statutes and covenant, and agree faithfully to execute the sa-

cred trust, &c." Signed and sealed May 10, 1808.

In 1816, September 25th, "both Boards, Trustees and Visitors, met and voted it is desirable and union shall be established upon visitatorial principles, to continue forever." The visitors of this fund were Hon. Caleb Strong, Rev. Timothy Dwight and Rev. Samuel Spring. The conditions of this foundation are seen to have been experimental, but when an experience of seven years had proved entirely satisfactory, then one of the parties, Hon. Moses Brown, founded a third, i. e. the Brown Professorship, with the same Visitors and the same visitatorial powers as in the former 'Associated Foundation.' It is not known that any collision or misunderstanding between the parties has occurred for nearly three quarters of a century, and none between the parties to the Chandler foundation in a generation. We may reasonably hope that both "may continue as the sun and moon forever."

The entrance of a new member into a social organization suggests the inquiry: "Will he prove a desirable accession and will he add strength and dignity to it and share its burdens?" So when a new department is proposed in the College it is asked: "Can it be sustained through its infancy without too great a draught on the parent and will it develop vigorously and its growth be symmetrical and harmonious with the original?"

This institution has advanced step by step and has grown steadily and unambitiously; its students and Professors rank favorably with those of the College. The College Professors have aided in the instruction, just as from the beginning they have occasionally or as stated supplies preached in the destitute parishes of the region.

The effort to maintain religious services in these places, and thus the good influences surrounding the College, has not only received the assent of all official persons but their hearty approbation.

Neither of these forms of literary and religious service can wisely be given up till the department has a complete corps of instructors and the parishes a settled ministry.

A recent "Circular to the Alumni of Dartmouth College" speaks of "the heavily increased expenses arising (to the College) from the association of new departments with inadequate provision for their support." Fortunately this is not true of the Chandler Scientific Department if of any. The Thayer school of Engineering has not cost the College one dollar of money. As the department became able it willingly shared in the cost of all the various privileges it enjoyed in common, and, like its manly founder who "liquidated the expenses of his education," borrowed of his brother, so it has paid its way, as the following tables will demonstrate:

The department has paid for instruction, other than given by its own officers, and for general purposes to date—

To College Professors,	$21,871
To instruction joint with College,	6,000
To use of gymnasium,	3,913
To use of Culver Hall,	2,500
To College and United Libraries,	2,223
To Moor's school building,	5,773
To Pastor's salary,	1,125
To President of College, salary,	5,800
To Treasurer, " " " "	4,100
To miscellaneous expenses in common,	513
Total	$53,917

For the year just closed:

Gymnasium,	$98	
Culver Hall,	150	
College and united libraries,	374	
Moor's school building,	350	
Pastor's salary,	200	
President's salary,	200	
Treasurer's salary,	150	
Miscellaneous,	83	
Total	——	$1,604

The above contributions have been liberal and as effective as if sent in each year by benevolent Alumni of the College, and the value of this beneficence may be more fully appreciated if we imagine they had not been received and the College Treasury had been obliged to bear these burdens alone.

The original Chandler donation was

$52,077, and the fund is stated to be now about * $109,000, and the annual income about $9,000.

The average number of students in the department for twenty-eight years is 51, and the whole number of graduates is 280, and if a list of the more prominent names among them were given, with the important stations in society which they occupy, it would appear that they highly honor their instructors and the College.

In conclusion, we find the institution which began in so much feebleness has advanced well toward fulfilling the enlarged and enlightened views of its founder in giving a "higher education in the practical and useful arts of life," as the curriculum of study indicates. In the management of the original donation on the sound principle of making it an accumulating fund, the Trustees and visitors have shown singular wisdom and faithfulness, and a continuance of this plan must, ere long, enable them to establish professorships in all the subjects prescribed in Mr. Chandler's will.

It is devoutly to be wished that some benevolent New Hampshire citizens will desire to link their names with that of Chandler, *clarum et venerabile nomen* in endowing these new professorships.

* Exclusive of $20,000 left by Professor Woodman, which is to accumulate.

REMINISCENCES OF DANIEL WEBSTER—NO. II.

BY HON. GEO. W. NESMITH, LL. D.

At the invitation of the Officers of the New Hampshire State Agricultural Society in concert with the city authorities of Manchester, Hon. Daniel Webster attended their first Fair which was ever held at Manchester. It was on the 9th day of October, A. D., 1851. It was one of the brightest and most memorable days recorded in the annals of both Society and city. Some of the stirring events of that day may hereafter find a place in the columns of your paper.

At present, it remains to me to give you some reminiscences of my visit to Marshfield, on the 14th of the same October. Mr. Webster had previously requested me to come to his residence and examine his farm, its resources, improvements and productions, with the stock thereon, to hear his account of the same, and to enjoy the friendly intercourse of his fireside. Accordingly, with John Taylor for my guide, we safely arrived at Mr. Webster's mansion, on the evening of the 14th. Much of that evening was spent in the discussion of the incidents of the preceding week at Manchester. "Oh!" says he, "the cordiality of my reception there, the liberality of my treatment by every one, the magnificent show of men and women, and their various products from all quarters have all tended to make me proud of my native State. I rejoice in this evidence of her prosperity. I rejoice too, that such men, as my friends, Jos. Tilden, Wm. Amory, Dr. Dean, R. H. Ayer, Reed, and others have combined their means to build up a city now full of thrift, which so worthily reflects high honor and wisdom upon her illustrious founders."

In the course of the evening, Mr. Webster submitted three different *sentiments*, which he had prepared, tending to illustrate the character and death of Capt. Isaac Davis, of Acton, killed at Concord, Mass., April 19, 1775. He was the first commissioned officer slain in battle, in our contest with Great Britain. The point for the decision of the household arbiters was to determine which of the three sentiments, all correct in form, might be

regarded as the most appropriate for him to adopt, to be forwarded to a committee who had requested his attendance at the laying of the corner stone of the Acton monument. We believe Mr. Webster endorsed the one selected by us in his letter to his committee of correspondence.

This case, among numerous others, occurring during the latter part of his life, illustrates the fact that he took great care in all his public writings to express his thoughts in a clear, definite, comprehensive, perspicuous language, with occasional ornament, rendering his ideas so transparent as to preclude the necessity of a second reading, in order to ascertain his meaning.

After a night's rest and enjoying an early breakfast, Mr. Webster, not yet having finished his morning labor, in order to meet the demands of his various correspondents, ordered me to explore his north pasture, where was enclosed his flock of about forty sheep. About half of this flock were of the South Down breed; the remainder were of the Cotswold stock. The sheep were young, of a good size, bore good fleeces, but were not fat. They had plenty of grass, but not of a nourishing quality. The grass of this pasture lacked the rich, sweet flavor afforded by the high hill-sides of New Hampshire and Vermont. We also found feeding quietly with these sheep some half dozen Llamas or South American sheep. These were much larger and taller than our common sheep. They were not of the Alpacca breed. Their hair which covered their bodies was of a coarse quality, and of not much practical use. Their flesh is not relished by our people. These Llamas were legitimately called fancy stock. They were presented to Mr. Webster by a sea captain. We wandered into an adjoining corn field. The crop was fair for that year. There, we had occasion to observe the effects of the salt water of the ocean upon one corner of the field. A violent storm, producing a high tide, in June of that year, had annihilated the corn where the salt water had covered the land. But the largest corn of the field was found where a slight quantity only of salt water reached the corn, thus proving that a small quantity of salt operated favorably upon the land as a manure, while too much of a good thing produced destructive effects. Mr. Webster's farm at this time consisted of 1,700 acres, purchased of different persons and at various times. It embraced a variety of soil. The two greater divisions of it would be the upland, where sand largely predominated, and an extensive meadow salt marsh often watered by the tides of the ocean.

For a long distance it was bounded by the ocean on one side. Standing near the mansion house of Mr. Webster, a beautiful, indescribable moan from the ocean, and to be heard so well no where else, often salutes the ear. The common noise of the world did not seem to reach this place. A solemn stillness seemed to reign all around. It appeared to us to be the appropriate resting place for the "weary and heavy laden." So thought Mr. Webster when he selected this home. When the two Winslows and White sought out this seclusion to dwell in, and die in, they must have felt that here they could enjoy peace. They had it. The savages did not molest them. Under the reign of the two Winslow's as Goverernors, Plymouth Colony had prosperity within her borders. When the Revolutionary days of 1775 approach, we find the celebrated Thomas the ardent lover of George Third and his institutions, in quiet possession of many of these broad acres. He doubtless thought himself secure in this retired nook from the shaft of all enemies, and he little dreamed that he was to be hunted out by one Trumbull, and that he was to gain from him a *left-handed immortality*, which would adhere to him through many distant ages yet to come. Let the same inauspicious immortality rest upon the memories of the enemies of all our glorious institutions.

In the course of our morning rambles we had the good fortune to meet Peterson, a man not unknown to fame,

the companion of Mr. Webster in many of his fishing excursions. We soon made his acquaintance. He said he had come to learn when he could have the company of Mr. Webster upon one of his sea voyages. We informed him that his time on that day was mortgaged to us, and we could not spare him. "Yes," he remarked, "it is so every day. Yesterday, Col. Thomas H. Perkins had him and so I was disappointed, but Porter Wright told me down at the house it was a good day for Mr. Webster, for when Mr. Webster proposed to make a payment on his note due to Col. Perkins, he refused to take anything and generously surrendered the whole of it to Mr. Webster together with the mortgage deed which secured it."

Mr. Webster confirmed the truth of this benevolent act, remarking that the note was equal to about $3,000, and that he would take nothing in return except a walking stick of little value.

We inquired of Peterson if Mr. Webster was in the habit of talking or singing aloud while fishing? "Yes, sometimes he is dreadfully troublesome in that way in trout fishing. You know that fish is shy, and is easily frightened, but I have known Mr. Webster, when he feels well to break out suddenly with loud singing, and saying over poetry and some of his speeches,—I can't give his words. I know he scared the trout when we fished in the brooks in this way, but when we fished for cod in the sea, I did not care how much noise he made; the louder he sung the better the fish seemed to bite."

At the dinner table we recounted Peterson's account of the effects of Mr. Webster's singing and speaking upon the finny tribe. Mr. Webster enjoyed the narrative, but observed, that "no harm could arise from noise when no fish could be found." While at dinner, Mr. Bayley of Boston called to obtain inscriptions for the stones in memory of his first wife and his deceased children, then deposited in the tomb on his farm in Marshfield. These were furnished by Mr. Webster. Since those days, other friendly hands have placed there inscriptions, in commemoration of himself and his son Fletcher. They have all been already furnished to the public eye.

After dinner, we took a seat in a wagon with Mr. Webster, for the purpose of inspecting his stock of cattle, his turnip field, his sea-weed on the beach, &c.

We first came in contact with his fifteen cows grazing in the pasture south of his house. The cows were of various breeds, none of them of surpassing excellence. Several of them would stand somewhat above the average marked standard as milkers. He had four blood bulls, viz: Durham, Devon, Ayrshire and Hereford. These were all choice animals.

The Ayrshire animal was a present from Mr. Aycrigg of New Jersey, and was the best animal of that breed we ever saw. A valuable descendant from him was presented by Mr. Webster to the New Hampshire Asylum for the Insane, and took high premiums in our State Society. At that time, Mr. Webster had eighteen yoke of oxen in his possession, many of them were valuable. None of them were less than four years of age, and each pair had his history. At least twelve pairs were from New Hampshire. Two pair of Durhams, very large, had been purchased of the Messrs. Wadleigh the week before, while at the Manchester Fair. He had paid recently to Mr. Fabyan of the White Mountain House, $150 for a pair of four year old steers. We inquired "why he paid so high a price." Thereupon he made the following explanation. In September 1851, he, and a party of six others, were guests at Fabyan's for more than a week. "When we got ready to come away, I called for his bill, expecting to pay him a generous price, for we had received good accommodations. He refused to receive any compensation. I felt as if Fabyan was about as poor as a clever landlord ought to be, and was ashamed to make him poorer in pocket on my account. Whereupon, finding he did not want to part with

these steers, we insisted upon him setting a price, saying to him we must have them at all events. He finally agreed to take $150, stipulating to deliver them at Plymouth, N. H. In this way I came out nearly square, for the steers were not worth over $100."

He had another pair of oxen, which he had purchased at the cattle show at Fisherville, in A. D., 1847.

In connection with this purchase he related the following anecdote, E. Wadleigh, Esq., of Sutton, heard it the same evening, and confirms the account we had: "Mr. Webster went from Franklin to Fisherville in the cars, on the morning of the fair. He had no conveyance from the depot to the fair ground. An old man who claimed acquaintance and who had heard him make his first plea at Hopkinton in 1805, politely asked him to ride with him. This invitation was accepted. Mr. Webster found himself in an old wagon behind a miserable old mare, and the driver kept jerking the reins with great vigor, and at the same time was extolling the mare and expatiating upon her excellent qualities. Finally the patience of the owner of the animal became nearly exhausted, and he remarked, 'there is one thing about it, the mare knows I won't whip her before company.'"

Mr. Webster used to comment upon this journey and speech with much humor, observing that the wonderful sagacity of the old beast could only be equalled by the kind forbearance of the owner. The most interesting, rare, and we may add valuable crop, we found on the Marshfield Farm, was twenty-five acres of Swedish turnips. The crop was located on the side of a hill, opposite the Winslow house. They literally covered the ground, giving the appearance of a rich green carpet. The land was manured by leached ashes, purchased in Boston at seven cents per bushel, and shipped to Marshfield, and scattered broadcast upon the land. These turnips, united with corn meal, were extensively used in fatting several pair of the oxen, with what profitable results we cannot say. We defer our discussion upon sea weed and some other topics.

"BEHIND THE VEIL."

BY HON. E. D. RAND.

Lo! the marvelous contrast of shadow and light,
Of shadows that darken, and lights that adorn;
And after the day comes the shadowy night,
And after the night come the splendors of morn.

And sorrows and rapture through all the swift years
Keep crossing to weave in the web of our life;
Till another, the greatest of shadows appears
To hush into stillness the tumult and strife.

And thou, shadow of shadows, the darkest of all,
Dividing the known from the unknown to be,
That liest on life and its joys like a pall—
Oh! what is the splendor that lies behind thee?

MAJOR FRANK.

BY MME. BOSBOOM-TOUSSAINT,—TRANSLATED BY SAMUEL C. EASTMAN.

V.

Leopold de Zonshoven to Mr. Willem Verheyst, at Batavia.

When I awoke, the daylight was streaming in victoriously through the only serviceable window, the shutters of which I had not closed, in the chimerical hope of seeing the sun rise over a beautiful landscape of Guilders. From the late hour of the breakfast of the previous day, I had inferred that they did not usually rise very early in the castle, and I conceived the idea of taking a morning walk. I walked quietly in order not to awaken any one, but in the vestibule I met Fritz, who silently gave me a military salute. The door was wide open and I directed my course towards the farm-house, whose roof I could see from my window.

This farm belonged to me, since the old General had been forced to sell it and Overberg had bought it for aunt Sophia. Still the farmers remained there, and under the pretext of drinking a glass of milk, I could make the good people talk a little about the inhabitants of the castle and particularly about a certain one, whom you can easily guess. My imagination had already carried me farther away than my legs, when at the end of an avenue of pines I discovered Frances herself, who, with a small basket in her hand, was returning from the farm—the object of my search. She recognized me in the distance and made a movement as if she wished to avoid me. Was it a grudge for the day before? Had she not pardoned me for rejecting her intervention in the game of cards? Did she dislike to appear before me in a wretched old gray shawl and a garden hat, much the worse for wear? Whatever it was she soon decided and advanced boldly to meet me.

"Are we again good friends?" I said to her, taking the hand she held out to me and wishing her good morning, "You were a little provoked at me yesterday."

"No, cousin," said she, "I was not provoked with you, I was chagrined. I understood very well that you were annoyed at me, that my manner appeared to you to be unbecoming, but you see I could not bear the sight of any baseness. I was afraid that you, in order to flatter my grand-father on his weak point, would be duped by him, and—you see, I suspeeted an ambush."

"Come now, even if your suspicion had been well founded, don't you think that it was beneath me to ask for mercy?"

"True, but did not I tell you in advance that I had bad manners?"

"Not exactly that, Frances. You have a certain need of self-control."

"Perhaps, but still I wished to come to your aid."

"That is to dispose of me as of something belonging to you. How could you, who are so proud, believe that a man would consent to be protected by a woman?"

"You are again right, such a man—would too much resemble many others. That being admitted, confess that you took my poor little intervention rather disdainfully."

"Pardon me, Frances; our friendship is still so delicate a plant, that we must cultivate it carefully, without allowing even the least defect."

"If you take our friendship so seriously," said she blushing a little, "I grant that you were right. You ought to recognize this consession of mine, by promising me that you will forget all my impertinance of last evening, will you not?"

I was again under the charm. "Without any other reservation," I exclaimed, enthusiastically, "than of all that is lovely in you," and I seized her hand and kissed it tenderly.

"Leopold, Leopold! What are you doing?" she said hoarsely, at the same time roughly drawing back her hand, "do you forget to whom you are speaking thus, do you forget that I am—Major Frank?"

"I don't wish to know anything more of Major Frank," I answered, "from henceforth I know only my cousin, Frances Mordaunt," and I again seized her hand and placed it under my arm. She permitted this with a singular expression of embarrassment. I had conquered an outpost, but I was still very far from a great victory. I wished to take the basket she carried and which contained fresh eggs, but she absolutely refused. I learned that she had been early to the farm to look after a patient, and this patient was her dog, which had broken a paw, in leaping after her over a hedge, which she, intreped horsewoman, had cleared on her horse Tanceed. The accident had happened near the farm-house, and she left the poor animal there and he would not allow anyone else to dress the wound. The veterinary surgeon promised a cure, except that the dog would always be lame. "Still another trouble which I bring upon myself," she added; "if only the others could like this give me a half compensation!" she sighed.

"Cousin, are you not a little too rash on horseback?"

"I know it, Leopold; but when I am in the saddle there is something impetuous, something wild even in me which claims, which demands satisfaction. Then only I seem to live, I start, I fly, I annihilate space, I forget—Ah! what would you say, Leopold, if you knew the weight I must bear from now during all my life, and which I must attribute to my unconquerable passion! a fault for which I shall never pardon myself! God knows, nevertheless, that my intention was not bad—"

We approached one of those mysteries, which I burned to see clear up. You can imagine all the ardor, all the anxiety of my curiosity. Would you believe it, I did not dare to ask her the least question. She was as pale as death. She dropped my arm and leaned against a tree, holding both her hands over her eyes as if she wished to prevent her tears from flowing.

"Tell me what happened, Frances," I murmured, in a low voice, "that will console you."

"Oh! not now; let us not spoil this beautiful morning walk in retracing this horrible scene. Still I ought to follow your advice, that you may understand how it happens that I who cannot bear to see an animal suffer, must reproach myself with having caused the death of a man."

"Was it, then, the misfortune of which your coachman was the victim? Why should I go to others to learn your secrets?"

"My secrets!" she exclaimed, in an imperious and angry voice, "why do you imagine that there is any secret about it? It was a terrible accident which happened on the public street, in the presence of a crowd of curious people drawn together by the noise; but this good opportunity to turn public opinion against me was not lost. Was it not Major Frank, who never does anything like the rest of the world, Major Frank whom they could now crush under the weight of calumny, as if it were not already enough that her wildness had cost the life of a man, the honor and repose of another being! Was I innocent enough to suppose that nothing of this history had come to your ears! And you came, did not you, to know better the heroine of so romantic an adventure? Well! go to the farm. The people who live there will give you the whole account of the affair, and when you are satisfied, you will return to the castle only to take your leave, and you will go as you came."

Thereupon she left me and fled, without my thinking of rejoining her in my confusion. For the moment I believed her lost to me. Besides I knew nothing of the event, which seemed to rule her entire destiny so sadly. I remained in the place a prey to a thousand perplexities, when I discovered in her sudden flight,

that she had forgotten her basket at the foot of the tree against which she had leaned. The idea came to me to make use of this pretext to go to the farm-house. I asked the farmer's wife for a glass of milk, showing her the basket I had found in the woods.

"That is like her," said the good woman. "She left it there without thinking of it. She is a very good girl, and she has not her equal in the whole world, but when her pranks get hold of her, buzz—she is off like a *leukemetif*."* And she continued in this key in her patois of Overyssel, which I had great difficulty to understand. I could not decide to question her. I was weak, Willem, I was afraid to see the naked truth presented to me in the blunt language of a peasant woman. It seemed to me that I owed it to Frances to wait for the hour of her confidence, of her free explanation. I had just seen the wounded dog, who looked at me with his beautiful melancholy eye as if he was asking favor for his mistress. I carassed him and he allowed it. During this time the farmer's wife talked without cessation of the General, who had been a good landlord; of Overberg, who was also a good landlord, and even a still better one, for he was willing to make repairs, which the General always refused to do. "The General had no taste for farming; the young lady, on the contrary, oh! she wished to milk the cows herself, she talked to them as to women, and to the horses too. How she loved them! She used to drive herself, and Blount, her coachman, was proud enough to be seated by her side, with his arms folded, while she held the reins! And all that is past, the beautiful span is sold, the young lady has nothing but her English riding horse, and when the General wishes to go out, he must content himself with one tent wagon.† What a shame, sir, to see a family that has always been the first in the land, come down like that! Since the marriage of the oldest of the Roselaer young ladies, there has been no blessing on this house, for, you know, sir, as the Bible says, a house divided against itself—"

The babble of this woman was insupportable. I hastened to get away and got back before the breakfast hour. Frances was alone in the dining-room, preparing the tea. As soon as she saw me, she wished to go out on the pretext that the water did not boil. "Have they given you your eggs?" I said to her in the passage way.

"Yes," she answered dryly.

"One moment, Frances, I think I have a right to a better reception."

"On what do you found your right? On your satisfied curiosity?"

"I know nothing, Frances, having asked nothing."

"Asked nothing! On your honor?"

"I do not say one thing and mean another, Frances. I asked nothing, not wishing to hear anything."

"Really, that is a self-control, I did not believe a man capable of."

"Are women so superior in this respect?"

"When it is necessary we know how to be silent."

At the same moment the Captain made his appearance, without having any idea how inopportune he was; the General followed soon and breakfast began. Frances did her best to conceal her preoccupation; in her manners towards me there was a shade of regret, but she made blunder on blunder in her dealing with the other two persons at the table. The General had a double quantity of sugar in his tea, and the Captain discovered that his did not contain a drop of milk*; the eggs were found to be cooked too hard to suit the taste of these gentlemen, who had very exact ideas on the subject of gastronomy. Just then a carriage stopped before the vestibule. Frances arose to see what this apparition meant and I followed her. It was my coachman of the day before, my

* Locomotive.

† A comfortable rustic carriage, used by Dutch peasants, with curtains, which, when closed, form a sort of tent.

* The Dutch custom is that the lady who pours out the tea shall put sugar and milk in the cup before passing it.

carriage and my trunk fastened on behind.

"Oh! you are going away," said she to me in a tone at once joyous and melancholy.

"No," I answered in an undertone, "I am not going, I do not wish to go yet."

"You will remain in spite of me," she replied in the same tone.

"Perhaps so, I wish to ascertain the wish of your grand-father on this point."

He came up followed by the Captain. I learned that wishing to keep me longer, the Captain had taken it upon himself to send for my trunk, and at the same time that he had profitted by the opportunity to order in the city a supply of dainties, preserves, and delicate pastry, which he spread out with satisfaction before the delighted eyes of the General. As for him, he rolled his tongue with satisfaction in reviewing all these delicacies, and striking the General familiarly on the shoulder: "Well! General, havn't I foraged well?" said he with a loud laugh.

Suddenly Frances burst out, her eyes shot fire, she could not contain herself: "Dam'd rascal," she cried, "You show very plainly that you don't any longer consider yourself as an inferior in this house; otherwise you would not act thus. Bless me! what waste! Red-legged partridges, patie de foie gras, fish in jelly, preserves, it is a shop-full of edibles that you have sent for. And why, I beg you, all these provisions?" And she struck the table so as to make all the dishes rattle.

"Frances! Frances!" murmured her grand-father in a mournful voice.

"No, grand-father," she continued in a still louder voice, "it is scandalous, and if you had the least firmness you would put an end to it."

"But, Major! Major!" said Rolfe in a supplicating voice.

"Hold your tongue, miserable gormandizer, I am not your Major, and I have had enough of your foolish jokes; but I will not bear such liberties any longer, and if my grand-father does not know how to keep you in order, I will put you out of doors, you and all your stews."

"In the name of Heaven, Frances, be calm; remember that Mr. de Zonshoven here hears you."

"So much the better. He wishes to be our guest. Very well, he will know into what a wretched house he has come, I say plainly what I think. We are shamed by things not words."

With these words she left the room, sending me a look of defiance, to which I replied with a movement of my head, which showed her how much I disapproved of her violence and of the intemperance of her language.

We were looking at each other in utter confusion, the General, the Captain and myself, when she reopened the door. "Captain," said she to Rolfe, "be kind enough to take charge of the house to-day, I am going to ride."

"Just as you order, commandant," replied Rolfe, touching his cap.

I could not refrain from expressing my surprise at the coolness with which he received such rebuffs. "What shall I say to you?" he answered, "I am used to it. I saw this morning that the barometer indicated a storm. The sooner the storm comes, the sooner it is over, and an old soldier is not afraid of a shower."

"I had already told you that my grand-daughter had an ungovernable temper," murmured the General, who did not dare to lift his eyes towards me, "once started on one of her set notions, and she does not reason at all."

While he was speaking, Captain Rolfe drew from its wrappings, a long object which proved to be a pretty riding whip, intended to replace the one lost in the heaths. Would she, after such a scene, accept a gift like that? I felt absolutely obliged to be alone and to reflect. I made a pretext of having some letters to write to gain my chamber. In fact, it is to these anxious hours of solitude that you owe this letter, Willem. She has already

served me in placing more clearly before my eyes the terms of the problem; but the solution? I see it recede. I undertake a voyage of exploration into a woman's heart, I lose myself and I suffer; yes, I suffer, my friend, for in spite of all, I love her to distraction, and I should lose all, if I let her suspect my weakness.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LAKE WINNIPISEOGEE.

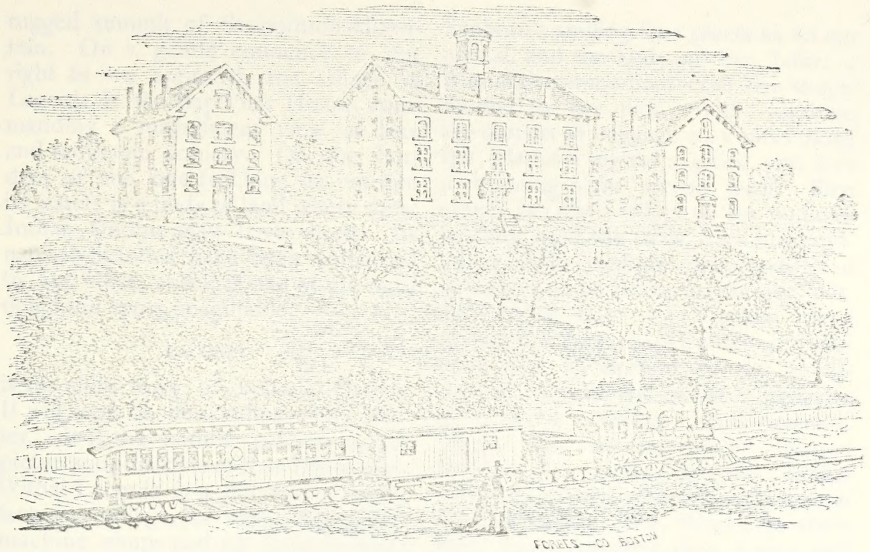
At Concord our party have all secured seats on the morning train. Promptly at 10:45 we commence a retrograde movement on Suncook. At a hundred yards from the Concord depot our course is changed, and we bear away toward the north star. The train whirls past the Northern Railroad shops, long sheds, where skilful masons are bringing graceful designs from Concord granite, the massive tannery of the Page Belting Company. Leaving Horse Shoe Pond on the left, we plunge across the Merrimack river into the village of

EAST CONCORD.

This little hamlet is the favorite suburb of the city. It is distinguished for the neatness of its residences and the care bestowed on its shady highways. The large brick building on the bluff is the school-house, the one on the plain, and nearer, is the engine house, converted by the enterprise of the citizens into an attractive ward-house with a convenient assembly hall. Still nearer, and conspicuous for the care bestowed upon them, are the buildings belonging to the proprietor of the "Standard Oak Tanned Leather Hose." Conveniently near the depot in the opposite direction is the manufactory. Over across the wide intervale, through which winds the Merrimack, can be seen Rattlesnake Hill, where forest pines are supplanted by lofty derricks for the granite quarries, and nestling at its base the many angled roof of the new state prison. Close by the track toward the river one can see the bed of the old canal wherein, before the days of railroads, the water flowed from Sewall's Falls and gave fair promise of converting this quiet village into a second Manchester. The train tarries but a minute at the dainty little station and is off with a bound to climb in the next few miles upon the second river terrace. Fine views can be obtained in the west. The river is like a ribbon of silver; the village of West Concord peeps out from the trees; noble old Kearsarge is prominent on the horizon. Glimpses of Fisherville with its graceful spires are caught, and the Hannah Duston monument may be seen for a moment, when we pass onto the pine plains and are in the old frontier town of

CANTERBURY.

Just now Ed. Mann takes up our tickets, and in the presence of the genial conductor we forget he is a member of the august state senate. As we come into the opening he kindly calls our attention to a grass covered hill, and we can plainly see the site of the old Canterbury fort so frequently mentioned in colonial records. Away over beyond nestles the village, and still further away is the peaceful domain of the Shaker community. Scattered through the town are many fine old farm-houses whose doors are hospitably open all through the summer months for the reception of their city visitors. The depot must not be considered an index of Canterbury, save in antiquity. We are pleased to learn that a tasty little structure is soon to be erected, and that Col. D. M. Clough is to build a hotel close by, on the edge of the bluff, to overlook his wide estate and the



NEW HAMPSHIRE CONFERENCE SEMINARY AND LADIES' COLLEGE, TILTON.

whole river-front of the town of Boscawen. Soon we are in the town of

NORTHFIELD.

Up over the woods and out of sight is a relic of the last century, an old church. Its sides are battered and torn. The storms of a century have beaten upon it. One enters the venerable building with awe. Its interior is preserved unchanged; the high pulpit and sounding-board remain, the pews are square and high-backed, forming picturesque pens. The galleries are gems of the antique. One sees in fancy the congregation enter, in the knee-breeches and short waists of by-gone years, and listens to the words of some stern old puritan teaching godliness to an armed assembly. Sacrilege has been here! Some vandal has stored his wood-sleds within these sacred portals! Here we are in the town of

TILTON.

It was formerly Sanbornton Bridge. With its new name it commenced a new career of life and business activity. The beautiful Winnipiseogee river is the outlet of the Lake and one of the fountain streams of the Merrimack. The commanding buildings on our left on the hill, overlooking the village and a panorama of hills, mountains, and quiet valleys, belong to the New Hampshire Conference Seminary and Female College. This institution sustains a high rank among the schools of the state. It combines a ladies' college with an academy and preparatory school for higher colleges and universities, maintaining also commercial, musical and ornamental departments. Leaving the Tilton depot we see on the hill above us the princely residence of the banker, Charles E. Tilton, for whom the town was named; on our right, in the river, an island elaborately cultivated and generously opened to the public by the same gentleman, to whom the town is also indebted for the munificent gift of a town hall fast approaching completion; and every where the signs of thrift and industry. The station at East Tilton is passed and we are in the town of Belmont, gliding along the southern shores of Winnisquam Lake. Like a mirror it is spread before us embedded in the granite hills, its sinuous shores bounding Sanbornton and Laconia and reaching far up into Meredith. Over its waters in the distance towering over the foot hills is the

rugged summit of Sanbornton Mountain. On a gentle eminence to our right as we approach the village of Laconia is the Bay View House, commanding a magnificent view of lake and mountain scenery. On the borders of the lake reaching far out into its waters is a body of land where some Indian Undine may have dwelt. Its natural beauties have been enhanced by Mr. Gove, and it is one of the most delightful spots imaginable.

LACONIA

is the shire town of Belknap County. It will soon be demanding a city charter. It is the natural gateway to the picturesque districts of New Hampshire. Withal Laconia is a flourishing manufacturing village, its mills, founderies, machine shops and car manufacturing establishment having a national reputation; its shady streets, well kept roads, fine scenery, pleasant residences, tasteful church edifices and good hotels, rendering the place a desirable summer residence. The drives in the vicinity present very attractive views, especially those to be obtained from Mount Belknap from which can be seen the full extent of the lake spread at one's feet. Leaving Laconia, the way is along the shores of Round Bay, a beautiful sheet of water, to

LAKE VILLAGE

in the township of Gilford. Here we see bustling activity, mills, founderies, and machine shops. Close by the depot is the Mount Belknap House, where the genial landlord, Mr. Brown, would cordially welcome and bountifully entertain our party were we at leisure to stop. Leaving Lake Village, we skirt along the northern side of Long Bay, an arm of the great lake, and soon behold the waters of Winnipiseogee opening out before us. We are now at the

WEIRS.

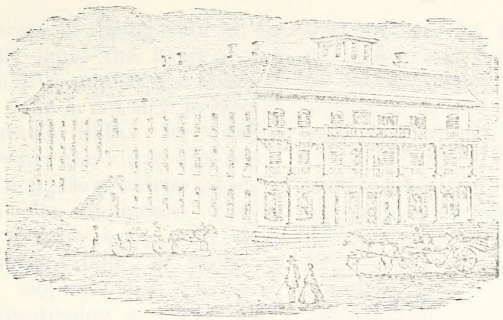
Our party gather their traps and disembark and the train glides northward towards Plymouth, the White Mountains, Montreal and Quebec. Captain Sanborn's smiling face greets us on our arrival, and the Lady of the Lake, a trim and commodious craft lays snugly moored to her pier. While awaiting the transfer of baggage we wander along the platform toward a grove, and here a charming sight reveals itself. First comes in view a village of tiny cottages nestling amid the trees, each surrounded by little comforts characteristic of its owner, some facing on the lake, others hidden from it. Further along among the old trees of a grove we come upon the auditorium of the camp-ground, surrounded by the tabernacles of various village congregations. There are winding-walks cleared through the under growth, swings swung from lofty branches, and several croquet lawns. The Weeks brothers have lately enlarged their house, and they now offer the accommodations of a first-class hotel, situated on the edge of the grove, to the travelling public. Capt. Sanborn is erecting a spacious hotel on the side-hill overlooking the depot and the lake. Further up the hill is the Winnecoette House, kept by Mr. Doolittle. In the grove south of Capt. Sanborn's hotel is the locality chosen by the veterans of the last war in which to hold their annual camp fires. Had we time we would visit the Endicott Rock which was marked as a Massachusetts state bound over two centuries ago.

We take our seats on the upper deck of the little steamer, the gangway plank is landed, the moorings cast off and we are off across the rippling surface of the lake. Thomas Starr King made a study of this body of water. From this gifted author the following description is taken of

LAKE WINNIPISEOGEE.*

"Does this word mean 'The Smile of the Great Spirit,' or 'Pleasant Water in a High Place?' There has been a dispute, we believe, among the learned in Indian lore, as to the true rendering. Whatever the word means, the lake

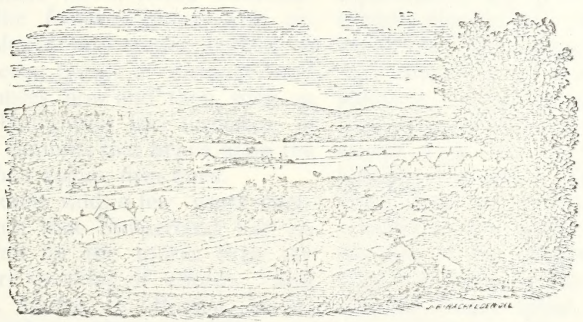
* From "White Hills; their Legends, Landscape and Poetry," by Thomas Starr King; published by Isaac N. Andrews, Boston.



MOUNT BELKNAP HOUSE, LAKE VILLAGE.

itself signifies both. Topographically, under the surveyor's eye and the mill-owner's estimates, it is pleasant water in a high place; about thirty miles long, and varying from one to seven miles in breadth; with railroad stations on its shores at Alton Bay and Weirs;* and a little more than a hundred miles distant from Boston. To the poet and to all who have an eye anointed like his, it is the smile of the Great Spirit.

It is easy to give a general description of the character of the shores of Winnipiseogee, to count its islands, and to enumerate the mountain ranges and peaks, with their names and heights that surround it. But it is not so easy to convey any impression, by words, of the peculiar loveliness that invests it, and which lifts it above the rank of a prosaic reservoir in Belknap and Carroll counties in New Hampshire, about five hundred feet above the sea, into an expression of the Divine art renewed every summer by the Creator. There is very little cultivation around the borders of Winnipiseogee. The surroundings are scarcely less wild than they were, when, in 1652, Captains Edward Johnson and Simon Willard



VIEW FROM LAKE VILLAGE.

carved their initials which are still visible, on the 'Endicott Rock,' near its outlet. The straggling parties of Indians who pass by it now, on their way to trade with the visitors at the Flume House in Franconia, see it but little more civilized in expression than their forefathers did, whose wigwams, before Massachusetts felt the white man's foot, spotted the meadows of the Merrimac below.

> Where the old smoked in silence their pipes, and the young
> To the pike and the white perch their baited lines flung;
> Where the boy shaped his arrows, and where the shy maid
> Wove her many hued baskets and bright wampum braid.

And yet it is not a sense of seclusion

* Meredith and Wolfeboro.

amid the forests, of being shut in by untamed hills amid the heart of the wilderness, that Winnipiseogee inspires. Indeed, the lake is not shut in by any abrupt mountain walls. Its islands and shores fringe the water with winding lines and long, low, narrow capes of green. But the mountains retreat gradually back from them, with large spaces of cheerful light, or vistas of more gently sloping land, between. The whole impression is not of wild, but of cheerful and symmetrical beauty.

Artists generally, we believe, find better studies on Lake George. It may be that there is more of manageable picturesqueness in the combination of its coves and cliffs; but we think that, for larger proportioned landscape—to be enjoyed by the eye, if it cannot be easily handled by the pencil or brush—Winnipiseogee is immeasurably superior. We cannot imagine a person tiring, through a whole summer, of its artistic and infinite variety. While it could hardly be that the eye, in the daily and familiar acquaintance of a whole season with Lake George, would not feel the need of wider reaches in the mountain views, richer combinations of the forest wildness with retreating slopes and cones bathed in 'the tenderest purple of distance,' and with glimpses, now and then, such as the New Hampshire lake furnishes, of sovereign summits that heave upon the horizon their vague, firm films.

Mr. Everett said, a few years since, in a speech, that Switzerland has no lovelier view for the tourist than the lake we are speaking of affords. And Rev. Mr. Bartol, of Boston, in his charming volume, 'Pictures of Europe,' tells us: 'There may be lakes in Tyrol and Switzerland, which in particular respects, exceed the charms of any in the Western world. But in that wedding of the land with the water, in which one is perpetually approaching and retreating from the other, and each transforms itself into a thousand figures for an endless dance of grace and beauty, till a countless multitude of shapes are arranged into perfect ease and freedom, of almost musical motion, nothing can be beheld to surpass, if to match, our Winnipiseogee.' It is, of course, in moving over the lake, on a steamer or in a boat, that this 'musical motion' of the shores is caught.

We will abide the judgment of any tourist as to the extravagance of this quotation, if he has an eye competent to look through the land to landscape, and becomes acquainted with the lake from the deck of a steamer, on an auspicious summer day. The sky is clear; there are just clouds enough to relieve the soft blue and fleck the sentinel hills with shadow; and over the wide panorama of distant mountains a warm, dreamy haze settles, tinging them, as Emerson says the south wind, in May-days,

> Tints the human countenance
> With a color of romance.

Perhaps there is at first a faint breeze, just enough to fret the water, and roughen or mezzotint the reflections of the shores. But as we shoot out into the breadth of the lake, and take in the wide scene, there is no ripple on its bosom. The little islands float over liquid silver, and glide by each other silently, as in the movements of a dance, while our boat changes her heading. And all around, the mountains, swelling softly, or cutting the sky with jagged lines of steely blue, vie with the molten mirror at our feet for the privilege of holding the eye. The 'sun-sparks' blaze thick as stars upon the glassy wrinkles of the water. Leaning over the side of the steamer, gazing at the exquisite curves of the water just outside the foamy splash of the wheels, watching the countless threads of silver that stream out from the shadow of the wheel-house, seeing the steady iris float with us to adorn our flying spray, and then looking up to the broken sides of the Ossipee mountains that are rooted in the lake, over which huge shadows loiter; or back to the twin Belknap hills, that appeal to softer sensibilities with their verdured symmetry; or, further down, upon the charming succession of mounds that hem the shores near Wolfeboro'; or northward,

where distant Chocorua lifts his bleached head, so tenderly touched now with gray and gold, to defy the hottest sunlight, as he has defied for ages the lightning and storm :—does it not seem as though the passage of the Psalms is fulfilled before our eyes,—'Out of the perfection of beauty God hath shined?'

The lines of the Sandwich Mountains, on the northwest, of which the lonely Chocorua, who seems to have pushed his fellows away from him, is the most northerly summit, are the most striking features of the borders of the lake. An American artist who had lived many years in Italy, on a recent visit to this country, went to Winnipiseogee with the writer of these pages. He was greatly impressed and charmed with the outlines of this range, which is seen at once from the boat as she leaves Weirs landing. He had not supposed that any water view in New England was bordered with such a mountain frame. And before the steamer had shot out from the bay upon the bosom of the lake, he had transferred to his sketch-book its long combination of domes and heavy scrolls and solid walls, all leading to a pyramid that supports a peak desolate and sheer.

The most striking picture, perhaps, to be seen on the lake, is a view which is given of the Sandwich range in going from Weirs to Centre Harbor, as the steamer shoots across a little bay, after passing Bear Island, about four miles from the latter village. The whole chain is seen several miles away, as you look up the bay, between Red Hill on the left, and the Ossipee mountains on the right. If there is no wind, and if there are shadows enough from clouds to spot the range, the beauty will seem weird and unsubstantial,—as though it might fade away the next minute. The weight seems to be taken out of the mountains. We might almost say

> They are but sailing foam-bells
> Along Thought's causing stream,
> And take their shape and sun-color
> From him that sends the dream.

Only they do not sail, they repose. The quiet of the water and the sleep of the hills seem to have the quality of still ecstacy. It is only inland water that can suggest and inspire such rest. The sea itself, though it can be clear, is never calm, in the sense that a mountain lake can be calm. The sea seems only to pause; the mountain lake to sleep and to dream.

But there is one view which, though far less lovely, is more exciting to one who has been a frequent visitor of the mountains. It is where Mount Washington is visible from a portion of the steamer's track, for some fifteen or twenty minutes. Passing by the westerly declivity of the Ossipee ridge, looking across a low slope of the Sandwich range and far back of them, a dazzling white spot perhaps—if it is very early in the summer—gleams on the northern horizon. Gradually it mounts and mounts, and then runs down again as suddenly, making us wonder, possibly, what it can be. A minute or two more, and the unmistakable majesty of Washington is revealed. *There* he rises forty miles away, towering from a plateau built for his throne, dim green in the distance, except the dome that is crowned with winter, and the strange figures that are scrawled around his waist in snow.

Why should all the nearer splendors affect an old visitor of the hills less than that spectacle? Why should Whiteface, which seems, at a careless glance, much higher by its nearness, or the haughty Chocorua, move less joyous emotions than that tinted etching on the northern sky? Why will not a cloud thrice as lofty and distinct in its outline, suggest such power and waken such enthusiasm? Is there a physical cause for it? Is it that the volcanic power expended in upheaving one of the supreme summits,

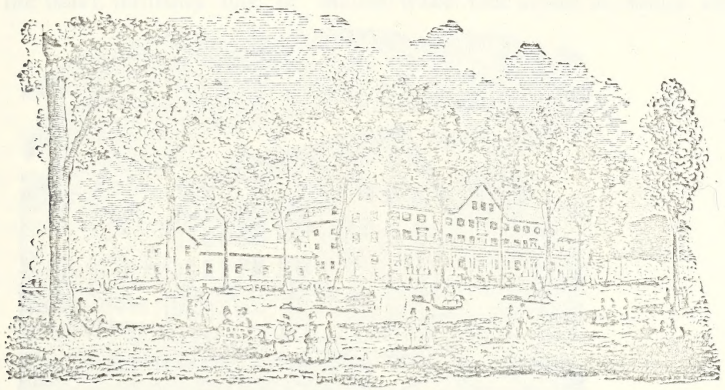
> When with inward fires and pain
> It rose a bubble from the plain,

is permanently funded there, and is suggested to the mind whenever we see even the outlines in the distant air,—thus making it represent more vitality and force than any pile of thunderous vapor can? Or is it explained by the

law of association,—because we know, in looking at those faint forms, that their crests have no rivals in our northern latitude this side the Rocky Mountains,—that the pencilled shadows of their foreground are the deepest gorges which landslides have channelled and torrents have worn in New England,—and that from their crown a wider area is measured by the eye, than can be seen this side of the Mississippi?

* * * * * *

Think what it cost to arrange a landscape which we can see from the little steamer, as she rides from Weirs to Centre Harbor! Think of the mad upheavals of boiling rock, to cool and harden in the air; think of the centuries of channelling by torrents and frost to give their nervous edge to distant ridges and crests; think what patient opulence of creative power wrapped their sides with thickets, that grow out of the mould of pre-adamite moss and fern, and spotted their walls with weather stains in which the tempests of ten thousand years ago took part. Consider, too, the exquisite balancing of widely sundered forces, represented in the clouds that sail over that Sandwich chain and cool their cones with shadow, or in the mists that sometimes creep up their slopes and twine around their brows, or in the streams, those grand-



SENTER HOUSE, CENTRE HARBOR.

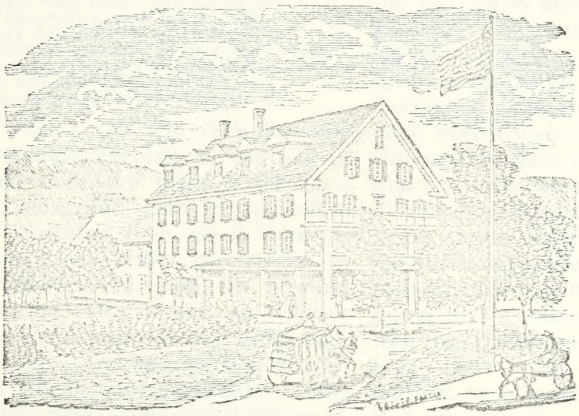
children of the ocean, that revel in their ravines. Bear in mind what delicate skill is exhibited in the mixture of the air through whose translucent sea we catch their mottled charm, and how the huge earth spins on its axis without noise or jar to give the ever shifting hues that bathe them from golden dawn to purple evening. And now, when we remember that all this is only the commencement of an enumeration of the forces that combine in producing a landscape, is a little visible exultation anything more than an honest expression of the privilege a mortal is endowed with, in being introduced to the Creator's art?

Let us remember that pure delight in natural scenes themselves, is the crown of all artistic power or appreciation. And when a man loses enthusiasm,—when there is no surprise in the gush of evening pomp out of the west, when the miracle of beauty has become commonplace,—when the world has become withered and soggy to his eye, so that, instead of finding its countenance 'fresh as on creation's day,' he looks at each lovely object and scene, and, like the travelling Englishman, oppressed with *ennui*, finds 'nothing in it,'—it is about time for him to be transplanted to some other planet. Why not to the moon? No Winnipiseogee is there. There are mountains enough, but they show no azure and no gold. There are pits enough, but there is no water in them; no clouds hover over them; no air and moisture diffuse and varies the light. It is a planet of bare

facts, without the frescos and garniture of beauty, a mere skeleton globe, and so perhaps is the Botany Bay for spirits that have become torpid and *blasé*.

The points of rest on the borders of the lake are, as we have already stated, Centre Harbor and Wolfeboro'. Steamers ply to and from these points, from the railroad stations at Alton Bay and Weirs, several times in the day. Thus, when the weather is pleasant, persons may pass the larger part of the day on the lake, and may take their meals on the boat if they choose. From Wolfeboro' there are many pleasant drives in which the lake is brought into the landscape. Copple Crown mountain, not difficult of ascent, and about five miles from the hotel, furnishes one of the best general views of the lake, and shows, besides the hills in which it is set, some thirty other sheets of water, large and small, that enliven the outskirts of the great mountain district in New Hampshire and Maine.

The steamer stays over night at Wolfeboro', and not unfrequently an excursion is made to see the lake by moonlight. What can be more charming than, at the close of one of the long days of June, to see the full moon rise over the lower end of the lake just before the sun goes down? When the evening is fair and the water still, the glimmer of its brassy disk, just clearing the narrow belt of haze behind the mountains, may be seen in the long mellow wake that seems to sound the



MOULTON HOUSE, CENTRE HARBOR.

depths of the roseate or pale blue water, while the day yet glows along the gray hill slopes, and is brightening the young green of the tree-tops with touches of gold. Then when the sunlight is withdrawn, and the evening zephyrs have folded their wings, what delight to see the moon brighten, to notice how the mountains gradually flatten as the color is drained from them, to watch the islands with their marshalled rows of tall pines seem to stir as we pass them, as the light shimmers upon the water around their dark forms, and soon to see the lengthened image of the moon become a straight upright column of gold hanging in the sapphire deep!

Do not say, oh reader, that it is 'all moonshine' if we assure you that there is a great difference in moonlight. No place better for testing it than Wolfeboro'. Science has analyzed the sunrays, and has shown that the proportions of their elements vary in the four seasons, according to the changing necessities of vegetation. A spirit delicate enough for lunar photography, no doubt, could tell the month of the year by the quality of its moonlight, and be able also to individualize each evening of its dispensation, from the gentle radiance of what a child calls the baby moon to the ample flood of its maturity. Make half a dozen excursions on the lake at night, and see if, with different

winds and temperatures, you find the moonlight twice alike. Notice how sometimes it is thin, bluish, and chilly, as if it had been skimmed in the upper ether before reaching our air. Sometimes you find it deathly white. Bogles and spectres seem to pervade it. It appears to be the ghost of sunshine, shed upon the earth from a dead world. Again you will find it pouring a weird hue and influence, suggesting fairies and frolicsome fays. It is the element then of Ariels and Peasblossoms, the woof of inexhaustible Midsummer Night's Dreams. Then as we pass the slope of one of the cultivated islands in the lake,

> The velvet grass seems carpet meet
> For the light fairies' lively feet;
> Yon tufted knoll with daisies strewn
> Might make proud Oberon a throne,
> While, hidden in the thicket nigh,
> Puck should brood o'er his frolic sly;
> And where profuse the wood-vetch clings
> Round ash and elm in verdant rings,
> Its pale and azure-pencilled flower
> Should canopy Titania's bower

But what a rare joy when, in some warm summer evening, we can sail on the lake while the moon is full in a double sense, and seems to pour out in larger liberality than usual from its fountains! Its beams do not rain in silver streams, but gush, as it were, from all the veins of the air. Every globule of the atmosphere exudes unctuous light. And its color is so charming—a delicate luminous cream! One can hardly help believing that Gunstock and Ossipee enjoy their anointing, after the withering heat of the day, with such cool and tender luster. And how still the lake lies, to have its surface burnished by it into liquid acres of a faint golden splendor!

From Centre Harbor, at the upper end of the lake, the drives are very attractive. The excursion which is most interesting, is to the summit of 'Red Hill,' which rises about five miles away, and stands about two thousand feet above the sea. Near the top of the mountain, where its ledges of sienite are exposed to the action of the air, they have a reddish hue. But it owes its name, we believe, to the fact that it is covered with the *uva ursa*, the leaves of which change to a brilliant red in autumn. The excursion is easily made in the afternoon, or between breakfast and dinner. Its unwooded peak is lifted to the height from which scenery looks most charming. And there is no point except this, along the regular mountain route, beneath which a large lake is spread. But here Winnipiseogee stretches from its very foot, and its whole length is seen as far as the softly swelling hills that bound it on the southeast. There is only one point from which the view of it is more attractive,—that is from the highest of the Belknap mountains, which stand, not at one end of the lake like Red Hill, but midway of its length. Mount Belknap is visited from Laconia, and very few have seen from its summit the lovely mirror in which its own feminine form, and its smaller sister hill are repeated. But whoever misses the view from Red Hill, loses the most fascinating and thoroughly enjoyable view, from a moderate mountain height, that can be gained from any eminence that lies near the tourist's path. The Mount Washington range is not visible, being barred from sight by the dark Sandwich chain, which in the afternoon, untouched by the light, wears a savage frown that contrasts most effectively with the placid beauty of the lake below. Here is the place to study its borders, to admire the fleet of islands that ride at anchor on its bosom—from little shallops to grand three-deckers—and to enjoy the exquisite lines by which its bays are enfolded, in which its coves retreat, and with which its low capes cut the azure water, and hang over it an emerald fringe.

But the beauty of the lake cannot be judged from a point so high as Red Hill. Its varied charms are not to be seen from one spot on its shore like Centre Harbor. They must be sought along all its intricate borders, among its three hundred or more islands, and in boats upon its own bosom. This is the way to find the most delightful single pictures. This is the way to study at leisure landscapes which the swift steamers allow you to see but a moment. This is the way to find deli-

cious 'bits,' such as artists love for studies, of jutting rock, shaded beach, coy and curving nook, or limpid water prattling upon amethystine sand. At one point, perhaps, a group of graceful trees on one side, a grassy or tangled shore in front, and a rocky cape curving in from the other side, compose an effective foreground to a quiet bay with finely varied borders, and the double-peaked Belknap in the distance. Or what more charming than to sail slowly along and see the numerous islands and irregular shores change their positions and weave their singular combinations? Now they range themselves on either hand, and hem a vista that extends to the blue base of Copple Crown. Now an island slides its gray or purple form across, and, like a rood-screen, divides the long watery aisle into nave and choir, followed by another and another, till the perspective is confused and the vista disappears. Then in the distance, islands and shores will marshal themselves in long straight lines, fronting you as regular as the phalanxes of an army; and if the sun is low present the embattled effect the more forcibly, with their vertically shadowed sides and brightly lighted tops. Or at another spot, through an opening among dark headlands, the summit of Chocorua is seen moving swiftly over lower ranges, and soon the whole mountain sweeps into view, startling you with its ghost-like pallor, and haggard crest. On a morning when the fog is clearing, is the time to be tempted towards the middle of the lake, to see the islands, whose green looks more exquisite then than in any other atmosphere, stretch away in perspectives dreamy and illusive. Two or three miles of distance seem five times as long, when measured through such genial, moist and silvery air. And now, if we will bend westward, between curving shores that will grant us ample passage, we shall be glad to find ourselves in the encircled bay near Weirs, and can have leisure to enjoy in silence the gentle slopes of the Belknaps, and the succession of mounds that heave away from them to the southeast, while the fog is rolling up into clouds, and the sunshine slipping down a broad cultivated field on one of the swelling cones, burnishes it to emerald. And towards evening we may glide down the narrow inlet around which Centre Harbor is built, and follow the shadows, while

> Slow up the slopes of Ossipee
> They chase the lessening light.

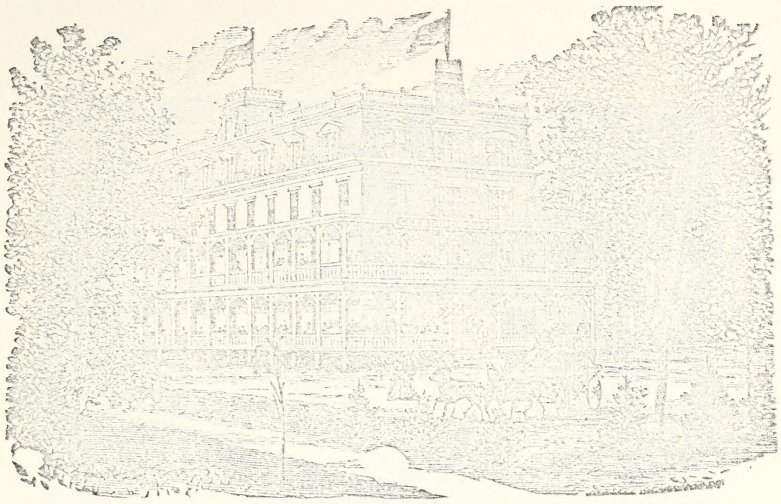
When they have dislodged it all, we can watch, as we return to the village, the 'Procession of the Pines,' which rise on the south-western ridge that hems the cove, and be tempted to fancy, as they darken, while the saffron horizon is dying into ashy gray sky, that each of those grotesque and weird forms holds the soul of some grim old Sachem.

If the shores of the lake were lined with summer-houses, how might the charms of boating upon Winnipiseogee enrich our literature!

But it is time that we should say something of the charms of color which a long visit by the lake shore will reveal. Many persons suppose that they have seen Winnipiseogee in passing over it in the steamer on their way to Conway and 'The Notch.' Seen the lake! Which lake? There are a thousand! It is a chameleon. It is not a steady sapphire set in green, but an opal. Under no two skies or winds is it the same. It is gray, it is blue, it is olive, it is azure, it is purple, at the will of the breezes, the clouds, the hours. Sail over it on some afternoon when the sky is leaden with north east mists, and you can see the simple beauty of form in which its shores and guards are sculptured. This is the permanent lake which prosaic geology has filled and feeds. And this was placed there to display the riches of color in which the infiniteness of the Creator's art is revealed to us more than in the scale of space."

CENTRE HARBOR.

This beautiful summer retreat is situated on the northern shores of the



GLENDON HOUSE, WOLFEBOROUGH.

lake, between Winnipiseogee and Squam Lakes. Its fine location and beautiful scenery have long made it a favorite resort for those accustomed to frequent the lake region of New Hampshire. The fine excursions which can be made along the shores of the lake,—around the 'ring' skirting on Squam Lake, or to Red Hill,—render it very attractive. Good boats are also to be had for fishing parties upon the lake.

The SENTER HOUSE, by J. L. HUNTRESS, is a large and pleasant hotel.

The Moulton House, too, commands its share of patronage.

WOLFEBOROUGH.

The village of Wolfeborough is delightfully situated on two beautiful slopes of land rising from a bay of the lake. The PAVILION, which is one of the largest and most comfortable houses in the region, is admirably situated on the rising ground. Horses and carriages can be obtained at the livery stables. Boats for fishing parties or sailing excursions are also to be had.

The GLENDON HOUSE is a first-class hotel, where the best accommodations are furnished to the tourist. The rooms and veranda furnish a lovely view across the beautiful bay.

ALTON BAY.

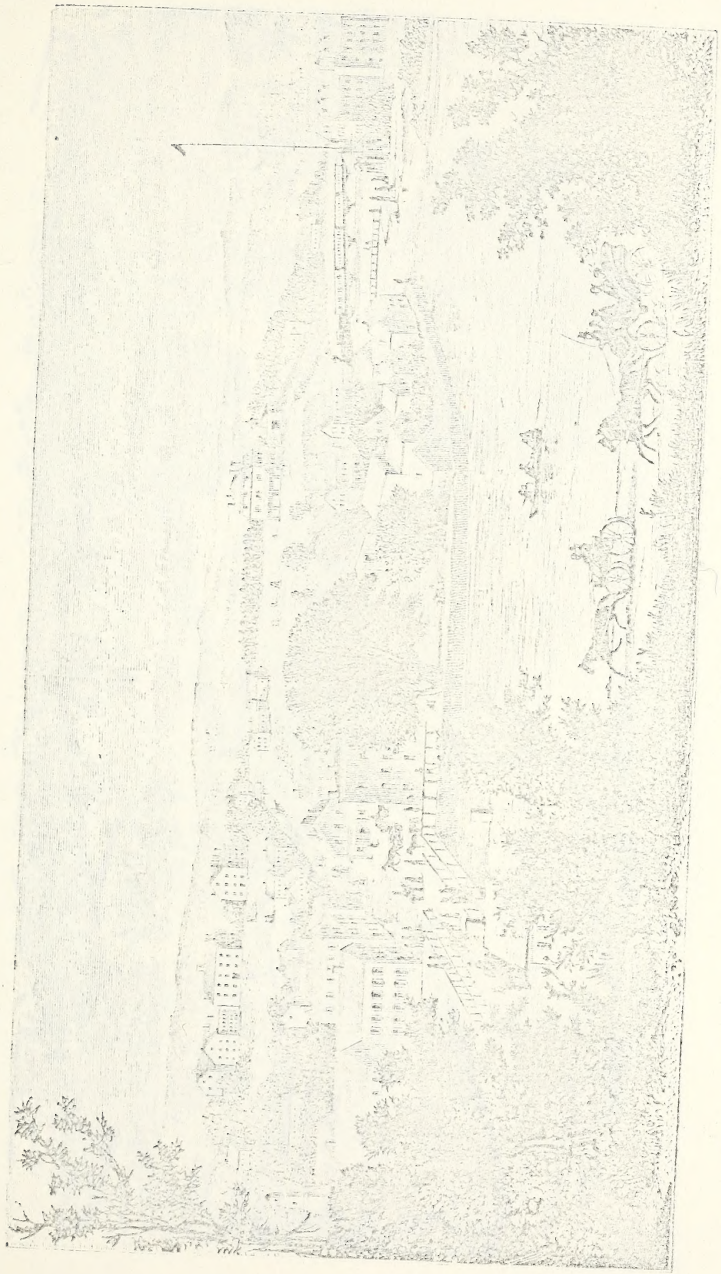
Alton Bay is the most southern point of the seven great bays of Winnipiseogee Lake. There is an excellent livery stable connected with the hotel, and there are many pleasant drives in the vicinity.

Alton Bay, originally christened 'Merrymeeting Bay,' seems entirely shut in by the hills which rise on each side, and by what, as you advance, proves to be an island in the distance. The boat winds its way among the numerous islands, giving the traveller occasional glimpses of the distant ranges of mountains in the north, as well as abundant opportunity to study the contour of the peaks upon the immediate borders of the lake.

After spending the day on the lake, and leaving members of our party scattered among the various delightful summer resorts, a small remnant, refreshed and invigorated, again approach the Weirs, and after a pleasant ride, arrive safely in Concord just at sunset.

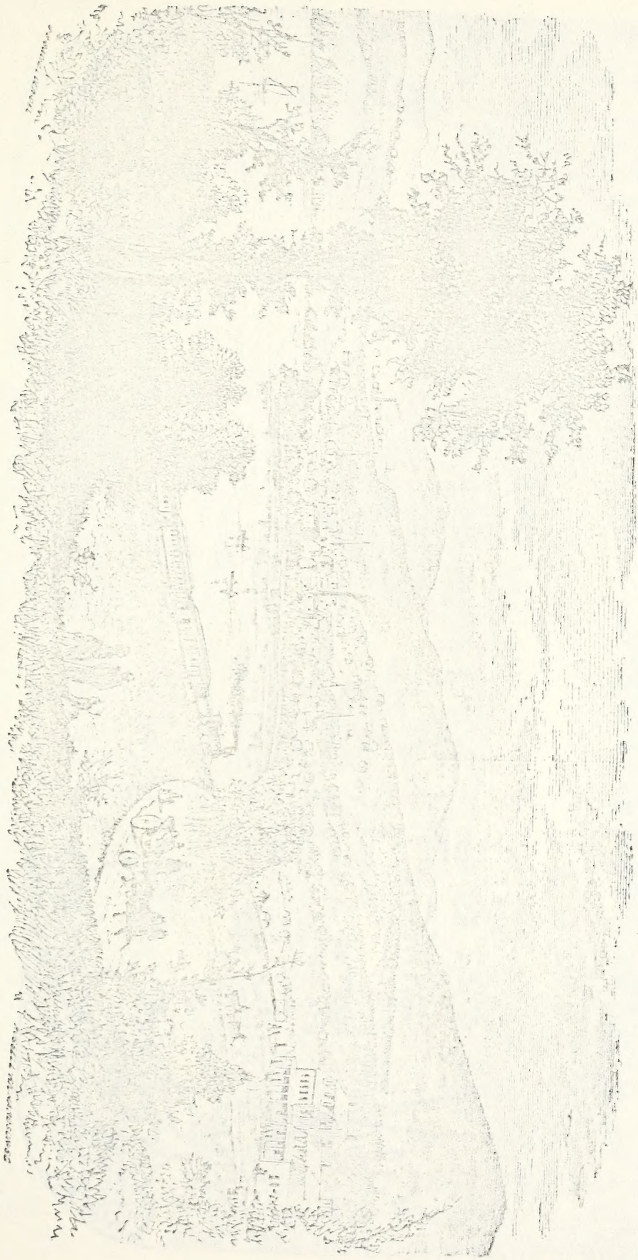
NOTE. The lake is reached at the Weirs and Meredith over the Boston, Concord and Montreal Railroad, at Wolfeborough over a branch of the Eastern Railroad, and at Alton Bay over the Boston and Maine Railroad. The steamer "Lady of the Lake," which runs between the Weirs, Center Harbor and Wolfeborough, is managed by the former railroad; the steamer Mt. Washington, which runs between Alton Bay, Wolfeborough and Centre Harbor, by the latter.

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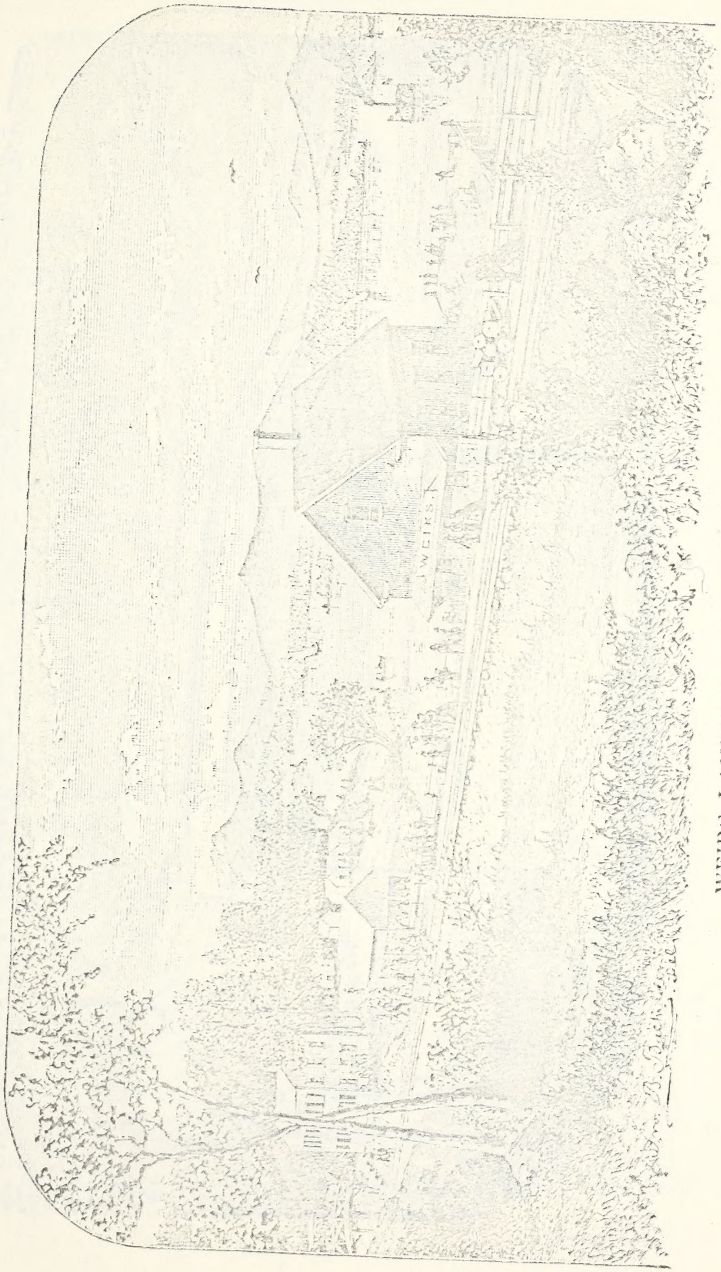
TILTON.

383-384



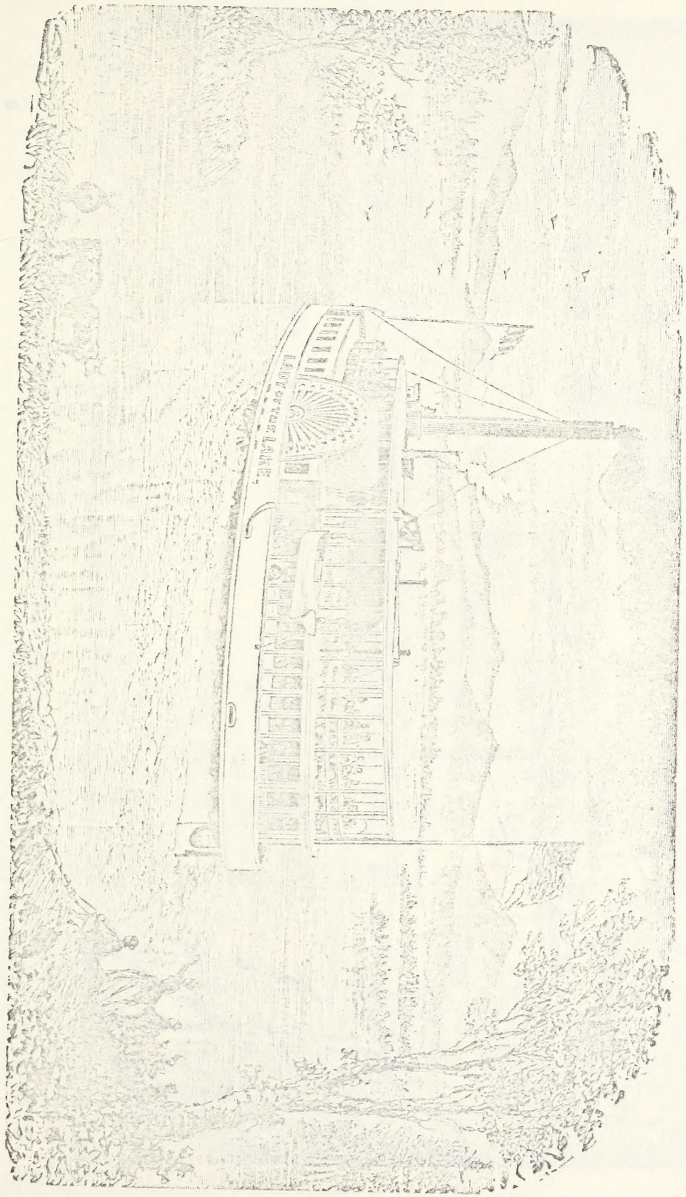
LACONIA.

385-386



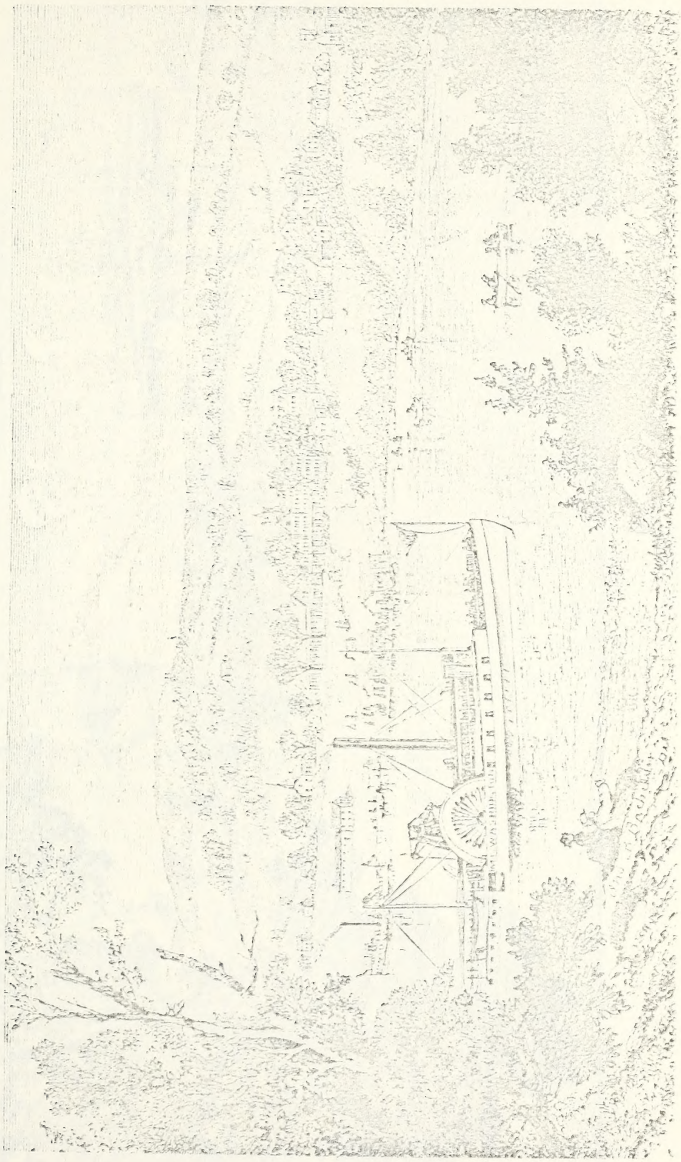
WEIRS LANDING AND CAMP GROUND.

387-388



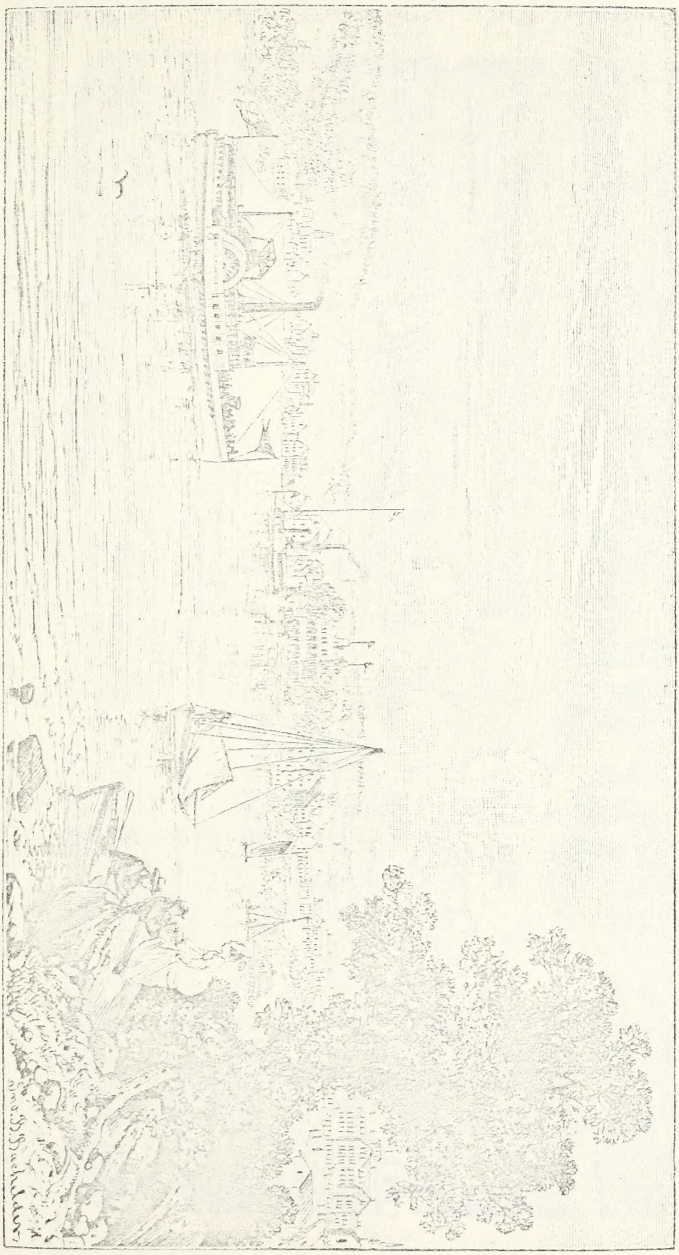
LAKE WINNIPISEOGEE.

389-390

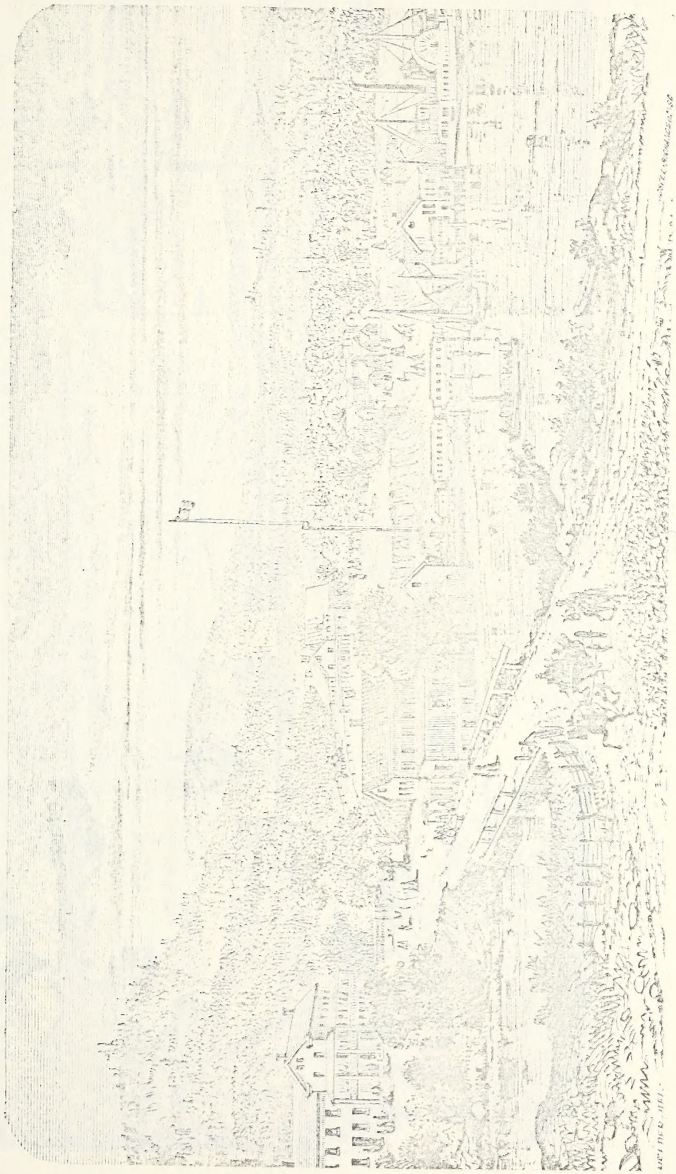


CENTRE HARBOR.

LAKE WINNIPISEOGEE.

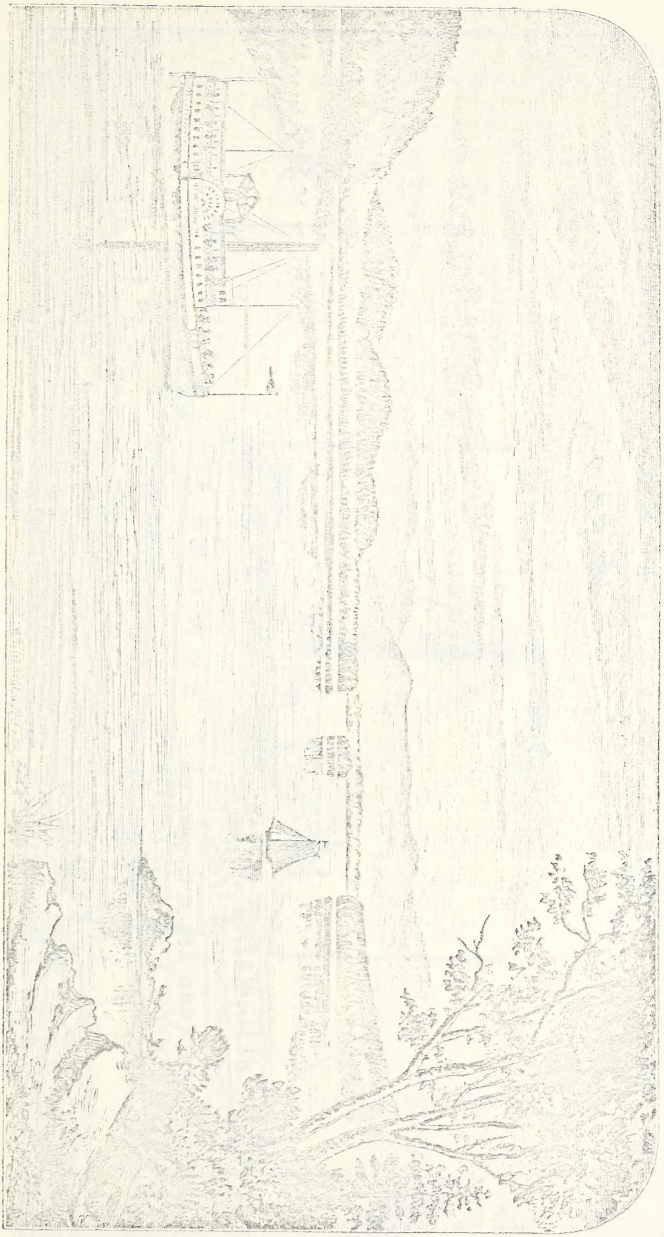


WOLFEBOROUGH.



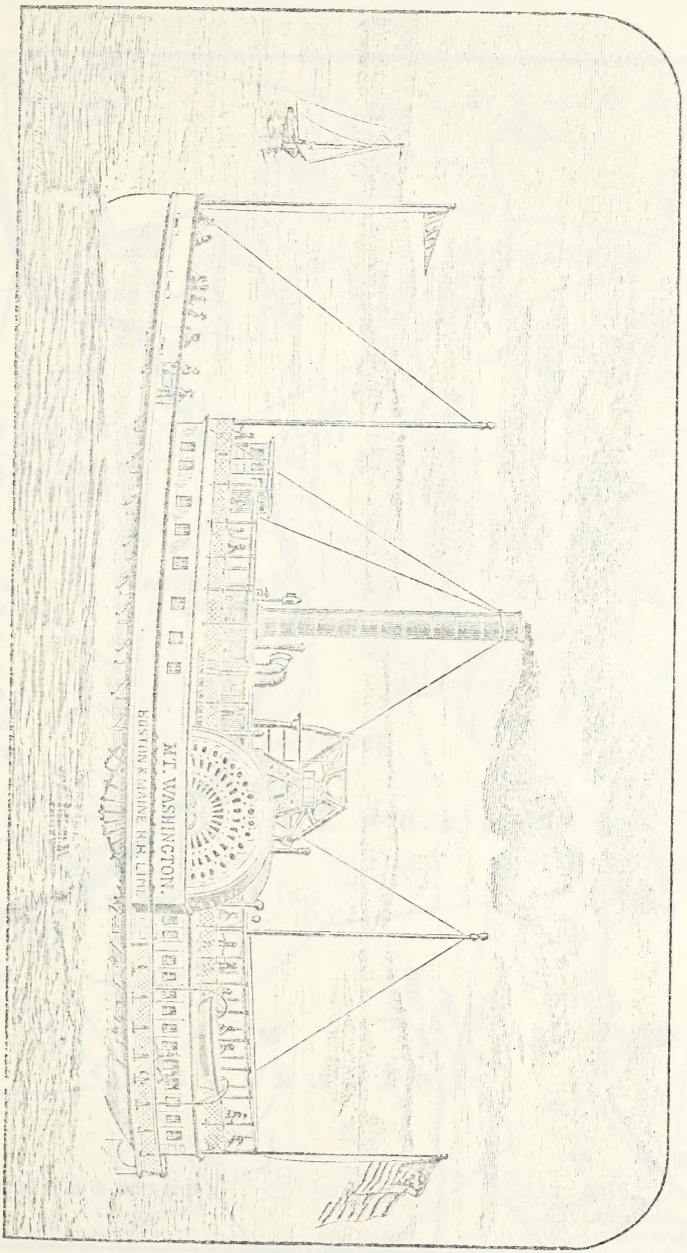
ALTON BAY.

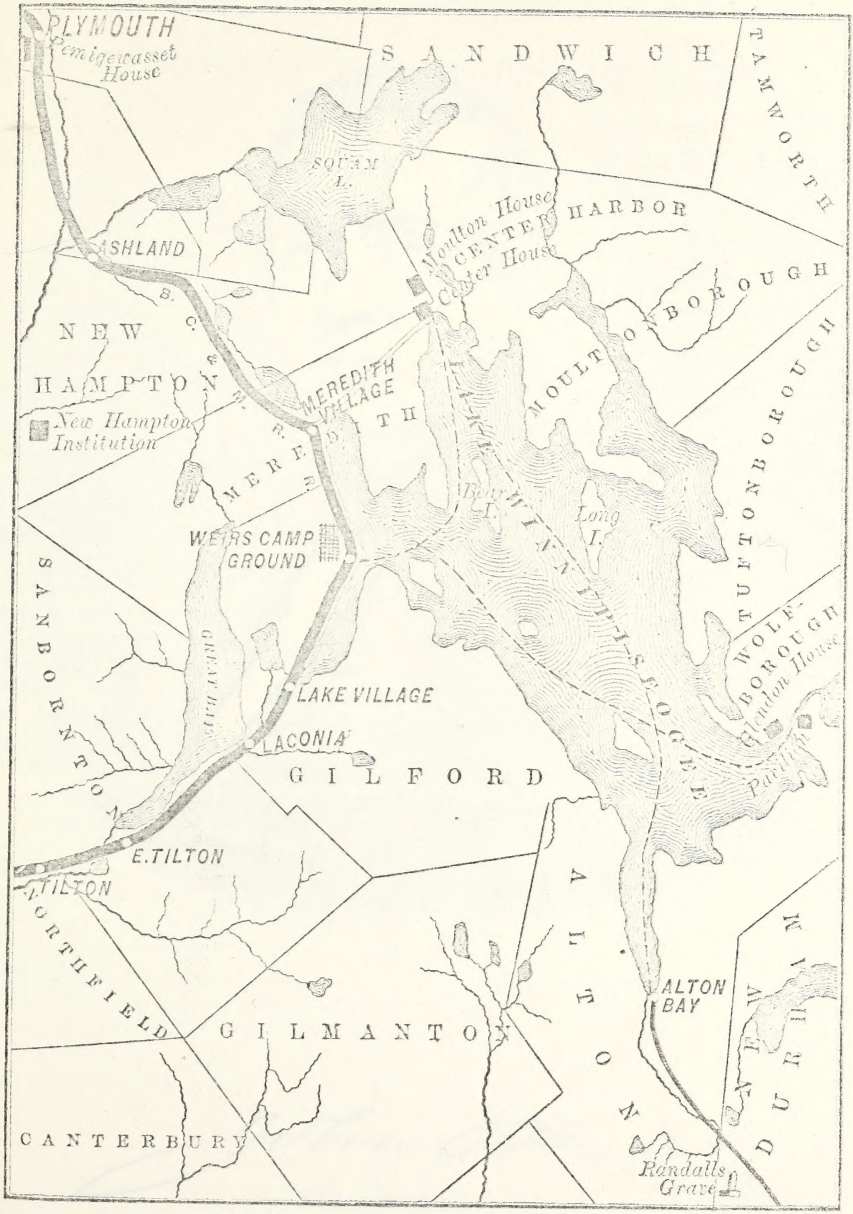
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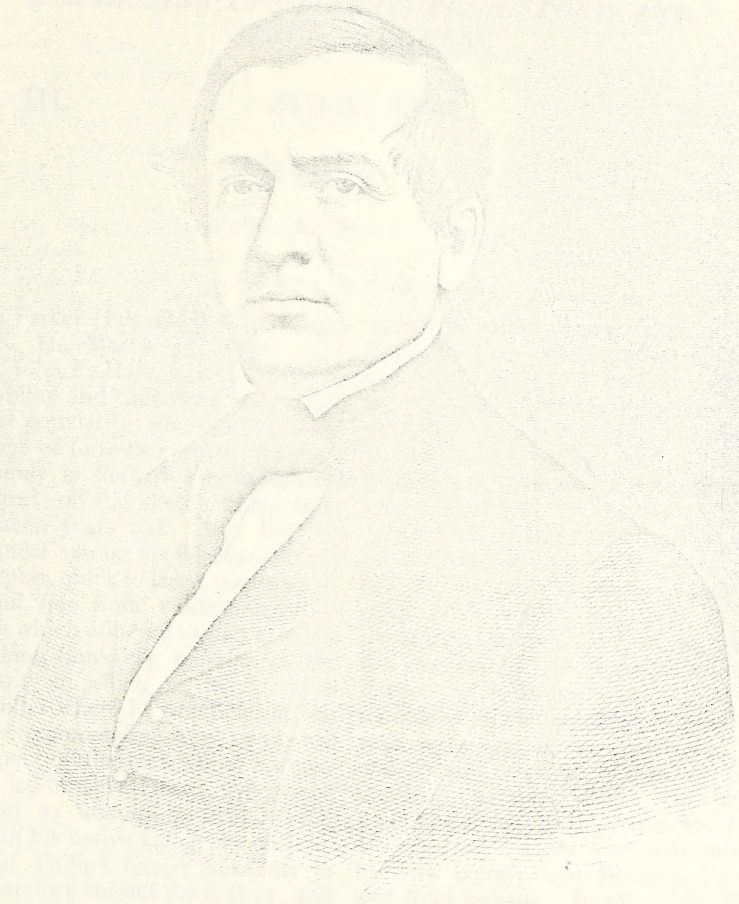
RATTLESNAKE ISLAND, LAKE WINNIPISEOGEE.




MT. WASHINGTON.
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LAKE WINNIPISEOGEE AND VICINITY.



John P. Hale

HON. JOHN P. HALE.

LATE U.S. SENATOR FROM NEW HAMPSHIRE.

—THE—

GRANITE MONTHLY.

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE, HISTORY, AND STATE PROGRESS.

VOL. III. JULY, 1880. No. 10.

HON. JOHN P. HALE.

BY HON. JACOB H. ELA.

John Parker Hale was born in Rochester, N. H., March 31, 1806. His father, John P. Hale, was a lawyer of much ability and influence, and great personal popularity, who died in 1819, at the age of forty-two years, leaving a large family in limited circumstances, the subject of this sketch being then but thirteen years old. As a boy he was popular among his fellows—active, loving sport, quick to learn, courageous, kind, and free from vindictiveness,—qualities which adhered to him through life, making him very popular in the community in which he lived, and in the counties where he practiced at the bar, and commanding the good will and respect of the men whom his convictions led him to oppose. After such education as was to be had in the schools of his native village, he had the benefit of Philip's Exeter Academy in his preparatory studies for college, and graduated at Bowdoin in 1827.

Mr. Hale, on leaving college entered upon the study of the law, in the office of J. H. Woodman, Esq., in Rochester, and completed his studies with Daniel M. Christie, Esq., of Dover, where he had the advantage of the instruction of one of the ablest lawyers ever at the bar in the state. He began to practice in Dover, in 1830, and for about forty years was the nearest neighbor of his old instructor, who was always one of his warmest friends, although the two were generally pitted against each other in all the leading cases in court, and differed much of the time politically. They finally came together however, the one from the stand-point of an anti-slavery whig, and the other from that of a democrat with anti-slavery tendencies.

Mr. Hale at once took high rank at the bar, and was noted for his tact and skill in handling witnesses, and his great power with a jury. Of all the advocates who practiced at the bar of the old county of Strafford, Ichabod Bartlett, of Portsmouth, is the only one remembered who equalled him in skill with witnesses, or possessed that wit and humor, burning indignation and touching pathos, which was often brought out in his appeals to the jury. His practice rapidly extended outside his own county into Belknap, Carroll and Rockingham. In 1834, Mr. Hale was appointed United States District Attorney by General Jackson, and was re-appointed by President Van Buren.

In all his ideas Mr. Hale was democratic and jealous of every encroachment upon popular rights. As a lawyer, he contended for the right of the jury to be judges of the law to be applied to the case, as well as of the facts, and protested against their being instructed how they must construe and apply the law by the judges; leaving them only to find a verdict on the facts.

He won reputation as a lawyer outside the bar of New Hampshire in the Supreme Court at Washington, and in the celebrated Fugitive Slave rescue cases in Boston. When Shadrach was rescued in 1851 from the court house in Boston, by Lewis Hayden and others, and sent to Canada, great excitement arose over the country, and especially in Washington, where the President issued a proclamation commanding "all officers, civil and military, and all well disposed citizens in the vicinity of the outrage to assist in capturing the rescuers and quelling all similar combinations." The Senate took up the matter on a resolution of Mr. Clay's calling on the President for information, and a special message was received in answer, with the facts, and assurances that the law should be executed. The debate which followed was fierce and exciting—many Senators participating. Mr. Hale said he thought "the President felt pretty sure he had made the administration ridiculous by his proclamation, and had sent a labored essay to vindicate what could not be vindicated." Hayden and Scott the leaders in the rescue were indicted and tried, but the jury failed to agree, notwithstanding the character of the testimony and the strong charge of the judge. Mr. Hale, who was the leading counsel for the defense, made one of the most noted efforts of the times, addressed to the jury and the country. When the case of Anthony Burns came up in Boston, three years later, there was still greater excitement. Theodore Parker accidentally hearing of the arrest, with difficulty got access to the man, and with the aid of counsel, whom he notified, procured a continuance that Burns might make defense. An immense meeting was held in Faneuil Hall to consider what the crisis required. A party who were too impatient to wait for the slower plans of the Anti-man-hunting League, with a stick of timber battered down the outer doors where Burns was confined. The garrison inside made a stand in the breach, and one of the marshal's assistants, James Batchelder was killed. The noise drew the police to the scene, and the accident of a military company marching into the court-area, returning from target practice, being mistaken for a company of marines coming to strengthen the garrison, the attacking party did not feel strong enough to follow up their first success, and the rescue failed. The President ordered the Adjutant-General of the army to Boston, and the troops in New York were kept under orders to march upon call, in addition to other preparations to prevent a rescue.

Indictments were found against Theodore Parker, Wendell Philips, Martin Stowell, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, and others—some for murder, and others for assault and riot—mainly for the speeches they made at the Faneuil Hall meeting. Mr. Hale was again secured as leading counsel for the defense, assisted by Chas. M. Ellis, Wm. L. Burt, John A. Andrew, and Henry F. Durant. The indictments broke down, and the parties were never brought to trial. Theodore Parker afterwards published the "Defense" he had prepared, and dedicated it to his lawyer, John P. Hale.

From the time of his graduating Mr. Hale took great interest in political matters, and in 1832, two years after commencing the practice of law in Dover, was elected to the legislature, at the age of twenty-six. Having identified himself with the Democratic party, he became one of its most able and eloquent supporters, and in 1843 was elected a representative to Congress, on a general ticket with Edmund Burke, Moses Norris, Jr., James H. Johnson and John R. Reding. On the assembling of Congress in December, an exciting debate arose on the report made by John Quincy Adams, chairman of the committee on rules, which left out the famous twenty-first rule, known as the Gag rule, that had been adopted in 1838 by a resolution introduced by Mr. Atherton, of New Hampshire, which required that "every petition, memorial, resolution, proposition, or paper, touching, or relating in any way, or to any extent whatever, to

slavery or the abolition thereof, shall, on presentation, without any further action thereon, be laid on the table, without being debated, printed, or referred." During the debate Mr. Hale, with Hamlin of Maine, and a few other Democrats, avowed their opposition to the longer suppression of the right of petition. The report was laid on the table, and the rule continued by a small majority. It had originally been adopted by a vote of about two to one. This was the beginning of Mr. Hale's anti-slavery action in Congress, which was destined to bring him so conspicuously before the country.

In the presidential campaign of 1844, Mr. Hale took an active part. He distinguished himself as a political speaker, and contributed much to the success of his party. The question of the annexation of Texas had exercised a controling interest in the South, from the necessity it saw of obtaining more slave territory, if they would maintain their power in view of the growing anti-slavery sentiment in the North, which was beginning to affect the action of Democrats. Mr. Clay had lost the state of New York, and with it the election, in consequence of his hesitating position of opposition to the measure, which sent enough Whig anti-slavery votes to have elected him, to Birney. Mr. Hale was known to be opposed to annexation, as were many other New Hampshire Democrats; but no opposition was made to his re-nomination to Congress, as fealty to that measure had not yet become a shiboleth of the party, as it did soon after. On the assembling of Congress, in December, 1844, the advocates of annexation at once entered upon the work for its consummation. President Tyler, in his message, called for immediate action, and during that month several schemes for annexation were submitted. In part to show the pro-slavery character of the movement, and to fix a western limit beyond which slavery should not go, Mr. Hale, on the 10th of January, moved a suspension of the rules, to enable him to introduce a proposition to divide Texas into two parts, by a line beginning at a point on the Gulf of Mexico, midway between the northern and southern boundaries, and running in a north-westerly direction. In the territory south and west of that line, it was provided that there should be neither slavery or involuntary servitude; and that the provision was to remain forever an inviolable contract. The motion had a majority of eleven, but failed to receive the requisite two thirds. The necessities of the South now made it necessary to suppress all opposition to the scheme of annexation. The election had put the control of the government in the hands of its friends, and all its patronage was to be wielded to secure that result. The legislature of New Hampshire was in session, as was then the custom every winter of the presidential year, to provide electors in case of failure to elect by the people, and resolutions were at once introduced and pushed through, favoring annexation, and instructing the delegation in Congress from the State to sustain it. "Obey or resign" had long been a Democratic doctrine in the state; and while most of the members might not so have understood it, the leaders were aiming at Mr. Hale, who had favored that doctrine. He met these resolutions with defiance. He stood by the record he had made against any further strengthening of the slave power, while mortified to see so many of his associates going down before it, among them the editor of the Democratic paper in his own town, who had expressed the desire that an impassable gulf might forever exist to prevent annexation, while another leading Democratic editor declared the whole scheme "black as ink, and bitter as hell." It was a great step to take, and a less daring spirit would not have ventured it. Poor in property, with a family to support—the most popular man in his party—with power to command and ability to adorn any position his ambition might seek, on the one side—with alienation of social and political friends—ostracism in business and politics, by a party which had for sixteen years had unbroken sway and

remorselessly cut down every man who dared to oppose its declared will on the other, were the alternatives. Few men have shown such greatness of soul and loyalty to convictions under such temptations. While most men would have yielded, Mr. Hale did not falter; but at once wrote his celebrated letter to the people of New Hampshire, against the action of the legislature in its resolutions, in which, after setting forth the aims aud purposes of annexation, and the reasons given by the advocates and supporters of the measure, he declared them to be "eminently calculated to provoke the scorn of earth and the judgment of Heaven." He said he would never consent by any agency of his to place the country in the attitude of annexing a foreign nation for the avowed purpose of sustaining and perpetuating human slavery; and if they were favorable to such a measure, they must choose another representative to carry out their wishes.

The Democratic State Committee immediately issued a call for the reassembling of the Democratic Convention at Concord, on the 12th of February, 1845, and every Democratic paper which could be prevailed upon to do so, opened its battery of denunciation, calling upon the convention to rebuke and silence Mr. Hale. To show what efforts were made to crush him it need only be said that such leaders of the party as Franklin Pierce, who had been his warm friend ever since they were fellow students in college, went forth over the State to organize the opposition. At Dover he called in the leaders of the party, and the editor of the *Dover Gazette* who had taken such strong ground against annexation, and under their influence the *Gazette* changed sides and went over to Mr. Hale's enemies. He then went to Portsmouth and brought over the leaders there, with the exception of John L. Hayes, then clerk of the United States Court. The same result followed at Exeter, with the exception of Hon. Amos Tuck. In this way the convention was prepared to throw overboard Mr. Hale and put another name on the ticket in place of his. Expecting no other fate when he wrote his letter, Mr. Hale remained at his post in Congress, and only assisted his friends from that point, making arrangements at the same time to enter upon the practice of law in New York city upon the close of his term. But resolute friends who believed with him, rose up in all parts of the state to defeat the election of John Woodbury who had been nominated in the place of Mr. Hale. Prominent among these, in addition to those named above, were Nathaniel D. Wetmore of Rochester, John Dow of Epping, George G. Fogg then of Gilmanton, James M. Gates of Claremont, James Peverly of Concord, John Brown of Ossipee, Geo. W. Stevens of Meredith, John A. Rollins of Moultonboro', James W. James of Deerfield, N. P. Cram of Hampton Falls, and Samuel B. Parsons of Colebrook, with others of like stamp, who organized the first successful revolt against the demands of the slave power which, until then, had been invincible. Through their efforts Woodbury, the nominee of the convention, failed to secure the majority over all others needed to elect him, and another election was called to fill the vacancy. Great excitement pervaded the state during the canvass, into which Mr. Hale entered with spirit, giving full play to all those characteristics which made him the foremost orator of the state before the people, as he had been before juries.

The canvas opened in Concord in June, on the week for the assembling of the Legislature, in the old north church. To break the force and effect of Mr. Hale's speech there, the Democratic leaders determined that it should be answered upon the spot, and selected Franklin Pierce for the work. On his way up to the church, Mr. Hale saw no people in the streets, and he began to fear there might be a failure in the expected numbers in attendance, as there had been once before in the same place in 1840, when he and other leaders of the party were to address a mass meeting; but when he reached the old

church, he saw why the streets were vacant; the people had all gone early to be sure of getting in, and the house was full to overflowing. Aware that he was addressing not only the citizens of Concord and adjoining towns, and members of the legislature, but the religious, benevolent and other organizations which always met in Concord on election week, he spoke with more than his usual calmness and dignity. He created a profound impression, and made all feel, whether agreeing with him or not, that he had acted from a high sense of public duty and conviction.

Mr. Pierce, who had few equals as a speaker, saw the marked effect of Mr. Hale's address, and spoke under great excitement. He was bitter and sarcastic in tone and matter, and domineering and arrogant in his manner, if not personally insulting. The convention was wrought up to the highest pitch of excitement when Mr. Hale rose to reply. He spoke briefly, but effectively, and closed by saying:

"I expected to be called ambitious, to have my name cast out as evil, to be traduced and misrepresented. I have not been disappointed; but if things have come to this condition, that conscience and a sacred regard for truth and duty are to be publicly held up to ridicule, and scouted without rebuke, as has just been done here, it matters little whether we are annexed to Texas, or Texas is annexed to us. I may be permitted to say that the measure of my ambition will be full, if when my earthly career shall be finished and my bones be laid beneath the soil of New Hampshire, when my wife and children shall repair to my grave to drop the tear of affection to my memory, they may read on my tombstone 'He who lies beneath, surrendered office, place and power, rather than bow down and worship slavery.'"

The scene which followed can be imagined, but not described, as round after round of applause greeted this close. At the end of the canvass in September, with three candidates in the field, there was again no election. A second effort in November ended with a like result. No other attempt was made until the annual March election of 1846, when full tickets were placed in the field by the Democrats, Whigs, Free-soilers and Independent Democrats. The issue of no more slave territory was distinctly made, and a canvass such as the state had never known before, in which Mr. Hale took the leading part, resulted in a triumphant vindication of his course and the complete overthrow of the Democratic party, which was beaten at all points. Mr. Hale was elected to the house, from Dover, on the Independent ticket, and on the opening of the session was made speaker of the house of representatives, and during the session was elected United States Senator for the full term of six years. During this session of the legislature an incident took place which exhibited the independent spirit of the man. Dr. Low, a member from Dover, introduced resolutions upon the tariff, slavery, and annexation, taking the ultra-Whig view of the tariff question and intended to bring Mr. Hale and his friends to their support as the condition upon which he could have the vote of a considerable portion of the Whig party. But instead of yielding his convictions for the consideration of their support, he and his friends declared they would submit to no shackles; they had fought successfully against the tyranny of one political organization, and no allurements of a senatorship should stifle their convictions and bind their judgment to the dictations of another. Much excitement followed, but the counsels of the liberal Whigs prevailed. The resolutions were not called up until after the senatorial election, when Mr. Hale left the speaker's chair and offered amendments which were adopted after a strong speech by him in their favor. He was supported by his old friend and instructor, Daniel M. Christie of Dover, also a member of the house, who had done much to quiet the opposition and induce it to vote for Mr. Hale.

The hearts of the friends of liberty

all over the country were filled with joy at the auspicious result of this first victory over the slave power after repeated, prolonged and excited struggles both before the people and at the polls. Mr. Hale entered the senate in 1847, and for two years stood alone, with unfaltering courage battling the aggressive measures of the slave power with surpassing eloquence, keen wit, unfailing good humor, and boundless resources for any and every emergency. He drew the attention of the country during this session, by the telling blows he struck for the great cause of human freedom to which he dedicated all the noblest powers of his mature manhood. He stood fearless against every threat and all combinations. It was of his debates during his first senatorial term, after his return from Spain, broken in health, that Charles Sumner said to the writer: "Poor Hale! It is sad to see his manly form crippled and shrunken. He stood up bravely and alone before the rest of us got there to aid him, and said things on the spur of the moment that will last and be remembered when the labored efforts of the rest of us are forgotten." Chase of Ohio, a sturdy son of New Hampshire, came to the senate in 1849 to stand beside him, and two years later, in 1851, Sumner of Massachusetts. They constituted a trio of great ability, but were treated as interlopers and refused positions on the committees of the senate, for the reasons as alleged by Bright of Indiana, that "they belonged to no healthy organization known to the country."

One of the first debates in which Mr. Hale distinguished himself after entering the senate, was on the admission of Oregon, when he proposed to add the ordinance of 1787 excluding slavery, which drew on a fierce debate. When accused of provoking a "useless and pestiferous discussion" he told them with his accustomed good nature that he was "willing to stand where the word of God and his conscience placed him, and there bid defiance to consequences."

Early in April, 1848, the year of popular upheavings and revolutions in Europe, President Polk sent a message to Congress announcing, in glowing terms, the uprising of the French people—the peaceful overthrow of the monarchy, and the establishment of a republic. Resolutions were introduced in the house of representatives, tendering their warmest sympathy with the struggling patriots, and expressing the hope "that down-trodden humanity may succeed in breaking down all forms of tyranny and oppression." Similar resolutions were introduced in the senate. Speaking on the question in a sad strain, Mr. Hale said:

"I have sometimes thought in dwelling upon the history of this republic, that I have seen indications, fearful and fatal, that we were departing from the faith of our fathers; that instead of living true to the first principles of human liberty which we have proclaimed, we were cutting loose from them; that the illustration we were about to give of the capability of man for self government, was to be the same as that of all other nations that have gone before us; and that after our failure the hope of freedom would indeed be extinguished forever. But in the dawning of this revolution in France, I behold the sun of hope again arise, his beams of golden light streaming along the eastern horizon. I am now inspired by the hope that even if we fail here, if liberty should be driven from this, her chosen asylum, the divine principle would still live and would find a sanctuary among the people of another land, and when our history shall have been written, and our tale told, with its sad moral of our faithlessness to liberty, boasting of our love of freedom while we listened unmoved to the clanking of chains, and the wail of the bond-men, —even then, in a continent of the old world, light would be seen breaking out of darkness, life out of death, and hope out of despair."

There was a municipal celebration of this event in Washington, with torch-light procession and other out-door demonstrations, the houses of the President and heads of the departments being illuminated. During these dem-

onstrations the schooner Pearl came to Washington loaded with wood, and when she left took away seventy-seven slaves. Such an exodus caused great commotion, and an armed steamer was sent in hot pursuit, which overtook the schooner at the mouth of the Potomac and brought her back, with her ill-fated company. The greatest excitement prevailed and out of it came a mob, which after partially exhausting its fury, started for the office of the *National Era* to destroy it, but were frustrated in their purpose. In Congress the excitement was as fierce and intense as outside. In the house, the debate was especially bitter. In the senate, Mr. Hale offered a resolution copied from the laws of Maryland, providing that any property destroyed by riotous assemblages, should "be paid for by any town or county in the district where it occurs." Mr. Calhoun was "amazed that even the senator from New Hampshire should have so little regard for the constitution of the country as to introduce such a bill as this, without including in it the severest penalties against the atrocious act which had occasioned this excitement," * * * and he "would just as soon argue with a maniac from Bedlam, as with the senator from New Hampshire, on the subject." Foote of Mississippi, denounced the bill "as obviously intended to cover and protect negro stealing." Turning to Mr. Hale he said: "I invite him to visit Mississippi, and will tell him before hand, in all honesty, that he could not go ten miles into the interior before he would grace one of the tallest trees of the forest with a rope around his neck, with the approbation of every honest and patriotic citizen; and that, if necessary, I should myself assist in the operation." Jefferson Davis and Butler of South Carolina, joined in the attack upon him in the same strain, while he stood alone. Mr. Hale explained his purpose in introducing the resolution, and in replying to the assaults, said: "The notes of congratulation sent across the Atlantic to the people of France on their deliverance from thralldom have hardly ceased when the supremacy of mob law and the destruction of the freedom of the press are threatened in the capital of the nation." Referring to Foote's threatened reception in Mississippi, he invited the Senator to visit "the dark corners of New Hampshire, where the people in that benighted region will be very happy to listen to his arguments and engage in the intellectual conflict with him in which the truth would be elicited." Turning to Calhoun he said: "It has long been held by you that your peculiar institution is incompatible with the right of speech; but if it is also incompatible with the safeguards of the constitution being thrown around the property of the American citizen, let the country know it. If that is to be the principle of your action, let it be proclaimed throughout the length and breadth of the land, that there is an institution so omnipotent, so almighty, that even the sacred rights of life and property must bow down before it. There could not be a better occasion than this to appeal to the country. Let the tocsin sound; Let the word go forth." He further told Calhoun that it was "a novel mode of terminating a controversy by charitably throwing the mantle of a maniac irresponsibility upon one's antagonist." Adjournment closed the discussion, and the senate refused to take it up afterwards.

In December, 1850, Mr. Foote of Mississippi introduced a resolution declaring it to be the duty of Congress to provide territorial government for California, Deseret and New Mexico. Mr. Hale offered an amendment that the ordinance of 1787 should be applied. It was during the debate which followed that Mr. Webster made his 7th of March speech. During the discussion Mr. Hale occupied two days in an argument vindicating the measures and acts of the anti-slavery men. Replying to Mr. Webster, he said: "Yet the Senator declares he would not re-enact the laws of God. Well, sir, I would. When he tells me that the law of God is against slavery, it is a most potent argument why we should incorporate it in a territorial bill."

In closing he said: "And firmly believing in the providences of God, we trust the day will dawn in this country when the word 'slavery' shall be a word without a meaning * * * when any section of the Union will join hands with another in spreading abroad the principles of humanity, philosophy and christianity, which shall elevate every son and daughter of the human race, to that liberty for which they were created and for which they were destined by God. These opinions, sir, we entertain, and these hopes we cherish; and we do not fear to avow them, here, now, always and forever."

Mr. Hamlin and Mr. Hale presented petitions for the repeal of the fugitive slave act, one of which was referred to the judiciary committee. A debate sprung up on a motion for reconsideration, which gave rise to a spirited controversy. Butler of South Carolina, declared he "was tired of casting impediments in the stream of anti-slavery agitation; they might as well attempt to put a maniac asleep by lullabies." Mr. Hale in reply, said "agitation was the great element of life. It gave birth to the revolution and the constitution, and none but those who hug fatal errors have anything to fear from that life-giving element, which will impart its healing as did the waters at the beautiful gate of the temple, when the angel had gone down and stirred them. * * * As for myself, I glory in the name of agitator."

The period of greatest interest in Mr. Hale's senatorial career, centres around his first term, when he stood alone, or almost alone, in the thick of the conflict, undaunted, and dealing blows to the oppressor on every side. There were no weak places in his armor, and neither threats, attacks, or allurements could shake his constancy. When this term expired, the Democratic party had obtained control in New Hamphsire; but two years later, in 1855, they lost it, and Mr. Hale was again elected for four years, to fill a vacancy occasioned by the death of Charles G. Atherton. He was again re-elected for a full term in 1858. He was conspicuous in this term for his integrity and fearless independence in exposing the mal-administration and extravagance of the navy department, while acting as chairman of the naval committee of the senate.

Mr. Hale was nominated as the Free-Soil candidate for the presidency in 1847, but declined after the nomination of Mr. Van Buren at the Buffalo convention in 1848. He was again nominated for president by the Free Soil convention in 1852, with George W. Julian for Vice-President, and received at the November election 155,850 votes.

At the close of his senatorial career in 1865, Mr. Hale was appointed Minister to Spain by President Lincoln, and was absent five years, much of the time in ill health. He came home with a broken constitution. His health which had always been perfect up to the time of the well remembered National Hotel sickness, was never so good afterwards.

He lived to see the full triumph of his efforts to rid the land of slavery, and the freedmen placed as citizens with the ballot under the protection of the constitution, and died November 19, 1873, bearing with him the blessing of millions who had been raised from the sorrow and degradation of human servitude, and of millions more who had admired his unselfish fidelity to the cause he had espoused, and his unwavering integrity.

THE FEAST.

BY WILLIAM C. STUROC.

Where heavenly light makes quick the eye
To scenes of beauty; or, where glows
With that impassioned love which throws
A halo and a majesty
O'er nature's forms, a heart—there grows
A poet; and tho' round his path may spring
Rank weeds, he loves and blesses everything.

'Tis his to feast on grandeur. Where
A rifted rock time-torn is seen,
With tangled desert herbs between,
Scenting with balm the summer air;
Or a dark cave, through which the keen
Cold blast from winter's icy breath is blown,
Even here is something worthy to be known.

And ocean! oh who would not look
With rapture on the ceaseless sea!—
Meet emblem of immensity—
A liquid wilderness—a Book
Whose wavy leaves by fierce winds free
Are turned, and opened to the Sun's bright eye,
That tireless gazes from the vaulted sky!

Or lift our gaze to Heaven; and shall
We not behold for soul and eye
A mighty feast—infinity
Ungrasped! Systems on systems, all
Succeed in silent harmony;
Till daring Fancy can no farther dare,
But meekly bows her in sublime despair!

And man! strange man, 'mid beauty lost,
A lofty temple, fair but oh!
How shrouded from the living glow
Of Truth—eternal truth! and toss'd
As bark upon a sea of woe,
Awhile to struggle, then perchance to sink,
When grasping faintly Fortune's slippery brink!

Not hopeless all; emotions rise
Within his bosom, good and great—
Love, Hope, Benevolence, create
A world of moral beauty. Lies
Not in man, whate'er his rank or state,
A loveful yearning for his 'wildered kind,
And a firm trust in all-redeeming mind?

Or rest upon the lap of earth
When noontide light doth blaze and shine,
Then will a feast indeed be thine
Unutterably great; when forth
Hath soared the blythesome Lark, to twine
His wreath of song. O have ye ever heard,
The silvery notes of that seraphic Bird?

Once when a boy, 'twas June, and all
The fields were fair, when from its nest
A Lark arose, with panting breast,
To measure forth its joy; and shall
I own it, that my heart confest
A poet's rapture; and I list'ning knelt,
And wept the gladness which in soul I felt?

Blest forms that deck the fertile earth—
The stately waving forest trees—
The glorious flowers that load the breeze
With sweetest perfume, pouring forth
A flood of incense, are not these
A table spread to every human soul?
Earth, Ocean, Air, O what a feast the whole!

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*EXETER IN 1776.**

BY HON. CHARLES H. BELL.

Exeter, a century ago, had but just assumed the position in the province to which its size and importance entitled it. Forty years before, the town had become an object of jealousy and dislike to some of the dignitaries under the crown, at Portsmouth, and in consequence thereof had been tattooed and "left out in the cold," so far as it was in their power to accomplish it. The last royal governor, John Wentworth, however, was too sensible and politic to allow his conduct to be influenced by an old grudge. He took particular pains to conciliate the inhabitants of Exeter; visited the town repeatedly, in much state; formed and commissioned a company of cadets here, embracing many leading men, as a kind of body-guard to the occupant of the gubernatorial office, and established relations of intimacy with several of the prominent citizens.

He labored zealously and conscientiously for the good of the province, and at the same time to uphold the power of Britain over it. He hoped, no doubt, that his special friends in Exeter might adhere to the cause of the crown, as so many of his connections and dependents in Portsmouth did. But he reckoned without his host. When the tocsin of war was sounded, Exeter might be said to be a unit on the side of liberty, and the men whom Gov. Wentworth had delighted to honor were the first to declare in favor of their oppressed country.

Exeter then became, and remained for many years, the capital of the province and state. The Legislature held its sessions here, and during its adjournments the Committee of Safety took its place, and exercised its functions. The courts were again established here, and the town became practically the headquarters of all military undertakings in which New Hampshire was concerned. And here on the fifth day of January, 1776, was adopted and put in operation the First Written Constitution for popular government, of the Revolutionary period. The honor of taking the lead of her sister colonies in this momentous "new departure" belongs to New Hampshire, and Exeter may well be proud to have been the scene of an occurrence so interesting and so memorable.

The structure in our town which has

* The following sketches were written hastily, as a contribution to the Ladies' Centennial Levee in Exeter, in February, 1876, and are now printed in the GRANITE MONTHLY at the request of the editor. Some mistakes incident to haste have been corrected, and most of the merely local matter has been omitted. If more time had been allowed for revision, no doubt other improvements could have been made. C. H. B.

perhaps retained its old-time appearance most perfectly for the past century, is the powder-house situated on the point near the river on the east side. It was built about 1760, and has apparently undergone little repair since that time. It probably first held military stores destined for the French and Indian war, which, however, terminated before they could have been much needed. A few years later it was opened, no doubt, to receive a part of the powder captured by the provincials in the raid, under Sullivan, upon Fort William and Mary in Portsmouth harbor, in December, 1774. But as powder without ball hardly met the requirements of the times, the selectmen of Exeter purchased lead for the "town stock" from John Emery, and sent for a further supply to Portsmouth by Theodore Carlton; employed Thomas Gilman to "run it into bullets," and finally stored the leaden missiles in a chest, which Peter Folsom made for the purpose, at the cost of three and sixpence. The ammunition was dealt out from time to time to other places which stood in greater need, very sparingly though; for notwithstanding Exeter had a powder-mill in 1776, the explosive dust was too precious to be wasted, through a large part of the Revolutionary war.

The old powder-house is now somewhat weather-beaten and dilapidated, and perhaps past its usefulness; but we hope it may be spared, on account of the good service it has done in former days. May no vandal hand be laid upon it, but may it be left to the gentle touch of time, and remain a landmark for many years to come.

Another prominent object, on the east side, which survived until a recent date, was the jail, on the spot now occupied by the house of Mr. N. K. Leavitt. It is supposed to have been built about the year 1770, when the province was divided into counties. It was a wooden structure, of limited capacity, and at first was surrounded by no exterior fence or wall. It could not have been a very secure place of confinement for a person of ingenuity and resources; and indeed more than one prisoner made his escape from it. The notorious Henry Tufts, who published his memoirs thirty years afterwards, tells us that he was incarcerated there before the Revolution, and made his way out without much difficulty. After 1775 the jail became crowded; not only were the persons in this province, suspected of disaffection to the American cause, committed there, but tories from other jurisdictions, counterfeiters of the colonial paper money, and deserters and skulkers from the Continental army. So much apprehension was then felt that the building was not strong enough to contain its inmates, that armed guards were constantly stationed at the door.

The court house, known also as the town house and state house, stood at what is now the easterly corner of Front and Court streets, on the site of the dwelling of the late Mr. Joseph Boardman. The building had formerly been the meeting house of the first parish. When it was moved across the street and devoted to judicial purposes, it was flanked by the stocks and the whipping post. Possibly the former instrument of discipline may have disappeared before 1776, but the latter undoubtedly lasted till then. The horse-thief Tufts was flogged there, shortly before that date; unfortunately without eradicating his inborn propensity to appropriate unlawfully the property of other people to his own use.

One of the town schools (for the excellence of which Exeter was early noted) was long kept in this town house. A "grammar school" was likewise maintained at the expense of the town, in 1775–6, under the charge of Clement Weeks, a room being hired of Samuel Davis for the purpose.

The town and court house was the place of assembly for the Legislature of New Hampshire, whence it received the additional name of state house. Its halls, in the "times that tried men's souls," continually echoed to the tread of the wisest and bravest of the dwellers among our granite hills. Sullivan

and Folsom, Stark and Poor, Cilley and Scammell, Dearborn and Reid, in their military attire of blue and buff, often trailed their swords along its corridors; while Weare and Langdon, Gilman and Bartlett, Thornton and Whipple, and a host of other patriots in civil life, assembled periodically within its walls to devise the ways and means for keeping an army in the field, until the power of Britain was at length broken, and peace crowned the independence of America.

The meeting house of the first parish occupied nearly the same spot which its successor, the present church, does now. But the yard which surrounded it was then of greater extent, and was filled with substantial stone monuments, bearing inscriptions in memory of the dead who were interred beneath. A number of years ago those monuments were carefully levelled with the ground, placed above the bodies of those they were intended to commemorate, and thinly covered with earth. The rank grass soon sprang up and obliterated all traces of the burying ground. Subsequently the street was widened in front, and it is understood that the present sidewalk passes over a portion of what was formerly the church-yard. The good taste and propriety of these alterations has been questioned by some of the present generation, we believe; but there is a consolation in the reflection that the memorial stones were neither destroyed nor removed from their proper locations, so that should occasion require, the information they contain can at any time hereafter be made available.

A portion of the main floor of the old meeting house was left open to all worshippers indiscriminately, except that the men and women occupied different sides. Comparatively few persons had private seats. The privilege of erecting pews was highly prized, it would appear; for in 1775 the rights to build three of them in the meeting house were sold at auction to the highest bidders, and realized handsome premiums.

The services in the religious meetings, at that period, were conducted in most respects as in our own day. We no longer have tithing men, however, to look after the sleepers and the uneasy youngsters in sermon time. And we do have church organs and an abundance of hymn books, which our predecessors did not; by reason of which there has been an essential change in the style and manner of the sacred music. The "pitch pipe" alone was formerly employed to "set the tune," and in good old Deacon Brooks' day, the hymn in the first church was "deaconed" out, a line at a time, before it was sung by the choir.

In 1776 the meeting house was opened on two occasions of peculiar interest to the society. The first was on the fourteenth of March, when funeral services were performed over the remains of the Rev. Woodbridge Odlin, who had been the pastor of the church for many years. We learn from a contemporary record, that a great congregation assembled to witness the solemn ceremony; for the deceased clergyman was highly esteemed.

The other occasion was on the ninth of October, when the Rev. Isaac Mansfield of Marblehead, Massachusetts, was ordained as the successor of Mr. Odlin. The Rev. Messrs. Thayer of Hampton, Fogg of Kensington and Webster and Noyes of Salisbury were present and took part in the exercises. Ordinations were great events in the last century; and we read of one in a town in Massachusetts during the Revolution, where the Council during their session disposed of no less than thirty-eight mugs of flip, twenty-four mugs of cider, eleven gills of rum bitters, and two mugs of sling! But we have no reason to suppose that the good clergymen and brethren who assisted on the occasion referred to in our town, found it such thirsty work. On the contrary it seems to have been accomplished with all due decorum.

It may be necessary to remind readers of the present day that houses of worship a hundred years ago contained

neither fire-places, stoves, nor other heating apparatus. The congregation, so far as temperature was concerned, were not much more comfortable, in the winter season, indoors than out. But the generation of that day was brought up to bear hardships without complaint. The good mother, within the remembrance of people not aged, used to rely upon a few coals in a foot stove to keep up the vital heat, and perhaps the youngest child was bundled up so as to be kept comfortable; but the big boys had to take the severity of the weather, seated on the bare boards, with little protection in the way of extra clothing. It is a question how large the attendance in our churches would be, if the old fashion of cold rooms were to be resumed. Luckily for the enjoyment as well as for the size of the congregations, in the matter of conveniences and comforts there is no retrogression. Improvements once introduced become necessities; and New England will never go back to cold churches.

The meeting house of the first parish had long been provided with a bell, and the town books inform us that in 1776 it was daily rung by Pompey Peters at one and nine o'clock P. M., according to ancient custom, which has also been continued down to our own day.

The present church was not built till more than twenty years after that date. It has been much admired for its architectural proportions, and is undoubtedly a fine specimen of the ecclesiastical edifices of the last century.

"Brigadier" Peter Gilman's career extended back to an early period in the history of Exeter, he having been born in 1703, and as he lived to the good old age of eighty-five, he witnessed many changes, and in the end very great improvements in his native town. He was for a long period a leading citizen. He had the command of a regiment in the French war and served with much credit, receiving subsequently the honor of a Brigadier General's commission. For twelve successive years he was Speaker of the Assembly of the province, and in 1772 and 1773 he was a member of the Governor's Council. He was undoubtedly inclined to question the expediency of resisting the royal authority, and in 1775 was required by the Provincial Congress to confine himself to the town of Exeter, and not depart thence without the consent of the proper authorities. But he was evidently not looked upon as a dangerous foe to liberty, and his scruples appear to have been respected by those who took the opposite side. His fellow citizens chose him moderator in 1775, which could hardly have been done, if he had been a tory in the worst sense of the term.

Brigadier Gilman was a great admirer of Whitefield, and an amusing story is told of the power of the great preacher's eloquence upon him and others, causing them to roll upon the floor in an agony of penitence. Another tradition represents him as sending off a press gang,—which had come from Portsmouth to Exeter to seize men for the king's service,—by admonishing them that every individual they took would be rescued from their hands before they reached Stratham. The Brigadier appears to have stood up manfully for his townsmen, and hence they naturally stood by him.

He was about the only Exeter man of note, whose fidelity to the American cause came early under suspicion. At a later period, however, another person who had previously held himself out as a zealous whig, was found guilty of the blackest defection. This was Robert Luist Fowle, the printer, whose office in 1776, as he advertised, was "on the grand country road, near the State House,"—probably on Water street not far from the present Court square. Fowle had been employed to print the paper money of New Hampshire, and was afterwards suspected, on very good grounds, of using his press for issuing counterfeits of the same, to be put in circulation by disaffected persons; it being considered a legitimate way of opposing the popular government to discredit its circu-

lating medium. Fowle was arrested and held in durance for a time, and apparently undertook to secure his own safety by betraying his accomplices. Perhaps he was thought to be playing false in this; for we are informed that he owed his escape at last to the unfaithfulness of his jailor, whose carriage was believed one stormy night to have conveyed him away; and he sought refuge within the British lines.

As has already been stated, the inhabitants of Exeter were, almost to a man, in favor of resistance to the oppressive measures of the British parliament. Conspicuous among the patriots was Col. Nicholas Gilman, the father of Gov. Gilman. At the commencement of the Revolution he was forty-four years of age, in the very prime of his powers, a man of resolution, firmness and sound judgment. He was largely engaged in business, and was commanding officer of a regiment of militia. He was a great favorite with Gov. Wentworth, who undoubtedly used all his influence to keep him on the side of his royal master, and it is said never ceased to retain his attachment for him. But Col. Gilman occupied no doubtful ground. Early declaring himself on the side of his country, his counsel and services were eagerly sought for in her behalf, and cheerfully rendered. Money, the sinews of war, was the thing most needful; and he was placed at the head of the fiscal department of the state, where he accomplished almost as much for New Hampshire as Robert Morris did for the country. But his efforts were not limited to any narrow sphere. No plan for the public security or advantage was adopted until it received the sanction of his approval. President Weare held the chief executive office, and Nicholas Gilman was his premier.

The two sons of Col. Gilman who were old enough for the military service, took up arms at the beginning of the Revolutionary struggle. John Taylor, the elder, served in the company of volunteers who marched to Cambridge on the morning after the first effusion of blood at Lexington and Concord. Afterwards he became an assistant to his father at home, and rendered invaluable aid to the patriot cause throughout the war, in various capacities. The second son, Nicholas, entered the army early and served in it six years and three months. He was Assistant Adjutant-General during the later part of his service, and as such returned an account of the prisoners captured on the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown. Nathaniel, the third son of Col. Nicholas Gilman, was but sixteen when the war began, and did not take part in the fighting, though very desirous to do so. But he was useful to his father in his manifold employments, and succeeded him at an early age in his official positions.

Detatchments from Col. Gilman's regiment were from time to time called into the field for active duty, and there is no doubt that they received his supervision there. But it is not known that he served in person, during any campaign, though it is likely that he was from time to time at the front. It is related that he visited Gates' headquarters in 1777 for the purpose of doing his devoir in aiding to arrest the invading march of Burgoyne; but that the decisive battle had been fought before his arrival. He probably enjoyed there the opportunity of witnessing the surrender of an entire British army to the power of united America, which must have yielded him heartfelt satisfaction. Col. Gilman resided in 1776 in the house afterward long occupied by Col. Peter Chadwick.

Gen. Nathaniel Folsom acted an important part in the Revolutionary drama. A native of Exeter, and descended from one of its most ancient families, he had been a soldier long before that time. In 1755, at the age of twenty-nine, he was intrusted with the command of a company in a New Hampshire regiment raised to serve under Sir William Johnson, against Crown Point, and distinguished himself greatly by his gallantry and good conduct. He afterwards received promotion in the militia, and in 1774

was in the commission of the peace, which was then no small honor. He had also been for several years a member of the Assembly of the province, and was regarded as one of the leaders of the popular cause. In 1774 he was chosen one of the members to represent New Hampshire in the general congress at Philadelphia. Apparently Gov. Wentworth hoped to the last that Folsom might be brought to repent and renew his fealty to the king, for it was not till the twenty-second of February, 1775 (one hundred and one years ago THIS DAY), that he cast him off. On that day Folsom had the honor of receiving a letter of the following tenor:

SIR:

I am commanded by his Excellency to acquaint you that he has, with advice of his Majesty's Council, ordered your name to be erased from the commission of the peace for the County of Rockingham,—that it is done accordingly, and that you act no more as a justice of the peace for said county.

By his Excellency's command,
IS. RINDGE,
Clerk of the Court of General Sessions of the Peace for the County of Rockingham.

The ex-Justice did not make himself unhappy over the loss of his commission, but was undoubtedly glad to be freed from the very semblance of holding office under the king, or rather, as the phrase then was, under the king's ministers; for the Americans commonly believed that his gracious majesty was at heart very friendly to them, and that his advisors were solely responsible for every tyrannical act visited upon the colonies. At a later period the publication of the letters of George III. to Lord North showed that this idea was totally erroneous, and that the American Revolution was due to the obstinacy, folly and despotic notions of the king himself.

Col. Folsom (for that was his title in the beginning of 1775) was evidently held in the highest estimation as a military commander, for on the twenty-fourth day of May in that year, a month after Lexington, and a month before Bunker Hill, he received the appointment of Major-General of "all the forces raised (by New Hampshire) for this and the other American colonies." This province had then three regiments in the field.—Stark's, Poor's, and Reed's. Gen. Folsom at once repaired to Cambridge to take the command of the brigade. Stark complained (without reason) at Folsom being put over him, and was inclined to despise the authority of this colony, till his native good sense taught him to act more wisely. The misunderstanding and rivalry between Folsom and Stark, however, prevented the nomination of either as a general officer on the Continental establishment, and Sullivan was selected as Brigadier from New Hampshire. Gen. Folsom remained in command of the New Hampshire troops at Cambridge until the adoption of the army, and the appointment of its commanders, by Congress. He then returned home, but though not again called actively to the field, he was allowed no respite from military or civil employment. He was retained in command of the militia, who were continually kept in readiness for active service in emergencies, and frequently called forth. In the course of the war he was four years a member of the Committee of Safety; was repeatedly chosen to the Legislature, and in 1777 and again in 1779 elected a delegate to the Continental Congress; and in addition to all the rest was made a Judge of the Court of Common Pleas.

There was evidently an incompatibility, or at least an impropriety, in a single person exercising such diverse functions at the same time, and some exception was taken to it in the Legislature; but a majority were of the opinion that the occasion justified a departure from ordinary rules, and the perfect confidence reposed in Gen. Folsom's honesty and patriotism silenced all criticism.

Enoch Poor was one of the most active business men of Exeter, when the war began. He had come here some ten years before, from Andover, Massachusetts, his native town, and

had engaged in trade and ship-building. He showed himself to be decided, bold and fitted for command, and as he was an ardent friend of liberty, he was regarded at an early period as a leader in organizing resistance to the British authority. He was absent from home when the first shot was fired at Lexington, but in a very short time was found at Cambridge marshalling the sons of New Hampshire who at the first note of alarm had quitted the plough to take up arms in behalf of their imperilled brethren of Massachusetts Bay. He was at once made Colonel of the second regiment of New Hampshire troops, and thence forward until his death shared the fortunes of the American army. He was in command of his regiment on the Canada expedition; and was appointed a Brigadier General in 1777, in which capacity he did excellent service in Gate's army in the battles which resulted in the capture of Burgoyne. In Valley Forge he bore his part in the privations and sufferings of the troops, and at Monmouth he won distinction by his efforts in retrieving the fortunes of the day, at first imperilled by Lee's "ill timed retreat." He accompanied Sullivan in 1779 in his expedition against the Indians; and in 1780 was put in command of a brigade of light infantry, under the orders of Lafayette, who had a high opinion of him. He died at Paramus, New Jersey, on the eighth of September, in that year, of fever, after a short illness. It has been believed by some persons that he was killed in a duel with a French officer, and that the manner of his death was kept a secret, lest it might excite ill feeling between our own countrymen and the French who were then our useful allies. But this story of the duel lacks authentication.

Gen. Poor was much esteemed by his brother officers. Washington wrote of him in terms of high commendation; and when Lafayette visited this country, half a century ago, he paid a graceful tribute to his merit,* as well as to that of another distinguished New Hampshire officer, by giving as a sentiment, on a public occasion,—"The memory of Light Infantry Poor, and Yorktown Scammel."

We have, unfortunately, no portraits of many of the principal citizens of Exeter one hundred years ago. But a likeness of Gen. Poor is still extant. The tradition is that it was drawn by the accomplished Polish engineer in the American service, Thaddeus Kosciuszko, upon the fly leaf of a hymn book in church. It represents the General in the Continental uniform, with a cocked hat and epaulets. The features are bold and prominent, and we can easily believe that the original must have been a man of mark.

Another of the foremost men of that time was Col. John Phillips. Though he wore a military title, he was noted not so much for his warlike as for his civic achievements. He was, however, the commanding officer of the Exeter Cadets, and a very well drilled and disciplined corps it was said to be. He was also a decided friend of his country, it is understood, notwithstanding he took no active part in public affairs in the Revolution. He was bred to the ministry, though he was engaged in business as a merchant for the greater part of his working life. He employed his large accumulations wisely and generously in promoting the cause of education in this and other states.

In the house now occupied by Mr. John W. Getchell lived Col. James Hackett in 1776. He had been for some time engaged in ship-building here, and was a man of enterprise and determination. He was no laggard in evincing his willingness to enlist in his country's cause, for he was one of the first to march to the scene of hostilities on the morning after the Concord fight. The unanimous voice of his fellow volunteers made him the commander of the extemporized company, and he acquitted himself well of the trust. Repeatedly, afterwards, during the war, he was chosen to important military commands, but his contriving head and skillful hands were so constantly needed in constructing ships of war and

flotilla for offensive and defensive purposes on our coast, that he is not known to have served as a soldier in any campaign, except in Rhode Island, under Gen. Sullivan, in 1778, where he held the post of lieutenant of a company of light horse, of which no less a person than John Langdon was captain.

Col. Hackett appears to have passed much of his time, at a later period, in Portsmouth, where he pursued the business of ship-building; and on the occasion of Washington's visit to New Hampshire in 1789, commanded a battallion of artillery, which received his Excellency on his arrival in Portsmouth, with a grand salute.

The same house was, years afterwards, tenanted by another person who filled during the Revolution a still more conspicuous public position. This was Gen. Nathaniel Peabody, who was in 1774, a physician in Atkinson, practicing his profession with great success. He was popular, and aspiring. He denounced the usurpation of Britain, at the outset, and is said to have been the first man in the province to resign the king's commission, from political motives. He was repeatedly chosen to the Legislature, and upon the Committee of Safety, and was in 1779 and 1780 a delegate to Congress. Besides these, he held numerous other offices, civil and military, of dignity and importance. As adjutant-general of the State his only active service, by a singular coincidence, was in the same Rhode Island campaign in which his predecessor in the habitation, Col. Hackett, first heard the sounds of actual conflict. After the war, Gen. Peabody's popularity was undiminished and he received frequent testimony of the confidence of his fellow citizens, in the shape of elections to office. He afterwards removed his residence to Exeter, where he passed the remainder of his life. Toward the close of his career he was annoyed by pecuniary troubles, and is said to have become petulant and rough in his manners. Many stories are yet current, of his sharp speeches and harsh conduct.

Gen. Peabody was undoubtedly possessed of abilities far above the average, and rendered valuable service as a legislator to his state and country, and in his professional capacity to the sick and suffering. We can make allowance for faults of temper, and even for more serious defects, in one who so staunchly defended the rights of his country in the hour of her sorest trial, and bore so important a part in laying the foundations of the nation's prosperity and greatness.

Where the town house now is, Joseph Gilman lived in 1776, in the gambrel-roofed house which, having been reduced one story in height, now occupies a place on the north side of Franklin street. Mr. Gilman was bred to mercantile pursuits, and for several years before the Revolution was a member of the firm of Folsom, Gilman and Gilman, which did a large business in Exeter, in trade, in ship building and in ventures at sea. A printed shop-bill of the concern has been preserved, which shows that almost as great a variety of merchandize found a sale among the good people of the place three or four generations ago, as now.

"Crimson, scarlet and various other color'd Broad Cloths; scarlet and green Ratteens; scarlet, blue and green Plushes; crimson, cloth color'd and black figur'd cotton waistcoat Shapes; Velvet of most colors for capes; crimson, scarlet, black, blue, green and cloth color'd Shaloons," are all articles which indicate the prevailing taste of that day for bright colored clothing; a taste which must have rendered an assemblage of ladies and gentlemen, a spectacle much more imposing and pleasing to the eye than a company attired in the sombre hues, or the white and black, which are prescribed by more recent fashions.

Folsom, Gilman and Gilman dealt in hardware also, and in their enumeration of merchandize of this description, we find almost identically the tools and iron utensils which are advertised by their successors in the same line of business in 1876. Of course there are more or less Yankee inventions of

modern date, however, which have superseded the older contrivances. The almost universal use of cooking stoves, for example, has rendered much of the apparatus of the old-fashioned kitchen fire places obsolete; gun flints are little in demand since percussion locks were invented; hour glasses are now mere matters of curiosity, and "H and HL hinges," thumb latches, warming pans and shoe and knee buckles are certainly no longer articles of common use. Some of the goods are described by names that sound strangely to our modern ears. Tammys and Durants; Dungereens; Tandems; Romalls; and Snail Trimmings, would be inquired for in vain, we fear, at our dry goods stores; and it is doubtful whether Firmers, Jobents, Splenter Locks or Cuttoes would be recognized under those designations among our dealers in iron-mongery.

In connection with this subject it may be mentioned that another printed Exeter shop-bill of the ante-Revolutionary period is still extant. It contains a brief list of the articles to be sold by William Elliot, "at his shop formerly occupied by Mr. *Peter Coffin*, and opposite *Peter Gilman*, Esqr's." It indicates that Mr. Elliot's stock in trade was also quite miscellaneous, comprising dry goods, hardware and groceries.

Indeed there was one article under the last head, that was then kept by every trader,—spirituous liquor. Its use was all but universal. We have already related an incident to show that good men, engaged in a religious duty, sometimes partook of the enticing cup with freedom. In fact, there was no occasion of unusual interest, from a christening to a funeral, but must be observed by a plentiful oblation. The selectmen when they met to transact the town business, repaired to a tavern, where it was convenient to obtain the means to moisten their clay; and the landlord duly scored the mugs and bowls of fragrant beverages which they consumed, to the account of the town, and his bill was promptly met at the close of the year. The Judges on their circuit, were unable to hold the courts without spirituous refreshment. We have seen a bill of the "Court's Expences," of somewhat earlier date than the era we have been referring to, in which the dinners each day were supplemented by a liberal number of "Bottels of wine" and "Boules of punch."

Mr. William Elliot left his business, when the country called for armed defenders, and joined the army. He was adjutant in the regiment of Col. Nathan Hale in 1777, and at the disastrous fight at Hubbardton was taken prisoner. He was probably exchanged subsequently.

But we have wandered from the subject on which we commenced. The house of Mr. Joseph Gilman was the place where most of the meetings of the Committee of Safety were held during the war. The Legislature was in session more than one-third part of the year 1776, and the Committee, nearly the entire residue of the year. It would seem to be a hazardous thing to delegate to a dozen men the power to arrest, imprison, and release, at their pleasure, any of their fellow citizens of the province. If they had been vindictive, here was ample opportunity to wreak their vengeance; if they had been rapacious, here were plenty of chances to fill their pockets. Many, who were apprehended by their authority, made bitter complaints, of course; but the action of the Committee of Safety is believed, on the whole, to have been characterized by much prudence and moderation.

They had a great variety of characters to deal with. Not a few of the men of wealth and position were opposed to resistance to the British authority. They feared the result of an organized insurrection against the power and warlike resources of England and they preferred to submit to what they considered the small evil of taxation without representation, rather than to incur the hazards of rapine and confiscation, which might come in the train of a rebellion suppressed by force of arms. These timid souls were treat-

ed tenderly, and after a taste of jail-life allowed to go at large upon giving security for their good behavior. It may have been one of these who wrote to the Committee the following letter:

Prison in Exeter, 24th Apl. 1776.
may it Please your Honors,

Gratitude being a Duty incumbent on those who have Receiv'd Favors, begg Leave to Return your Honors most sincere thanks for the Very Great Favor you have Done me in admitting me to Bail for the Liberty of this house and the Yard thereto adjoyning, & am with the utmost Respect, Sincerity & Esteem

yr Honors most obedient Servant,
JOHN PATTEN.

The Honorable Committee of Safety.

As the "liberty of the yard" is alluded to in this letter, a word on the subject of that ancient legal fiction, as it may be termed, will perhaps not be void of interest to the people of this age, to whom imprisonment for debt is happily unknown. In former times, when a man who could not pay what he owed, was liable to compensate for his inability by the loss of his personal liberty, debtors in many cases could enjoy the privilege of living outside the jail walls, provided they did not exceed certain limits, which were fixed at a convenient distance,—for a long time two hundred rods,—from the building, in every direction. In order to secure this advantage, which was obviously a great relief from actual incarceration, the debtor was obliged to give a bond, with good sureties, that he would keep within the prison "yard," as the limits were called. And if he overstepped the line, even for a single inch, his bond was forfeited, and his sureties were liable to pay the debt.

Apropos of this, a story is told of a debtor in Exeter, in the olden time, who being under bond to confine himself to the jail yard, saw a child, who had fallen into the river, struggling for its life, at a point *just beyond* the line which he was bound not to transcend. His humanity outweighed all other considerations, and he broke bounds without hesitation, and saved the child. It is pleasant to record that though the creditor might have extorted his debt from the bondsmen, for this act of mercy on the part of their principal, he never made the attempt. If he had forgiven his debtor in full, it would have been better still.

But some of the tories who came under the cognizance of the Committee of Safety, were not to be handled with too much tenderness. They were sullen and vindictive, and ready to do anything to obstruct the progress of popular government. One of the men concerned with Fowle the printer, in emitting counterfeit paper money, was of this description. He had occupied a position of some distinction in the province. It was a bitter humiliation for him to lie in the jail with common malefactors, but he was too proud and obstinate to recant the opinions he had often expressed; and so he chafed in confinement, until by the aid of friends without, he was enabled to make his escape. This was the well known Col. Stephen Holland, of Londonderry. His influence on those about him must have been rated high, since it was deemed necessary to imprison his negro man, Cato, as well as his master. After the Colonel's flight, the Committee appear to have issued hand-bills for his apprehension, and employed Benjamin Boardman to go express to Boston, "to carry advertisements after the Col. Holland," They turned out to be "after" him, indeed; for he was so far in advance of them that he reached the enemy's lines in safety. He was banished by a formal act of the General Court, and his property confiscated.

Mr. Joseph Gilman was himself Chairman of the Committee of Safety, at one period, and held various public trusts, during and after the war. His wife was a woman of thorough education and many accomplishments. His house appears to have been repeatedly visited by strangers of distinction, durring the Revolution. Some of the high bred French officers who drew their swords in behalf of America, are said to have expressed their admiration for the culture and *esprit* of Mrs. Gilman, as beyond anything they had witnessed elsewhere in the country. Samuel

Adams passed a night at Mr. Gilman's house in the latter part of 1776, just before the victories at Princeton and Trenton had relieved the feeling of despondency caused by the prior disasters to our arms; and all Mrs. Gilman's powers of pleasing were said to have been exerted to cheer the drooping spirits of the patriot, without effect. A military success was then the only cure for the gloom of the stern king-hater.

The dwelling place of Maj. Jonathan Cass, one of the veterans of the Revolution, was where the house of Mrs. J. L. Robinson now is. At the outbreak of the war he was twenty-two years of age, and according to description, was an erect, handsome man, with keen black eyes. He enlisted in the army as a private soldier, and served until peace was established, having taken part in most of the principal battles. As early as 1777 his merits procured him promotion to an ensigncy, and at the close of the war he was a captain. He then resumed his residence in Exeter for a few years, and his distinguished son, Lewis Cass, was born here in 1782. About 1790 the father re-entered the army, in command of a company raised for the defence of the western frontier, and subsequently received the commission of major. He was so much pleased with the appearance of the Western country, that he established his home in Ohio, where he died in 1830.

Lewis Cass remained in Exeter till he finished his studies at the Academy, and received a diploma, signed by the Principal and President of the board of Trustees, certifying his proficiency and good conduct; a copy of which, in his own youthful handwriting, is still preserved. His career, after he quitted the home of his youth, is matter of familiar history.

Col. Samuel Folsom, a brother of Gen. Nathaniel Folsom, was a well known and respected citizen, in 1776. His house was at the easterly corner of Court square and Water street, and is now occupied by Mr. George W. Dearborn. It is believed to have been built a year or two before the date mentioned, probably to replace a former edifice removed or destroyed. Col. Folsom kept a public house, as his widow continued to do many years after his death. He was lieutenant colonel of the Exeter corps of Independent Cadets, commanded by Col. John Phillips. He was intrusted with much important business, during the Revolution, requiring sound and tried capacity, and devotion to his country's interests.

After John Langdon, in the midst of the apprehensions excited by the triumphant incursion of Burgoyne, inspirited the people of New Hampshire, by the offer of his private property, to organize an expedition under Gen. Stark, with the purpose of turning back the invader, Col. Folsom was delegated by President Weare, Chairman of the Committee of Safety, to visit Gen. Stark, to convey him money for contingent expenses, to learn how his expedition was progressing, what articles it stood in need of, and to "advise with all persons in the service of this state on such things as he thought needful to forward the business they are engaged in." His confidential and discretionary mission appears to have been executed to the satisfaction of all parties; and we know how thoroughly Stark was enabled to perform the part required of him, when he met the enemy at Bennington.

A couple of years afterwards Col. Folsom was selected by the General Court to discharge the agreeable duty of presenting in behalf of the state, to Col. Joseph Cilley, a pair of pistols which had been the property of Col. Stephen Holland, the tory absentee; and the receipt of Col. Cilley remains to testify that the commission was duly accomplished.

It was at the house of Col. Folsom that President George Washington stopped and partook of a collation, when he visited Exeter in his tour through the Eastern states, in the autumn of 1789. There is probably no person now living, who saw the Father of his Country here, although one or two who well remembered the occasion have but recently deceased.

If time would permit, information could be obtained, no doubt, which would enable us to fix the residences, and give some account of the services, of many others of our former townsmen, who responded to the call of the country in the struggle for independence. But the brief space allowed for the completion of these sketches forbids extended inquiry and research; and we must be content with recording such fragments of personal history of that character, as are to be collected at short notice.

Peter Coffin, the predecessor of William Elliot in his store, near the western extremity of the great bridge, was a major in Col. David Gilman's regiment. His family name was once familiar here, and his ancestors are said to have lived in what is now the yard of the Academy. An orchard which belonged to them, then bore its fruit on the ground now covered by the Academy.

The old Exeter family of Robinson was well represented in the Continental service, two of its members holding commissions therein; the one, Caleb Robinson, as captain, and the other, Noah, as ensign.

Noah Emery, a name handed down for generations, here, was a paymaster in Col. Isaac Wyman's regiment, and commissary. In the latter capacity he had the charge of a large amount of stores, which tradition says were housed in a building in Spring street, familiarly termed "the state's barn." It is of Paymaster Emery that a story is told, that being ordered to carry some dispatches by night on horseback in a strange part of the country, he crossed a bridge on his way, which he did not discover till the next day had been previously stripped of its planking. His horse had cautiously felt his way over it, upon the timbers, while the rider was all unconscious of the fearful risk he was running. The statement would hardly be credited, if there were not authentic accounts of other similar occurrences. The duties performed by Mr. Emery under the direction of the state authorities must have kept him very busy. He was employed frequently in the purchase, forwarding and distribution among the troops, of the various needed supplies, and was relied on to transact much incidental business. Indeed, toward the close of the war, he and John Taylor Gilman, afterwards governor of the state, appear to have attended to most of the wants of the New Hampshire troops. Perhaps Col. Eliphalet Giddings, the collector of the "beef tax," should be included with them.

Dr. Samuel Tenney was a surgeon in one of the Rhode Island regiments. He had previously settled in this town, and returned and married a wife here at the expiration of his service. He was a person of uncommon literary and scientific attainments, and contributed articles to the publications of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, and a topographical account of Exeter to the Collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society. He felt a warm interest in political matters, also, and was for seven years a Representative in Congress. He likewise held the office of Judge of Probate, and was highly respected.

Another citizen of Exeter who served in the medical department of the army was Dr. William Parker, Jr. He was a grandson of Judge William Parker of Portsmouth, whose father is alleged, against all probability, to have married a daughter of the English patrician house of Derby. Dr. Parker died in Exeter of yellow fever, which he contracted from a patient.

James McClure was the adjutant of a New Hampshire regiment in the continental service. He is believed to have lived in the house on the south side of Water street now belonging to Mr. Franklin Lane.

Benjamin Boardman performed a tour of duty in the Revolution as the commanding officer of a company. He was a noted man in the town, and many years afterwards kept a public house on the east side of the river.

Ebenezer Light was a lieutenant for two years, or more, in the New Hampshire line. His name was once a com-

mon one in Exeter; and Light's tavern on Tower hill was a well known place of entertainment. But no branch of the family now remains here, so far as we can ascertain.

Samuel Brooks of Exeter appears to have been quartermaster in Col. David Gilman's regiment. Whether this was the excellent deacon, who lived in a house removed to make way for the present Methodist church, we are not certain. But if he undertook the duties, it is safe to say that he made a good quartermaster, for he was a faithful and thorough man. There is no doubt that he was employed by the Committee of Safety to pay the New Hampshire troops who were in Arnold's ill fated expedition against Quebec. It may interest the reader to learn that the amount paid them, including expenses, was three hundred forty-eight pounds, seven shillings.

Ebenezer Clifford, who was quartermaster sergeant in Col. Poor's regiment in 1775, was probably the person who removed hither from Kensington about 1790, and lived in the Brigadier Gilman house until his death. He was an ingenious mechanic, and constructed a diving bell, with the aid of which he is said to have recovered a quantity of silver money from the wreck of a Spanish or other foreign vessel, at the Isles of Shoals. The coin had suffered, during its long submersion, a wondrous sea change, and was found to be covered with some kind of marine incrustation. A portion of it was placed for safe keeping in the old Exeter Bank, and when the vault of that institution was entered and robbed of its valuable contents, about the year 1828, some of Mr. Clifford's silver pieces were among the spoils. The story goes, that the peculiar appearance of the money afforded the clew by which the guilty persons were detected.

It would not be just, in any recital of the services of our townsmen in the Revolution, to omit to mention the Independent company that volunteered under the command of Capt. John Langdon in 1777, and marched to Saratoga to aid in the capture of Burgoyne. The lieutenant of the company was Col. Nicholas Gilman, and the private soldiers were composed of the solid men of Exeter, Portsmouth and Newmarket. Most of them were of mature age, and many had held military commissions. No roster of the company is now accessible, but it is known that among the Exeter quota were such men as Capt. Samuel Gilman, Col. Eliphalet Giddings, Col. Nathaniel Giddings and Ephraim Robinson, Esq. That citizens of such age and standing were ready to leave their families and business to shoulder the musket in defence of their country, is proof positive of the pressing nature of the emergency and of the absolute necessity then felt that the progress of the hostile army should be checked, and a substantial triumph gained to the cause of America. And the momentous consequences which ensued from the capitulation of Burgoyne, proved that this feeling was founded in reason and a just appreciation of the situation.

There were of course not a few other persons in Exeter whose services were called into requisition in some way, by the state authorities.

John Rice, Esq. (we append the title, because it was not common, though much valued in those days), whose house was where the parsonage of the first parish now is, furnished board and a place of meeting for the Committee of Safety in the earlier part of the war.

John Ward Gilman, who lived in the old house on the north side of Water street near string bridge, now owned by Mr. Alva Wood, manufactured for the newly formed state a seal, the impression of which, no doubt, is found upon the commissions of the period. The device was certainly more appropriate than the ship on the stocks, which for some unknown reason was subsequently adopted, and is retained on the present seal. It consisted of the fasces, the emblem of authority; on one side of which was a pine tree and on the other a fish, in allusion to two of the chief sources of the early

prosperity of the province. An appropriate inscription surrounded the whole.

Thomas Odiorne was a representative in the Legislature during a portion of 1776, and was afterwards a member of the Committee of Safety. He furnished a considerable amount of clothing for the soldiers, and was entrusted with the purchase of equipments for the field,—among other things, "Colours for Colo. Cilley's Regiment."

Theodore Carlton, who appears to have opened a tavern during the war, had some of Col. Poor's soldiers quartered there for a time. Men enlisted for the army, in a time of actual hostilities, are proverbially not the quietest of lodgers, and it is not strange that Mr. Carlton found that his premises sustained some damage. A committee reported thereon, that there were "42 squares of glass broke, 2 stairs broke, 6 doors gone, several others broke, and plaistering broke down in several rooms."

Capt. Eliphalet Ladd, the father of William Ladd, the "apostle of peace," had occasional business with the Committee and the Legislature. He was a man of untiring energy, and did not suffer the war to check his enterprise. He was engaged in trade on a considerable scale, and built ships and planned voyages, in spite of the enemy's cruisers. He met with heavy losses, but on the whole was thought to have increased his property during the Revolution.

Constable Joseph Lamson's official aid was occasionally called into requisition by the Committee of Safety, when sitting in a judicial capacity. He summoned the witnesses, and perhaps waited on the prisoners to and from the jail. For the town he acted as a general disbursing agent and factotum. Among his multifarious charges in 1776, was one "for warning four families out of town." This was not, as might be imagined, an act of inhospitality, or a reflection on the morals of the families alluded to. It simply implied that they had little visible means of support and were considered liable to become paupers. A town was then responsible for the support of all its inhabitants falling into pauperism, who had resided therein for a certain period, without being formally notified to depart. It was the practice, therefore, of the prudent town authorities to serve the "warning" process upon every family that seemed in danger of coming to want. The proceeding was probably thought to be rather a harsh reminder of impending poverty, and another generation wiped it from the statute book.

Many as were the embarrassing questions with which the Committee of Safety were called on to wrestle, it is doubtful if they were ever more nonplussed than when a party of Indians were consigned to their hospitality. To what tribe these sons of the forest belonged we have no record. The few facts known indicate, that being friendly to the American cause they visited the headquarters of the army out of curiosity and for the purpose of expressing their good wishes. The commanding general, probably at a loss to know what to do with them, relieved himself of the dilemma by forwarding them to the New Hampshire capital. They arrived in Exeter in the early part of 1776, but did not make a long stay. The Committee of Safety no doubt regarded them as an elephantine prize. Our streets were for a few days enlivened by the spectacle, familiar enough a century before, of the red men in their barbaric costume; then the distinguished visitors, sickened by overmuch good cheer perhaps, came into the doctor's hands; and at length were forwarded at the public charge to Suncook, ignominiously, in a storm. About a dozen pounds paid the expenses of the visitation.

We cannot better close these too meagre and desultory notices of our town and its people at the heroic period when our independence was achieved, than by an outline of the most impressive occurrence that Exeter witnessed during the eventful year of 1776.

When the dispute with Britain was begun, it was with no general expectation that it would result in a severance between the colonies and the mother

country. The provincials professed perfect loyalty, and assumed self government only during "the present unhappy and unnatural contest with Great Britain." But as the struggle went on, the popular ideas became modified, and the public came at length to comprehend that it was idle to expect to reunite ties which the sword had sundered.

A few sagacious minds had foreseen this from the outset. It is due to the able leaders of the popular movement in New Hampshire that it should be generally known that they contemplated the assumption of independence, and suggested it in an eloquent official letter from their Convention of Delegates, to the Continental Congress, as early as the 23d of May, 1775. This is the first allusion to the subject in any known communication from an organized body, in the country.

As the sentiment of the whole people became gradually ripe for the final step of separation from Britain, movements were made in the colonial Legislatures, looking to that result. In New Hampshire a committee of both Houses reported on the fifteenth of June, 1776, instructions to "our Delegates in the Continental Congress to join with the other colonies in declaring the Thirteen United Colonies a FREE AND INDEPENDENT STATE; solemnly pledging our faith and honor, that we will on our parts support the measure with our Lives and Fortunes."

From this time forward there was impatience in the breast of every true friend of liberty, to blot out the very memory of subjection, to make way for the new and glorious career that was opening for the infant nation. The action of Congress was waited for, anxiously, longingly, eagerly.

At length the wished for moment arrived. An express dashed into the village of Exeter, bearing a letter addressed to the Convention of New Hampshire, and authenticated by the manly signature of John Hancock. The Legislature had adjourned, but the President was here, perhaps waiting for the important missive. It was determined that the contents of the letter, containing the glad tidings of the Declaration of Independence, should be forthwith publicly read.

The honor of pronouncing for the first time in New Hampshire, the impressive periods of that unequalled production, was appropriately devolved upon John Taylor Gilman. No firing of cannon or ringing of bells was needed to give eclat to the occasion; the general joy was too sincere and heartfelt to find expression in noisy demonstrations. Meshech Weare, the President of the state, Mathew Thornton, who was himself soon to set his hand to the instrument, Gen. Folsom and Col. Pierse Long and Ebenezer Thompson, all members of the Committee of Safety, and tried and true patriots, were present. The news had spread with the speed of lightning through the town. The farmer dropped his scythe in the swath, the mechanic left his saw in the kerf and even the good wife forsook her spinning wheel, while all gathered to hear the words which they felt were to give them freedom and a country. But perhaps there was no one of the audience whose heart was thrilled more deeply by the immortal declaration, than Col. Nicholas Gilman, the father of him who read it. He had put his whole life and energy into the cause of his country; he foresaw that nothing but formal separation from the parent state would prevent his dearest hopes from going down in darkness; he welcomed the words which rent the brightest jewel from Britain's crown, with joy and thankfulness unutterable. The reader, from filial as well as patriotic sensibility, shared his emotion, and there were pauses, when the rush of feeling o'ermastered speech.

Exeter has witnessed many returns of the anniversary of our National Birthday, and has listened to the utterances of lips touched with the living coal of eloquence; but the first reading of the Declaration of Independence, on the eighteenth of July, 1776, enchained the attention with a significance and power which have never since been paralleled.

SUMMER STORM AT SUNAPEE.

BY GEORGE BANCROFT GRIFFITH.

Dispelling the cloud-wreath of hazy blue
Round the peak of Grantham's tallest hill,
Lifts the mighty front of the storm in view;
To Croydon veers at the north-wind's will.

"Ah! 'tis hither coming as sure as fate!"
Cried bare-armed mowers on Newport's slope;
And fair rakers ran through the nearest gate,
Where sheltering trees their low arms ope!

Then o'er the rich valleys of Sunapee
Showering the saffron pine-buds down,
Like a long imprisoned demon, free,
The howling tempest charged the town!

Its own message of warning, the wire sped,
A mournful sigh on the old stage route,
As from road side school-house the children fled
Through the dusty ruts with thankful shout.

I sat in the door-way at "homestead place,"
And smiled, as from 'neath a rose-bush nigh
The drowsy Grimalkin with wise old face
Leaped o'er the sill with leers at the sky.

And the barn-yard king, with his head a-droop,
From a favorite haunt came rushing down
Like a general leading his vanquished troop
Within the walls of a friendly town!

While birds dart under impervious roof,
Where graceful sparrow-grass long has stood,
To their home in a barrel, water-proof,
The frightened biddies now call their brood!

And the stately woods, reared long ago,
Their columns still as for grand review
From nature's guardians, who whisper low:
"Old boreas comes, stand firm and true!"

Then opened wide the windows of Heaven;
With a seething roar the flood descends,
By a sudden whirlwind swiftly driven,
Whose awful voice as a deep bass blends.

Though his form in a misty shroud is wrapt,
Gray Sunapee mount looks fearless down;
With living green is his forehead capped,
And the fair lake mirrors his star-tipped crown!

O, swifter than wildest tale e'er told,
Through our "Switzerland" sped the blast and rain;
Then over each granite mountain rolled
The hue of a summer sea again.

But brighter than all, in the setting sun
Loomed Sunapee's mount, for the promised bow,
Whose colors by angel hands are spun,
Sprang over and fired the lake below!

LEMPSTER, N. H.

LAKE SUNAPEE AND ITS ENVIRONS.

BY FRED MYRON COLBY.

In one of the matchless palaces, which the genius and the wealth of the Moguls reared amid the cypress groves of Delhi, when they conquered the Orient, there was a room so magnificent with its floors of lapis lazuli, its walls of gold, its fountains of marble; so luxurious with its rich tapestries, its Persian rugs, its cashmeres, its divans; so beautiful, so entrancing withal, that the royal founder's pride dared write on the golden walls this vaunting legend: "If there is heaven upon earth, it is here, it is here!" Stand and gaze from Lake Sunapee's verdant shores upon the isle gemmed lake; or sail across its mirrory surface some summer noon in the little steamer that plies upon its waters; or, in a boat row along its shores in a moonlight night, shooting now under hemlock crowned banks, then across glassy pools where the birch and poplar shadows fall, anon passing margins of white sand, against which the bright waves ripple with pleasing murmur, and you will think of the haughty Mussulman's inscription, only applying it to this lovely lake and its environs lying far away from the Mogul shrines, in the heart of New Hampshire.

Our state abounds in lakes. A country whose surface is broken by hills and lofty mountains will naturally have deep gorges and valleys, thus affording excellent basins or reservoirs for the waters of the surrounding elevations. New Hampshire is distinguished the world over for these numerous collections of fresh water. Lying deep in her valleys and high among her mountains, they are to be found here and there, dreaming wild and grand in virgin solitudes, here and there touched with the brush held by the skilled hand of civilization, and all blended into one picturesque and magnificent view of nature and art combined.

Sunapee Lake is a tamed beauty. Her coyness has long since disappeared before the hand of man. Over her rippling surface glides the miniature steamer and the fisher's skiff. Around her rude, wild loveliness civilization has extended a girdle of happy homes. Pleasant hamlets, picturesque summer houses and gorgeous hotels are mirrored in her placid waters. The surrounding hills, lofty, historic Kearsarge, and the green peaks of the Granthams and the Sunapee range, look down upon busy industries and pleasant social scenes. Particularly in the summer time is this so. The lake is rapidly becoming a popular summer resort. Wealth and taste have reared their monuments upon its shores, and from many a close, unhealthy city, from many a suburban town, the merchant, wearied with labors over dusty ledgers; the minister, pale with midnight study; the lawyer, glad to be free from clients; the overworked editor; the artist, longing for beauty, each and all, as soon as the warm months come round, hasten to the beautiful slopes around Sunapee, hoping, like the impotent folk of Bethesda, to regain health and vigor by communion with its breezes and its waters.

Situated about midway between the Connecticut and Merrimack rivers, on a height of land twelve hundred feet above the sea level, this charming body of water can lay claim to the title of a mountain lake, and falls but little below the elevation of Lake Constance, the queen of Swiss lakes. The outlet of the lake is a little silver stream known as Sugar river, which flows in a westerly direction, and empties into the Connecticut. It is said that the lake is so near the center of this height of land that a very slight excavation would carry its waters to the Merrimack. In the beginning of the century some of the wise heads

contemplated uniting the Connecticut and the Merrimack rivers by a canal passing from the mouth of Sugar river to the head waters of the Contoocook. A survey was made with this object in view in the year 1816, but when it was ascertained that the altitude of the lake was something more than a thousand feet above tide water, they were forced to abandon the idea of the proposed canal as impracticable. The lake lies within two counties, Merrimack and Sullivan, and borders three sample New Hampshire towns, Sunapee, Newbury, and New London. The larger portion of the lake lies, however, within the limits of the former town. Its length is about ten miles from north to south, and its width varies from half a mile to three miles. The surface of the lake has an area of four thousand and one hundred acres.

The way by which tourists reach Lake Sunapee is the Concord and Claremont Railroad, as well built and as well managed a road as there is in New England. The distance from Concord is only about thirty-five miles, and visitors from that city can reach the lake in little over two hours, see all the salient points and return the same day to the capital. But it is better not to take so flying a trip. Most would prefer to stay a week, if not longer, and view the beauties of the lake, for the solace and rejuvenation that they need. No more delicious flirtation can be imagined than floating on the sunlit or the moonlit waters of Sunapee, laving your fingers in the warm waters, or rippling her face with stroke of ashen blade, or dreaming beside the shores while the tiny waves musically whisper chimes sweeter than love tales. To be able to sit and bask in the smiles of this mountain lake is worth enough to tempt one to take a voyage across the Atlantic, as Jefferson said of Harper's Ferry.

The lake has been familiar to us from boyhood, and some very pleasant associations are connected with it. But we were never so thoroughly charmed with the spot as at our last visit. It was in the month of June, the loviest of all seasons, and we were blessed with unusually agreeable weather. The air was bland; the sunshine, magnificent. The iron horse took us through the pass in the ledge, a work of man that is almost as grand and appalling as a work of nature, and after skirting the shores of the lake for a couple of miles, deposited us at the Sunapee station, between which and the harbor there is a distance of three miles which has to be performed by stage. The route is a pleasant one. Our country roads are beautiful in the summer time, and this one was peculiarly enchanting. Woodland and pastures, stonewalls, railfences, bushes, ponds and purling streams, dashing waterfalls and splashing mill wheels make delightful pictorial hints which summon up some of the pleasantest thoughts and associations that the heart of man can possibly conceive. I was in the mood to enjoy all that I saw.

Sunapee harbor dawned upon us at last, lying in a little valley through which a small river flows, and fronting an inlet of the lake. The village looked pastoral, the stream rushing, and the lake placid and silvery as a mirror. The stream is the romantic and industrious Sugar river. This busy stream turns a hundred and thirty waterwheels, combining a force equal to thirty-five hundred horse power, yet a vast power is still unimproved. At the harbor there are a large number of mills and factories. There is a large hame manufactory that turns out a thousand dozen hames annually. The firm has just received a large order from one of the horse railroad companies of London, England. A clothespin manufactory produces six thousand gross of those articles per year. Two paster shops manufacture inner soles and stiffners to the value of $20,000. Ten thousand bushels of shoepegs, forty-six tons of starch, and two thousand dozen of fork and hoe handles are produced at three different manufactories. Machine shops, shin-

gle and saw-mills, and grist-mills swell the total value of manufactured goods to $120,000. Sugar river has an almost unlimited supply of water. The outlet of the lake at Sunapee harbor is controlled by a stone dam, and regulated by gates, capable of holding or withdrawing ten feet of water on the surface of the lake. It has never yet been found necessary to test the full capacity of this valuable reservoir.

Along the banks of Sugar river, on the shore of the lake, and crowning surrounding hillsides, cluster fifty or sixty dwelling houses, interspersed among which rise the spires of three church edifices, the roofs of a hotel, post-office, five stores, school-house and the town hall. Some of the residences are elegant and commodious and compare favorably with the same class of structures in larger villages. The oldest and one of the best looking dwelling houses is the one occupied by Hon. William C. Sturoc, in the heart of the village. We found that gentleman at home in his library, a man fifty-seven years of age, looking what he is, the educated, hospitable, ardent Scotchman. The blood of Bruce and Wallace is in his veins, the fire of Burns and Scott in his brain. Next to his adopted country Mr. Sturoc loves Scotland, and he has often breathed that affection in exquisite verse. It is a pleasure to hear him read Burns and the other Scotch poets. As a lawyer and politician Mr. Sturoc has no little distinction. He was the Democratic candidate for state senator in district number ten in 1867. His proudest title, however, is that of the "Bard of Sunapee."

Some three miles beyond the harbor, at the northern extremity of the lake, there is a little hamlet known as George's Mills. Here is a post-office, a grist-mill, and about twenty dwelling houses. The place takes its name from the family who own the mills. The present owner is the grandson of the first miller. The Mill village is picturesquely located and commands a fine view of the northern part of the lake. The road between the two villages is a pleasant one. We rode by green fields of growing crops, farm houses embowered in groves of cherry, apple and maple trees, and dark pine lands, and cool beech woods that reminded us of Carl Brenner's pictures.

Back at the harbor we found lodgings at the Runals House, the only hotel in the village and the largest on the lake. The house was built in 1878 at a cost of $11,000, and can accomodate eighty to a hundred guests. The present manager is Mr. E. P. Hutchinson, who has an admirable knowledge of his business. The cuisine is supplied with all the luxuries of the market. There is a billiard hall and livery stable connected with the hotel, and also a well equipped fleet of sail and row boats for the accomodation of guests. Back of the house is a large and well arranged grove, a most cool and delicious retreat in a hot summer day. Fronting the hotel is the harbor, a sheeny expanse of water, and at the right is Quarry Hill, a small picturesque elevation that it well repays one to climb. We were fortunate enough to find at the hotel our old friend, Col. J. B. Sanborn, who had driven up from Concord with his span, for the purpose of a few days' rest in this charming country retreat. In company with him I ascended the hill. From the summit we obtained views of Ascutney and Ragged mountains, Kearsarge, the Granthams, and many a smaller elevation. New London with its noble institution was in full sight, and a complete panorama of the lake, green isles dotting its silvery expanse, was visible from its highest point. A ledge of granite in the hill is extensively worked, and supplies the market in this section of the state. It is of fine quality.

A road leads up over a hill from the Runals House. We followed it half a mile. It is a magnificent, broad, well trodden highway, hard almost as pavement. The soil about here is clayey, and easily makes a superb road for driving. Perched upon a level terrace on the brow of a promontory overlooking the lake is the well known Lake View House. It is a most de-

lightful location. The foundation of the house is two hundred feet above the surface of the lake, and the outlook is magnificent. The eye takes in the whole sweep of the lake and many a mile beyond of valleys and green hills. There is no better situation on the lake, and I know of no view equal to the one from it save that from the Senter House at Centre Harbor over Lake Winnipiseogee. In a moonlight summer night the prospect is simply entrancing.

The Lake View House has been running six seasons. It is owned by the Putney brothers, of Newport, and is run this season by Mr. H. C. Putney. The house will accomodate sixty guests. The surrounding grounds are laid out in pleasant and attractive shape. At the foot of the hill is Colby's Wharf, where the disciples of "Isaak Walton" or the ordinary seeker of pleasure can find ample accomodations for aquatic or piscatorial sport. Nearly opposite on the Newbury shore, its white roof gleaming amid the green foliage, can be seen the rustic cottage of Prof. Quackenbos, the well known educator and author. For the last three years he has sought this lakeside retreat, where he spends the hot months of July and August, going back to the city with the advent of the first frost.

Not a quarter of a mile from the Lake View House on the same picturesque highland is the summer residence of one of New Hampshire's greatest men, Hon. Edmund Burke. The style of the house is a rustic Gothic. Mr. Burke erected it in 1878, and this is his third season on the lake. We called at the cottage. We found the old veteran hoeing his bean patch, a picture that reminded us of the ancient days of Roman simplicity and virtue, of Cincinnatus and Cato. But the man before me was a greater man than either one of those famous heroes of Rome. Cincinnatus was a cold, proud patrician, a member of the infamous Claudian gens, whose chiefs were mainly famous for their cruelty and tyranny, their debauchery and their excessive pride. The hero of the famous legend was really a small man, and the title of "good" he did not deserve. As for Cato, I never could understand how a man so obstinate, so narrow minded, so unlearned, so prudish, so repulsive every way, who was so brutal that one of his slaves killed himself out of sheer fear of his displeasure, so rapacious that he kept his slaves at work on festival days, could ever come to be revered by posterity. His qualities of integrity, independence and patriotism did not rise to any grandeur, and can never redeem the egotism, the self-sufficiency, the hardness and the narrowness of the rest of his character. Lucius Porcius Cato stands out in history as complete a mediocrity as ever a partial generation exalted to heroism.

No; this man was no cruel aristocrat, no illiberal plebeian, but instead a man with the brain of a statesman, the tastes of an artist, the heart of a Barzillai the Gileadite, a large man every way. Twenty years ago, when I was a boy, the name of Edmund Burke was associated with those of Cass and Webster and Woodbury. He had been a member of Congress, and his legal acumen, his scholarship, his political abilities were recognized powers in the land. Though now past his three score years and ten, his mental faculties do not fail him. He talks still with all the force and brilliance of youth. It will be long before I shall forget the two hours I spent on the verandah of his pleasant cottage, gazing upon the magnificent panorama stretched beneath radiant in the light of the setting sun, and listening to the learned and graphic speech that fell from his lips. Mr. Burke exercised his usual discriminating judgment in the selection for his summer retreat of a site where by the use of so little art so many natural beauties are turned to account.

Lying below Mr. Burke's cottage, under the brow of the hill, and near the shore of the lake, are several other cottages built by Newport and Claremont gentlemen. Mr. S. H. Edes owns the largest of these. Two others

are the property of Messrs. Woodbury and Lewis. Here they free themselves from the cares and labors of a business life, and in a most delightful location drink in all the charms and solaces that nature, with a lavish hand, parades before them. The neighborhood is a little paradise, an earthly Elysium.

Before you leave the lake you will want to cross it in the little steamer Lady Woodsum which runs for the accommodation of travelers and pleasure seekers, to and from Pike's Shore, Sunapee Harbor, Lafayette House Landing, Newbury Station and other places. It is a miniature thing with an engine of only twenty horse power, but staunch and well built. D. and F. M. Woodsum are the owners and engineers and they advertise to carry a hundred passengers with ease and safety. The craft cost about $4,000, and received its name from the young ladies of Sunapee who bestowed their colors upon it, on the condition of having the privilege of christening it, and has run three summers.

No greater pleasure can be imagined than a ride over this beautiful lake in the Lady Woodsum. Slowly we steam out of the harbor, swing round the rocky point at the foot of Quarry Hill, and then with full steam on shoot past the verdant shores, the tree gemmed isles, the clustering cottages gleaming amid their embowering groves. How the water sparkles, as the steamer speeds on leaving windrows of diamonds in its wake. I turn my eager eyes to catch a glimpse of some tall mountain summit, as now here, now there, somebody exclaims: "There is Ragged Mountain! Kearsarge! Sunapee!" Well worth looking at, all of them, for their summits afford you superb views of the lake, besides twenty or more sheets of water, Mt. Washington, and the broad deep sea by the Isles of Shoals.

Anon we pass two cottages set in a fairy landscape on the Newbury shore. How pleasant it looks over there among the green trees beyond the glistening margin of sand. A glorious place to throw aside the cares of life, the dress of state, and amid cool shade, the sound of tossing pine boughs and of murmuring water draw every breath a breath of bliss. One of those cottages is owned by Hon. Mason W. Tappan, the Attorney-General of New Hampshire. The other is the property of Moses Gould, Esq., for many years conductor on the Claremont and Concord Railroad.

The steamer lands you at old Newbury, a sleepy, decayed hamlet at the foot of Sunapee lake. Some way it reminds you of Sleepy Hollow, which the pen of an Irving has celebrated in his matchless prose. Life is stagnant here. Enterprise has long since taken its flight elsewhere. There is an old tumble down church, where there has been no preaching for many a day, I will be sworn. Back of it is the village graveyard, an aerie, ghostly place enough in a dark night. You notice no children in the street, and even the inevitable boy and girl of young and tender years do not stand at the depot or in the post-office chewing gum, eating candy, and looking doves eyes at each other. Newbury must have lived before the deluge, for there is no life there now. It cannot always sleep, however, and before many a year we shall see the place Rip Van Winkled into life again. The tide of fashion upon Sunapee's shores will ere long stimulate enterprise. Hotels and boarding houses and rural cottages will rise as if by an enchanter's wand, and old Newbury will become new, not only in her garb but in her spirit. Years of prosperity are before her.

The history of Lake Sunapee goes back only a little more than a hundred years. The first whites settled on its shores in the year 1762. But long before this time the daring Algonquin had launched his bark on its waves, the hunters of Pennacook pursued their prey on its banks. Grand fishing grounds were these in the olden time. Here, too, the wild geese congregated in their migratory flights from north to south. The very name of the lake shows the appreciation in which the

Indian hunters held it. Sunapee in the Indian tongue (*Suna*, a goose; *napee*, water standing or stagnant as a lake), means "Goose Lake." Not a very romantic appellative, but doubtless a significant one. Glad we are that the old name has been retained instead of the common place patronymic of the white man.

The great hurricane of 1821, that swept through central New Hampshire, took Sunapee in its march. The waters of the lake were lashed into foam by the tempest, or gathered up in great sheets and spilled upon the eastern shore. Its presiding divinities must have been terribly outraged. Its bottom was almost laid bare by the hand of the giant; its surface was covered with wrecks. The buildings of Harvey Huntoon, standing one hundred and fifty rods from the shore on the Sunapee side were struck and entirely demolished. There were eight people in the house, but all escaped with their lives, excepting a child. An old lady now living in Sutton remembers the occasion well. She told the writer a year or two ago, that as the tornado struck the lake it seemed to gather up the water into a great cloud shaped like a tunnel, and that vast pillar of seething water was borne across the lake, breaking upon the opposite shore.

Every summer the region of Sunapee Lake becomes more popular as a resort. Boarding and hotel accommodations have to be extended year by year. All classes of people seek its shores, and the lover of nature, the seeker of pleasure, the man needing rest, or the disciple of "Old Isaak," will find here what he seeks.

A more healthy or a more romantic locality cannot be found in this or any other state. Its atmosphere is exhilirating. Day and night cool winds which have swept down from Sunapee, or that have traveled the lake, sweep through your rooms, full of a delightful spring coolness, and at night bring the sweetest of slumbers. Mosquitoes give the place a wide berth. The invigorating lake breeze braces up the invalid, adds bloom to the cheek of beauty, and is creative of an appetite that Vitellius, Cæsar or Heliogabulus might have envied. What are Saratoga, Newport, or other crowded resorts to the sweet cool and retirement—natures quiet ministrants of health—of Sunapee's lake or shore, whose mean July temperature is only eighty degrees?

Well may her gifted poet sing:—

"Sweet Granite Ka'rine of this mountain land!
Oh jewel set amid a scene so fair!

"Ah! where shall mortals holier ground espy,
From which to look where hope doth point the gaze,
Than from the spot that speaks a Deity,
In hoary accents of primeval praise;
And where shall man a purer altar find
From which to worship the Almighty mind?"

HISTORY OF HENNIKER.

Hon. Leander W. Cogswell has finished the long expected history of his native town. The work has been well done and is exhaustive. It is a book of over eight hundred pages, liberally illustrated, containing the annals of the town from the first settlement, the full genealogy of the resident families, past and present, and full biographies of distinguished sons of the town at home and abroad. Mr. Cogswell has spared no effort in collecting fully the facts relating to the military, political, educational and church history and has displayed ripe scholarship and tact in arranging his material. The work is a credit to the town and is a monument to the fame of its author which will stand when the marble shaft shall crumble to dust. A more extended review will appear in these pages in due time.

MAJOR FRANK.

BY MME. BOSBOOM-TOUSSAINT,—TRANSLATED BY SAMUEL C. EASTMAN.

VI.

I think I hear you Willem. You ask me if I can cherish the least hope of conquering the virago described in my last letter. In truth Frances is a virago in appearance and she likes to pass as such. It is a bad manner, but still a manner, and I already know her well enough to be sure that under this rugged exterior there is a noble, generous, tender heart, which she conceals as much as possible. I have undertaken her cure. I study my patient with the calmness and coolness of a physician, at least I do my best; what would I not give to succeed!

After the violent scene which I described to you in my last letter, I was seated at my ease in my chamber, in my shirt-sleeves, and had just finished writing to you when I heard a knock at my door. It was Frances herself, who entered in her riding-habit, (without the blouse happily), an inkstand in her hand, and without troubling herself about my careless dress, threw herself on the first chair she came to, as if she had no thought of leaving soon. I hastened to put on my coat and asked her what she desired.

"Grand-father told me that you wished to write, Leopold," she said coldly, "and I remembered that there was no ink in your room."

"I always have with me everything that is needed for writing," I answered in the same tone and seating myself as if I wished to continue my correspondence.

"I see that I disturb you. I came to ask a favor of you. Might you not have in your baggage, a switch or something of that sort? I have lost my riding whip, you know."

"I have, unfortunately, only a ruler and a pen-holder to offer you."

"Decidedly you are not in the mood to serve me as I ask."

"I am always disposed to serve a lady who claims the privileges of her sex. Why did not you send for me if you wanted to ask anything of me?"

"Ah! I see, my failure in etiquette, is'nt it? I came into your chamber. What would you have? I am so little a lady."

"That is not true, Major."

"Major?" she repeated in an offended manner, "I thought that name displeased you."

"It does not displease me so much since I have seen the soldier in action; but what kind of a major are you? Drum-major? Sergeant-major? The head of a battalion, if I am not deceived, preserves a certain dignity of tone and manner, and after what I have seen and heard this morning—,"

"Leopold," she exclaimed in a trembling voice, "you are doing me a cruel injury. Was that your intention?"

"Does Miss Mordaunt persist in identifying herself with the person she has played only too well? In that case it is a challenge. Well. I know how to handle the foils a little; I have pistols in my trunk. If you prefer them they are at your service. But we must only load them with powder, for you understand that I cannot yet take such a major as you seriously."

To my profound astonishment, Frances remained dumb, her cheeks were white, her countenance indicated grief and surprise. I was myself more than embarrassed at the turn I had given to the conversation. My embarrassment was increased when she broke the silence by saying with an accent more of sorrow than reproach:—"Your irony is more cruel than you suppose, Leopold."

"Frances," I cried, changing my tone, "believe me, I would not wound you, I would cure you,"—I was going to take her hand, when she rose as if moved by an electric shock, and repulsed me, saying in the bitterest tone possible: "I do not wish your cure;

I am what I am; don't waste your precious art on a disagreeable creature like me."

"You speak in vain, Frances, I see clearly into your heart. This morning, when you made that terrible scene with those gentlemen, you wished to frighten me. You wanted to say to me indirectly, 'Well, there is Major Frank, coarse, unbearable, and he will show himself to be so, as long as you persist in remaining here.' You see clearly Miss Mordaunt, that I have seen through you, and that I do not allow myself to be frightened by the mask which it pleases you to ——"

"A mask!" she cried out, stamping on the floor with anger, "a mask! and you must come from the Hague, that city full of masks, to tell me, me, who have broken off with all social hypocricies, me, whose defect or quality above all others is to say just what I think, me who am accused everywhere of wanting in what you call good manners! Ah! I confess to you, I had not believed that your presence was a motive for my being silent about that which I had on my heart. Were you not one of our family after all, and was it not necessary that you should know exactly how you ought to conduct yourself as to those who composed it"?

"I accept it as you state it, Frances. You recognize yourself that you had a design in this shower of big words you rained down on us. You wished to frighten me. Is not that the truth?"

"Well, yes. I did wish to see you go away; but don't think that I was playing a part. My anger, my indignation were not feigned. I know that there are contradictions in me; I know that I have fits of violent temper, but I am never other than I seem to be, and know, Leopold, that your tone, your words have painfully wounded me just when I came to seek a little consolation from you. Because I have been wanting in forms, in good manners, to receive me as you have, to repulse me with railing words! —— Do you know that I ask myself if I have not been deceived in you, and if you are not one of those idiots in varnished boots who have a horror of an ungloved hand, but who do not fear to tarnish the whiteness of their fingers in striking a woman."

It was my turn to be piqued. I was going to reply passionately, but I restrained myself in time,—"Pardon me, Frances," I said to her, "I should regard myself as the most dastardly of men, if I exposed myself to the slightest imputation of this kind; but there was no question of women just now, our business was with Major Frank, who gets angry, when he is reminded of the prerogatives of the sex, who does not wish to be classed among 'the women,' and who ought not to be scandalized, as it seems to me, when according to his principles, he is told the truth without disguise."

Frances listened to me this time without interrupting me, she looked steadily at the glass in the windows as if to recover her self control; her pallor disappeared, she turned toward me, and without anger but firmly said:

"I must confess, Leopold, that you do not allow yourself to be easily disconcerted; it seems to me now that we are even. Are we again good friends?"

"I ask nothing better; but once for all, with whom have I to do, with Major Frank or ——"

"Well; Frances Mordaunt asks for your friendship, Leopold." And she held out to me both her hands, her eyes filled with tears which she could no longer restrain.

Oh! how gladly would I have pressed her to my heart! But cost what it would, I must not compromise this beginning of a victory. "Should I have spoken to you so, Frances, if I had not been your true friend?"

"I see that plainly and I have great need of a trustworthy friend, still I would like to explain to you—you do not know what will happen," she said to me in a low tone, "the Captain is ruining himself for us, and my grandfather cowardly suffers it. Is it not horrible?"

"It is very vexatious, I confess."

"And if I lose the General, then I am condemned to endure the Captain

for life! When he has impoverished himself for us, I could not send him away. Do you understand now why I broke out so this morning?"

"You were right in principle, but very wrong in form."

"Form, always form!"

"Pardon me. I do not admit that the form destroys the principle, but a woman who breaks out with such violence is wrong, even when she is right. Just think what would have happened if the Captain had answered you in the language of the barracks, which he can't have forgotten."

"I should like to see him dare to do it."

"Still he would have had the right to do it. But don't think that I am in league with him against you. I know that you are right in principle, but I beseech you to adopt some other method. The gentleness of a woman is much more persuasive than her passion. If, as you have told me, your first education was defective in this respect, you must not despair of correcting yourself. Will you promise to listen to me?"

"Not now, I have already remained here too long, and—and—you still remain in the castle?"

"As long as you will keep me, Frances."

"Then stay as long as you can, at least if what you see of us is not too distasteful."

"By the way, how about the switch you wanted?"

"Oh! I will cut one in the woods; the Captain wanted to offer me a riding whip and ——"

"And you would rather accept it from me," said I laughingly.

"No; but I should be much obliged to you if you would lend me a dozen florins, which I will repay you day after tomorrow."

I handed her my porte-monnaie from which she took what she wished. Strange creature and strange conclusion of our battle.

I also found it necessary to take the air, and I wanted to carry a letter to Overberg to the village post-office. Below I found the General who was also inclined to go out, and who, learning the object of my walk offered to go with me. He also had a letter to put into the box, a letter which he had apparently written without the knowledge of Frances; moreover he was in hopes of finding a package for him at the office. This package was, in fact, awaiting him there; but, when he had hastily opened it, his countenance fell and assumed an expression of disappointment. "Don't say anything to Frances of the package I came for," he said to me on our return. "I am obliged to manage my affairs without her knowledge, she would not understand it at all, she would not always agree with me, and with her character, —at my age,—I have great need of quiet,—you understand. You see the Captain owes his position to me, it is natural that he should pay me some attention. That, my grand-daughter cannot understand. Instead of thanking me for shutting myself up on her account in this desert, she does nothing to make life bearable here."

"Nevertheless your castle is delightfully situated, uncle."

"I grant that, but when one does not like the country and is obliged to give up hunting, he finds himself very much isolated here. Not the least resource in the village, the city is very far off ——"

"Why don't you sell the castle, uncle?"

"I would very gladly do that; but I should be obliged to ask a price which would be considered enormous, for between us, it is covered with mortgages, and, having been formerly obliged to sell in parcels the sourrounding land, I could not find any one who would consent to give for a house and garden alone, the sum which I must have. Once my sister-in-law made me offers, which in my own interest I ought to have accepted; our old animosities would not let me do it. I should have been obliged to let her come in here as mistress. I could not bear the idea. Then she was furious and stirred up all sorts of law-suits; it was here a land-

mark to be moved, and there a bridge which she forbid me to cross. I have lost millions of florins in keeping up these miserable law-suits and lost them all. Oh! this woman, this horrible sorceress, she has been the torment of my life."

"Let us come back to the question. Overberg told me to tell you that there would soon be an advantageous opportunity of selling, by private sale, Castle Werve."

"Really," exclaimed the old man with a look of delight; "but Frances, she thinks so much of this old rat-hole, of its family traditions, and God knows what other nonsense besides. She has set her heart on some day being baroness of Werve, and on restoring its former splendor to this barrack. Unfortunately for that she has only one way—a rich marriage. Good parties have not been wanting to her, she has foolishly rejected them all; now in the solitude in which we live no suitor will come to make her an offer."

"Still you do not need her consent to sell the castle?"

"Legally, no. But how could I live with her, if I dared to do without it. And then that is not all; when she was of age, I was obliged to tell her that a large part of her maternal fortune had disappeared. My son-in-law, Sir John Mordaunt, lived in good style, according to English customs, but without English money. He was only a younger son, and his pay as a naval officer was insufficient for his expenses. Just before his death, he lost a great uncle, who had made his will in such a way, that if Frances had been a boy she would have been the only heir of the old baronet, who would have left her his title as well as his immense fortune; unfortunately she was a girl and only received a few hundred pounds sterling, whereupon my son-in-law had an attack of apoplexy and died. I was the guardian of my grand-daughter, but the court followed me with the law, so that I invested in government funds the little there was left to Frances of her maternal fortune and the legacy just received, a safe investment, I grant, but it pays a very low rate of interest. The education and support of my grand-daughter cost me more than that, especially as she was determined to keep up her father's carriage and all his servants. I was too weak to refuse this satisfaction to my wayward child of seventeen. However, misfortune did not cease to follow me, and when she was of age, although we had already curtailed to what was absolutely necessary, I saw myself obliged to raise immediately a large sum of money. My position and my honor depended on it. Frances, you know, is violent and hasty, but she is at the same time generous and compassionate. She offered to sell the greater part of her property in order to fill the frightful chasm. I was obliged to accept, having no choice, but I reserved the right to repay her, and mortgaged to her Castle Werve after my death."

"But after all, Frances is your grand-daughter, the only one you have—or, indeed, have I not heard, General, that you have also a son?"

"My son—he is dead," said he in a singular tone. "he was never married so far as I know; at least he never asked my consent. So that if he had children, they would be illegitimate. You now understand why I cannot sell the castle without the consent of Frances; after my death, my creditors cannot get it without dealing with her."

There, said I to myself, is a feature which aunt Sophia did not foresee. It was really under Frances' feet that the mine would have burst, which she had prepared so long before to blow up old Von Zwenken. I had there by my side a type of refined contemptible egotism, concealing his disgraceful calculations under a good natured exterior, and courtly manners, which had duped everybody. Ought I to be very much surprised if Frances had a great dislike to forms?

"But," I began, "don't you fear that after your death your grand-daughter will be sadly deceived, when she finds that the pledge left by you as security for her loan is already heavily mortgaged?"

"What can I say? my friend, neces-

sity knows no law, and I am always hoping that I shall live long enough to redeem my fortune."

At his age and by what means? I said to myself. Suddenly I thought of the package he had received at the post-office. I thought that I had seen as he opened it, a long list of figures in large and small characters; they were probably papers relating to some foreign lottery. And it is on that that the unfortunate man was counting to redeem his fortune.

"Nephew," said he abruptly, as if a happy thought had entered his brain, "if it is true that Overberg has spoken to you of the possibility of selling the castle advantageously, it would not be a bad plan if you should take the trouble of sounding Frances on this subject. You seem to have some influence over her, and it would be a great relief to us if you should succeed in weaning her from her fixed ideas."

"Very good, uncle, I will speak to her about it. And you can add that if I could live in some place where I could find some society, the company of the Captain would be made less necessary to me."

Fortunately there was no need of my answering. We came back to the Castle, the second breakfast was announced, the Captain received us joyfully, Frances had not returned, and we seated ourselves at the table without waiting for her. She did not appear till dinner. Her dress, which was very plain but in excellent taste, and which admirably set off her beauty, delighted me. She seemed to wish me to understand that Major Frank completely gives way to Frances Mordaunt. On the other hand there was some reserve and constraint in her manner. She did not scold the Captain, who on his side multiplied his marks of submission. This dinner was simple, though sufficient; only there was a little extra dish for the old General, who did not ask for fine wine, but contented himself with the ordinary, of which he emptied two bottles without showing it in his face. He eat in proportion. The only real difference between him and the Captain was that he did not openly confess that the pleasures of the table were the greatest enjoyment of life, and that he lived only for his stomach. I began to feel the most complete dislike for my great-uncle.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE VEERY.

BY LAURA GARLAND CARR.

When, in the pleasant summer days,
I walk through quiet, leafy ways,
From out the woodland, sweet and clear,
A wild bird's song comes to my ear.
Flute-like and liquid in its tone
It has a cadence all its own;
And yet so plaintive is the strain
A loneliness akin to pain
Steals o'er the heart, and fancy brings
Pictures of solitary things:
Of human hearts estranged and love;
Of loves that live and die unknown;
Of earnest prayer, pleading to heaven
That sin-stained souls may be forgiven;
Of lonely isles in distant seas;
Of waveless lakes 'mong forest trees,
Of sad-faced nuns, and convent bells,
And hooded monks in cloistered cells.
O little bird, does sad unrest
Send those wild throbbings from your breast?
Do sun and stream and woodland bower
Ne'er cheer you with their magic power?
Does no glad trill or happy note
Stir the soft plumage of your throat?
I know you mate, and build each year
Your tiny nest, and fledglings rear;
You gather food and drink each day
And pass the time in true bird way;
But never thus you seem to me,
Nought but a sad lone bird I see.

GLIMPSES OF THE HISTORY OF OLD MEREDITH.

BY REV. J. E. FULLERTON.

The history of Meredith has never been written. It lies scattered in the old town documents, the family Bibles, the old deeds of property, the records of the courts, the memories of aged men and the traditions handed down from the lips of the departed.

Whoever shall be the future historian of Meredith, should place the name of Seneca A. Ladd, of Meredith Village, where he will receive proper recognition for the public spirit with which he has searched out and preserved the old proprietary record book and the ancient map. Were it not for him and those who worked with him, the possibility of any clear history of the original settlement of Meredith would have been hopelessly lost. Death is fast calling the aged away, and in a few years, if not before collected, the traditions and reminiscences most valuable will be gone.

The attempt of this article will be to give a few glimpses of the old history which the writer has found in some of the old documents. As they have never been in print, he can best serve those for whom he writes by quoting from the original writings rather than by giving conclusions to which he may have arrived. The old town of Meredith embraced the part of the present Laconia and Lake Village on the west side of the Winnipiseogee river and Long Bay, the Weirs, Meredith Village and Meredith Centre.

Of the beauty of the region the thousands of summer visitors and tourists bear testimony. On both sides the Winnesquam, looking out on the Winnipisseogee river and Round and Long Bays, and resting on the shores of the great lake, it possessed advantages for manufacturing and as a summer resort which could never have occurred to the hardy settlers.

The Weirs was a favorite fishing ground of the Indians, and the name, which seems to have been applied to all the water from the Weirs to the Winnesquam, came from the fish weirs of the Indians.

All the visitors at the Weirs should seek the great historical rock of N. H. The Endicott rock at the very point where the Winnipiseogee flows into Long Bay, is a flat rock just rising to the surface of the water. The inscription upon it was made in 1652, August 1st, and is the first historical record of the presence of the white man in the town.

The grant of Massachusetts extended "3 miles north of the Merrimac," and in 1652 a party of surveyors followed up the river to the lake, and marked the rock as the north line of the Merrimac, three miles north of which Massachusetts claimed, though it was afterwards decided that the Massachusetts grant meant three miles north of the outlet of the Merrimac, and New Hampshire secured her own territory. The rock remains as the mark of the white man's presence.

The first record in the book of the proprietors is Nov. 3, 1748, and is a list of "The names of men that desire that they may have a township or grant of land, we being the Lol and dutefial subjects of his majesty King George the Second."

The proprietors who had purchased the land of the heirs of John Tufton Mason at a meeting held "at the dwelling house of Sarah Prush, widow, in Portsmouth," Dec. 31, 1748, granted the land. Four of those who received the grants were Hampton men—Samuel Palmer, Jonathan Shaw, Benjamin Shaw, Jr. Twenty-four were of Stratham: Samuel Goodhue, John Purmot, John Smith, Benjamin Jewett, Joseph Rawlings, Elisha Smith, Daniel Clark, Tilton Lawrence, Joseph Clark, Jonathan Sibley, Richard Scammon, James Scammon, Benjamin Whicher, William Chase, Moses Chase, Benjamin

Norris, Lazarus Row, Joseph Fifield, Moses Rawlings, John Taylor, Jacob Low, Daniel Rawlings, Chase Robinson, Josiah Goodhue. Seventeen of Exeter: Jonathan Longfellow, John Light, Joseph Wadleigh, Daniel Smith, Daniel Gale, Josiah Robinson, Jr., Joseph Robinson, Joseph Pearson, Eliphalet Rawlings, Joseph Rawlings, Jr., Nathaniel Bartlett, Jr., Ephraim Robinson, Abraham Clark, Joseph Rawlings, Daniel Thurston, Josiah Sanborn, Robert Carter.

Thomas Ford was the sole representative of Nottingham. The township was granted to these forty-six and twenty persons to be added afterwards, "in equal shears excepting as hereafter herein excepted.

The boundary of the township is given as follows: "Beginning at a hemlock tree by the great Bay of Winnepiseogy River which is the southeasterly corner bounds of that tract of land granted to John Sanborn and others by said Proprietors and which lies adjoining to the land hereby granted, and runs from said tree northwesterly six miles to a Beech tree marked, which is the northwesterly corner bounds of said tract of land, then running fifty-five degrees east, about seven miles to a white oak tree by the side of Winnepiseogy pond, marked on four sides, then running southeasterly by the side of said pond to the river aforesaid, then on said run to the Great Bay aforesaid, then on said bay to the hemlock the first mentioned."

This tract was declared in the grant, to contain "the extent and quantity six miles square." But it was found that the indentations of the bays made the grant smaller, and that a line seven miles from the north-west corner would not reach the greater lake. January 4, 1753, the owners voted to give Jonathan Longfellow one shilling for every acre he shall, at his own charge, get added to the township. May 3, 1754, the proprietors of Portsmouth increased the grant by calling the north line twelve miles instead of seven, so adding Meredith Neck. Some of the specifications of the grant are worth preserving.

The township was to be divided into one hundred shares. "One of the said shares (shall) be for the first minister of the gospel who shall be settled on the said land and continued there during his life, or until he shall be regularly dismissed."

This share was given to Rev. Mr. Williams, who was regularly settled as minister.

"One other such share shall be toward and for the support of the gospel ministry there forever."

"That there be six acres of land left in some convenient place for building a meeting house and school house upon, making a training field, a burying place and any other public use the inhabitants there shall see cause to make of it." This public square is what is called the parade. Here for years stood the old meeting house and the tavern, and at one time it was the centre of business. Another specification was "that the said owners build a meeting house there upon the land to be left for that purpose, fit for the public worship of God, for the use of the inhabitants, within ten years from this time, and maintain the preaching of the gospel there constantly next after twelve years from this time."

There was a grant for a saw-mill which covered the present business portion of Laconia on the Meredith side. "That there be twenty acres of land left in some suitable place for a privilege and accommodation of a saw-mill, which shall be to him and heirs and assigns who shall build such a mill." The mill was built on the Meredith side, but after it was carried away by the freshet of 1779, it was rebuilt on the Gilmanton side in 1780. "The owner or owners of such mill shall saw the logs of the owners of said shares and other inhabitants there, to the halves, for the the term of ten years." The leading spirits in the new enterprise seem to have been Oliver Smith the moderator of the first meeting of owners, Joseph Rawlings the clerk, Justus Persons the treasurer, together with Joseph Jewett, Joseph Smith and Daniel Clark, who with the moderator were

a "comety" to lay out the township. The meetings of the proprietors were held at long intervals, either in Exeter or Stratham, and progress was slow.

November 14th, 1749.—Committee chosen to "run the line at the head of the town, and to look out a place for a saw-mill and for a centre square."

Exeter July 10, 1750.—Plan of the first division of lots was presented. This comprised about what is now contained in the town of Laconia with a little of the present Meredith on its northern boundary.

Stratham, Dec. 26, 1750.—A committee chosen to go to Portsmouth and draw the first division of lots.

Nov. 2, 1752.—A committee chosen to lay out second division of lots. This division included the portion on the west and north of Winnesquam Lake. The surveyors found that the description of the grant was faulty. A new grant of land was given.

March 27, 1754—A vote of thanks was passed for the new grant.

Sept. 20, 1762.—Josiah Sanborn, Eben Smith, Jonathan Robinson, Capt. John Odlin, chosen to look out and cut a good passable road to the square, either from Gilmanton or from Canterbury.

It might not be a matter of particular pride to remember that a reward of $20,000 was given to entice the first settlers to Meredith. But the vote shows the propriety of the offer.

October 3, 1753.—Whereas those persons that first settled in new towns are exposed to many difficulties as well as great charges in clearing of ways to their own particular lots, voted that the proprietors be taxed £4,000, old tenor, to be paid in one year to the first 20 proprietors that shall appear and give obligations to settle.

The year 1765 is one of particular activity in building the new township of New Salem, as it is called.

Jan. 7, 1765.—A committee chosen to build the bridge at the saw-mill grant. The offer of £4 a day to any of the proprietors who would work upon it, showed the determination to push matters.

A glance at the old accounts shows that Eben Smith was the genius of enterprise.

Sept. 2, 1765, he is allowed £6–12s–3d for work in cutting the road and building the bridge.

Nov. 3. He is allowed £18 for work in building the saw-mill, and £30 for settling these rights.

A committee sent in 1766, to view the new settlement, report 12 clearings.

On Abram Folsom's lot he has settled his son. Ephraim Robinson has settled James Quimby. Eliphalet Rawlings has settled a Mr. Eaton, who brings a wife and seven children. Jonathan Shaw has settled a Mr. Torry, who brings a wife and six children. Jonathan Robinson has Robert Branch, Samuel Goodhue has Ebenezer Pitman. Wm. Mead settles one right for Eben Smith. Josiah Sanborn has a Mr. Masters. Daniel Gale a Mr. Swain, Eben Smith has three rights cleared, George Bean is on one, a Mr. Judkins and Danford on the others.

From the report it would seem that some of the settlers were hired to clear the land and occupy it. Others bought the farms or received them and the proprietors received the reward for settling.

How the settlers reached their new home, tradition tells not, except in the case of Eben Smith. He is said to have come in the spring, and worked through the summer with his men, returning to his young wife in the fall, no doubt with wondrous accounts of the beautiful bays and the richness of the land around their forest home. The next spring he comes to his new home, but not alone, as before. Behind him, on his faithful horse, sits his wife; the little babe he carries in his arms, and in his pocket the puppy.

William Mead and Eben Smith received the lease of the saw-mill for three years.

January 5, 1767.—Joshua Folsom was voted £40, lawful money, if he builds a grist-mill. The site of the mill was on falls at Meredith Centre.

June 14, 1768.—Eben Smith, William Mead, Abram Folsom, Jr., and Jona-

than Smith were voted the use of the saw-mill for seven years. Jeremy Smith and Capt. John Odlin are voted £5 each as second settlers.

This same year the town of Meredith is incorporated, and the name New Salem disappears. The meetings of the proprietors continue in Exeter under the name of Proprietors of Meredith. From 1778 they are sometimes held in Meredith, and sometimes in Exeter. No attempt appears to be made by the proprietors to interfere with the self-government of the town. Their meetings are merely in regard to land.

The sums raised for public expenses would naturally be small at first. In 1771, £50 were raised for the use of the town. In 1773, voted £25 for highways, and four Spanish milled dollars for use of town. In the accounts of the town appears this interesting item:

"Gideon Robinson, Constable, by Paid himself by order of the Selectmen for warning sundry persons out of town by order, 15 s."

In 1774, Joshua Folsom and Jonathan Crockett were appointed deer-keepers.

The interest taken by our fathers in education is early shown. One of the constables for the year 1773 enters this account:

"Jeremiah Smith, by Cash paid Jonathan Smith for schooling, £16. By paid yourself for your wife's schooling, £1."

Lady teachers seem to have been appreciated. In 1775, voted that the selectmen hire some suitable woman.

The names of the old school-teachers should be preserved in the history of a town. Besides those mentioned are the names of Eli Folsom, Levi Towle, Solomon Daniels, Joshua Smith, William Lowney, Caleb Jones, James Folsom, and Pelham Sturtevant. The names, also, of Jewell, Glines, Wolcott, and Coffin are given.

William Mead had the honor of moderating the first town meeting in 1769. In 1770, E. Smith was moderator. In 1771, '72, and '73, Jonathan Smith was elected, and William Mead again in '74, '75, and '76. Eben Smith, who was also clerk of the proprietors, served as town clerk the first twenty-five years.

The selectmen the first year were Reuben Marsten, Ebenezer Smith, and Ebenezer Pitman; in 1770, Reuben Marsten, Abraham Folsom, and Eben Smith; in 1771, Eben Smith, William Mead, Joshua Crockett; in 1773, Nathaniel Robinson, Joseph Robards, E. Smith; in 1774 and '75, E. Smith, William Mead, and Nathaniel Robinson.

From a town only nine years old, we should not expect a great history in the Revolutionary War. The families coming to the new settlements would be generally young people. Their children would be hardly grown. Meredith was heard from. At the town-meeting, May 15, 1775, Ebenezer Smith was chosen a deputy to the convention at Exeter. King George did not hear all which was said in the town-meetings, where the sturdy farmers discussed public questions. His eyes would have flashed if he had listened to the instructions given to the delegate. They certainly sounded quite like a declaration of independence. Deputy Smith was sent "with full power to adopt and pursue such measures as may be judged most expedient to preserve & restore the rights of this and other colonies." They also voted to "purchase one barrel of powder and lead or bullets and flints answerable thereto," to apply for the part of the province stock of powder belonging to the town, "also to purchase ten good guns."

In the same meeting it was voted to enlist ten soldiers, "to hold themselves in readiness to march to the relief of our distressed brethren."

It is a touching picture of the self-denial of our fathers to find that, in 1776, a vote was passed to raise no money for schools.

In August a committee of safety was chosen, consisting of John Folsham, Jonathan Smith, Nathaniel Robinson, William Mead, and Joseph Robards.

March 29, 1777, a call was issued for all the legal voters to assemble at the dwelling of Ebenezer Smith, where the town-meetings were usually held, to assist Capt. Joshua Crockett to raise eight

men from the company under his command to serve in the Continental army three years, or during the war with Britain, including those that had already enlisted and passed muster in either of the regiments of Stark, Poor, and Scammel.

There was close work in those days. Those present were counted and their names entered in the town record. Absence from the meeting might not have added to their comfort. It may be well to print the list, to show who were the inhabitants of Meredith in the year 1777: John Folsham, Nicholas Carr, Joshua Folsham, Joseph Robards, Samuel Tonery, David Watson, Job Judkins, George Bean, Jonathan Clark, Gordon Lawrence, Nathaniel Docham, William Mead, John Mead, Benjamin Mead, Reuben Marsten, Jr., Thomas Frohock, John Gilman, Isaac Farren, John Dockham, John Sweasey, Jacob Eaton, Benjamin Bachelder, Phillip Conner, Nathaniel Holland, Robert Briant, Benjamin Sinclear, Nathaniel Robinson, Gideon Robinson, William Ray, James Merilles, Thomas Sinclear, David Boughton, Eben Pitman, Abram Swain, Joshua Crockett, John Kimble, Thomas Docham, Jonathan Smith, Pearson Smith, Timothy Somes, Jonathan Edgerly, Daniel Morrison, Jonathan Samuel Shepherd, Jonathan Crosby, Elias Swain, Chase Robinson, Abraham Folsom, forty-six in all. The men did not enlist, as might have been wished, and April 17th the town offered a bounty of ten pounds.

January 10, 1778.—Voted to give such bounty as was necessary to hire one more soldier.

The Revolutionary soldiers accredited to Meredith were Nathaniel Holland, John Robinson, Jonathan Crosbie, Jonathan Smith, Jr., Moses Senter, Oliver Smith, Thomas Frohoc, Aaron Rawlings, Joseph Eaton, James Sinclair, William Maloon.

Jonathan Smith was in Rhode Island service.

In 1783 appears the account: "Due Thomas Frohoc for the loss of a gun and blankets in the army, £1, 16s. Paid.

April, 1778.—The town voted to petition the General Court to have the name of the town of Meredith altered to the former name, New Salem. Eben Smith was chosen committee to represent the town, but no result appears.

Jonathan Smith served the town as moderator in 1777–8; Jonathan Gilman, 1779–80; William Mead again in 1781; John Folsham in 1782; Moses Senter in 1783; Jonathan Smith in 1784, and Joshua Woodman from 1785 to 1794.

The selectmen in 1770 were Joshua Crockett, Eben Smith, Abraham Folsom. Eben Smith served consecutive years. With him in 1776 served Joshua Crockett and Abraham Folsom; in 1777, Jonathan Smith and Gordan Lawrence; in 1778, Lieut. John Gilman and Chase Robinson; in 1779, Lieut. John Gilman and Lieut. John Kimball.

Our fathers were not unmindful of the gospel. In June, 1770, the proprietors voted, "that $50.00 shall be applied for preaching the gospel in said town for the present year by Proprietors of said town."

Mr. Josiah Sanborn and Eben Smith be a committee to agree with some suitable person to preach the Gospel in Meredith for the present year, so long as the fifty dollars will allow.

And again Dec. 1, 1772.—Voted "to raise by tax six shillings lawful money on each original grantee's right in said township for to hire the preaching of the gospel part of the ensuing year in said town."

Meredith town voted in 1774, "To build a meeting house 40 feet long, 32 in width, 8 feet studded and to petition to the proprietors for help in building."

1775. The vote stood to raise £6 lawful money to be applied to hire preaching some part of the year ensuing.

When the war came, April 7, 1777, voted not to raise any money for preaching.

April, 1778.—Voted again to build the meeting house, 46 by 36.

Who was preaching in Meredith these years we are not sure.

The Free Baptists were holding meetings in the western part of the town, and desired a division of the church property, which was not granted. Nicholas Folsom received the present of a lot of land from Eben Smith.

September, 1782.—The town voted not to accept him as the town minister although he was generally respected.

1790.—It was voted to sell the pews of the meeting house. With this date we will close the present article. In another we shall speak of the growth of the town, and in a third, of Meredith Bridge.

The settlement is now, in 1790, 24 years old. The inventory shows 360 acres of tillage land, 813 mowing, 1511 of pasturage, 84 horses, 108 oxen, 236 cows, 111 three-year-olds, 148 two-year-olds, 201 yearlings. Number of voters, 151. Dr. Ladoc Bowman is town physician, Nicholas Folsom preaches; Eben Smith, John Gilman, and Winthrop Robinson are selectmen.

LILACS.

BY LIDA C. TULLOCK.

'Tis strange, indeed, how slight a thing
Will ofttimes to the mem'ry bring
  Scenes of the vanished past,
And in the mind we live once more
The pleasures of those days of yore,
  "Too beautiful to last."

The fragrance of an early rose,
The tender tints fair twilight shows
  Old ocean's thunderous swell,
Perchance the burden of a song,
Bearing the hearer's heart along,
  May cast the witching spell.

'Tis thus, when in the early spring,
'Mid growing grass and birds that sing,
  The lilac blooms anew,
Its subtle perfume steeps my soul,
And from my past the curtains roll,
  Presenting to my view

The old, old home, where by the wall
The lilac bushes, green and tall,
  Nodded their purple plumes;
Where I, a happy, joyous child,
With brothers, sisters, sporting wild,
  Gathered the scented blooms.

I see again my mother's face,
So full of holy love and grace,
  Gaze on our happy play;
And smile, as we the petals string,
And round our necks the garlands fling,
  That wither soon away.

Oh, Lilacs! common you may be,
But always beautiful to me!
  For do you not recall
Those halcyon days of early youth,
When life seemed naught but hope and truth,
  And love illumined all?

WASHINGTON, 1880.

NEW HAMPSHIRE CONFERENCE SEMINARY AND FEMALE COLLEGE.

This institution, which was briefly referred to in the last number of the GRANITE MONTHLY, deserves more than a passing notice, for it is a school which not only reflects credit upon Tilton, the town within which it is located, but is an honor to the state. The spacious and commodious buildings, fairly illustrated on page 371, are admirably adapted for an institution of learning, and are delightfully situated, commanding a most extensive view, unrivaled save among the granite hills of New Hampshire. At the base of the hill, which the institution crowns, flows the clear water of Winnipiseogee river, whose resistless power as it seeks the Merrimac and the ocean, gives motion to the thousand wheels of industry in the village of Tilton. The iron artery of commerce and travel, the Boston, Concord and Montreal railroad, gives life to the town and connects it with the busy world.

In the autumn of 1845 the school was opened for instruction, under the auspices of the Methodist Episcopal Church, but not until 1852 was a charter deemed necessary. An unpretending brick building, situated on the Northfield side of the river, opposite the site of the present Methodist church, was the early home of the institution, where it continued to thrive until 1857. To meet the growing requirements of teachers and pupils a commodious and substantial edifice was dedicated in the latter year, where under one roof the faculty and students found a pleasant home and halls and recitation rooms for academic purposes.

After five years of successful progress, one cold and bleak November night, the structure was destroyed by fire, and the school was left homeless. The old site was abandoned and the present and more desirable location adopted; during the darkest days of the rebellion the buildings were completed and consecrated to their noble work, the education of the young.

The first president, Rev. J. A. Adams, remained but a few months, and was succeeded by Rev. R. S. Rust, D. D., now secretary of the Freedman's Aid Society. The school, from the first, has been signally favored by the services of able and efficient instructors, among whom may be mentioned, Rev. J. E. Latimer, D. D., Dean of the School of Theology, Boston University; Rev. C. S. Harrington, D. D., Professor of Latin, Wesleyan University; Rev. L. D. Barrows, D. D., deceased, late president of the institution; Rev. G. J. Judkins, A. M., presiding elder of Claremont district, New Hampshire Conference; Rev. J. B. Robinson, D. D., now principal of a seminary in Illinois; Prof. Lucian Hunt, A. M., now principal of an academy at Falmouth, Mass.; Prof. Dyer H. Sanborn, A. M., deceased, whose biography was furnished for this magazine by the late Rev. Silas Ketchum (Volume II, page 91); Hon. J. H. Goodale, A. M., of Nashua; Prof. George C. Smith, A. M., principal of a seminary at Carmel, N. Y.; and Prof. Sylvester Dixon, A. M., the veteran instructor of mathematics, who for twenty-five years has been one of the faculty of the seminary.

Although under the control of the Methodist Episcopal Church, the school is by no means sectarian. It imparts a high moral tone to student life, surrounds the pupil with excellent influences, and yet exercises no restraint over the church preferences of the students. It has ever enjoyed a liberal patronage from Christian parents of every denomination.

The high rank in the various vocations of active life attained by its numerous graduates, now scattered over all the world, attest its important place

among New England educational institutions. Among its students and graduates appear the familiar names: Judge A. B. Calef, of Connecticut; Judge F. A. Smith, of New York; Judge William S. Ladd, of Lancaster; Hon. H. W. Blair, U. S. Senator; Hon. J. F. Briggs, M. C.; Hon. A. B. Thompson, Secretary of State; T. M. Wyatt, Esq., of New York; M. Dyer, Esq., of Boston; Hon. John M. Shirley, of Andover; C. C. Rogers, Esq., of Tilton; Hon. A. S. Batchellor, of Littleton; Herbert F. Norris, Esq., of Epping (see Volume II, page 160); Walter Aiken, of Franklin; Charles F. Gerry, of Boston; L. D. Brown, president of the Seventh National Bank, Philadelphia; Charles E. Tilton, of Tilton and New York; Rev. D. P. Leavitt, Rev. George S. Chadbourne, Rev. C. H. Hannaford, Rev. F. K. Stratton and Rev. S. Jackson, all settled in Massachusetts; Rev. W. F. Whitcher, of Rhode Island; Rev. N. P. Philbrook, Rev. C. M. Dinsmore, Rev. M. V. B. Knox and Rev. J. M. Durrell, of New Hampshire; S. W. Davis, M. D., of Plymouth; E. B. Harvey, M. D., of Westboro', Mass.; C. Henri White, Surgeon U. S. Navy; Hon. J. W. Simonds, of Franklin; Rev. L. T. Townsend, S. T. D., known to the literary world as the author of "Credo" and other books, professor in the School of Theology, Boston University; Prof. Joseph Gile, principal of Eaton Grammar School, New Haven, Conn.; Prof. J. W. Webster, master of Hancock School, Boston; Prof. E. Harlow Russell, of LeRoy, N. Y.; Prof. J. Sanborn, recently professsor of mathematics in Upper Iowa University; Prof. J. T. Goodwin, instructor in Greek in Columbia College; and Geo. B. Emerson, professor of mathematics at the New Hampton Literary Institution. Rev. S. E. Quimby, the present president of the institution; Prof. Dixon, the professor of mathematics; and Miss. Hobbs, the preceptress, are also among its graduates.

Of the Alumnæ of the College, there are not wanting those who have moved the public heart with voice and pen, but by far the greater number have *experienced* the conjugation of *amo*, which they learned so fluently at school, and have carried into the highest and noblest sphere of woman, a disciplined mind and cultured heart. Many of the Alumni owe much of their prosperity and reputation to the efficient coöperation of those who share their toils and grace their homes.

In 1878 there was a change in the administration of the school, necessitated by the decease of its talented and highly honored president. At that time the faculty was reorganized and the courses of study thoroughly revised. Eleven professors and teachers are now regularly employed. Instruction is given after the best modern methods, and the work is carefully tested by written and oral examinations. Persons are not passed from term to term in the courses of study except on satisfactory evidence of corresponding proficiency.

There are several courses of study, so that most persons can find the opportunity there to obtain all the education that they intend or desire; while those who propose to enter the higher College or University, or who wish to pursue professional or technical studies, will find there ample facilities for the best preparation.

In 1852 a charter was granted by the Legislature of New Hampshire to the Institution authorizing its trustees to connect with its academic work "the higher and more perfect education" of ladies, and giving it for this purpose the title of "The New Hampshire Female College." In accordance with the provisions of this charter there are two courses of study especially designed for ladies, entitled the Classical and the Belles Lettres courses, the one requiring four and the other three years for its completion. These courses afford ladies thorough and systematic education. Diplomas conferring degrees are awarded to the graduates.

The lady boarders occupy a separate building and are under the constant supervision of the preceptress and lady teachers.

For those who do not desire to pursue a full college course, there is opportunity to select such studies as may meet their capacities and preferences.

The department of music is in charge of a graduate from the New England Conservatory of Music, who has an excellent reputation as a musician and teacher. The course for piano-forte has been thoroughly revised and arranged in accordance with the systems used in our best conservatories and colleges. She is assisted by a competent vocal instructor. It is intended to give a thorough musical education. Diplomas are awarded to those that satisfactorily complete the course.

The department of art is in charge of a thoroughly qualified lady who has had extended experience in teaching. Instruction is given in mechanical and free-hand drawing, drawing from nature, cast drawing, crayoning and pastel, crayon portraiture, oil painting, and water colors. The number of pupils in art is large and steadily increasing.

French is taught, after the most approved methods, by a lady who has made this language a specialty in similar institutions for sixteen years; and has spared neither time nor expense to perfect herself as a teacher. German is taught by a thorough scholar, and experienced instructor.

The department of natural science is under the direction of a professor, who makes it a specialty. The sciences are taught with practical applications, and experimental lectures are delivered before the school. The Seminary possesses a very large and valuable collection of minerals and specimens of wood, mostly the gift of the late Dr. Prescott. This is constantly used for illustration in the recitation room.

Cash prizes are offered for special work in this department.

The college preparatory course meets the requirements of the best colleges and universities.

The English scientific course is designed for young men who do not desire to pursue the classics, and it prepares for general business vocations.

The commercial department furnishes thorough instruction in book-keeping in addition to English branches; but is not restricted to the routine of business transactions. The whole subject is thoroughly canvassed as it relates to larger business houses, commission, exchange, and banking. Commercial calculations, business rules, and commercial law constitute an essential part of the course. The information received, and the mental discipline acquired, it is believed, are of greater advantage than any restricted commercial course.

The Latin scientific course affords an excellent preparation for professional studies. All the requirements to the regular courses are also taught, and provision is made for special classes when demanded.

At the quinquennial reunion of the former alumni, held in connection with the commencement anniversaries the present year, a financial association was formed and measures inaugurated to augment the endowment by a special alumni fund. The project has been entered into heartily and will, no doubt, meet with a favorable response from the many friends of the school.

The prospects of the institution were never better than at the present time. With its large and experienced board of instruction, its high standard of scholarship, its excellent methods, and its superior moral influences, it deserves and is receiving the confidence of the literary people of the state, and its share of the public patronage.

Perhaps, more than anything else, this school gives Tilton its reputation abroad; it is regarded with a just pride by the citizens and cherished as one of the valuable attractions of their thriving village.

NEWCASTLE.

In 1623 a Scotchman named David Thompson established the first permanent settlement in New Hampshire, in the present town of Newcastle. Thompson represented the Company of Laconia, and built the first house within the state on Odiorne's Point. In the early annals of the province the territory was called *Great Island*. In 1793 it was incorporated under the name of *Newcastle*, and claimed within its jurisdiction, until 1719, much of the territory of Rye.

The town lays claim to an area of 458 acres, and in 1870 had a population of 667. There are many farms in New Hampshire of greater extent than the whole town, but nowhere along the whole eastern coast is located a tract offering so many attractions and beauties. Its indented shores are surrounded by the ocean. In front the restless Atlantic presents an horizon broken only by the Isles of Shoals, while the fancy, flying free and fast, follows the dim, distant sail disappearing, and bounds, with an unbroken jump, to the green, rolling hills of Ireland, to the sunny plains of France and Spain, or to the desert shores of Africa. Upon the rugged shore the rythmic waves beat incessantly. To the north is the coast of Maine, the noble harbor of Portsmouth, the immense buildings at the Navy Yard, the massive frigates swinging at anchor, awaiting commission, or deserving the poetic final fate claimed for "Old Ironsides:"

> "Nail to the mast her tattered flag,
> Set every threadbare sail,
> And give her to the God of storms,
> The lightning and the gale."

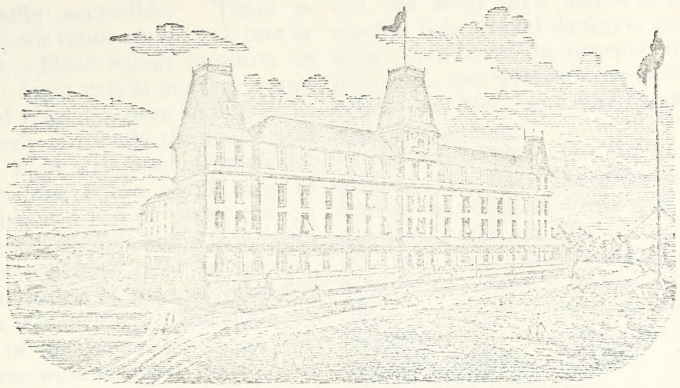
On the Piscataqua are the white sails of commerce. The warehouses and spires of Portsmouth appear among the trees over a picturesque confusion of bays, creeks, lagoons, islands and bridges. The whole shore of the mainland is dotted with summer retreats or family residences. The town of Newcastle presents the appearance of a struggle between the nineteenth and eighteenth centuries. The main road of the town is serpentine in its course, opening up at every turn of its narrow way some new beauty of scenery or relic of the past.

On a commanding eminence, forming a promontory reaching into the sea, has been finished a triumph of modern luxury,—a first-class sea-side hotel,

THE HOTEL WENTWORTH.

The description of this famous New Hampshire hotel and of our late visit to it will be found invigorating to those whom duty or business keeps at the regular routine of life,—the office, the counting-room, the shop.

The house faces to the south. The main entrance, near the centre of the south facade, opens directly into the office, a well-proportioned room, 40 by 42 feet. On the right of the door is the clerk's desk, and back of that the manager's office, while the other side of the arch to the corridor leading to the grand dining-hall is occupied by an improvement as yet introduced into few summer houses,—an elevator, built upon the most improved plan. It runs to the upper story, and makes every room in the house equally available. On the right, opening from the arched corridor which leads from the office to the parlor, is a reception room, and opposite are the telegraph office and the gentlemen's waiting-room. The parlor occupies the middle of the house, and is a charming room, as its windows command a wide view of the surroundings on either side. This room, which is 42 by 52 feet, is, like all the rest of the ground floor, ornamented with a dado of ash and maple. The frescoing is in Eastlake



HOTEL WENTWORTH.

pattern, as, for that matter, are all the decorations of the house. Between the windows at one side is a fire-place, the mantel-piece of which is a quaint imitation of inlaid walnut, resembling the popular Japanese work. It is unique, and adds much to the effect of the room. This is said to be the only decorated mantel of this style in New-England. Beyond the parlor, across the corridor, whose wide doors open at either end upon the verandah, is a concert room, a perfect little gem of a theatre, 65 by 42 feet. Two wide doors open from the corridor, and directly opposite is the stage, with a dressing-room on either side. It is lighted by gas and electricity, and is frescoed and otherwise ornamented to match the rest of the house. Its seating capacity is about 500. The stage is well adapted for concert and dramatic entertainments, while upon hop nights the orchestra holds forth upon it.

The dining hall is simply immense. It is at the right of the office, and largely occupies a one-story extension built out to the east. It is 120 by 42 feet, and lighted by sixteen windows. It will need hardly to be added that the room is cool and pleasant when we say that there are windows on all sides of it. To facilitate the serving and for convenience a continuous side-board almost encircles the room under the windows, which are so placed as to make the plan feasible. A separate room for children and nurses opens from this, and on the opposite side of the corridor are the gentlemen's reading and sitting rooms. The working departments of the Wentworth are exceptionally fine. Every improvement invented to make work easy and speedy has been introduced, and the quarters are by no means cramped. A large serving room 56 by 30 feet, with a store pantry 16 by 20, and dish pantry 15 by 30, may give some idea of the scale upon which the hotel is conducted this summer. Apropos of the dish pantry, the newly invented machine for dish washing, is operated there. This is the first one ever used save by the inventor. The kitchen is a model, and is so nicely arranged that it is quite impossible for the odor to penetrate into the house or for one dish to flavor another. We were particularly impressed with this part of the house, with its modern laundry, its large refrigerator, and quantities of machinery, as it is the working part which keeps the rest comfortable, and yet whose beauties *must* be out of sight. The other stories are entirely occupied by sleeping rooms, about 200 in number. And it is here that one of the chief beauties of the hotel is seen,—the beauty of equality; there is scarce a choice between the rooms. They all have a sea view, are finished on the same plan, and the elevator makes

them equally accessible. There is neither a poor room nor a back one in the house. Black walnut furniture of the Queen Anne style is in every room.

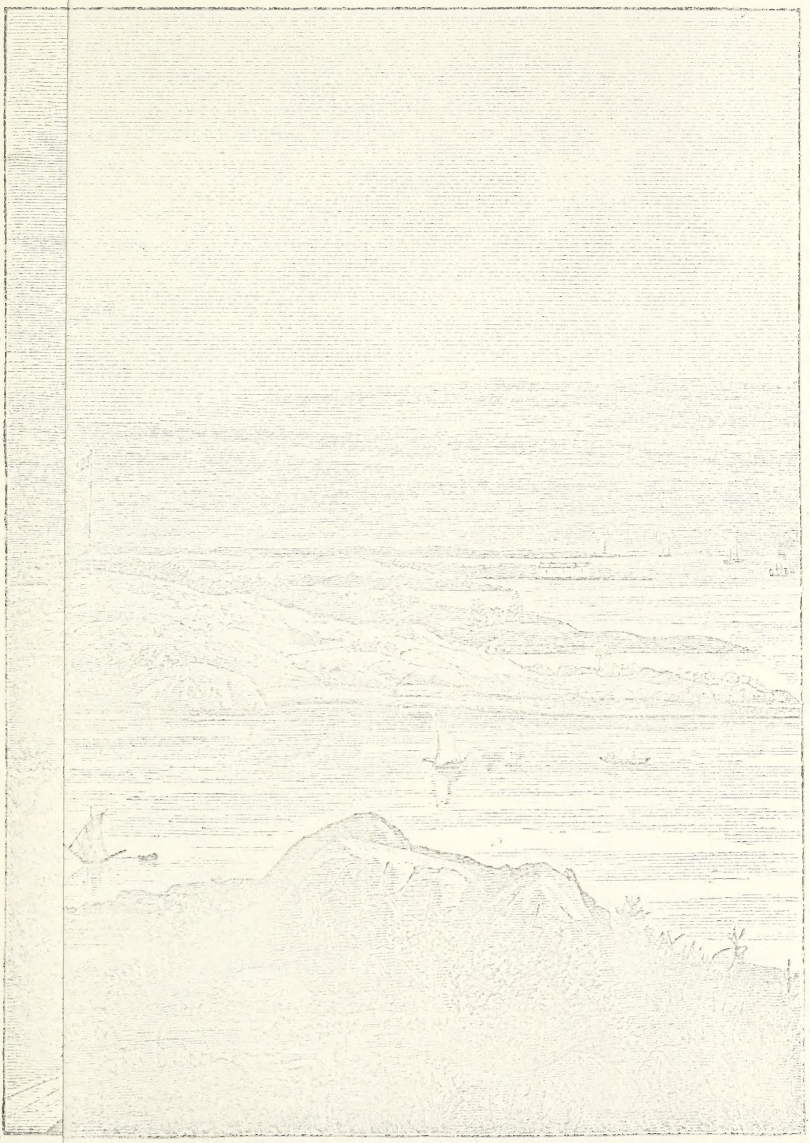
A broad verandah over 1000 feet in length nearly surrounds the house and offers the most delightful promenade. Just below the house on the edge of the little bay is a belt of pines through which the salt breezes come laden with that ever welcome odor of groves. This combination of sea and inland is as rare as it is inviting. The slope, on the west of the house, has been laid out in three wide terraced lawns, upon which the happy guests play croquet and lawn games. On the south, under a high bluff, is a crescent shaped beach of the purest white sand. Here a pier runs several hundred feet out to make a landing for the new steam yacht which carries the excursions from the hotel. The bathing houses are in good order, while one special feature is the enclosure of salt water covering fifty acres, where ladies and children can bathe, row and fish, with no fear of danger. "As we paced the broad verandah, with views on every side in rivalry, one starlit evening, John Braham and his orchestra of twenty pieces made the air heavy with music, and the salt sea wind blew across it, and the electric light turned darkness into daylight. We heard the sweeping of trailing skirts, the rythmatic tread of thousands of feet, and the undulating sound of summer."

The amusements are not to be forgotten. We have shown the theatre, spoken of Braham (from the Boston Museum) and his fine orchestra, of the new yacht and the bathing and fishing, the croquet on the lawn, and there is added to these, in a separate building connected by a bridge with the main building, a bowling alley and billiard room; and there are also card rooms for the initiated.

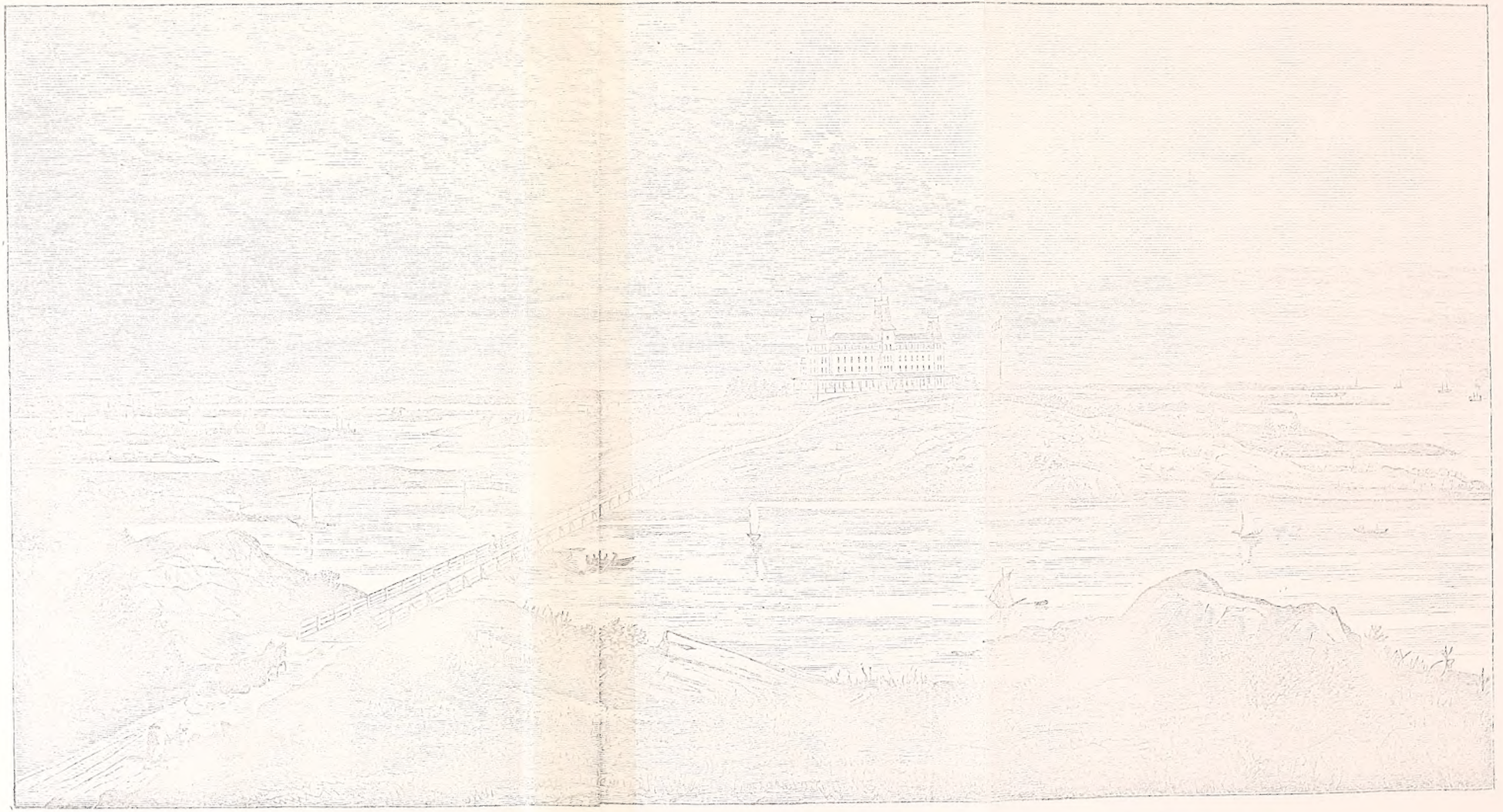
The supplementary buildings are equally well located, and there is stabling for seventy-five horses and plenty of carriage room, so that the guests can keep their own teams as comfortably as in the city.

Frank W. Hilton and Company are proprietors of this establishment,—Hon. Frank Jones being the company.

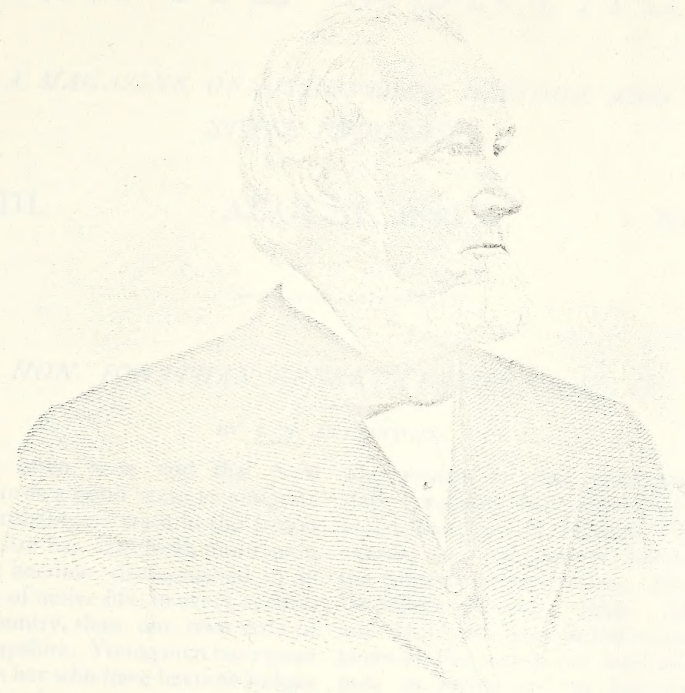
Ah, well! we must leave this quaint little town and this magnificent hotel, and plunge once more into the stern realities of business life, invigorated and rejuvenated by our brief visit.



INGS. NEW CASTLE, N. H.



BIRDS' EYE VIEW OF THE "WENTWORTH" AND ITS SURROUNDINGS, NEW CASTLE, N. H.



J. E. Sargent

—THE—

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HON. JONATHAN EVERETT SARGENT, LL. D.

BY J. N. McCLINTOCK.

It has often been said that New Hampshire is a good state to emigrate from. Probably no state in the Union of equal size has sent forth more men who have become distinguished in all the walks of active life, in every section of the country, than our own state of New Hampshire. Young men have gone forth from her who have become judges of federal and state courts, governors of states, senators and representatives in congress, cabinet ministers, jurists, divines, medical professors and practitioners, merchants, manufacturers, journalists, and representative men in every department of active life. The sons of New Hampshire are found in every state and country, in every profession and every pursuit that leads to wealth and honorable distinction.

But New Hampshire is also a good state to reside in. Her sons who remain at home become no less distinguished than those who go abroad. The inspiration of her mountains and rivers and lakes not only arouses the intellect of those young men and women who are raised in their midst and who early go forth to other states and countries, but it arouses and quickens and strengthens the intellect of those who remain in their proximity. No state, probably, has been better governed than New Hampshire. She has exerted her full share of influence in the counsels of the Nation. Plummer, Woodbury, Pierce, Hale, Atherton and Hubbard were in their times the peers of the best in the land as statesmen as jurists and as lawyers. No state could boast of more learned and upright judges, a more able and discerning bar, than New Hampshire. In no other state have causes been more ably or more sharply and persistently tried than by the bar and before the courts of New Hampshire. Christie, Quincy, Wells, Sullivan, Wilson, Hackett, Farley, Emery, Hibbard and Wheeler, with a multitude of others still in active practice in the state, have kept good the reputation of the bar; while, with such judges as Smith, Richardson, Parker, Gilchrist, Woods, Perley, Bell, Bellows, Sargent and Cushing, with their associates upon the bench, to say nothing of the present judges of the Supreme Court, and her courts will not suffer in comparison with those of any other state in the Union.

It is often mentioned, as one of the

difficulties or hardships that a young man has to overcome, that he was born of parents in moderate circumstances, who were unable to give him a liberal education. In some circumstances this may be considered as a sufficient reason why a young man does not obtain a liberal education and for his entering a profession by some shorter and easier route. While it may be inconvenient to be born poor, yet it is generally not to be considered as a misfortune. We believe it is one of the conditions really in the young man's favor thus to be thrown at once upon his own resources, thus early to learn the lesson of self-reliance; and if at the same time he is courageous enough to resolve not only that he will help himself, but also that he will not adopt any of the shorter or easier courses, but that he will first of all, and at whatever hazard and at whatever cost, have a liberal education, and that he will acquire it by his own efforts, that he will accept nothing at the hand of charity, that he will pay his own bills and not be beholden to anyone; in fine, that he will be literally and fully the architect of his own fortune,—such an one, if he accomplishes his purpose of acquiring a liberal education, has little to fear in after life. The man who begins life by fighting his own way, unaided, through college, has at least taken the first step towards a successful career. Many young men of today might do this who do not, simply because they lack the courage and self-reliance to make the strenuous and persistent effort necessary to accomplish it.

In the year 1781 Peter Sargent, the grandfather of the subject of this sketch, moved from Hopkinton, N. H., to New London, at that time equally well known as Heidleburg. This locality had been known by this latter name for a quarter of a century or more. It was granted by the Masonian proprietors, July 7, 1773, to Jonas Minot and others as the "Addition of Alexandria." It was first settled in 1775, and was incorporated as a town by the legislature, June 25, 1779. Peter Sargent, who thus moved into the town two years after its incorporation, was one of ten brothers, all born in Amesbury, Mass., who settled as follows: Amasa, Ezekiel, Thomas and Moses always lived at Amesbury; James settled in Methuen, Mass.; Peter, Nathan and Stephen came to Hopkinton, N. H., and settled there; and Abner and Ebenezer came to Warner, N. H., and settled there.

Peter Sargent married Ruth Nichols, of Amesbury or Newbury, Mass., and came to Hopkinton, N. H., where they lived some twenty years, and raised a large family, and when he went to New London took them all with him. His children were Anthony, Abigail, Ruth, Judith, Peter, Ebenezer, Amasa, John, Molly, Ezekiel, Stephen, William and Lois. These all came from Hopkinton to New London in 1781, except Lois, who was born subsequently in New London.

Ebenezer, the father of the Judge, was born in Hopkinton in 1768, and was, of course, thirteen years old when he came to New London with his father's family. After becoming of age he procured him a farm, and, on the 25th of November, 1792, he married Prudence Chase, of Wendell (now Sunapee), the daughter of John and Ruth (Hills) Chase. They had ten children, as follows: Anna, Rebeckah, Ruth, Seth Freeman, Aaron Lealand, Sylvanus Thayer, Lois, Laura, Jonathan Kittredge, and Jonathan Everett. Jonathan Kittredge died young, the other nine lived to mature age, and five of them, three sons and two daughters, still survive. The parents had only a very limited education, having been taught to read and to write a little; the schools of those early times only furnishing instruction in these two branches. They always lived upon a farm, securing what was then considered as a competence, and both died in New London, having lived together more than sixty-five years.

Jonathan Everett Sargent was born at New London, October 23, 1816. He lived at home, working upon the farm until he was seventeen

years of age, and, being the youngest child, his father had arranged for him to live at home and take care of his parents, and have the farm at their decease.

While living at home, his advantages for schooling were very limited, being confined to eight weeks winter school each year,—the farm affording too much work to allow of his attending the summer school after he was nine or ten years of age. He attended one term at Hopkinton Academy and one term at a private school at home before he was seventeen. For years he had been thirsting for knowledge, and had resolved, that if any way could be provided for taking care of his parents in their old age, he would obtain an education. When about sixteen, his youngest sister was married, and she, with her husband, made an arrangement with her parents under which they moved upon the homestead farm and assumed the care of her parents for life. So, at seventeen, Everett, as he was always called, arranged with his father that he was to have the remaining four years of his time till twenty-one, instead of the sum which his older brothers had received upon arriving of age. He was to clothe himself, and pay his own bills, and call for nothing more from his father.

This arrangement was made in the summer of 1833, and that fall he worked in the saddler's shop near his father's, and taught school the next winter; and in the spring of 1834 he went to Hopkinton Academy, then under the charge of Mr. Enoch L. Childs, where he remained through the season. He taught school the next winter, and then went, in the spring of 1835, to Kimball Union Academy, at Meriden, where he remained, under the instruction of Mr. Cyrus S. Richards, until Commencement in 1836, when he entered Dartmouth College. After he had thus, without assistance, fitted himself for and entered college, his father, very unexpectedly to him, gave him fifty dollars to pay his expenses the first term, and offered to loan him a few hundred dollars, if he should need, in his college course, but that it must be considered as an honorary debt, to be repaid, with interest, after graduation.

But, by teaching school every winter and two fall terms in Canaan Academy during his course, he earned enough to pay all his expenses in college with the exception of $200, which he borrowed of his father and gave him his note for the same, with interest, which he adjusted within a few years after graduation. Though out of college two terms, besides winters in teaching, and another term on account of sickness, yet he was always ready at each examination to be examined with his class in all the studies they had been over, and always took a high stand at these examinations. He graduated in 1840, and though in those days there were no honors, no appointments, the speakers at Commencement being all selected by lot, yet, in a letter of recommendation given him by President Lord soon after he graduated, as he was going south to teach, it is stated that he stood "among the very first in his class."

He had long before this made up his mind to turn his attention to the law as a profession, and he accordingly began the study of the law at once with Hon. Wm. P. Weeks, of Canaan, and remained with him till the spring of 1841, when he was advised by his physician to go south for his health. He went first to Washington, soon after to Alexandria, D. C., where he taught a high school, then to Maryland, where he remained a year in a family school, when, having regained his health, he returned to New Hampshire in September, 1842. He had upon his arrival in Washington entered his name as a law student in the office of Hon. David A. Hall, of that city, and continued the study of the law under his direction, while engaged in teaching, and he was admitted to the bar in the courts of the District of Columbia in April, 1842, only about twenty months after leaving college. By the rule of that court any one might be admitted upon examination without regard to

the length of time he had studied. So he was examined in open court by Chief-Justice Cranch and his associates upon the bench, and was admitted.

After returning home, he continued his legal studies with Mr. Weeks until the July law term, in Sullivan County, in 1843, when he was admitted to the bar in the Superior Court of Judicature in this state. He then went into company with Mr. Weeks at Canaan, where he remained till 1847, when he removed to Wentworth and opened an office there. He had been appointed solicitor for Grafton County in November, 1844, while at Canaan, and he at once commenced a lucrative business at Wentworth; was reappointed solicitor in 1849 for five years more, thus holding the office for ten years, to 1854, performing the duties to the entire acceptance of the county and the people. He declined a reappointment.

In 1851 he was first elected a member of the legislature from Wentworth, and served as chairman of the committee on incorporations. The next year he was reëlected, and was made chairman of the judiciary committee, and in 1853 he was again a member, and was nominated with great unanimity and elected as speaker of the House of Representatives. He served with ability and impartiality and to the general acceptance of all parties.

The next winter a new man was to be selected as a candidate for senator in his district, and at the convention he was nominated with great unanimity, and was elected in March, in a close district, by about three hundred majority. When the Senate met in June, there was some discussion as to a candidate for president, but at the caucus he was nominated upon the first ballot, and was duly elected as President of the Senate in 1854. He was renominated in the spring of 1855, but the Know-nothing movement that year carried everything before it, and he was defeated, with nearly all the other Democratic nominees in the state. On the 2d day of April he was appointed a circuit justice of the Court of Common Pleas for the state. But in June of that year there was an unwonted overturn, and the old courts were abolished, mainly upon political grounds, and new ones organized, and new judges appointed. Judge Sargent was making his arrangements to go into practice again at the bar when he received a request from Gov. Metcalf that he would accept the second place on the bench of the new Court of Common Pleas. This offer had not been expected, but upon consultation with friends it was accepted, and Judge Sargent was appointed as an associate justice of the Court of Common Pleas.

After the repeal of the Missouri compromise and the passage of the Kansas-Nebraska act in 1854, the great question between the political parties for several years during the contests in Kansas that followed, was as to whether slavery should be allowed in the territories or whether they should be free. In the mind of Judge Sargent there could be but one answer to this question, and in acting according to his convictions of right in that matter he was compelled to oppose the party with which he had hitherto acted. In his opinion, which upon this subject was fixed and unalterable, slavery was a curse, and was to be avoided and prevented whenever and wherever it could rightfully and constitutionally be done; and although we might not interfere with it in the states where it had been legally established, yet where, by the terms of the Kansas-Nebraska act, the question of freedom or slavery in the territories was submitted to the people, was made the test question for "popular sovereignty" to decide, there did not seem to be but one course for men like Judge Sargent to take, which was to go with the party that advocated the principle that he believed to be right, which was that slavery ought to be excluded from territories hitherto free; and in carrying out his convictions consistently he could do no other way than to go with the Republican party.

He acted as judge of the new Court of Common Pleas for four years, until 1859, when, by a statute of that year,

that court was abolished, and the Supreme Judicial Court was to do the work of that court in addition to its own, and one new judge was to be added to that court, making the number of Supreme Court judges six instead of five, as before. Judge Sargent was at once appointed to that place on the supreme bench. He was then the youngest member of the court in age, as well as in the date of his commission. He remained upon the bench of that court just fifteen years, from 1859 to 1874. In March, 1873, upon the death of Chief-Justice Bellows, Judge Sargent was appointed Chief-Justice of the state, which place he held until August, 1874, when the court was again overturned to make room for the appointees of the prevailing political party. Chief-Justice Sargent, at the time of his appointment as chief-justice, had become the oldest judge upon the bench, both in age and date of commission, so frequent had been the changes in its members since his appointment to that bench, less than fourteen years before. He was distinguished for his laborious industry, his impartiality, and his ability. His written opinions are contained in the sixteen volumes of the N. H. Reports, from the 39th to the 54th, inclusive, numbering about 300 in all. Many of these are leading opinions upon various subjects, and show great learning and research. But we have no space here for any particular examination or discussion of them.

Upon leaving the bench, in August, 1874, he was solicited to go into the practice of the law in Concord with Wm. M. Chase, Esq., whose late partner, the Hon. Anson S. Marshall, had recently been suddenly removed by death. He left a very extensive and lucrative practice, more than any one man could well attend to alone, and into this practice, by an arrangement with Mr. Chase, Judge Sargent stepped at once, and the business firm thus formed continued for five years. During this time and since, the most pleasant personal and business relations have existed between the members of this firm. But the judge soon found that with the amount of business done in that office, though he might earn more money than he could upon the bench, yet there would be no diminuation of care or labor, but, rather, an increase of both.

He also found other duties to attend to. In 1876 he was elected a member of the Constitutional Convention of this state. In this convention he acted a prominent part. He received a large complimentary vote for president of the convention, but that choice falling upon another, Judge Sargent was made chairman of the Judiciary Committee, the same place held by Judge Levi Woodbury in the convention of 1850. He took an active part in the debates and discussions of that body, and wielded an influence probably second to no one in the convention.

He was also elected by his ward a member of the House of Representatives for the years 1877 and 1878. It was evident from the first, so numerous and important had been the changes in the Constitution, that there must be a revision of the general statutes of the state. As this would of course be very important business, the ex-chief-justice of the state was fittingly made chairman of the committee on the revision of the statutes. Early in 1877 steps were taken for this revision, and Judge Sargent was appointed chairman of a committee, with Hon. L. W. Barton of Newport, and Judge J. S. Wiggin of Exeter, to revise and codify the statutes of the state.

This committee at once commenced their work, and with so much dispatch was it prosecuted that they made their report to the legislature of 1878, which report was, with various amendments, adopted by that legislature. There was also much new legislation enacted that year, which the committee were instructed to incorporate with their own work, and this was all to go into effect the first day of January, 1879.

The committee revised their work, making the required additions, superintended the printing of the whole, and had their volume ready for distri-

bution before the day appointed. It is the largest volume of statutes ever printed in the state, and it is believed not to be inferior to any other in any important particular.

In the fall of 1878 Judge Sargent was invited by a committee of the citizens of New London to prepare a centennial address, to be delivered on the one hundreth anniversary of the incorporation of the town. He at once accepted the invitation and set about the work, and on the 25th day of June, 1879, he delivered his address to a large assembly of the present and former citizens of the town and others, the occasion being distinguished by a larger collection of people, probably, than ever met in the town upon any former occasion. Being a native of New London, he took a peculiar interest in looking up its early history and in tracing the lives of its prominent men. The address was published in the GRANITE MONTHLY, in the numbers for July, August, and September, 1879, and has been favorably noticed as a work of great labor and research.

About the 1st of September, 1879, at the end of five years from the commencement of his partnership in business, the question arose whether he should continue for five years more or retire. Having spent nearly forty years of his life in toil he concluded to take some portion of the remaining time for enjoyment, while he had health and strength and capacity to enjoy. He retired from the practice of the law, finding that it was vain to hope for rest and recreation while engaged in that profession. The judge has acquired a competency, has one of the finest residences in the city, and is enjoying life with his friends and his books—these, with an occasional trip to the West, or the South, or to Europe, and the East, will occupy his time, and make the decline of life a pleasant and profitable season.

In 1864 he was elected grand master of the Grand Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons for the State of New-Hampshire, and was reëlected the next year. After this, he declined a reëlection.

Dartmouth College conferred on him the degree of Master of Arts, in course, three years after graduation; also, the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws, at its centennial commencement, in 1869.

He has for many years been an active member of the New Hampshire Historical Society, and for the last five or six years has been one of its vice-presidents.

For some years past he has been connected with the National State Capital Bank as one of its directors. The Loan and Trust Savings Bank, at Concord, commenced business August 1st, 1872, and in the eight years since then its deposits have increased to nearly a million of dollars. Judge Sargent has been president of this bank and one of its investment committee since its commencement, and has given his personal attention to its affairs.

In 1876 the New Hampshire Centennial Home for the Aged was organized and incorporated, and, January 1, 1879, a home was opened in Concord, at which some ten or more aged ladies have since been supported. The funds of this institution are gradually increasing, and its work is being well done. For the last three years, Judge Sargent has been president of this institution, and has taken a deep interest in its prosperity and success.

In religious belief, he is a Congregationalist. He is one of the leading and influential members of the South Congregational Church, in Concord, and also in his denomination throughout the state and country. He is often called upon to attend and preside at conventions and councils, and at the National Council of the Congregational Churches of the United States, held at Detroit, Michigan, in 1877, he was selected as chairman of an important committee, to consider the subject of the parish system, and the committee's report will be made to the next national council, to be held at St. Louis, Mo., in November next.

In compliance with a request from a

committee of the trustees, he prepared and delivered at the last commencement at Dartmouth College, a memorial address upon the late Hon. Joel Parker, formerly chief-justice of this state and afterwards professor of law in Harvard College. This duty Judge Sargent performed in a manner creditable to himself and satisfactory to the friends of the late Judge Parker. His address is to be printed with other similar addresses in memory of other deceased judges, graduates of Dartmouth, by other distinguished sons of the college.

He married, first, Maria C. Jones, of Enfield, daughter of John Jones, Esq., November 29, 1843, by whom he had two children. John Jones Sargent, the elder, graduated at Dartmouth College in 1866, and died in Oshkosh, Wisconsin, October 3, 1870, just as he was ready to commence the practice of the law. The second, Everett Foster, died young. For his second wife, he married Louisa Jennie Paige, daughter of Dea. James K. Paige, of Wentworth, September 5, 1853, by whom he has had three children,—Maria Louise, Annie Lawrie and George Lincoln. The second died young; the eldest and youngest survive.

Since he commenced the practice of the law in 1843, his residence has been as follows: In Canaan four years, to 1847; in Wentworth twenty-two years, to 1869; and in Concord eleven years since.

Judge Sargent is rather a retiring man,—does not intrude himself or his opinions upon others. In conversation, he prefers to listen, rather than speak; yet, with his friends and acquaintances, he is genial and social. He loves a joke, is generally happy, and is emphatically one of the small class of men who "never grow old." No man enjoys better than he the study of history and of poetry, of biography and of fiction; while a portion of his time is given to law and theology.

While he is generous, he is at the same time discriminating. And while he is firm and unwavering in his religious opinions, yet he is liberal and tolerant in judging of the faith of those who differ from him, and charitable in judging of other people's conduct. As a neighbor and a citizen, he is respected and esteemed. As a lawyer, he was always faithful and true to his clients, a safe counsellor and an able advocate. As a legistator, he is conservative and safe. He has been heard to say at the close of a session of the legislature, "If they have done no *mischief* they have done *well*, whether they have done little or much;" "*No* legislation is better than *poor* or *hasty* legislation." As a judge, he always studied to get at the right of the case, to hold the scales of justice evenly, to rule the law plainly, so that the party against whom he ruled might have the full benefit of his exception to the ruling, and to get the questions of fact and the evidence, as it bore upon them, clearly and distinctly before the jury. Any one who attended the courts where he presided as judge, could see at once that he was patient and painstaking, industrious and persevering, vigilant and discriminating, impartial and fearless; and any one who reads his written opinions, will see that they exhibit great research, learning, and ability.

NORTHFIELD.

POEM READ AT THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION OF THE TOWN OF NORTHFIELD, N. H., JUNE 19, 1880.

BY MRS. LUCY R. H. CROSS.

One would suppose that, when the centuries die,
Some startling sign would flash upon the sky,
Some meteor from its sphere in errant flight
Would blaze in glory and go out in night,
That conscious nature, in a storm of tears,
Would pay due tribute to the dying years.
But, no! the faithful sun to duty true
Went down last night as it was wont to do;
The crimson glory melted into gray,
Just as it did upon our natal day,
And fell the darkness over hill and plain,—
The same old story, o'er and o'er again.

Yet in the *kitchens* there was strange portent,
And "savory steams" foretold some great event,
And busy housewives looked with fondest pride
On culinary triumphs scattered wide.
The boys had blacked their boots with strenuous care,
The girls had got new ribbons for their hair,
And even while the family prayers were said,
Bright thoughts and fancies flitted through each head.
To restless couches then they hied away,
To-morrow's sun would bring Centennial Day.

Then mother Northfield smoothed her apron down,
Took off her specs and donned her Sunday gown,
For one who years ago had chose to roam,—
Had just returned to visit friends and home.
I 'neath her window was eaves-dropping then,
And what I heard shall move my ready pen.

At first, she led in pleasantry and chat,
Conversed at ease of this, and then of that,
Told him of all the younger girls and boys,
Told him of all their prospects, all their joys,
Spoke of the cares that filled the passing years,
Then of the "loved and lost" with many tears.
And so the talk assumed a serious tone,
While she, with confidence before unknown,
Drew up her chair and said: "My dearest John,
Thou truest of my sons and eldest born,

To-morrow we keep holiday; and not a trace of care
Shall draw a furrow on my brow or cast a shadow there.
I've many things to you I fain would tell
And, since I ask it, guard each secret well!

I've had great trials in my day, my son,
It were a task to tell them every one!
My few rough acres brought me little gold,
Sometimes the heat destroyed, sometimes the cold,
Sometimes the summer's sky withheld the rain,
And meager harvests brought us little gain.
Three times, the heralds wild called us "To arms!"
Three times, our hearts were filled with dire alarms,
Three times, o'er hearthstones fell the pall of grief,
And but one thought could bring the least relief.
Like Spartan mother, when her country's cause,
Her treasured hearthstones, or her sacred laws,
Called for her heart's blood, or her precious gold,
The one, nor other, I could ne'er withhold.
Our prayers went with them, and in many a fight
Stayed up the hands that fought for home and right,
And when returning with victorious arms,
With loud acclaim we gave the well won palms;
And o'er the memory of our "fallen brave,"
Who sleep at home, or in a distant grave,
We drop our grateful tears like April rain,
And thank our God they perished not in vain.

You scarce remember, 'twas so long ago,
Ere first my locks could show one trace of snow,
When in my *sixteenth* summer it was said:
"'The son of man hath not to lay his head.
A temple let us build, with outlines fair,
Finish and furnish it, with loving care;
Where valiant watchmen, ever on the tower
Of Zion, to our hearts shall call the hour,
And tell us of the night; and if the day
With its bright dawn is near or far away."
To-day it crumbles; all its former pride,
Its beauty and its worth, are laid aside,
Its winding stairways long have missed the feet
And faces dear, we loved so well to meet,
And from the shattered sound-board resting high,
The old time voices still are heard to sigh.

I dreamed last night: again it seemed to me
I saw the structure as it used to be;
From horse-block by the door, dismounting, came
Full many a lofty sire and lovely dame,
And children, perched behind by threes or twos,
Marched in and filled again the ample pews.

They wore the same quaint garments as of yore,
With high-heeled shoes that clattered on the floor;
With powdered wigs the older men were crowned,
And every lass rejoiced in homespun gown.

The old *hand-stove* in every pew was set,
On which the toes of all the family met,
And generous neighbors heaped their fireplace higher
To furnish them with needed Sunday fire.
The *deacons* from their seat 'neath pulpit, low,
Read for the choir in accents strange and slow
One line of good Old Hundred; then they sung
Till every corner of the temple rung;
Then waited for a *second*, and again
Took up anew that ever sweet refrain,
Till choir and deacons, to their duty true,
The tune, by turns, had bravely struggled through.

The sermon long, and long the prayers they said,
As all with reverence stood and bowed the head;
Down with a clatter came the seatings, when
The firm set lips had reached at last, "Amen."

Thus worshipped sire and son for many a year;
Then ties grew weak that bound these brethren dear,
New creeds and ways the worshippers divide,
No longer in the pathway, side by side,
They journeyed to the gates of endless day;
Some sought the same bright goal in different way.
For all of this, indeed, I little cared,
A nice new edifice was then prepared,
Part of the flock rejoiced in shepherd new,
And blessings came to pulpit and to pew.
That *new brick church* was long my best delight,
On life's dark sea a trusty beacon light.

The other went, and so did this at last;
And then another came; another passed
Beyond the river, where our loved ones go,
Yet full in sight, to mock us in our woe.
What hurt us most, they did not care to stay,—
So winning were our neighbors o'er the way,—
Till not one spire to Heaven points the way,
To guide my people to the "Realms of Day."

And then came Mammon with his purse in hand,
To buy a railroad through my precious land.
With oily tongue, he told of dividend,
Of stock and tariffs, stories without end,
Said that Dame Fortune, if we scorned her now,

Would never come again, with sunnier brow ;
And so to make our fortune in a day,
We took this *sure*, this *expeditious* way.
We looked in vain for dividends to swell
Our coffers ; and we learned at last full well,
That stocks are well enough in broker's hands,
But a poor exchange for houses and for lands.
But still, dear John, I wore no angry frown,
'Twas good to have a railroad through the town.
The *whistle* for the boys was very nice,
But then we *bought it at too dear a price*.

And then, it grieved my heart full sore
To miss the stage coach daily from my door,
With smart, gay horses, and with driver *Smart*,
They seemed like friends when we were called to part.
Besides, the friendly *Postman* called no more,
But all our letters dropped at Tilton's door,
And worse than this : those written home of late,
Have even met with a more cruel fate ;
Back as "Dead Letters" they are sent each day,
"No such Post Office in the State," they say.

And Jane and Susan and Mehetabel,
And all the rest we loved so long and well,
Say that forbearance is no virtue more,
And never send a token to my door,
Scold their old mother for her want of care,
And make my burden harder still to bear.

Then came Squire Franklin ; not the sage of old,
The one who grasped the lightning in his hold,
But a spruce young fellow, famed for legal lore
And full of bows and smiles, approached my door :
"My *northwest pasture*, he would like to buy,
He hoped his suit I sure would not deny."
I quickly told him I could never sell,
I loved each fruitful acre far too well ;
That was my broadest and my richest field,
That, of all else, my fairest harvests yield ;
That long ago I gave it all away
To children dear, that wished at home to stay ;
That they would ne'er consent to have me sell
What we had prized together, long and well.
Alack-the-day ! I know not how 'twas done,
Each daughter fair, and every mother's son
Turned from the *rising* to the *setting* sun
And moved off, land and baggage, every one !
But still I lived, and still I got along ;
For Hope mid blackest woe still sings her song,
And though for years I greatly was annoyed,
I learned to bear, what I could not avoid.

Another trouble followed soon, dear John,
My heart still burneth with a deeper wrong,
The Seminary ! best of all my joys !
The where to educate my girls and boys,
On which I lotted with a fonder pride,
Than all my other blessings far beside !
When yearly came the noble and the fair,
I guarded them as with a mother's care,
And when from out its walls by duty sent
Forth to the world, on love's best errand bent,
I almost thought them mine ; and when to fame
Familiar grew full many a cherished name,
I looked upon each noble word and deed
As treasures, stored against my hour of need.
Years passed away ; and broader grew the walls,
And more responded to my yearly calls.
Wise men held council ; wisdom, hand in hand
With God and right, went forth to bless the land ;
Years, happy years, all fleeted far too fast,
Of sweet security too full to last.
I little dreamed of such untimely fall,
Nor could I see the "writing on the wall."
How shall I tell you of that dreadful hour,
When beauty yielded to the spoiler's power,
When ruin, blackness, woe, and bitter tears,
Fell swiftly o'er the hope and pride of years.
Oh ! how I prayed, that from the ruin there,
Another shrine might rise, more grand and fair.
But ah ! dear John, when rose the Phenix fair,
Its pinions sought to try the upper air,
With many a flap and flutter sought the skies,
And perched on yonder hill before my eyes.

The children never call me mother, more,
Since they departed to that further shore ;
And the silvery ripple of our beauteous stream
Has turned to wailing, mocks me in my dream ;
Like *death's dark river* now it rolls between
Me and the staff on which my age did lean.
With jealous eye, dear John, I can but look
On her, who, one by one, my blessings took :
Some gloomy twilight, I expect to see
That Tilton ferryman come *for the rest of me.*

And when of late, to spread this merry feast,
I called from north and south, and west and east,
A few to make it their especial care,
Murmurs of fierce contention filled the air.
They chose the southern forest neath the shade,
And said that there the table must be laid,
While others scoffed at such a dining room,
And talked of insect tortures mid the gloom :
Said "the *north parlor* was the only place

That would be fitting, quite, in such a case."
Vain were my chidings; nought my words availed,
And in the councils angry words prevailed.
And John, I blush to tell it, though 'tis true,
They almost *tore the table-cloth in two*.

I hold no soiléd linen one should cleanse
In public places,—e'en among our friends;
But lest our tattered table-cloth should some offend,
I'd almost venture in a public place to *mend*.

And now of troubles let this be the last,
We'll close the page and seal anew the past.
I did not mean to pain you with my fears,
Nor did I call you home to feast of tears;
I gave my blessing when you went away,
I give another that you come to-day.
I know the fruitful acres of the West,
For those who till them, surely must be best.
To day from south, and west, and everywhere,
A thousand benedictions fill the air.
I'm not a mother of her sons bereft,
Of true and tried ones, I have many left;
And when to-morrow's sun shall gild the skies,
You'll find no tears within your mother's eyes."

"Good night, dear boy," at length, she smiling said,
Put out the light, and early went to bed.
And so we turn from prelude, sad and long,
And tune the harp for our

CENTENNIAL SONG.

Sing, brothers, sisters, sing exulting lays,
With restless ardor your thanksgiving raise;
Let your rejoicings tell with what good cheer
We hail the closing of our *hundredth year*.
Sweet Peace her full dominion sways the while,
Waves her white banner, wears her fairest smile;
Our well ploughed acres smile with harvest fair,
The year's best blossoms load the summer air,
And with familiar visage fresh and sweet,
Prosperity is pouring treasures at our feet.
Sing praises then, for gifts that prosper you,
Sing for our homes, and their defenders true,
Sing of the happy hours now far away,
Sing of the century we complete to-day.

The great events that filled these circling years,
To count them e'en, as each in turn appears,
Would far exceed the little hour I claim.

I touch, and leave them; whisper but their name.
In loftier language, easier verse than mine,
Some readier pen shall tell to future time.

Fair browed Invention, though, presents her claim,
And bids me give to song each honored name,
As she with pride her children leadeth forth:
"Behold my jewels! each of priceless worth."

First born and noblest, thousand sinewed Steam,
Whose vast achievements shame our wildest dream;
Born of the rushing torrent, and the heat
Of fierce volcanoes, when in wrath they meet;
Whose advent to the busy mart of trade
The world's resources at our feet has laid.
On land and sea, and down to deepest mine
We own its might, its power, almost divine.
Postman and horse we buried long ago,
The rattling coach became a thing too slow,
And ere a century dies, we must prepare
To walk the seas, and navigate the air.

The forked lightning, chained to do our will,
Speeds through the forest, leaps from hill to hill,
And round the earth in lines of lustrous light,
Counts space as nothing, in its magic flight.
Bright flash a thousand fingers in the field,
And startled earth her fairest harvests yield:
No more with sweat of brow we till the plain,
The wand of Progress turns it all to grain.
Old Winter, when the heat the summers bring,
Slinks into corners, yet he still is king;
Seated on icebergs, with his gelid cheer
Dispenses coolness through the livelong year.
With steam and furnace held in equipoise,
Adds to our comforts, heightens all our joys.

But why delay? the hours are passing on;
And ere we think, our festal day is gone.
Then let's devote the hours as fast they roll,
Not all to "feast of reason" but to "flow of soul."

All are not here, alas! we know too well,
Many are gone; indeed, the numbers tell.
The sad detainments of each absent heart,
On festal days, is but a bitter part
Of the unwritten history of such days;
Our guesses ne'er can penetrate the maze.

What brings us here? why meet we thus to-day?
Why come the loved from near and far away?
Why beat the drums? why hang the banners out?
Why wake the hills with many an answering shout?
Why comes the aged leaning on his staff?
And youth and middle age, with cheer and laugh?

To distant firesides came the summons sweet
To meet once more, where friends and kindred meet;
And so to-day, with open hand and gates,
Our Mother Northfield at her banquet waits.
With face as fair and spirits just as gay,
As when in sunny childhood's happy day
Our childish eyes first scanned her genial face,
Our childish feet began life's weary race.
On wings of love she sends a smile to-day
To those, the unforgotten, far away.
May those, who pain and weary suffering bear,
Find "Balm in Gilead and physician there;"
And such as pine and sigh in sorest need,
God's hand to them the "Bread of Life" shall feed.

The breezes whisper many a cherished name
Well known to love, indeed, if not to fame;
And specter lips, from out the dusty grave,
Ask of the legacies they dying gave.
What of the birthright Freedom? prize it yet?
That sun that rose in glory, has it set?
What of the acres that we loved to till,
Do sons, or grandsons, occupy them still?
Hangs the old firelock o'er the mantle yet?
Has tyrants blood our trusty blade e'er wet?
The family Bible old, that graced the stand,
And bore the marks of many a toil-stained hand,
Does love's pure light still gild its every page,—
The guide of youth, the staff of faltering age?

How crowd the questions; answer ye who dare,
Whisper your thoughts upon the throbbing air,
And dare to tell of one, in all this throng,
Who has not sold some birthright for a song.
Make new resolves; for these the hour demands,
And wash in innocence your faithless hands.

Now childhood, youth, manhood and age,
Each in your turn my loving thoughts engage;
I fain would leave upon each mind and heart,
Some lasting impress as we sadly part.
Time passes. Youth should find no hours to weep,
'Twere better far that those be spent in sleep.
Laugh, shout and drive away the coming cloud,

Let not the future on your present crowd;
The coming years may bring you sad surprise,
But bar the vision from your childish eyes.
"Quaff life's bright nectar from her mountain springs,
And laugh beneath the rainbow of her wings."

The launching ship knows naught of storm or gale,
Knows not the uses of her mast or sail;
With glistening cordage and with streamers gay
We sadly cut the cable, drift away
To sterner things; to learning's dull routine,
To days of study, sleepless nights between.
But learn of nature, she ne'er leads astray;
Ne'er stop to question where she points the way;
She has rare treasures for your questioning eye
In caverns deep and on the mountain high.
Learn to be thoughtful, then her features stern
Shall with the glory of her Author burn;
For through her mantling folds He deigns to show
The only glimpse we catch of Him below.

O! Manhood strong, perplexed with cares and fears,
How debt and credit fill your weary years!
You buy and sell, yet find the balance small,
And think, if this, of human life, is all!
Look to the red leaved tablets of the soul,
Scan every item, balance then the whole,
Happy if one entry on the credit side
Shall balance debtor column, long and wide;
Yet spite of labor's routine, ever grant
A tear to pity, and a hand to want.

And now to those upon whose wrinkled face
Age sits quiescent in her comely grace,
Whose silver locks, the marks of well spent years,
Tell not of life's great harvest reaped in tears;
Go o'er the summit bravely, ne'er look back
To envy those who crowd along the track;
Nor grieve, that time has brought too soon
The evening coolness o'er the heat of noon.
What though your humble graves shall bear no name,
Save what the eternal record shall proclaim,
And though you mourn with tears your lowly lot,
And stretch your hands for that which cometh not,
Yet all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Ne'er could one heart the final trial save,
And "paths of glory lead but to the grave."

In parting, let a mother's blessing fall
In benediction: "*Peace be with you all.*"

THE AGED NATIVES OF LEMPSTER.

BY GEORGE BANCROFT GRIFFITH.

The wild woodland, six miles square, presented to Gen. Spencer for military service, as tradition hath it, has now become the well cultivated territory embraced in the township of Lempster.

It is said that he sent a pioneer in 1770 to examine his grant, a young colored man by the name of Tatten, from East Haddam, Conn, with permission to locate if he liked the situation. This stalwart son of Afric pursued his journey by a line of marked trees, and arriving weary and footsore on the banks of Cold River, just at night fall, there encamped with his dog and gun. The quiet beauty of the place so pleased him that he chose the spot for a building site and there, roofed with peeled bark, he rudely fashioned the first cabin erected within our limits, and returned to Haddam for his lonely wench.

Two *white* path-finders soon after came;
No record gives us their age or name,—
Lured to the rigors of wild wood life
When Tatten returned with his faithful wife.

To Lempster clearing in 1772 came Jabez Beckwith, the father of one of the subjects of our sketch. He also hailed from East Haddam.

Yes, Beckwith came with his wife and child,
And thus they traversed the wood and wild:
Across the horse their bed was thrown,
From 'neath whose folds a fry-pan shone;
And under and over, strapped firmly down,
They bore their all to the distant town.
She sat on the bed like a queen in state,
He trudged beside, with young heart elate;
And the baby crowed in her arms all day
With healthy vigor and winsome play.
So, slowly plodding the wooded way,
They gained the settlement that lay
By hills encircled—eight acres or more,
Broken and cleared on the river shore.
Three cabins stood with latch-strings out;
Three couples hailed them with welcome shout;
Soon weary travelers and neighing beast
Were cheered and rested with good, plain feast.
And straightway young Jabez fell to work,—
No Beckwith ever was known to shirk,—
Built him a log-house with ample room,
Where another boy with the roses came.

In this primitive cabin, opposite his present residence, and on the farm where he now lives, was born, April 28th, 1780, Capt. Martin Beckwith, our honored centenarian and oldest citizen,—the only centenarian that ever lived in Lempster. He was the second of a family of several children, all of whom have passed away.

His industrious and highly respected father helped lay out the boundaries of the town, and was the first colonel appointed to Sullivan County.

When he was but two months old Martin was moved into the house he now occupies, the first framed building erected in town. It is still a substantial, well-preserved, old farm house, with gambrel roof and picturesque dormer windows. In front, and for quarter of a mile above, extends a magnificent row of lofty, wide-spreading maples, set out by the Captain's own hands more than fifty years ago. They now form a very agreeable shade and make pleasant the only extended street in that portion of the town.

In a large square room, below stairs, whose wainscoting and antique cupboards are so suggestive of bygone times, overlooking the main part of the village, I first saw Captain Beckwith, upon whom I had called to learn some facts regarding the early settlement of our little town. Though the frosts of a hundred winters had blanched his venerable locks and his eyesight had become greatly impaired, he was possessed of a firm, ringing voice, a clear mind and a good memory, which have held out wonderfully down to the present day. He lay upon his bed, propped up with pillows, and robed in spotless white. After reference had been made to his childhood, he spoke of his present condition with such a sense of gratitude to God for all his mercies, and gave such evidence of an immortal hope, that it seemed as if, in this instance at least, the veil of mortality had partially fallen away, revealing to the spiritual vision a glimpse of

the things which must shortly come to pass.

During my conversation with this veteran citizen I learned, and it is worthy of note, that an apple seed brought from Gilsum and planted by the pioneer Tatten in his own garden, produced the first fruit tree grown in Lempster, and that the first apple which it bore was carried by the delighted darkey to Jabez Beckwith's dwelling and presented to young Martin.

During his long life Captain Beckwith has never been absent from home more than three weeks at a time. His career from early youth has been one of frugal industry, and mental improvement has been wisely gained whenever leisure afforded, or while resting from toil in his well cultivated fields. The Bible has ever been his guide in the affairs of life. His occupation, that of tilling the soil, is a noble one, a pursuit which Washington himself most delighted in, and not till the infirmities of age rendered it impracticable did he cease to earn bread by the sweat of his brow.

Captain Beckwith assisted in the obsequies commemorative of Washington's funeral. He was a military guard at the capital of our state, wearing crape upon his arm. He has had the honor of shaking hands with Lafayette. He attended five sessions of the New Hampshire legislature, going to the first on horseback, and was chosen as one of the escort when Gov. Hill was inaugurated. He has represented the town three years in the state legislature, and held other offices of trust. In 1808 he married Tirzah Judd, of South Hadley, Mass., by whom he had five children, three daughters and two sons.

At the time of his marriage there was but one church in Lempster, located on the ledge halfway up the hill, opposite the farm buildings now owned by Oliver Davis, Esq. Good Parson Fisher was the minister in charge. He came here in 1787, and proclaimed the gospel from door to door until the little structure referred to was built in 1794. For forty years he labored in this place, with patient grace, to lead souls to heaven. A tablet in the pretty cemetery at the East Village tells us of a later age, his worth and works. Capt. Beckwith has informed us that Peter Lovell and a fair damsel by the name of Frink were the first couple wed in our village, and that the first citizen who died here was killed by the fall of a tree. He lies on the knoll by the side of the pond.

The wife of Capt. Beckwith died in 1858, beloved by a large circle of relatives and friends. Since that period his daughter Caroline has remained at home and taken charge of her aged parent, doing all for him that love and tender solicitude can suggest. By an unlucky fall she experienced a fracture of the hip that rendered her duties arduous for some time, and in her misfortune she had the kind sympathy of every neighbor and all who knew her.

There was no public celebration at his residence on the hundreth anniversary of his birth, but more than a hundred friends, and several relatives, called to congratulate and take by the hand our honored centenarian. The only children with him on his birthday were his two daughters. Interesting remarks were made by Rev. A. G. Hall, Messrs. Parker, Sabine, Wheeler and others. Congratulatory letters were read from Rev. John LeBosquet, of Southbridge, Mass., his former pastor, Elijah Bingham, of Cleveland, Ohio, Rev. Hiram Beckwith, his son, and several more, together with two poems written by Mrs. Rufus Bartlett, of Webster, Mass., by request of Miss Louie Piper. At the request of his aged parishioner, his pastor offered prayer.

Four of Capt. Beckwith's children are now living, one of the daughters, Mrs. Tirrah Harrington, having died in 1858. The elder son, the Rev. Hiram Beckwith, resides at Spring Lake, Mich.; the other son, Homer, a successful farmer, lives near the old homestead. The daughter Elizabeth married Mr. Charles Greenleaf, a prominent politician, and resides at Lemp-

ster Street. There are six promising grand-children and four great-grand-children.

The readiness with which Captain Beckwith can still recall long past events is really remarkable. Notwithstanding his great age, he is very glad to see company, and can talk apparently without much weariness for half an hour at a time. Memory to a good man is everything, and especially to one who has journeyed so long in the downward path of life. To our highly esteemed centenarian it has furnished the materials out of which the condition of his happiness has been created. He can join with the poet in the touchingly-tender and beautiful sentiment,—

> "When time, which steals our years away,
> Shall steal our pleasures too,
> The memory of the past will stay,
> And half our joy renew."

Shubael Hurd and his wife Rachel, also natives of East Haddam, Conn., emigrated to Gilsum, N. H., not long after Jabez Beckwith and family left the former place. They resided at Gilsum, so-called from the surname of its first, and part of the surname of its second inhabitants—Gill and Sumner—one year, and then removed to Lempster, where Mr. Hurd, a very diligent and worthy yeoman, built him a log-house on the site now occupied by Mr. George W. Hurd, a descendant, and our present tax collector.

In this humble dwelling was born, June 7th, 1781, Mrs. Candice Hurd Beckwith, now living in her hundreth year, the sixth child in a family of ten. She is a double cousin to Capt. Martin Beckwith, whose biography, in brief, we have just given. This venerable lady, a beautiful belle in her day, is probably the smartest female of her age in the Granite State, and until a very late period she worked industriously with her knitting needles. All her faculties, except that of sight, continue remarkably good.

A social gathering took place on the anniversary of her ninety-ninth birthday, at the residence of Mr. Henry Hurd, in whose family (where five generations are now represented) she has lived for several years. Nearly fifty of her remote connections and friends assembled, and a very enjoyable afternoon was spent in commemorating this noteworthy event.

Rev. Mr. Harrison offered a fervent prayer and, with several others, made appropriate and felicitous remarks. Many reminiscences of the past were recalled, and letters from absent friends read, after which a supper, served in the old-fashioned manner, was partaken of with ample justice and amid proper hilarity.

Aunt Candice, as she is familiarly called, is still able to go about the house and even around the premises unaided, and almost regrets that she did not accept an invitation received on the glorious "4th" to ride to the grove on the premises of her host, and take part in the festivities of a picnic there held. She was remembered, however, by those present, as a generous supply of cake and other delicacies attest. In a conversation held with her on that day, she informed the writer that she taught one of the first schools held in town, in what is called the Dodge district, and also in Unity. She had the honor of singing at the services commemorative of Washington's funeral. The first mill in town was built at Cambridge Hollow by a Mr. Booth, and the second by her father. She referred with pleasure to the day upon which she saw the first wagon drawn over the turnpike road with its happy freight of laughing lassies and cheering boys, driven by her schoolmates, Beckwith and Bingham.

She married early in life Mr. Biron Beckwith, a cousin to our now renowned centenarian. He pursued the calling of a farmer, carpenter, and blacksmith, or, in other words, was a "Jack-at-all-trades." He was one of the workmen on the Massachusetts State Prison, and lived nine years in cultivating the land on the sloping banks of Lake Champlain. He died in this town in January, 1859.

With the exception of the period spent in New York State with her husband, Aunt Candice has lived most of

her life in this, her native place. She has been the mother of five children, all of whom have preceded her over the unseen river, as have also all of her brothers and sisters. Four of her children were girls, and two of them lived to be married. One of her sisters lies buried in New York, one in Massachusetts, one in Vermont, and one in Ohio; the others, with all her brothers and her parents, lie in consecrated ground here.

Her youngest sister married Gen. William Cary, a well known militia officer, justice of the peace, and successful school-master, who began his career as a teacher at the early age of 16.

With a voice trembling more with emotion than age, this noble old lady said, in response to our inquiry if she did n't hope to live to celebrate her centennial, eleven months hence, "Why should I desire to remain longer on earth, when not one is now living whom I knew in childhood? My mission has been accomplished, and I long to be at rest; still, if it is my Father's will, I shall not complain if my days are lengthened to that time."

She spoke very kindly of Captain Beckwith, inquired particularly as to his condition, and said if her strength would only permit, she would give much to see him, the dear friend of auld lang syne.

We went from the presence of this revered and saintly woman feeling that we and all her immediate friends had shared in the good which her past history had yielded. She and our honored centenarian have a record golden with genial love and generous devotion, and, by a blessed arrangement of divine Providence, are still spared to dwell among us, awaiting their moment of dissolution without fear and without reproach.

EARLY COLONIAL LAWS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.—NO. II.

BY HON. SAMUEL T. WORCESTER.

COLONIAL TOWN OFFICERS AND THEIR POWERS AND DUTIES.

The principal town officers, prior to the war of the revolution, authorized or required by the Province Laws of New Hampshire, to be elected at the annual town meetings, were a moderator for the meetings, town-clerk, treasurer, selectmen or "townsmen," constables, fence-viewers, field-drivers or "haywards," surveyors of highways, surveyors of lumber, sealers of weights and measures, sealers of leather, tithing men, deer-reeve or deer keepers, hogreeves, pound keepers, overseers of the poor and overseers of houses of correction. Several of these offices have now for many years become obsolete, there being no statute law authorizing them. The powers and duties pertaining to some others of them, since the adoption of the constitution of 1792, differ widely from what they were under the Province Laws, while those of others remain substantially as before the revolution.

MODERATORS.

The moderator, then as now, was the presiding officer of the town meeting, with much the same powers and duties as under the present state laws. No person was allowed to speak in the meeting without leave first obtained of that dignitary, "nor when any other

person was speaking orderly." All persons also were required to keep silent at the request of the moderator, under the penalty of five shillings for the breach of every such order. (*Colonial Laws, 1718.*) By an act of the General Court in 1791, it was further provided, that if any person, after being notified by the moderator, should persist in disorderly conduct, the moderator should order him to withdraw from the meeting, and that if the offender should fail to obey, he should forfeit and pay a fine of twenty shillings for the use of the town. (*Laws of 1797, p. 187.*)

SELECTMEN.

In pursuance of an act of the General Court of the Province, passed in 1719, the freeholders and other inhabitants of each town, having taxable property of the value of £20, were required to meet sometime in the month of March annually, and beside other town officers, to choose "three, five, seven or nine, able and discreet persons of good conversation, inhabitants of said town, as selectmen or townsmen." Under the laws of the Province no inhabitant had a right to vote at these meetings, except freeholders and such others as had taxable personal estate of the value of £20.

In respect to several matters of public concern, the selectmen of towns at that time had much more power and a wider field of duty than the like officers of the present day. Unless other persons were elected to that office, the selectmen were *ex officio* overseers of the poor of the town, chargeable not only with the care of providing for their needs, but also with the further inhospitable duty of "warning out" of their town all such new comers or settlers as it was feared might become paupers, if allowed to remain as permanent residents. They also had the exclusive charge of the public schools of the town, including the building of schoolhouses, the employment and payment of teachers, and the assessment of all school taxes for school buildings and accommodations, and the wages and salaries of school-masters. In addition to the assessment of taxes for schools, it was also their duty "to assess taxes upon the polls, personal estates and lands of all the inhabitants of the town in just and equal proportion, according to their known ability, for all such sums as may have been ordered at the town meeting for the support of the ministry, the poor, and all other necessary charges of the town." (*Colonial Laws of 1719.*) Under the Province Laws, males were chargeable with a poll tax at the age of eighteen. The valuation of some of the items constituting the basis of taxation was as follows: Polls, or white males over eighteen years of age, eighteen shillings; male slaves from sixteen to fifty years old, sixteen shillings; female slaves of the like age, eight shillings; horses and oxen four years old, three shillings; improved land, sixpence per acre.

FIELD DRIVERS OR HAYWARDS.

The office of "Field Driver," one of the town offices in New Hampshire, for one hundred years and more, has long since gone into disuse, and the word itself, though in current use in the old colony statutes, is not to be found in the unabridged Dictionaries of either Webster or Worcester. It is, however, defined in Bartlett's Dictionary of Americanisms, as "a civil officer whose duty it is to take up and impound swine, cattle, sheep and horses, going at large in the public highways or the common and unimproved lands, and not under charge of a keeper." For very many years after the first settlement of most of the towns in New Hampshire a very large part of the unimproved land was unfenced, the rights of the owners of such land lying in common. These common lands in most of the towns furnished much valuable pasturage for cattle, and acorns and other nuts for swine, and by the laws of the Province, no cattle, swine, or other domestic animals were permitted to run at large upon them without the consent of the land owners. If such animals were found at large upon the highway or upon those lands

lying in common, without the consent of the owners, it became the duty of the field driver to impound them, for which service he was allowed one shilling each for neat cattle and horses, and three pence each for sheep and swine, to be paid by the owner of the animals before being allowed to take them from the pound.

TITHING MEN.

The ancient office of "tithing man," like that of "field driver," has also become obsolete in this state, and the name itself, once a terror to rude and wayward youth, very nearly so. Two, and in some towns four, of these officials were chosen at the annual town meetings. It was among their duties, under the colony laws, to visit and inspect licensed public houses and to inform of all disorders in them. Also to inform of all idle and dissolute persons, profane swearers and Sabbath breakers. But one of their principal and most important duties appears to have been to attend public worship on the Sabbath, and to take note of and prevent all rudeness and disorders during the services, and if needful, to arrest on view, and to aid in the trial and punishment of all such persons as were guilty of irreverent or disorderly conduct. In towns where four of these dignitaries were chosen, it appears that two of them were expected to take their seats on the lower floor of the meeting house, to take note of all rudeness and disorder "below," and the two others to be installed in the gallery, chargeable with the like duties in respect to all improprieties and misconduct "above." As a badge of this office and authority the colony laws provided that each of them should carry "a black staff or wand two feet in length, and tipped at one end for about three inches with brass or pewter." (*Colonial Laws of 1715.*) By an act of the New Hampshire General Court, passed in 1789, the law in respect to tithing men was amended and their powers and duties somewhat enlarged. This amended act required the tithing men to be chosen, to be "persons of good substance and sober life," and among other things made it their duty to stop and detain all persons travelling on the Sabbath between sunrise and sunset, "except in attending public worship, visiting the sick, or on some work of charity."

HOG-REEVES.

By a Province Law enacted in 1719, swine were not permitted to run at large between the first day of April and the first day of October of each year, without being yoked and rung in the mode described in the law; and two or more officials, known as hog-reeves or hog constables, were required to be chosen at the annual town meeting, chargeable with the duty of enforcing the law at the expense of the guilty owner of the swine. The "regulation" hog yoke, as defined in the law, was made of wood, "and to be in length above the swine's neck, equal to the depth of the neck, and half as long below, the bottom piece of the yoke to be equal in length to three times the thickness of the neck." The *ring* as defined in the act, "was made of strong flexible iron wire to be inserted in the top of the nose to prevent rooting, the ends of the wire to be twisted together and to project one inch above the nose." (*Colonial Laws, 1715.*) The fee of the hog-reeve, as fixed by a law passed in 1794, were one shilling for yoking, and sixpence for ringing each swine.

In accordance with a long established custom prevailing in many towns in New Hampshire, all the young men of the town who were married within the year next preceding the annual March election were entitled to the compliment of an election to the very honorable and responsible office of hog-reeve.

DEER-REEVES OR DEER KEEPERS.

The forests of New Hampshire, at the time of its first settlement, and for many years after, abounded with deer. Both the skin and flesh of these animals being of great value to the settlers, laws were passed to prevent the killing of them at such seasons of the year as

would tend to diminish their natural increase. By a Province Law enacted in 1741, it was made a crime to kill deer between the last day of December and the first day of August. An offender against this law was liable, on conviction, to a fine of ten pounds. If not able to pay the fine he might be sentenced to work forty days for the government for the first offense, and fifty days if he should offend a second time. It was made the duty of the town, at their annual March meeting to choose two officers, known as *deer-reeves* or *deer keepers*, to see that this law was observed and to aid in the prosecution for its violation, coupled with the authority to enter and search all places where they had cause to suspect that the skins or flesh of deer, unlawfully killed, had been concealed.

HOUSES OF CORRECTION AND THEIR OVERSEERS.

A Colony Law passed in 1719, provided for the erection and regulation of houses of correction for the Province, designed for the keeping, correcting and setting to work "of rogues, vagabonds, common beggars, and lewd and idle persons." Such persons, on conviction before a justice of the peace or the court of sessions, were to be sent to the house of correction and set to work under the master or overseer of that institution. Upon his admission, the unlucky culprit was to be put in shackles, or to be whipped, not to exceed ten stripes, unless the warrant for his commitment otherwise directed. (*Colonial Laws of 1718–1719.*) Such was the New Hampshire *tramp law* one hundred and sixty years ago. By an act of the General Court in 1766, this act for the maintenance of houses of correction was extended to towns, with the like powers and duties in respect to them, and coupled with the duty and authority to choose masters or overseers of them at the annual election.

VOTERS AND THEIR QUALIFICATIONS.

Prior to the war of the revolution, the qualifications for voting, at the town meetings, varied with the object of such meetings. To be qualified to vote for town officers, the person offering his vote, as we have seen, was required to be a freeholder in the town, or if not a freeholder to have other taxable property of the value of twenty pounds. (*Colonial Laws of 1719.*) In the choice and settlement of a minister for the town and the fixing the amount of his salary, the right to vote, as we have also seen, was limited to the owners of real estate in the town. But notwithstanding this restriction, the taxes for the support of the minister were required to be assessed by the selectmen on the personal estate and polls in the town as well as on the real estate, in the same manner as taxes for all other town charges. (*Colonial Laws, 1714.*) In order to be competent to vote for a delegate to the General Court, the elector was required to have property to the value of fifty pounds, and the candidate to be eligible to that office to be possessed of real estate to the value of £300. (*Colonial Laws 1699.*)

"LA PUEBLA DE LOS ANGELOS."

BY MARY A. LIVERMORE.

"We explored the cathedral, of which mortals had built the walls, but which, according to tradition, angels had capped with a mighty dome, of a symmetry and perfection in stone work, unequalled by human builders. In gratitude to the supernatural architects, the city has since been called LA PUEBLA DE LOS ANGELOS, or ANGEL CITY."

Deep they laid the strong foundations,
High the massive walls upreared,
And the tall and sculptured columns
Marble forest-trees appeared.
Out from these, the groined arches,
Sprang in grace and strength o'erhead,
And the high and vaulted ceiling
Gave the heart a sense of dread,
Stretching dim above the head.

Then they built the lofty altar,
Whence the incense flame might rise:
Here the holy cross was planted,
For the sinner's tearful eyes,
And they hollowed shadowed niches,
To enshrine the statues rare,
Which, with pale hands ever folded,
Seem outpouring ceaseless prayer—
Of the hallowed place aware.

Then they sank the painted window,
Far within the massive wall,
That, subdued, the slanting sunbeams
Through the pillared aisles might fall.
And they crowned each arching buttress,
With a tall and gilded spire,
To reflect the ruddy morning,
Or the glorious sunset fire,
When glows red, day's funeral pyre.

Never lagged the weary workmen,
Who with pious zeal elate,
Raised to God a holy temple—
To his worship consecrate.
Never lacked they gold or silver,
Never lacked they jewels rare,
And a soft and shining splendor
Was infused into the air,
From the gold and jewels rare.

So they wrought, till all was ended,
Save the dome that caps the whole,
When the builders, worn and weary,
Rested from their sacred toil.
Night dropped down her starry curtain,
Midnight hushed the world to rest,
When adown the rifted heavens,
Softer than the rosiest West,
Came the angels of the blest.

Brighter than the woven moonbeams,
  Were the robes the angels wore;
Brighter than the sun of noonday,
  Were the implements they bore.
All that night, a murmured music
  Rippled out upon the air:
All that night, the heavenly builders
  Toiled with superhuman care—
  Toiled with skill and beauty rare.

Mortal hands could ne'er have framed it,
  That unique and gorgeous dome—
Angels only could have planned it,
  In their wondrous angel-home.
Toiled they on till dawn of morning,
  Noiseless, save their heavenly lay,
When, complete, the dome was burnished
  With the sunlight's earliest ray—
  And the angels fled the day.

Came once more the pious builders,
  With their zeal and strength new-born,
But behold! the dome, completed,
  Had already kissed the morn!
Bright and dazzling was the radiance
  From the gilded roof that streamed,
And the cross made dim the sunlight
  With the brilliance of its beam!—
  Was it thus, or did they dream?

On their knees they sank in wonder—
  On their knees they sank in prayer:
"Sure," they said, "God's holy angels
  "In the night have labored here,
"Let us call it ANGEL CITY,
  "Where the Holy Ones have wrought,
"And let rare and votive offerings
  "To the sacred place be brought:—
  "Do the angels know our thought?"

Ay, 'tis so. Encamping round us,
  Angels list whate'er we say:
And they come and go about us,
  In the night-time and the day.
Doubt not, if thy aim be holy,
  They will aid thee in thy need;
Doubt not they are watching o'er thee,
  When true purpose shapes thy deed.—
  Trust the angels when they lead.

MELROSE, Mass., July 2, 1880.

A WOMAN'S KINGDOM.

BY LUCIA MOSES.

"For what shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, but lose his own soul?"

Without doubt we shall be decried as being "stiff-necked and rebellious," if we dare to step out from the tide of reform that surges so strongly onward, and cry out regretfully, as did the Israelites of old, for the flesh-pots and bread of Egypt. For to be an American and not a reformer, is to be not only unpatriotic, but really open to suspicion. Yet God's chosen people were not as blameable as first thought would make them. They could not grasp the infinitude of a Promised Land, and they had left behind them, even in their land of bondage, many certain and necessary comforts. So every band of brave souls marching toilsomely up the rough hills of progress, look back longingly more than once into the green valleys of drowsy security. True it is, that reformers set the world in motion, but to conservatives belongs the difficult task of keeping it in its place. So, when a young and ardent feminine aspirant for academic honors said to us not long ago: "Ah, is not America a glorious country! Has she not wrought some grand reforms for women! What opportunities she places before them! How their spheres have been broadened!" We answered musingly that "We did not know. It had always seemed to us that woman's sphere was not a circumscribed one unless she chose to make it so." Miss Minerva turned from us with scornful pity, and majestically moved away. Of course, in her bright eyes we were no better than an old fogy, a vandal, an iconoclast. But she is young, and much must be forgiven in youth, and if she finds a perennial fount of pleasure in thinking that America has inaugurated a noble era for women, we would not undeceive her.

But what is that grim spectre lurking behind Minerva's polished shield, that will sooner or later pluck her by the sleeve, and whisper in her ear self-evident, but unwelcome truths? 'Tis the spirit of a woman who knew nothing of "woman's rights," so-called; who was content and happy in that condition of life in which it had pleased God to place her, and who looks with stern rebuke on Pallas' audacity. Do we hear soft imprecations directed against us? Indeed, indeed, my dear young seekers for light, do not think us altogether ignorant of the fact that your sex has been unjustly denied some privileges, or that your laudable zeal and ambition have brought about some desirable changes. Now, in self defense, pray listen with what patience your soaring souls can, to our side of the question: A special plea for the good old times of our forefathers; a plea for what we deem woman's true sphere; a plea for something better than Harvard examinations or the chairmanship of school boards; in short, dear Minerva, a plea for a field of action in which even you might do good work.

When Madam De Staël asked Napoleon of what France stood in greatest need, he said, "Mothers." If the average American were asked what America most needed, women at the polls or by their own fireside, he would probably say most emphatically, "Women at home, by all means."

Now do not mistake our meaning. We would not utterly denounce everything that has been done for woman's advancement, or close against her any field of labor she may conscientiously choose to enter, but in their triumphant progress women are blinding themselves to much good, and to many disused "rights" that lie at their very feet, and it seems as if the time were come to cry, Halt!

Our girls are growing up with an insatiable desire to break the trammels that they think have so long confined their sex. They demand an education that will fit them for business, medicine, law, journalism, the lecture platform, anything but the right thing. They long for the ballot-box and universal suffrage. All this may be harmless enough—perhaps—but the reverse side of the matter is, that girls are becoming more and more unfitted for a work that God himself ordained, and year by year there is less "marrying and giving in marriage." Too many girls of "advanced" education and ideas, would show a fine impatience with a man who would dare ask her to share his humble lot. She hates, yes, hates, the care of a house. Sewing, of course, she loathes. The care of children without a nurse-maid would be an insupportable burden. No, to marry a man who could not give her leisure for "improving" her mind, would be worse than death—to be shut up in a house, never! So the humble lover goes his way, and possibly marries a woman with no aspirations, which is worse.

Said an embryo lecturer on suffrage, to us once: "All the girls in my class have done remarkably well except Mary. She has married and settled down to a purely domestic life. I can not endure such women, they are so stupid!" Ah, women, are you sure you have lost, are losing, nothing?

Do you know, we are old-fashioned, and yet prophetic-minded enough to think that they are losing a great deal; to think that the sphere of a woman without a home and children will always be narrow, shut in, without aim; and that an education that unfits her for the duties of a wife and mother, unfits her for lasting service in any other condition of life. Any system of physical or mental training that does not pay especial attention to the cares, obligations and possibilities peculiar to her sex, destroys her womanly characteristics, and makes her but an inefficient counterpart of man.

But, you object, all women cannot or may not marry, and it would be taking too much for granted to give every girl a domestic education. Does a father refrain from giving his son an insight into business, and the ways of men, because there is a possibility that he may die before he is fifty? The wise general provides for contingencies; so should the wise woman.

Let us take it for granted then, despite the overwhelming feminine surplus in New England, that every woman may marry, and by so doing assume the responsibility of a family. Do you think no special preparation necessary to fit one for the care of a house, or the rearing of children? Is the education we are to-day giving our girls, one best calculated to make them efficient, self-reliant, and truly useful in a purely domestic life? Will not their increasing desire to compete with men in all walks of life draw their desires and tastes more and more from their own peculiar duties?

Women now dream of a time when they will hold the reins of power, little knowing that they are queens now. "Women," says Ruskin, "should always be queens; queens to their lovers, husbands and sons; and queens of higher mystery to the world beyond, which always bows itself, and will forever bow, before the myrtle crown and the stainless sceptre of manhood. But, alas! they are too often idle and careless queens, grasping at majesty in the least things, while they abdicate it in the greatest!" How true is this of too many women of to-day—crying to Heaven for what lies under their very feet!

How many women realize that they would be perhaps laying the corner-stone of a state, or the foundation for the happiness of thousands, if they were inculcating in one son lofty motives for action? Plato says truly, that households are miniature states, and states but individuals on a large scale—and the mother makes the home. But the old-fashioned "hearths and homes" are rapidly falling into disuse. We are a nation of excursionists. We live in hotels always in the summer, if not in

the winter. Our children fear neither "the flesh nor the devil,"—their mothers can not be bothered with them when there are caucuses, conventions, and reforms. We are all dying from dyspepsia, because our daughters are not taught, with other accomplishments, the rather useful one of making bread. It will not be long before we shall be as homeless a nation as the French. But still, women complain that they have no sphere. Yet they may talk, write, lecture as much to the contrary as they please: home is their rightful place—we had almost said their only proper place—their kingdom. It was Heaven-ordained that it should be so. Man cannot take upon himself woman's duties with dignity and propriety, nor can she his, and the sooner our eyes are opened to the truth, the better.

Then, pray, let our daughters be trained thoroughly for their especial work. Teach them practically even the commonest details of household work—the drudgery, if you will—not the making of chocolate cake and salads, but the homely every-day fare that the average American must eat. Well, you ask, what *is* the best training and education for the average American girl of average talents, who shows no extraordinary bias toward literature, law, or medicine? First teach her, without fail, enough chemistry to "keep the pot boiling," and make sweet bread. Mathematics for prudent and shrewd financiering with the household moneys. Shall she not learn the homely sciences of marketing, sweeping, ordering servants, jam and jelly making, patching, darning, cooking for the sick? Shall she not even learn to tie an artery, or bandage a wound, and know the use of simple remedies, and practical physiology and hygiene, and train her nerves to be strong in time of bodily accidents? Above all, cultivate her love for the beautiful, so that her home may be a joy forever, a reflex of herself, though she should marry a clerk on six hundred a year, and never rise above an ingrain carpet.

We see Minerva's lips curl, but let her remember that "nothing lovelier can be found in woman than to study household good." A well-ordered home is more like the kingdom of Heaven than anything we shall ever know on earth.

As regards the higher duties of woman as wife and mother, one can only say, "Be reverent, ye who enter here, the ground whereon ye tread is holy ground." There are so many things each woman's own heart must teach her. All women have not and can not be taught, more's the pity, "A simple, merry, tender knack of tying sashes, fitting baby shoes, and stringing pretty words that make no sense, and kissing full sense into empty words, which things are corals to cut life upon, although such trifles." But all girls can, and should be impressed with the awful responsibility involved in motherhood. How short is a lifetime, even, for storing one's mind and heart with the knowledge and right precepts necessary for the true rearing of one child!

What boy can go far astray whose mother is not only his mother, but his most intimate friend, his wisest adviser; to whom he can go for sympathy with his Freshman griefs, boat races, Senior aspirations, hopes and fears, his loves, his wrong doing; who is to him the embodiment of all that is beautiful in this world, and typify all that he hopes for in the next?

"Happy he with such a mother! Faith in womankind beats with his blood, and trust in all things high comes easy to him; and tho' he trip and fall, he shall not blind his soul with clay."

It is not a light thing for a girl to take upon herself such cares. It may necessitate the demolition of her most cherished hopes and ambitions. Home may seem a small circle to her if she has far reaching sympathies and ambitious. But let her think seriously what a man's home is to him; his sanctuary whither he flees to rid himself of the pressure of the world—woe to them who make it a barren desert! There he should find all kindly encourage-

ment, and unselfish aid. Lofty inspiration, tender pity, loving care, rest and solace for body and mind.

It is hardly possible to show in so few words what great and lasting work a woman can do in the shelter of her home, by her fire-side, with prattling babies. The mothers of to-day will be held accountable for the citizens of the next generation. It is hardly as important that women should vote as it is that they should bring up their sons to vote purely. A thousand times more force of will, tact, general intelligence, and all-embracing foresight, are needed to guide and rule a house, than to frame a code of laws for a nation, or be a president.

So we ask you to think seriously of these poor thoughts, so feebly uttered. Do not forget that your domain already reaches from sea to sea. From the tender shelter of your arms may go out a son to bless or curse the world. Men are always sons of their mothers. The mother always moulds the character. On you has always depended, and always will depend, the moral, mental, social and physical welfare of the world. You are the real builders and founders. The whole edifice stands firm or totters, as you build well or ill. But you need not leave the blessed seclusion of your home to do all this—there lies your kingdom, queen, go claim your own, and wear your holy crown above your brow!

She was not learned,

> "Save in gracious household ways,
> No angel, but a dearer being, all dipt
> In angel instincts, breathing Paradise,
> Interpreters between the Gods and men,
> Who looked all native to her place, and yet
> On tiptoe seemed to touch upon a sphere
> Too gross to tread, and all male minds perforce,
> Sway'd to her from their orbits as they moved,
> And girdled her with music."

NEWSPAPERS IN AMHERST.

BY DANIEL F. SECOMB.

The *Amherst Journal and the New Hampshire Advertiser*, the first newspaper printed in Amherst, or in Hillsborough County, was commenced Jan. 16, 1795, by Nathaniel Caverly. It was printed on a sheet 22 x 17½ inches, and made a fine appearance. It was published every Friday, at the price of nine shillings per annum, exclusive of postage, each subscriber being requested to pay one quarter's subscription on receipt of the first copy,—the proprietor stating in his prospectus, that "the publication of a weekly paper is attended with great expense." April 24, 1795, Mr. Caverly's son became associated with him, and the paper was thereafter published by Nathaniel Caverly and Son. The price of the paper, in Federal money, was given for the first time in that week's issue. The publication of this paper ceased Jan. 1, 1796.

The *Journal* was succeeded, Jan. 6, 1796, by the *Village Messenger*, Biglow and Cushing, publishers,—William Biglow, editor. Mr. Biglow remained in the establishment but a short time, and the paper was continued by Mr. Cushing until April 18, 1797, when he was succeeded by Samuel Preston, who continued its publication until Dec. 5, 1801, at which time it was discontinued, 310 numbers having been issued.

The *Farmers' Cabinet* succeeded the Messenger, Nov. 11, 1802,—Joseph Cushing, editor and proprietor. It was printed, at first, on a sheet a trifle larger than that on which the Journal was printed, in 1795, and almost exactly the size of that used in the issue of the Cabinet, from Sept. 23, 1864, to March 24, 1865. Under Mr. Cushing's management the Cabinet made a good appearance, being neatly printed, on clear type, and good paper. He continued its publication until Oct. 10, 1809, when, becoming involved in the affairs of the Hillsborough Bank, he relinquished it

to Richard Boylston, who continued its editor and publisher until Jan. 3, 1840, when his son, Edward D. Boylston, became associated with him in its management. Jan. 6, 1843, Mr. Boylston again assumed the sole management of the paper, and continued the editor and publisher until Aug. 17, 1848, when Edward D. Boylston again became connected with the establishment. July 19, 1857, Edward D. Boylston became editor and proprietor. July 29, 1869, Albert A. Rotch became associated with him in its publication. It is now issued by Edward D. Boylston, publisher,—E. D. Boylston and A. A. Rotch, editors.

Jan. 1, 1820, the *Hillsborough Telegraph* was commenced by Elijah Mansur, who continued its publication until July 13, 1822, when it was discontinued, 133 numbers having been issued.

January, 1825, the *Amherst Herald* was commenced by Thomas G. Wells and Nathan K. Leaton. July 10, 1825, Mr. Leaton left the establishment, and Mr. Wells continued the publication of the paper until December, 1825, when it was merged in the New Hampshire Statesman and Concord Register, printed at Concord, of which Mr. Wells became one of the proprietors for a short time.

The above were the four first newspapers issued in Hillsborough County, —the *Constellation*, published at Nashua village, in 1826, being the next in order.

MONUMENT TO COL. WARNER.

BY GEN. WALTER HARRIMAN.

Since writing the brief biographical sketch of Col. Seth Warner, of the New Hampshire Grants, which appeared in the January number of the present volume of this magazine, several additional and very important facts in regard to this eminent man, have come to my knowledge. These facts confirm and strengthen the conviction that Warner was one of the most self-sacrificing, sagacious and meritorious heroes of the revolutionary period. To the fact that he died at the early age of 41, and before the smoke of the revolution had fairly cleared away, is attributable the seeming neglect of the country to do justice to his memory.

I am now gratified to record the fact that the State of Connecticut (which gave Warner birth) honored herself and evinced an appreciation of acknowledged and substantial merit, by removing the humble monument erected at his grave, by loving hands, in 1785, and placing in its stead a more appropriate and imposing one in 1859. This is one of the additional facts that have recently come to my knowledge. The monument stands at Roxbury, in old Litchfield county, where Warner was born. It is an obelisk made of superb granite, twenty-one feet in height, with appropriate base, plinth, die and mouldings, and with the following inscriptions:

East Front.—"Colonel Seth Warner of the Revolution, born in Roxbury, Conn., May 17, 1743, a resident of Bennington, Vt., from 1765 to 1784, died in his native parish, Dec. 26, 1784."

South Front.—"Distinguished as a successful defender of the New Hampshire Grants, and for bravery, sagacity, energy and humanity, as a partisan officer in the war of the Revolution."

North Front.—"Captor of Crown Point, commander of the Green Mountain Boys in the repulse of Carlton at Longeuil and in the battle of Hubbardton, and the associate of Stark in the victory of Bennington."

West Front.—"His remains are deposited under this monument, erected by order of the General Assembly of Connecticut, A. D. 1859."

MAJOR FRANK.

BY MME. BOSBOOM-TOUSSAINT,—TRANSLATED BY SAMUEL C. EASTMAN.

VII.

Dinner over, as I followed my cousin to the saloon, we were joined by Rolfe, who confided to us that on the morrow the General entered on his seventy-first year, and that remembering this he had made some preparations, but that in view of the little success he had in the morning, he hesitated about continuing them. Frances told him to do as he pleased, but she said it in a careless and indifferent tone. Then as he left us delighted at the permission he had obtained, and at the moment when I was going to compliment Frances on her charming metamorphosis, she exclaimed that she must have the open air and left me abruptly to go into the garden. I did not like to lose so good an opportunity and hastened to join her. We went straight towards the ruin of which I have spoken to you, and from which we could hope to see the sunset splendors, but we went through brambles and briars, as if my cousin preferred the more direct road at the risk of being torn at every step, on account of an antipathy to the smooth winding paths which led to the goal without trouble. I could not refrain from speaking of it, especially when, after we had got through the brambles, we found ourselves on a gravelly path, side by side, where I could offer her my arm, which was accepted.

"They pretend," said she, in answer to my observation, "that my education has been neglected. That is not wholly true; but it has failed me in the direction in which I had the most need of it; I was brought up as a boy. You know my mother died soon after my birth. Captain Rolfe's sister, a poor seduced peasant, although an energetic woman with honest sentiments, was my nurse. Her child was dead and I took its place for her. She had a blind, almost fanatical affection for me; she did absolutely everything that I wished, replying to all suggestions that there was no one else in the world who loved me. That was false, for my grand-father, who lived with my father, loved me dearly. As to my father, I must confess that he troubled himself very little about me. He would have preferred a son, both to preserve his name and in the interest of his fortune. He had a son, before my birth, who was called Francis, and who died at the age of six months. My birth was a great disappointment to him; my poor mother saw it and suffered greatly in consequence. One day my nurse, greatly provoked at the indifference of my father, carried me into his room to show him how strong and active I was. 'Truly, said she, She would be taken for a boy." Rolfe, has since told me that my father seemed to be struck with a new notion. From that day he took more care of my education, and gave it a direction which has made me what I am. Under a pretext of health and of English habits, he made me wear, till I was seven years old, a loose and convenient dress, which my nurse called a 'boy's dress;' as soon as I could walk I had a teacher of gymnastics; I was taught to endure cold and heat; and as soon as I could carry a gun, Rolfe was directed to teach me the manual. Fencing was not overlooked, and the young officers who came to the house, knowing that it pleased my father, often took up the foils with me. Naturally, I was boyish, rough and impetuous. I was already called 'the Little Major,' and my father was pleased to sanction the use of this sobriquet, by very often using it himself. Once, an officer who had come recently, having addressed me as Miss, I answered him with an English oath,

which so delighted my father that he joyfully embraced me. The result of that was that I became accustomed to embellish my answers in the same gay manner—"

"Then I wonder that you have been able to break up this bad habit."

"I have done it slowly and with difficulty, I confess, and even to-day I am not absolutely sure that in a case of great anger,——I ought to say that my nurse, who was with me till her death, did her best to break me of the habit. 'It is a sin to swear,' she used to say. 'Then papa sins?' 'Oh, men, that is another thing.' 'Well, I wish to be a man.' And the fact is that the chagrin of being a girl and being obliged to give up all hope of being a man poisoned my early youth. It went so far that I tore up the skirts and elegant hats which my nurse one day brought to me, telling me that henceforth that I must wear them. My playthings were drums, whips, soldiers, and I cared nothing at all for dolls. They did not allow me to associate with other little girls. I grew up among officers, soldiers and sportsmen. Except that of my nurse, I had no feminine influences, and when finally the good woman declared herself incapable of managing so terrible a child, instead of sending me to a boarding-school, they gave me——a tutor. Do you wonder how such an education would result? I have since learned that Sir John had concealed the death of his son from his parents in England, as well as the birth of his daughter, that he had passed me off as a boy in his letters, and he intended to present me as such to his family circle. An old relative, immensely rich, had declared his intention of leaving his fortune to his *son* and not to his *daughter*. That was the cause of my strange education, which my tutor, an intriguer capable of all sorts of manners, continued by the order of my father, who lured him on by magnificent promises. So they persisted in isolating me from all persons of my own sex; they nourished in me sentiments of independence and boldness which they said were peculiar to the masculine character and which I have hardly found in men, when I learned to know them later. Nevertheless, my father and he would have been deceived in their calculations; I had an aversion to everything which resembled a lie, and my greatest pleasure was to show myself to all, proud and free as I was.

"I am persuaded that my grandfather disapproved of this kind of plot, but he had not the boldness to openly oppose Sir John's plans. He gave me work-boxes and knitting needles, at a time when I neither knew how to sew nor to knit, and he could not bear my tutor Darkins. There were violent discussions between him and my father, and the result was that my grandfather changed his garrison, without our following him to his new residence. Rolfe went with him, but my father's house was not the less frequented by officers and sportsmen. I reached my fourteenth year. Suddenly I was told that I was going to a girls' boarding-school. I, who already smoked like a grenadier! This change was owing to a visit from an aunt Eleanor, a sister of my father, and who had come to pass 'a season' at Scheveningen with her husband. She came alone and unexpectedly, surprised my father and discovered, before he could even think of taking measures to prolong his deceit, that her nephew was a niece. My aunt sharply reproached my father for his manner of acting, demanded that I should be sent to a boarding-school, left me fifty pounds for my outfit, and promised me the same gift every year if I behaved myself well and adopted the manners of a well-educated girl.

"Thus I was sent to boarding-school. I could not remain there more than one year. I was the first in my class, for I had been better taught than the other scholars; but when it was a question of hand-work, I showed a wonderful want of skill; I tangled the skeins, broke the needles, tore the cloth and became furious when they scolded me. I fought with the assist-

ant teachers, distributed cuffs among my comrades, who always called me 'Major Frank,' having learned, I know not how, that that was my nickname. At the end of six weeks I ran away, and was brought back by force, by my father; at the end of a year I was sent away as unteachable and incorrigible. And, nevertheless, the occasion of my being sent away was an injustice. Though I was undisciplined and unruly, I had a taste for music. I loved to sing and play on the piano; the music master was the only one who did not complain of me. On the contrary he never ceased to praise me, and one fine day, as we were alone to practice quite a difficult part, he was so delighted that he kissed me."

"The wretch!"

"This imprudence awakened in me a sentiment I had not previously known, that of feminine dignity, and I replied to his insolence by a vigorous blow, accompanied by a couple of expressions which did not exactly belong to the school vocabulary. But that did not make a greater sensation in his cloister. My blow and exclamations resounded through the next room. The scholars and very soon the mistress walked in. The music master pretended that I lost control of myself at a simple reprimand, which he had been obliged to give me. I understood that the poor fellow must lie in order not to lose his daily bread. This idea paralyzed my tongue, and Madame demanded that I should apologize to the musician. 'Never!' was my reply; and they threatened me in vain with the most severe punishments—they got nothing. I was shut up, put on bread and water; all was useless, and then it was that the mistress of the school wrote to my father that she could keep me no longer.

"The good Rolfe came for me. In tears I confided to him the whole truth. He wished to return with me and in the presence of all the pupils tell the fact to this 'Madame;' but I restrained him. It would have done no good and they would have laughed at me. That did not prevent this first experience of social life from being hard. I discovered at the first blow how lies and infamy can be concealed under the cloak of decorum."

"Pardon me, Frances," I interrupted, "I am of your opinion in this sense, that fine manners are something else than a guaranty of moralty and honor; but do you believe that society would be more pleasing to you, if all the evil there is in it were to show itself in all its ugliness?"

"It is certain that we should flee from anything disgusting or horrible."

"But everybody cannot run away; men must live in society, and, provided you are not deceived by it, it is better that what you call the cloak of decorum should give a little more endurable aspect to social life."

We were at the foot of the ruin. We ascended an old stair-case of tottering stairs, which led to an arched vault, which opened out over the country and which had furnished light to what was once a chamber or a hall. The sky had become hazy. The sun, just lost in the clouds, betrayed its presence only by orange or pale red rays, which with difficulty pierced through the mist; as to the fields, they had entirely disappeared under this moist veil. Near the arch, entirely covered with ivy, was a sort of stone bench, on which Frances threw an old grey shawl and we sat down.

"Light your cigar, Leopold," said Frances, "you will listen more patiently to my long story. If I had not long since renounced this luxury, I would set you an example."

"I smoke, Frances, but without being a slave to the habit, and I could not find any pleasure in smoking while you were relating unhappy recollections."

"Leopold, how little of a man you are in the egotistical sense of the word."

I smiled and she went on. "In spite of my adventure with the music-teacher, I was always fond of singing and of the piano. My nurse unearthed a Swiss governess, who happened to be out of a position, and who taught

me how to do woman's work. My father, since he saw his plans spoiled by the unexpected arrival of my English aunt, understood that I must now be educated as a girl, and so assented to it. Now that I was no longer obliged to write letters every year to the old baronet, in which I spoke only of my progress in fencing and horsemanship, and which I signed *Francis* because I was told that this orthography was preferred in England, Sir John received no more remittances as before. It was to them that he owed the power of keeping up his horse on the luxurious footing to which he had been accustomed. He ought to have adopted a simpler style, but he was not wise enough, and from that time he began to encroach upon his capital.

"I believed it to be my duty to keep my aunt Eleanor informed of what happened to me. The excellent woman replied to me affectionately, sent me a second gift of fifty pounds, with many wise exhortations, and promised me that if I continued to improve and conduct myself as I ought, she would have me come to her in London. The same year a heart trouble carried her off and I heard no more of my relations in England. In the mean time Miss Chelles, my governess, had gained my affections. She had turned me from masculine exercises, which had so long been my only pleasure. We took long walks, in the course of which she talked to me of serious things of which no one had ever spoken to me. Through her I learned to know the unfortunate, the poor, and the joy to be had in the exercise of benevolence. She awakened in me the idea of the beautiful in nature; she inspired me with religious sentiments and induced me to receive instructions from a clergyman. Perhaps she would have succeeded in blotting out the 'Major Frank' who still many times looked under the dress and shawl of Frances Mordaunt; but there was the nurse who became jealous of the affection she had awakened. To complete my misfortune, Rolfe returned with the rank of second lieutenant and fell in love with my governess; but my poor Chelles had not the least inclination for this rough soldier, this ogre, as she called him, who terribly frightened her and who made her know his intentions in such a manner that she felt obliged to declare to my father that she would leave the house if Rolfe entered it. This demand was considered unreasonable. My grand-father and my father both took Rolfe's part. As for me, still incapable of understanding my governess's scruples, I found them exaggerated, and I was not yet so converted that the prospect of recovering my entire liberty did not still secretly plead against her. Besides, my father saw an economy in the departure of the governess. In short, she left for France with a family in which she was employed in the same capacity.

"I then became 'Major Frank' again. I accompanied my father in his horseback rides, and I saw that he was a little vain of my skill as a horsewoman. I also followed him in hunting, or in excursions in the carriage, when I used to drive myself, proud of showing my skill and boldness. In the mean time my nurse died. It was a great blow to me. I felt that she had spoken the truth, when she told me that she was the only one in the world who really loved me. Suddenly I was called upon to assume the role of mistress of the house. My father was going to receive a guest, and——"

She stopped suddenly; then fixing her beautiful blue eyes on me with a strange expression——

"Leopold," she asked, "have you associated much with ladies?"

"When I was living with my mother I saw a good deal of her friends, but since then——"

"Not that; I ask you if like most men you have suffered from this intermittent fever, which is called love?"

"I have done my best, cousin, to escape it. Knowing that I was too poor to assume the responsibilities of a family, and having no taste for anything that could not end in marriage, I have always observed the strictest

neutrality in my relations, infrequent as they were, with ladies."

"Then you have never been under the dominion of what is called a passion?"

"I have had no time to allow myself this kind of distraction."

"So much the better for you. But on my own acount I am sorry, because you cannot tell me what I want to know."

"Still, tell me what it is; perhaps I can enlighten you."

"I should like to know if a man with learning and ability, and who is neither a fool nor an imbecile, but who, on the other hand, shows himself capable of great penetration, would not notice very quickly—how shall I express it?—the sentiments he inspires in a young girl even when no word of love passes between them?"

I was greatly embarrassed. What was she coming to? Was it simplicity or malice that made her ask such a question?

"I believe," I said after a moment's reflection, "that generally a man and a woman divine very quickly how each regards the other, even without anything being said."

"That is also my opinion now; but then I was as inexperienced as a child. My father's friends only saw in me a girl badly brought up, capricious and whimsical, a mad-cap, whose society they desired neither for their girls nor for their boys. The attention which some young officers paid me, seemed to me to be the pleasantest thing in the world, and I made fun of it with an indifference which disconcerted the boldest of them. It was then that Lord William came to our house."

"Lord William was introduced to me as an old school-mate of my father's. A painful circumstance, they told me, had decided him to pass some time out of England. My father insisted that he should occupy a room in our house, left at liberty by the departure of my grand-father. Lord William seemed to be rich. He paid liberally for everything. I believe, indeed, that he generously indemnified my father for the increased expense which his stay caused. Although aided by the advice of our housekeeper, I was a little embarrassed and annoyed at having to act as mistress of the house before this stranger, but I was very soon reconciled to my task.

"Lord William (I never knew his family name) was a well educated man and he posessed in the highest degree the gift of talking well. A great lover of art and poetry, reading and speaking several languages, having a passion for archæology, he knew, what we were ignorant of, that the library of our little Dutch village contained treasures of which he intended to make profitable use. It would be impossible for me to tell you my surprise at seeing a man who was evidently very distinguished, and who was fond neither of hunting nor of boisterous pleasures, who disliked all trifling, and who declared that his best moments were those passed in his study, and who with all that was a perfect man of the world. Gentlemen considered him homely; the ladies said nothing, but seemed to be delighted at the least attention that he showed them. I found in him a strange resemblance to our stadtholder, William III, except the pallor. He had a high forehead, features strongly marked, eyes of a sombre cast, and which made you think of an eagle's glance."

"Did he also have his beak?" asked I a little impatiently.

"I told you that he resembled William III," said she, with an astonished look; "he had, like him, a very aquiline nose. It is certain that he very soon exercised a very powerful influence over me. I was not slow in discovering that my manners were not pleasing to him. I very soon discerned in him a certain sentiment of compassion for me, as if he regretted the unfortunate direction given to my tastes. Without his knowledge I heard him ask my father why he did not take me more into society. My father made a pretext of my uncouthness, my roughness, and the few resources offered by our little city. Lord Wil-

liam did not consider himself beaten. He came to me and asked for all sorts of details of my education and of my previous life. I told him all, in my way, without any disguise. 'Do you like to read?' said he. 'Not at all,' I answered, 'I like society, men, action!' 'But if you don't read and read a good deal, you will become a fool, and make a sad figure in the world.' 'If that is so, tell me what I ought to read.' 'I cannot answer you at once, but, if you wish, we will read together and try and make up for lost time.'"

"So it was. It was he who formed my mind and taste. He made me acquainted with the masterpieces of German and French literature; he revealed the beauties of the classics of his own language, and I gladly took from him the lessons which I was never willing to receive from my old tutor—"

"So that you fell in love with each other?" I interrupted in a moment of spite, which I could not control.

"Not precisely. But with your interruptions you make me lose the thread of my recollections. You wish an account of my past life. How far advanced would you be, if I should tell you that Lord William arrived at our house in the beginning of the autumn, and left us at the approach of spring?"

"Without having become engaged to you?" said I, with some anguish.

"Without having become engaged to me," continued she in a dry, cold tone. "But come, cousin, it is late and the tea hour has come." She had scarcely said this when in two steps she was at the bottom of the tottering stair-case. I had some difficulty in rejoining her. She was wrapped in her grey shawl, and there was no opportunity to offer her my arm. I was provoked with myself. I had let her see that, in my opinion, she was dwelling too complaisantly on the perfections of this stranger. And what right had I to be jealous? I was only impertinent and a fool.

It was she who broke the silence. "Leopold," said she, "I see plainly that the recital of my youthful experiences irritates you. If you had gone away this morning, as I desired you to do, I should not now be boring you with my recollections."

"Go on, go on, Frances," said I, in a supplicating tone, "I promise not to interrupt you again."

"Very well, now I am going to tell you that I loved Lord William with all the vivacity of a first love, all the innocence of a young heart which does not know what love is. I very soon discovered that Lord William was dearer to me than the whole world; that my —the uncontrolable girl's—greatest happiness was to obey him in everything, to consult him about everything, to follow him everywhere when I could go with him. I found means of interesting myself in his archæological studies; I translated for him Dutch documents, which previously would have killed me with ennui. On the other hand, having noticed that like all men he liked to have the table well served, I took care that his tastes were satisfied. I paid attention to my toilette, because he, without being in the least foppish, was always well dressed. He took me into the society of our little city. I was always annoyed when he was attentive to other ladies, but I took good care not to let him see it. We also had some receptions and dinners, and the ladies of the city were astonished at the manner in which Major Frank did the honors of the house. The winter drew to an end, and he had resolved that on the first fine day we should all go to visit Castle Werve.

"My grand-father had returned, and I soon saw with regret that he did not share my feelings for Lord William. It was not long before I learned the reason.

"I was on my balcony one fine spring morning, a book in my hand, though not reading, when I heard my grand-father and my father, seated on a bench exactly below me, speaking of Lord William and myself in terms which excited my curiosity to the highest pitch.

"'She shows herself to be infatuated

with him, I tell you,' repeated my grand-father, in a tone of bad humor, 'and he is wholly occupied with her. If I were you, I should insist on his declaring his intentions, so that you could present him as her future husband.'

"My father burst out laughing. 'Major,' said he, 'what are you thinking of? William, whose intentions, by the way, are perfectly honest, was at school with me. He is at most only two or three years younger than I, and Frances is only in her seventeenth year.'

"'What does that matter? Any one would say that she was older, and I repeat it, she is infatuated with him. How is it that you have not seen it?'

"'Bless me!' answered my father, 'Know, then, that William is married, and that I, on the contrary, feel inbebted to him for having made himself the mentor of Frances. She needed it badly enongh.'

"'Really, you are very simple, Sir John, or else you feel a security which I cannot understand.'

"'You would share it, Major, if you knew William as I do. He is a gentleman to the tips of his fingers, and if I suffered him to get the least suspicious of anything of this kind, he would not remain an hour with us. And then he is generous, very generous, and I owe him some consideration. Besides, his stay here is almost at an end. He must return to London to be present at a meeting of—I don't know what Society of Antiquaries of which he is president. The disagreeable affair which compelled him to pass some time on the continent is nearly settled. He dreaded a scandalous lawsuit, and friends intervened. His wife, who is traveling in the South with her family, has written him a very humble letter, in which she asks for pardon and forgetfulness. He told me that he had not yet decided, that he disliked to sue for a divorce. Probably, then —.' At these words the two speakers arose and walked off in the garden. I remained for a long time leaning on the balustrade, immovable as a statue of stone. As soon as I saw that I was alone, I could not restrain a cry of grief. Yes, my grand-father had seen correctly; I loved. I loved passionately, and suddenly I saw that my passion was criminal. And he, had he not deceived me in leaving me in ignorance of what I ought to have known first of all? Ought he not to have foreseen the danger which would result for me in the affectionate relations which he himself had provoked? Doubtless he felt himself invulnerable; doubtless this woman who was traveling there was dear to him. It is true that his manners, though kind, had always been very reserved to me. Once, and once only, had he kissed my hand with some tenderness, to thank me for some attention I had shown him. That night I did not sleep for joy. The next day he had resumed his habitual reserve.

"At first, I wanted to go and find him and reproach him to his face for what I did not fear to call his disloyalty, but he had gone out and was not to return till dinner. At the table I could not help showing him how my feelings towards him had changed. He observed it, and, when the gentlemen lighted their cigars, instead of following me to the parlor, as usual, he also took a cigar and remained. I remembered that I also knew how to smoke, and did the same. I saw him frown, throw down his cigar, and ask me to go with him into his study. That was exactly what I wanted.

"'What is the matter with you, Frances?' he said, 'I cannot imagine what has turned you against me.'

"'With a little reflection, my Lord will find it out without difficulty. You know how I love frankness.'

"'Well.'

"'What can I think of you, when I learn from others that you are married?'

"I saw him grow pale. He answered me coldly, 'Has Sir John announced that to you for the first time, and on what occasion?'

"'Sir John has said nothing to me. I learned it by chance, by chance you

understand, my Lord, and I believe I have some right to know from yourself a little more about your wife.'

"He stepped back a little. His features were contracted, as if under the impression of violent grief. I was even frightened at it. He was silent for some time, walked quickly up and down the room; at length said to me, with a mixture of sadness and discontent,—'I am sorry, Frances, but I did not think the time had come when I could give you such a mark of confidence. You have just touched, brutally, a grievous wound, which on my own account and others I forced myself to conceal. Was it you, a young girl, whom I should initiate in preference to others in the sad secrets of an unhappy marriage? And could I speak to you of a subject, the conclusion of which is so uncertain for me?'

"'And you did not foresee, my Lord, that there could be any danger in leaving me in ignorance?'

"'No, absolutely none. I came here to seek a diversion for my sorrows. I sought it in my favorite studies. I met you at your father's house. He offered me hospitality, and I believed that I had discovered that your education had been neglected and even falsely directed. I tried to remedy it, and I must add that you have seconded my efforts to the fullest extent; but it does not follow from that that I ought to keep you informed of my personal affairs and of my troubles. I fled from England to escape the condolence of my friends and the railery of my enemies. I saw a law-suit in progress in which my name, which your father alone knows here, a name of some distinction in England, would be exposed to all the comments of a public eager for scandals. And should I venture to entertain you with all that, my child? Ought I to darken the golden dreams of your spring, and overwhelm them by the clouds of my autumn?'

"'The clouds must be very thick, my Lord,' I replied, exasperated at the calmness with which he finished his reply, 'if your clear eye did not see that, thanks to this ignorance in which you left me, I embarked on a sea of illusions which kept a cruel shipwreck in store for my vernal dreams.'

"A motion of terror escaped him. I broke out in complaints and reproaches. He fell back on the divan, concealing his face in his hands. He protested that he had imagined nothing. Then, when after having told him all that I had on my heart, I stood sobbing before him, he came towards me and resumed his calm and affectionate tone.

"'My child, all that you tell me is greatly exaggerated. Your imagination has been excited. You are impressionable, susceptible, but too young yet to know a real passion. At your age, young girls almost always have some little love affair, of which some fine dancer is the object. You, who have been kept far from the world by your anti-feminine education, were protected from these light inclinations, but exposed so much the more to a delusion of another kind, which I confess I had not foreseen, that is, that you should be infatuated with the first man who came, who would show toward you more than a common interest. It has happened that I was that man. We have read several plays of Shakespeare. Every young girl imagines that she is Juliet. That is no reason why he who teaches her to know the two gentlemen of Verona should be himself a Romeo. Seriously, Frances, could I be one for you? Look at me, and think how ridiculous such an aspiration would be for me. I am as old as your father, gray, and suffering from a disease which threatens me with consumption; otherwise, I should be very corpulent. All that is far from being poetic, is n't it? Let your reason, your good sense speak, and you will be the first to recognize that I cannot be the hero of a romance.'"

"I was silent; I felt as if I was suffocating under a block of ice. He came towards me, and, laying his hand with great gentleness on my shoulder, said:

"'I was married a year before your

father. I might have had a daughter of your age, and I have had no children. I had gradually accustomed myself to regard you as my daughter. You deprive me of this illusion for the present, at least, for, I am sure, you will some day recover from your folly. It is your head that is moved, not your heart. Believe one, alas! who knows the ravages of passions, and who knows in what disgrace they may involve a woman who has not the energy to conquer them. If I had had a son—I have only a nephew, who will be my heir, and if—'

"'Thanks, my Lord, I could never call you uncle,' and I burst into a fit of nervous laughter. I saw on the table a volume of a fine edition of Shakespeare, which he had given to me. I tore out the leaves and threw them on the carpet. At that moment my maid knocked at the door. She came to warn me that it was time for me to dress. We were engaged for an evening dancing party at a banker's, who was one of the magistrates of the province. My deeply wounded pride enabled me to assume an appearance of pleasure; I even coquetted with the only son of the house, who all winter had shown more than ordinary interest in me. I was pleased to think that Lord William would see that I was wholly alienated from him. I secretly watched him, to see what effect my action produced on his mind. He was as calm and cool as usual. After awhile I seated myself at a card table, and lost a pretty large sum while playing with my grand-father.

"The next day I saw preparations for a departure. Lord William had received some letters, and seemed to be a little anxious for another private conversation with me. I was very much enraged when my father told me after lunch that the banker, at whose house we had been the evening before, had asked permission for his son to visit us. You can understand my disgust. To fall down from Lord William to a Charles Felters!

"I told my father that I did not wish to hear anything more of this ninny.

"'You must,' my father answered, with a tone of authority which was not usual, 'you have encouraged this young man; and think of the result of refusing so good an offer.'

"Poor Charles Felters could not understand his reception. His sprightly partner of the previous evening was changed into a real fury. I declared plainly that I did not care anything about him. He hesitated, stammered, and could not decide to leave. Any moment Lord William might come to say good-bye. I could not have kept this up in his presence. I was out of my head. In the room my father had hung some arms upon the wall. Hardly knowing what I did, I took down two foils, offered one to my bashful lover, and put myself on guard. The unhappy fellow did not even see that they had buttons, threw his foil on the floor, and hastily fled, while I called out after him, 'Come, when you ask to marry Major Frank you should at least know how to fence.'"

"I have heard of this passage of arms," said I to Frances, "and I was told that poor Felters is still running."

"That is the way history is written. The truth is that the innocent fellow made a tour on the Rhine, where he became acquainted with a clergyman's daughter, who made him a happy husband and father; but this happy end did not prevent his family from swearing a mortal hatred to me, of which I have been only too well aware. I still held my foil in my hand when Lord William appeared. His look showed a formal disapproval. 'If your father had followed my advice, Frances,' said he, 'he would not have made such a communication so soon. But was that a reason for acting in this manner? For shame! to treat thus a poor devil, who has, perhaps, never in all his life handled a foil. Well, come, I have always hesitated about testing your skill at fencing. Allow me to ask for revenge in honor of the unfortunate fugitive.' And, without waiting for a reply, he picked up the foil which Charles Felters had thrown down and exclaimed, 'on guard!'

"I literally no longer knew where I was. I did not wish to recede; I wanted to show him that he had not got to deal with a bungler. He managed his weapon with a lightness and firmness which I had never supposed possible in a scholar. He confined himself to parrying, but so skillfuly that I could not succeed in hitting him. I exhausted myself in desperate efforts, but I was not willing to acknowledge myself conquered.

"'Something else than a woman's arm is needed for such an exercise,' he said coldly, after having repelled a fresh attack.

"Pique and anger gave me new strength. I rushed at him, my foil broke against his breast; the violence of the blow made the point penetrate his flesh, and a slender stream of blood poured out on his shirt. I was beside myself with grief and repentance. At that moment Sir John and my grandfather appeared. 'It is nothing, gentlemen,' said he; 'a mere scratch; a little satisfaction which I owed to Frances, and which, perhaps, will cure her of her taste for arms, so unfeminine.'

"'Never, never, will I touch them again,' cried I, seeing that the handkerchief which he applied to his wound was in a few seconds filled with blood. And I have kept my word—which did not prevent my reputation as a duellist being fully and completely established. Charles Felters and Lord William's servant did not fail to blab; I soon perceived it from the manner in which I was received in the city from that time. Lord William was not willing that a surgeon should be called in. He gained his chamber, and had his wound, which, happily, was not dangerous, dressed by his servant. I fled to my chamber, with the remorse of Cain. I was resolved to throw myself at his feet and implore his pardon. But the crisis had come, and I fell upon a lounge and slept a feverish sleep, which frightened my maid, but from which nothing could awaken me for several hours. When, at length, I did awake, Lord William had gone. I was taken seriously ill. As soon as possible, my grand-father carried me to Werve for a purer air. Sir John told me, when I got well, that Lord William had certainly shown great complaisance in allowing himself to be touched by me, for at Eaton he possessed superior skill in fencing, and his departure from England had been preceded by a duel with a captain of the horse-guards, whom he had left on the ground. 'In real justice,' he added, 'it would have been still better for him to have killed his wife; no English jury would have found him guilty, after what had happened. Now he is reconciled with her, at least in appearance. He writes me that he is going to travel, always travel.'"

"And you have heard nothing more of this Lord," said I to Frances, after this long account, to which I had listened with as much sadness as attention.

"Never, I do not even know his family name. Then, things happened one after the other. My father died suddenly, a short time after; my grandfather was promoted. I went with him to Z———, where I promised myself to inaugurate an entirely different kind of life; but we so easily efface the traces of such a past. But here we are at the house; the gentlemen are already at tea. Leopold, I have comforted myself, in thus entrusting you with my secrets. Another time I will tell you more; but do not speak to me, unless I ask you to, about what I have told you. There are times when I could not bear the thought of it,—times when I must forget, cost what it may."

"I promise you that, Frances," I answered, pressing her hand.

To tell you, dear Willem, the impressions of all sorts which crossed my poor head while I record all this for you, in my large chamber with the curtained bed, would be impossible. I have spared you from that during the recital itself. I am sad and irritated; still I ought to consider, when she tells me of her rough experiences—of her "years of campaigning"—that she has

not reached her twenty-fifth year, without her heart having played its part in her history. If she had told me of ordinary deceptions, of a broken engagement, of an ill-placed inclination, I should easily have reconciled myself to it. What displeases me more than I should dare tell you is that this Englishman has taken the place which I flattered myself I should be the first to occupy,—that of a man who should succeed in inspiring her with confidence, in exercising a controlling and kindly influence upon her. Time has moderated the violence of her passion for him, but she has not forgotten him; and it is certainly the worship she has not ceased to devote to his memory that has rendered her so indifferent to the merits of others. Who knows, if in telling me all this story, she did not wish to make me understand that it would be useless to try to dethrone her idol? Did she not bluntly tell me at our first meeting that, if I came with any proposition whatsoever of marriage, she would leave me there on the heath? I see myself shrunken and belittled in her eyes. Is there not on the mantelpiece, in the parlor, a medallion of William III. who seems to look at me ironically, as if he would say, "Too late, my boy!"

Yet I still ask myself if I am not absurdly jealous of a vain shadow. All this passed four years ago. She is no longer a little girl, fancying that she will find a Romeo in a mentor who is already more than fifty years old. Who knows if the comparison which she cannot fail to make to-day would be disadvantageous to me?

I cannot remain longer in this perplexity. At the risk of committing an imprudence, I shall ask her, categorically, if the loss of her Lord William is irreparable. I must finally know where I stand.

TO BE CONTINUED.

GLINTS FROM OVER THE WATER.

P. B. Cogswell, foreign correspondent of the Monitor and Statesman, for a year, has written a book with the above title, in which he has accurately stated what he knows about Europe. Mr. Cogswell gives a plain, matter-of-fact statement of his journeyings and researches, which gives the reader an accurate idea of all that is to be seen on a European tour, following the same route. Those intending to make a foreign trip will be benefitted by studying this book; those who remain at home will be delighted with its perusal. It is a welcome addition to the literature of the Granite State, and should be placed in every public and private library. The volume lacks illustrations, but there is ample compensation in the word-paintings, in which line Mr. Cogswell is especially felicitous. We predict for the book an extensive sale.

TO THE SEA.

BY H. M. B.

O softly murmuring sea;
O shimmering silvery sea,
What a spell thou dost cast o'er me
As I view thee spread before me.
Though so gently thou dost woo me,
With persistence thou dost sue me.
Firmly wave on wave advancing,
With music soft my soul entrancing,
'Till with cadence low and sweet
Thou break'st in ripples at my feet.

O glorious, sunlit sea;
O changing, marvellous sea;
Thou art full of strange surprises,
When the mighty day-god rises
All thy rosy waves are beaming,
On thy bosom gems are gleaming,
And thy crested, foamy billows
Seem inviting, downy pillows,
But thy wildly heaving breast,
Is a dangerous place of rest.

O soft, beseeching sea;
O wildly passionate sea;
All my soul goes forth to meet thee,
Eagerly I turn to greet thee.
Thou sing'st to me of glad to-morrows,
Wilt thou, then, give joy for sorrows?
Banish pain and sore distresses?
Soothe me with thy soft caresses?
If thou'lt pledge but this to me,
Gladly will I come to thee.

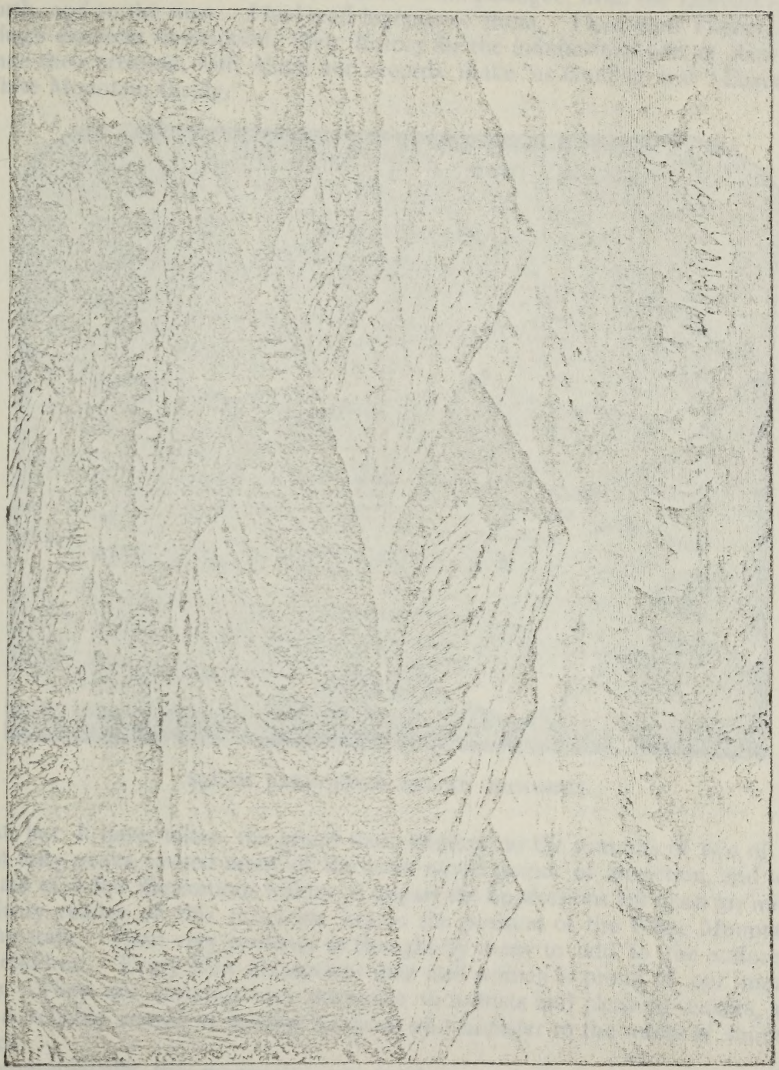
O bold, commanding sea;
O strong, o'ermastering sea;
Like a slave I kneel before thee,
With my conquered heart adore thee.
Thou com'st to me with banners flying,
Slaying those thy right denying,
All thy prowess my brave lover
Unto me thou dost discover.
Boldly thou dost come to me,
Like a conqueror, proud sea.

O deep, mysterious sea;
O cruel, treacherous sea;
Why do I still linger near thee?
Though I love thee, still I fear thee.
Fear thy wild, weird incantations,
Fear thy wondrous fascinations,
Thou wilt fill my soul with sadness,
Fire my restless brain with madness;
Till, o'ercome with wild alarms,
I leap for refuge to thy arms.

CONCORD, N. H.

THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

BY J. N. McCLINTOCK.



WHITE MOUNTAIN RANGE, FROM MILAN.

I had never visited the White Mountains. My first view of them was in my childhood, when from a hill, a little way from my home in Hallowell, on the banks of the Kennebec, my father pointed them out. In the spring mornings they reflected the light from their snow-covered summits, and seemed like clouds solidified. He told me that he had seen them far out at sea.

When, a junior at Bowdoin, I was offered a school at Gorham for the winter, I eagerly accepted, for the mountains had lost none of their majesty, and were clothed in romance. All through that season the mountains were inaccessible to me.

One summer I surveyed the eastern slope of Gardner Mountain, where great veins of copper ore out-crop, and for weeks the White and Franconia Ranges bounded the eastern horizon and were constantly before me. I had seen their grand and massive forms from Lake Winnipiseogee, from the railroad to the north, and to the west. I had read legends of them. I had read Thomas Starr King's eloquent description, their history for the infinitesimal part of their age, since their creation, with which our records make us familiar, and "Eastman's White Mountain Guide."



SQUAM LAKE, FROM MOUNT CHOCORUA.

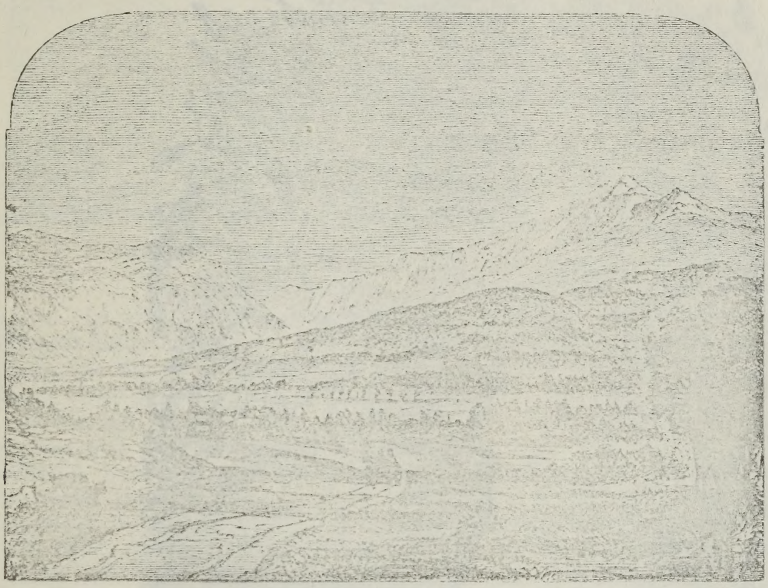
At last I have taken the grand tour, climbed to the summits of two of the most lofty peaks, visited many of the most noted points of attraction, and with the aid of a few illustrations will try to impart the impressions left upon my mind.

Every reader of this magazine knows the position of the White Mountains in the state. Their very presence is thought by many to add to the stature of our children. Every New Hampshire man and woman is proud of our mountains. They are certainly very attractive to tourists and pleasure seekers, and are a reliable source of income to those who minister to the wants of summer travel.

Geographically, the mountains are in three counties,—Grafton, Coös and Carroll. Lake Winnipiseogee is the southern boundary of the mountain district; the Boston, Concord and Montreal railroad follows up its western limit; the Grand Trunk railroad lies to the northward; and the state line between Maine and New Hampshire, and the Eastern railroad, are to the east and south. There are only three important thoroughfares through this district,—the stage-road

from Plymouth up the valley of the Pemigewasset, connecting at the Profile House with the Profile and Franconia Notch railroad, which is laid out from Bethlehem; the Portland and Ogdensburg railroad through the Notch and down the valley of the Saco river; and the carriage road from Glen Station on the latter railroad, through the Glen to Gorham, on the Grand Trunk railroad. One of the most frequented routes in the highlands leads directly over the summit of Mount Washington, and so may be classed as a thoroughfare. It is claimed that these summits are the highest east of the Mississippi river,— Mount Washington, the highest, rising 6,291 feet above the ocean.

Geologically, the White Mountains are of the very oldest formation. Their summits have preserved their form during the creation of the earth's strata.



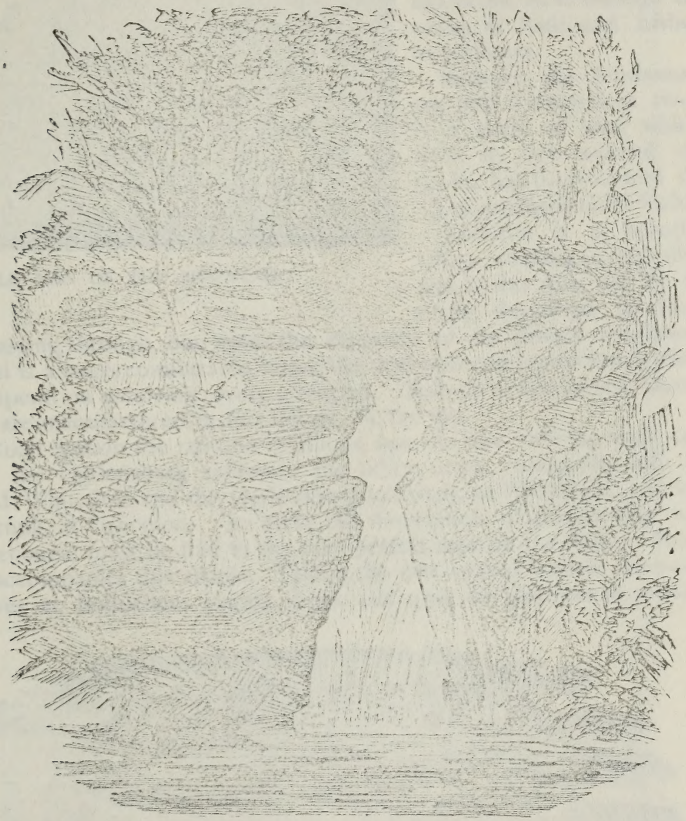
FRANCONIA MOUNTAINS, FROM THORNTON.

At Plymouth the traveller realizes that he is approaching the mountains as he enters the great caravansary, the Pemigewasset House, and sees the spacious dining-room rapidly fill, while the long express trains await the convenience of the tourists. Stage coaches, drawn by six horses, are in waiting for those who wish to follow up the valley of the Pemigewasset river. The road leads through Campton and Thornton, and follows the course of the river which descends from the Franconia Notch.

The most exquisite views of mountain scenery greet one on every hand. This is the way which leads to Georgianna Falls, the Flume, Profile Lake, a view of the Old Man of the Mountains, and that most popular summer resort, the Profile House. The road passes many comfortable hotels and boarding-houses, located with special reference to scenery and surroundings.

Following the great stream of travel, one again boards the White Mountain express train at Plymouth, after a regal dinner, and is borne northward through the villages in Rumney and Wentworth, to Warren. The sagacious traveller will tarry in this village and ascend Moosilauke. The carriage road from the station follows the valley of Baker's river, amid the most charming scenery, to the Breezy Point House, where the comfortable carriage is exchanged for the

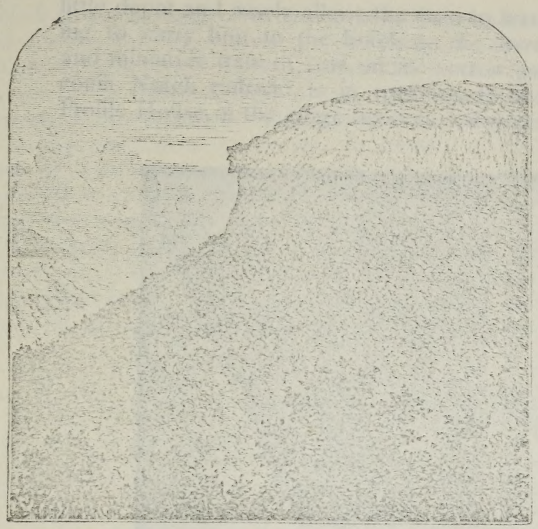
novel *buck-board*, and the real ascent commences. The road is good, with a grade of one thousand feet to the mile, and leads through a primeval forest by a tortuous course, until the woods dwindle to mere mountain shrubs, and, near the summit, entirely disappear. Good bed and board await the tired and hungry adventurer. The view to be obtained from this isolated peak well repays the trouble of reaching this elevation of nearly five thousand feet, for not only are the White and Franconia ranges in full view, but the whole central portion of the state is in sight, and the mountains on the distant horizon can be easily located in Maine, Massachusetts, Vermont, New York and Canada. One gets a birds-eye view of Winnipiseogee Lake, while to the west and south are



GEORGIANNA FALLS.

caught many glimpses of the Connecticut river, embosomed in fertile intervals. The sunset and sunrise on this mountain, when the vales below are clothed in gloom, are experiences long to be remembered.

Once more aboard the train, the tourist is carried over Warren Summit, over a thousand feet above the ocean, and gets a grand view of Moosilauke and the frowning cliff of Owl's Head. One can take a team at the summit and find a good road, leading north over the mountainous valley in Benton and thence down to Dansville, by which he can enter the elevated and picturesque valley which constitutes the new town of Easton, and get a fine view of Kinsman and Cannon mountains. The road leads thence to Franconia and Lisbon.



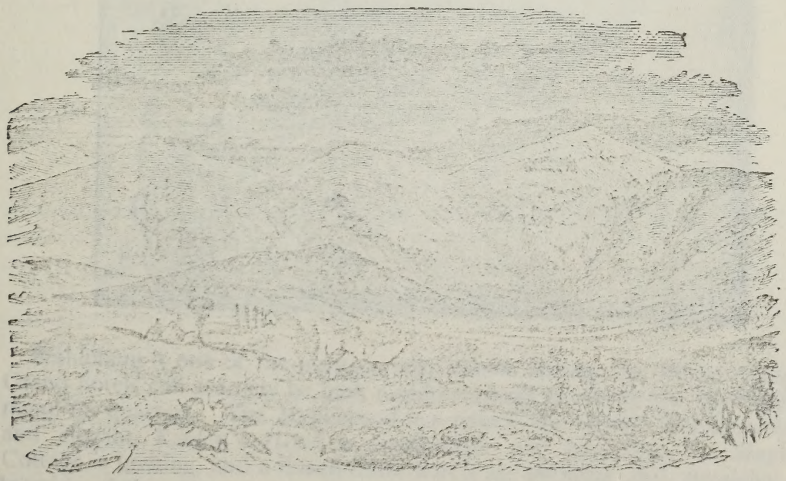
OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN.

At Wells river another stream of travel from the south, following up the Connecticut river, joins that which comes over the route already described. From the north-west, the general course is changed to north-east, and the train dashes up the valley of the Ammonoosuc river through the towns of Bath and Lisbon to Littleton.

Between the Ammonoosuc and Connecticut rivers is a body of land which, from its rich mineral deposits, has been named the "Ammonoosuc Gold Field."

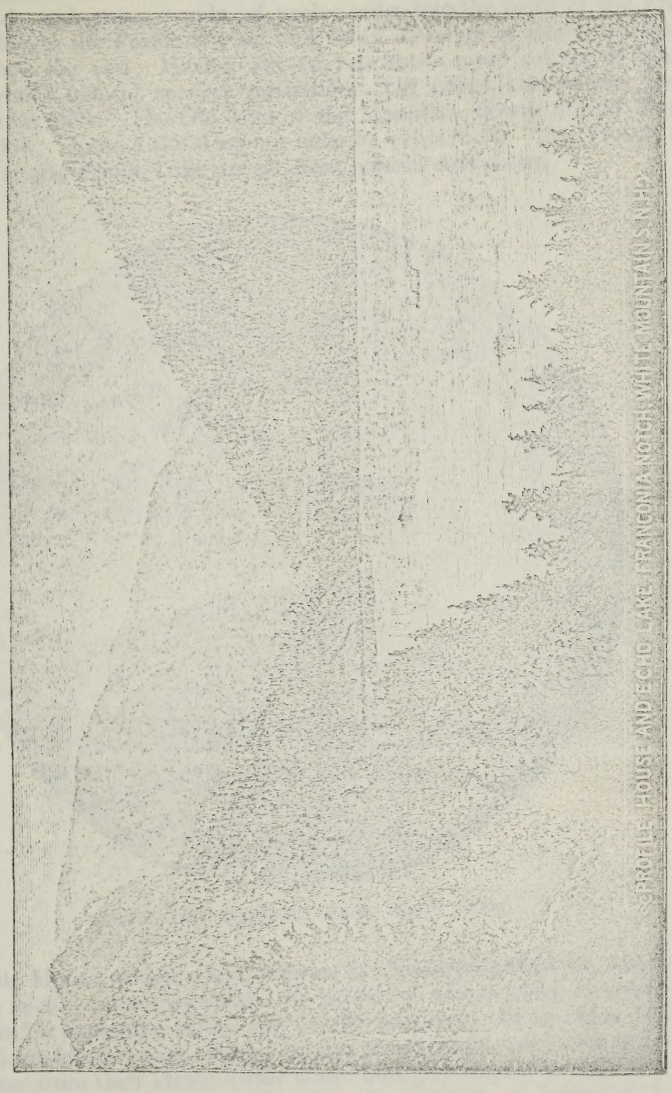
Littleton is a beautiful village nestling in the valley, and in due time will be fittingly described in these pages. In passing through, one notes the elegance of its private residences. Thayer's hotel is a large, comfortable, home-like and well-conducted hotel, where guests can depend on receiving every attention. Kilburn's celebrated stereoscopic views are manufactured in this village, by the ton.

At Wing Road Station the railroad branches, one division running east, connecting with the Ogdensburg railroad; the other, north, connecting with the Jefferson and Whitefield and the Ogdensburg railroads, at Whitefield, and with the Grand Trunk, at Groveton. To make the description of this locality more intelligible, recourse must be had to the very perfect map of the White Mountains which accompanies this article. Taking the first named branch, the tourist quickly arrives at Bethlehem station, steps out upon the platform of a dainty



WHITE MOUNTAIN RANGE, FROM JEFFERSON.

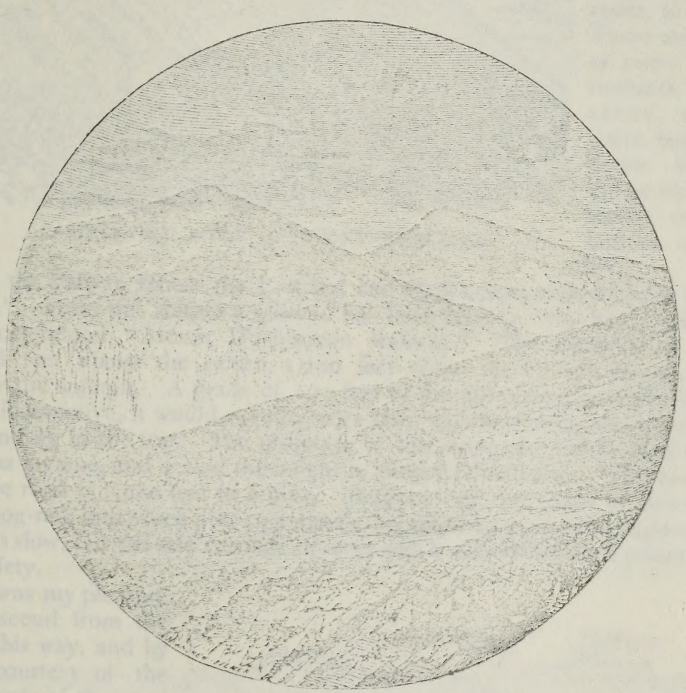
little depot and wisely allows the train to leave him. The coaches are in waiting to carry him to the hotels on *the street;* while the diminutive locomotive and miniature train of cars, on the narrow gauge track of the Profile and Franconia Notch railroad, is in readiness to bear him away to Echo Lake and the Profile House, in the gorge between Lafayette and Cannon mountains.



Bethlehem is one of the most popular resorts among the White Mountains. Grand hotels can scarcely be built rapidly enough to supply the increasing demand for quarters. The Maplewood is a palace, the Sinclair House is spacious and elegant, Ranlett's Hotel is comfortable and home-like, the Maplewood Cottage is inviting, and a dozen other hotels are pleasing and attractive. The location of the village is one of its principal charms, its elevation rendering the

air clear and bracing, while the prospect is extensive and charming. The street for about a mile is carefully graded, wide, and bordered by sidewalks. Everything is clean, and free from dust, owing to the famous system of water-works of which the village is justly proud. The hotels in this region claim the longest season of any among the mountains.

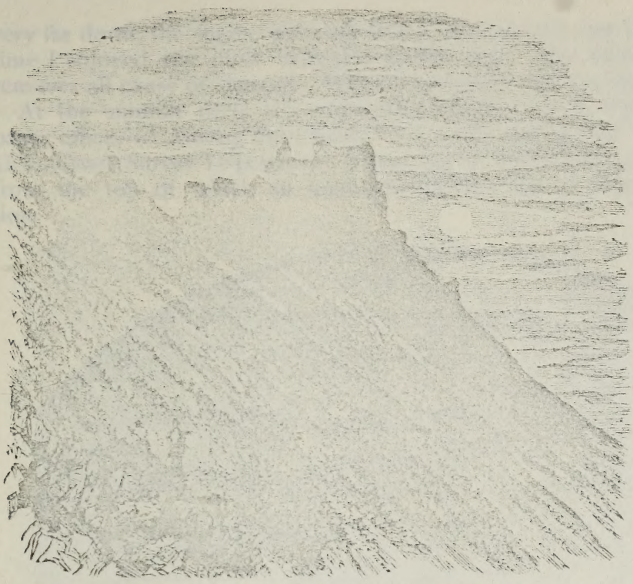
At the Bethlehem Station one should take the train on the narrow gauge road just mentioned, and enjoy a ride of twelve miles into the heart of the Franconia Mountains, to the Profile House, built at an elevation of nearly two thousand feet above the sea. Having arrived, one enters upon a scene of sylvan beauty and grand natural scenery unrivalled. On either side of the gorge tower precipitous cliffs. The Old Man of the Mountain frowns sternly on the busy world below. Echo Lake does not belie its reputation. The Flume, the Pool, the Basin, and Profile Lake are all great natural attractions.



ADAMS AND MADISON, FROM GLEN PATH.

The Profile House, within whose interior five hundred guests are entertained, is a town in itself,—a baronial castle, the power of whose chief in maintaining his state is in his executive ability and courtly manners. In ye olden times the sons of patrician families were pages; so now many bright-eyed boys and blooming girls come from their classic *alma mater* and give dignity to menial offices. Bridle and foot paths lead from the hotel to the summits of Lafayette, Cannon and Bald mountains. On the waters of Echo Lake there is a beautiful little steamer and many model row-boats. Profile Lake in the afternoon is in the shadow of Cannon Mountain, and offers a most delightful opportunity to enjoy a row, protected by an awning of massive granite.

Again taking the cars from Bethlehem station, the journey up the valley is renewed. Under the management of veteran hotel proprietors are joined the

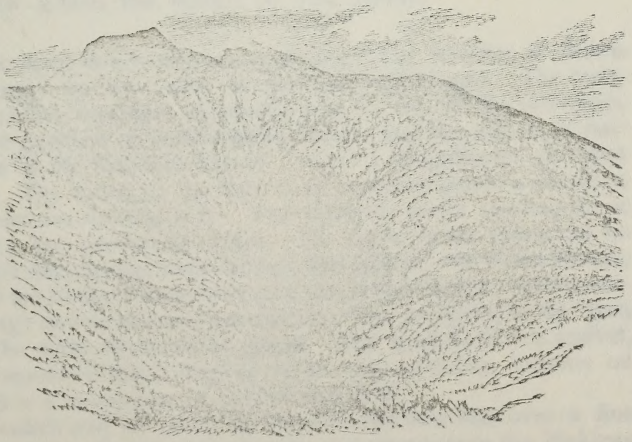


CASTELLATED RIDGE OF MOUNT JEFFERSON.

Twin Mountain, Fabyan and Crawford houses, the latter being situated at the very summit of the Notch, and facing the Gate of the Mountains. From all along this valley the scenery is grand. The whole Presidential range looms up to the east; the Franconia, to the south. There are mountains on every hand; bald summits, precipitous sides, sinuous ravines, beetling cliffs, dense forests, and the gentlest of rural scenes in the rich bottom of the valley.

At the Fabyan House the Portland and Ogdensburg railroad joins the "Montreal." From this station a railroad has been built to "the base," where begins the celebrated "Mount Washington Railway." The elevation of the base is 2,668 feet above the ocean, 1,200 feet above the Fabyan House, and 3,625 below the summit. A grade of 200 feet to the mile being possible for an ordinary locomotive, it would require more than eighteen miles of ordinary railroad to wind up to the top. The projector of this stupendous work took the mountain as it came, and scaled the height in almost a direct line. The steepest grade on the road is 1,980 feet to a mile. Between the two rails of this road there is a cog-rail, into which play cog-wheels, operated by a powerful engine. The ascent is slow, but the safe carriage of over one hundred thousand passengers attest its safety.

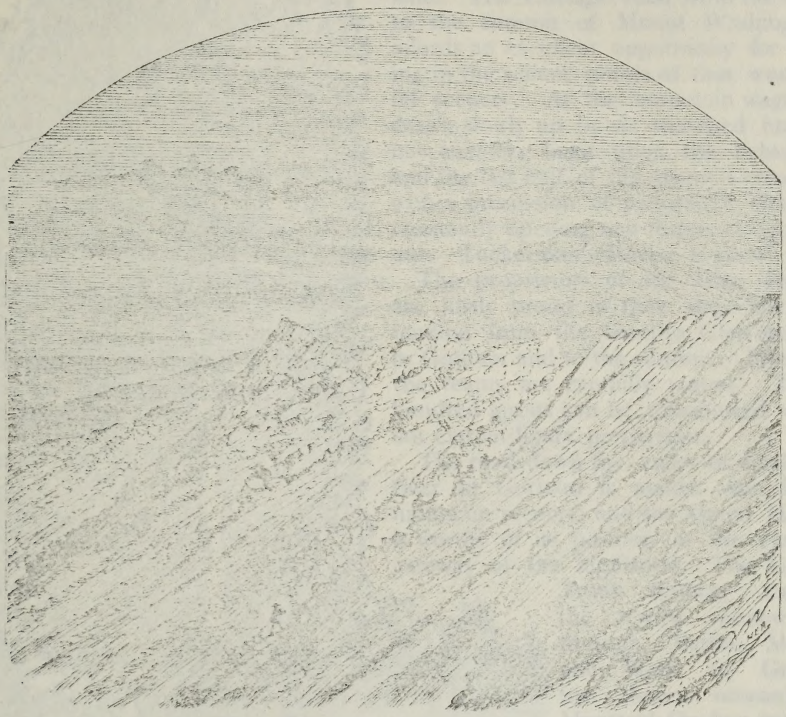
It was my pleasure to descend from the top this way, and by the courtesy of the employés of the road I was seated in the rear of the tender, overhanging the track. During my stop upon the summit clouds had obstructed the view; when, soon after leaving, we descended beneath the vapor, a magnificent panorama opened out before us,—half New England seemed in view. The base was



RAVINE IN MOUNT ADAMS, FROM RANDOLPH HILL.

very far down, the engine was very heavy, the cog-rail very light,—in fact, for a time I enjoyed the most delicious bodily fear. The most skilful engineering removes all cause of danger. Will a wise policy make it always so?

At the summit there is a commodious hotel, a U. S. Signal Station, a newspaper office,—"Among the Clouds,"—a stable and several outbuildings. The U. S. Coast Survey Department is erecting an observatory on the very summit, from the top of which an unobstructed view can be obtained in every direction.

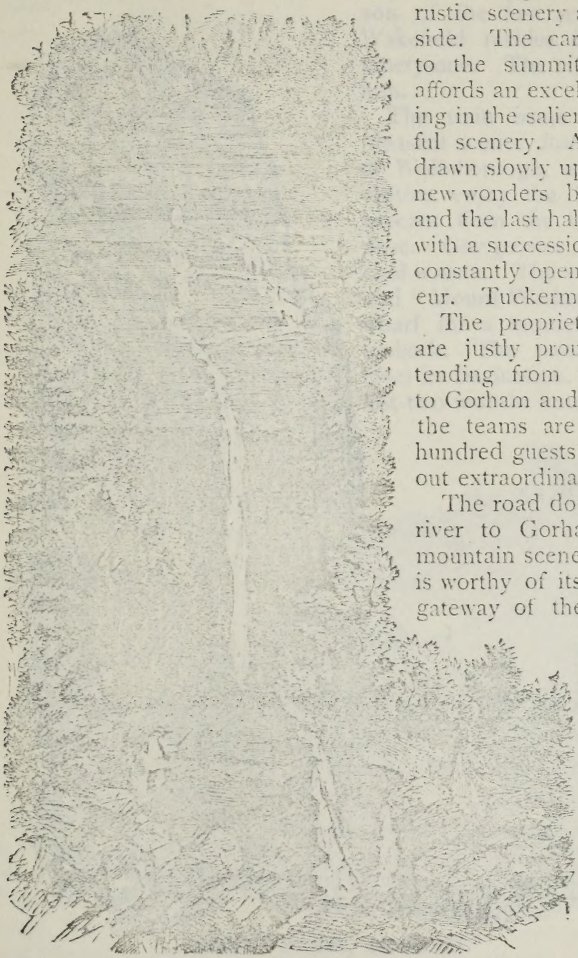


VIEW ACROSS THE SUMMIT OF THE RAVINE.

Taking a seat in the open observation car at Fabyan's the traveller is drawn over the "Ogdensburg," up the valley to the Crawford House. The train, leaving this station, makes a plunge, apparently into the side of the mountain, and amid some of the grandest of human achievements and the wildest of natural scenery, the Gate of the Notch is passed. What a magnificent prospect then greets the eye! The Valley of the Saco is an immense gulch, a ravine, a chasm, with lofty mountains shutting it in. The railroad seems to cling to, or hang suspended from the precipitous sides. Far down in the valley can be caught glimpses of the old carriage road through the Notch; the Willey House, the scene of the fatal avalanche which destroyed the Willey family; while overhead are towering crags and threatening precipices. The prospect, to be seen on every hand as the train descends, is grand. The road itself is a marvel, as it leads along the mountain side, bridging chasms and mountain torrents on lofty tressel-work. It is a monument of engineering skill.

At Glen Station a coach and six await the traveller and bear him over a fine gravel road, through scenes of enchanting beauty and grandeur in the Pinkham

Notch, to the "Palace Hotel of the Mountains,"—the Glen House,—where cordial welcome and polite attention await him. This hotel is an institution, a capital of a principality. A thousand acres of undulating, fertile and highly cultivated land surround the buildings, while, rising in majesty before the hotel, are the noble summits commemorating our early presidents, and in the rear, the grand domes of the Carter range. Glen Ellis Falls is one of the attractions of the neighborhood, and beautiful bits of rustic scenery are to be found on every side. The carriage road from the Glen to the summit of Mount Washington, affords an excellent opportunity for taking in the salient points of that wonderful scenery. As the mountain wagon is drawn slowly up by six matched horses, new wonders burst upon the beholder, and the last half of the ascent is crowded with a succession of panoramic changes constantly opening new features of grandeur. Tuckerman's Ravine is grand.



SILVER CASCADE, IN THE NOTCH.

The proprietors of the Glen House are justly proud of their stage line, extending from the hotel to Glen station, to Gorham and to the summit. Most of the teams are carefully mated. Three hundred guests can be transported without extraordinary preparation.

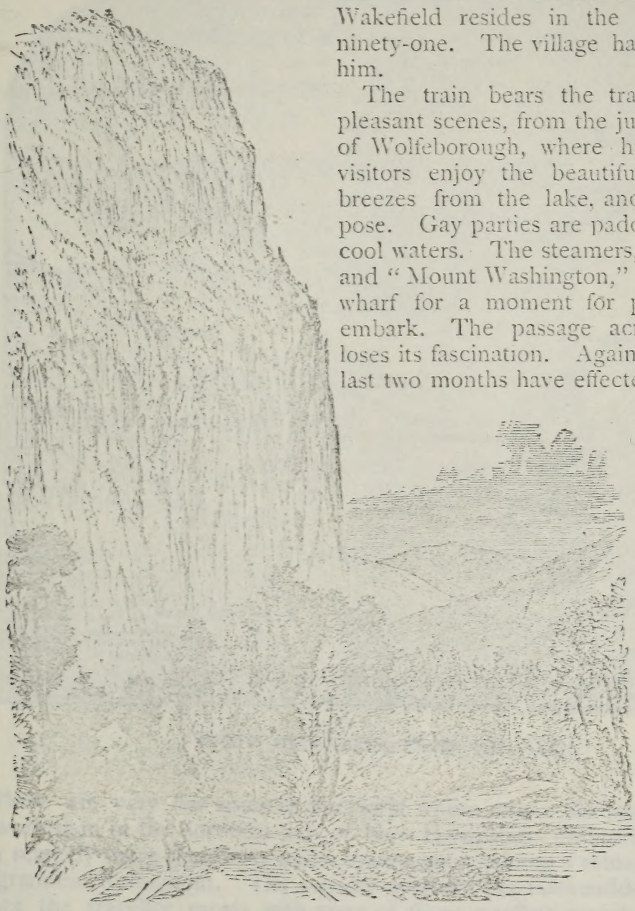
The road down the valley of Peabody river to Gorham is amidst the finest mountain scenery, and the Alpine House is worthy of its position at the eastern gateway of the highlands. The Grand Trunk Railway carries the tourist westward through Berlin, Milan, and Stark to Groveton, thence onward to Montreal, Quebec and the West.

Again embarking at Glen station, the ride to North Conway, down the valley of the Saco, brings one to a junction with the Eastern Railroad. North Conway is delightfully situated at the base of Kearsarge Mountain, in the midst of the most romantic scenery. As a summer resort it is justly celebrated. The Kearsarge Hotel is one of the best among the mountains.

Taking the observation car on the Eastern Railroad, the traveller is hurried through a wild country, through the towns of Madison, Ossipee and Whitefield, to Wolfeborough junction, thence onward to Boston.

While waiting for the train to carry me to Wolfeborough, to connect with the "Lady of the Lake" and the "Montreal" train for Concord, I had a chance to examine the village that has grown up about the depot.

Sanborn's Mills (post-office) or Wolfeborough Junction (station) has the thriving appearance of a western town. In the centre of some of its streets can be seen, even with the surface, the stumps of those monarchs of the forest, which, until the opening of the Wolfeborough Branch in 1872, covered the whole site of the settlement. The Sanborn House, close by the depot, is well conducted and meets the approval of the travelling public. The village boasts of about sixty dwellings, a handsome church, a rectory, and a fine school-house. The son of the first settled minister of the town of Wakefield resides in the village, at the age of ninety-one. The village has grown up around him.



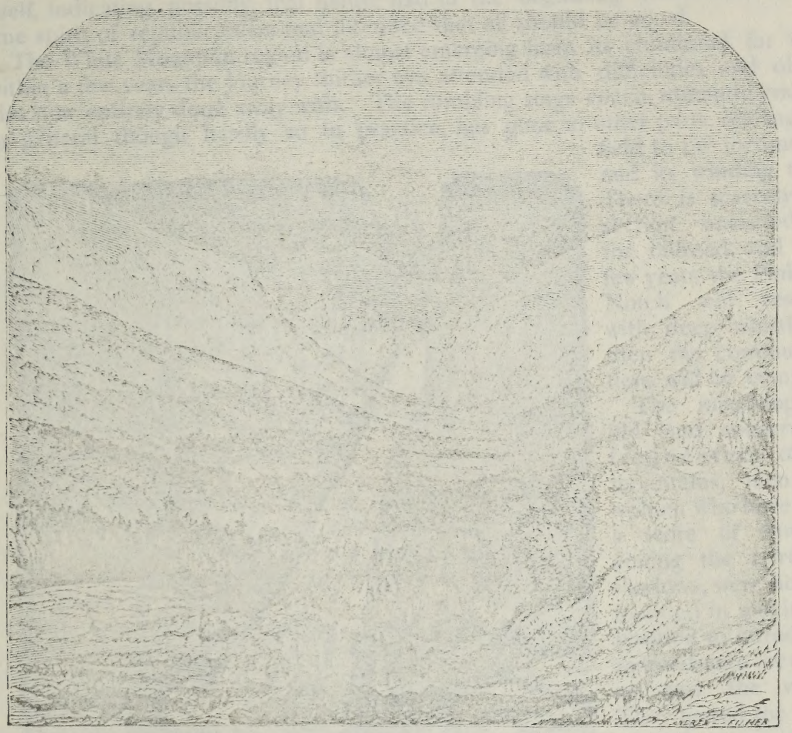
GIANT'S STAIRS, BARTLETT.

The train bears the traveller quickly, amid pleasant scenes, from the junction to the village of Wolfeborough, where hundreds of satisfied visitors enjoy the beautiful scenery, the cool breezes from the lake, and the air of quiet repose. Gay parties are paddling about over the cool waters. The steamers, "Lady of the Lake" and "Mount Washington," meet at the railroad wharf for a moment for passengers to land or embark. The passage across the lake never loses its fascination. Again at the Weirs! The last two months have effected wonders in its surroundings and attractions. "The Hotel Weirs" is almost finished—each room being occupied as fast as finished. The Veterans G. A. R. have built a village in the grove, with a grand dining and reunion pavilion. A multitude of new cottages have been erected. A new depot has been constructed, and the roads and lawns are being carefully graded, greatly to the improvement of the place.

So I visited the White Mountains! Every native of New Hampshire, and of New England, should at some time make a pilgrimage to these grand old mountains. They have become national property and pride, and are famed throughout the civilized world. The visit is one to be remembered throughout life. The eye is educated, the mind informed, the imagination enlarged; the grand forces of nature are indelibly impressed upon the memory and the understanding.

THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

BY CHARLES R. CORNING.



WHITE MOUNTAINS, FROM THE GLEN.

There are very few spots in the world where nature has been more lavish in its work than in the northern part of New Hampshire, embracing in all a section scarcely more than forty miles square, yet retaining a remarkable uniformity of grandeur throughout. The scenery nowhere becomes suddenly transformed, hence the traveller meets with none of those startling sensations so frequently experienced in journeying through the Swiss mountains. Here one feels the spirit of nature, in Switzerland one sees it. Approach the White Mountain range from any point you choose, from Conway, Bethlehem or the Glen, the peculiar characteristics of each summit present themselves in unvarying regularity, steadily unfolding, as it were, showing themselves little by little.

There are but two or three bits of scenery in all the mountain district which are really abrupt, that is, unexpected. Nature appears to have laid out the New Hampshire mountains with a design of equality, for one observes throughout a remarkable degree of uniformity, both as regards size and position.

In many parts of Switzerland one peak may alone constitute the chief attraction of the particular district, one solitary mountain rising in grandeur, spurn-

ing the earth and towering far above the neighboring summits; but in our state a feature of this description rarely ever meets the eye. The Matterhorn, with its sharp peak, rises nearly four thousand feet above its nearest companion, and Mount Blanc stands almost alone in its glory; but in the Presidential range there are five mountains, each of which attains an altitude only a few hundred feet less than that of Washington.

Look at the range from any point and the same unchangeable similarity shows itself, indicating, possibly, that nature had in the beginning conformed to the true spirit of republicanism and intended that all should be equal.

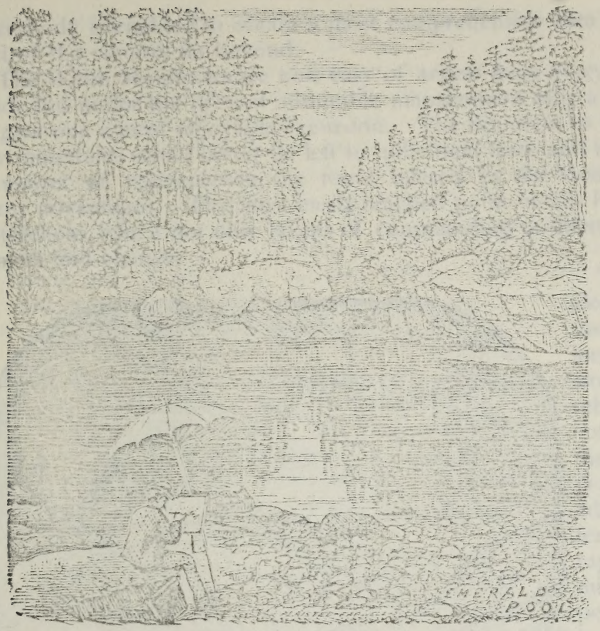
The White Mountain region is almost emerging from its childhood, for until within a few years the journey thither was attended with difficulties and obstacles now entirely done away with. The rumbling stage coach, romantic enough in general though hardly so in practice, has gone to other parts, leaving the field to the locomotive and its winding train. There is scarcely any section unvisited by the railroad, and in a few years the Pinkham Notch will resound with deep whistles,—then the communications will be complete.



GLEN ELLIS FALLS.

The misgivings of old and conservative frequenters of the mountains, men and women who have spent a score of summers among the refreshing shadows, were not well founded in making opposition to introducing railroads into the notches and the valleys. They feared the effect of such an inovation, and shook their heads at the thought of parlor cars rolling amid the pine forests. The experiment has even exceeded expectation, and the advent of railroading has marked the beginning of a new epoch in the White Mountain history. The reluctance to make a long and tedious stage journey has deterred thousands of people from seeing the wonders of the Franconia range or the magnificence of the Crawford Notch. Now, under the enterprise of to-day, it would be impossible to name a single locality in all the district which may not easily be reached by rail in a few hours. So complete are the travelling connections that a passenger may eat breakfast in Boston and supper on the top of Mount Washington. The temperature may stand among the nineties in Boston, but in nine hours one may obtain a change strongly suggestive of the arctic circle. People were once contented if this same trip could be accomplished in a week of steady plodding and toiling.

Instead of robbing one of the varied scenery, the railroads have actually done a great deal toward developing everything lying in their way. If one doubts



EMERALD POOL.

this, it would be a convincing proof to take a ride through the Crawford Notch on the Portland and Ogdensburg line, or over the short distance from the Fabyan to the Base. These both afford far more pleasure than the former method of conveyance used to give.

The trouble with the turnpike through the Crawford Notch was that nobody ever got correct impressions of the surrounding scenery. Every mountain had to be critically surveyed with the eye,—a wearying process at any time, but especially so when inside the coach,—and exhausted with the effort, weariness soon overcame one. There were no means of forming estimates of the mountains up and down the notch, for one appeared as lofty as another, and the vigorous growth of pine on the sides readily deceived the majority who attempted any measurements. Now and then a huge sheet of rock, high up towards the top, pleased the traveller, and occasionally the splashing of a silver cascade furnished music to the same weary soul.

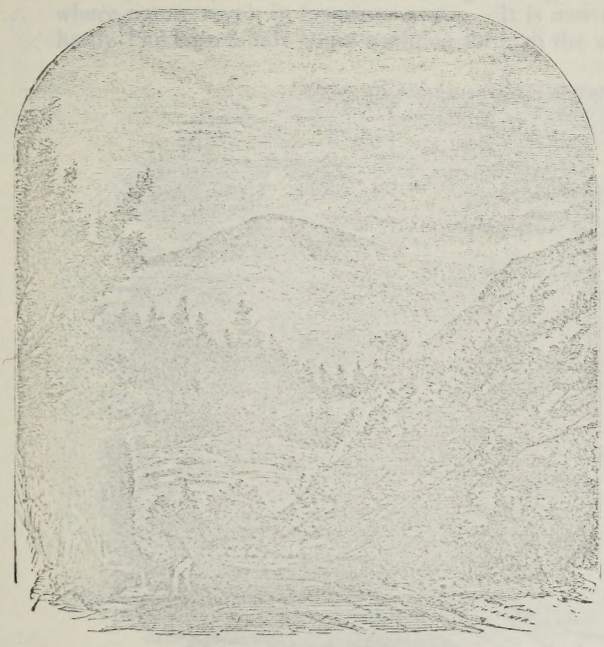
In riding along the carriage road the intervening hills quite shut out the distant view of Mount Washington range, and the magnificent panorama of lofty summits which now presents itself to the sight-seer, was then nearly, if not entirely lost. The line of railroad runs along the mountain side, far above the old road, and the rate of speed is so decreased that



THOMPSON'S FALLS.

everybody is enabled to obtain a most comprehensive idea of the entire notch and of the country far beyond.

The White Mountains are now easy of access from every part of New England, and under the present admirable management only a few days are needed to give one a most enjoyable excursion. The direction to be taken in entering the mountains would better be left to individual taste and inclination, though, in a matter of convenience, the route offered by the Montreal railroad affords many advantages. The most easily reached point in this locality is the town of Bethlehem, which not only boasts of commanding position but also of constant growth and change.



PEABODY RIVER AND MOUNT WASHINGTON.

The dingy houses along the plateau have disappeared, and the long straggling village street is lined with hotels, boarding-houses, cottages and shops, and the number is increasing year by year. This paradise for those that suffer from hay fever is rapidly taking on an unmistakable Saratoga appearance, and the time is surely coming when this town will become the most fashionable resort in New Hampshire. Everything tends in this direction, and those who remember the early days of Saratoga will surely be struck by the resemblance which this highly favored town calls up in their minds. The springs are wanting, but the other circumstances are auspicious. The growth of Bethlehem has been of the most substantial nature. Houses have not been made to last for one or two seasons, but for all time, hence the taste is nowhere offended by shanty architecture; on the contrary, very few towns in the state can show as much beauty in the way of buildings as this resort among the hills.

There is something about Bethlehem which reminds one of a Swiss village—Interlaken, perhaps—though here the mountains do not strengthen the simile; but the streets and the habitations, the shops with curiously carved paper-knives and match-boxes and other nick-nacks, form a strong connecting link between the New Hampshire pleasure resort and its Alpine sister. The opera house, now nearly completed, testifies to the rapid growth of this town, and this is but a forerunner of the numerous improvements which each succeeding year will introduce. If one wishes to obtain a complete view of the White Mountain chain, and thus become somewhat accustomed to the outlines, Bethlehem certainly offers strong inducements,—as good as any spot on that side of the mountains.

At the Glen station, on the Portland and Ogdensburg railroad, one is obliged

to indulge in the old-fashioned luxury of stage coaching, which, by the bye, affords a grateful change to the somewhat long car ride. This little break in the journey merely gives a certain variety to the mountaineering and offers consolation to those that object to the din of railroads, but the distance does not exceed fifteen miles and offers very few views of the country. After leaving the bright little village of Jackson, with its several hotels and its one stiffed-necked and uncompromising meeting-house, the turnpike winds through the woods, which constantly seem disposed to encroach on the rights of the highway, for they reach out their branches as if to dispute possession with the traveller. The Pinkham Notch presents some of the wildest sylvan scenery in all the mountains, such a profusion of rich foliage being exceedingly rare even in a state where nature revels in luxurious works. It is now nearly a century ago that the hardy Pinkham family came trudging through the snow drifts of this wild and

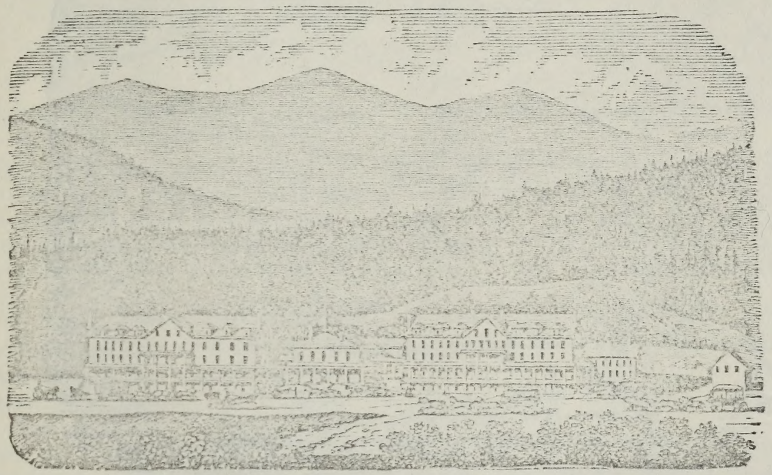


MOUNT CARTER, FROM GORHAM.

inhospitable pass, bearing with them all the world's goods which they possessed. Why any living mortal should have been seized with the desire or ambition to explore the dangerous recesses of this locality remains a mystery. The hardships of life were severe enough, even in more favored places, to deter any but adventurous spirits from attempting a pilgrimage like this. Now every comfort is held out, and whatever reverses the toiling pioneers may have undergone in those days, they who traverse the same route to-day fail to appreciate. However, the adventuresome family have given their name to this magnificent spot, and as long as tourists pour through the narrow gorge, the name of Pinkham will be remembered. Singularly enough, the roar of Glen Ellis did not attract any notice until a very recent date, when some energetic angler came upon it by accident, and then it became renowned the world over. Of all the mountain falls, this must certainly be mentioned among the first, for so turbulent a torrent does not acknowledge many rivals. The courageous plunge, utterly regardless of consequences, is one of the most charming sights imaginable, and the traveller who has once seen Glen Ellis in all its power can never

forget the delight it gave, even though he afterwards stand in the spray of a hundred waterfalls.

There is nothing which shows the rapid increase of summer visitors so strikingly as the sudden transformations in the way of hotel building. Houses that were once considered large enough for the public, are now used for offices or outbuildings, and in their places stand huge structures which at certain periods in each season are scarcely sufficient to accomodate the guests. This change is well illustrated at the Glen House. The present hotel is twice as large as the old one and the possibilities of future years are such as to warrant one in prophesying that another enlargement will soon be in order. There is no place where the complete workings of successful hotel keeping can be more intelligently studied than at the Glen House. Every detail known to the calling is here found, the greatest as well as the smallest. The iron bound corporations have done their best to drive coaching into other regions, but here, in this lovely nook, the six in hand rolls up to the piazza as in days of old, and one could easily fancy that steam whistles were thousands of miles away. The proprie-



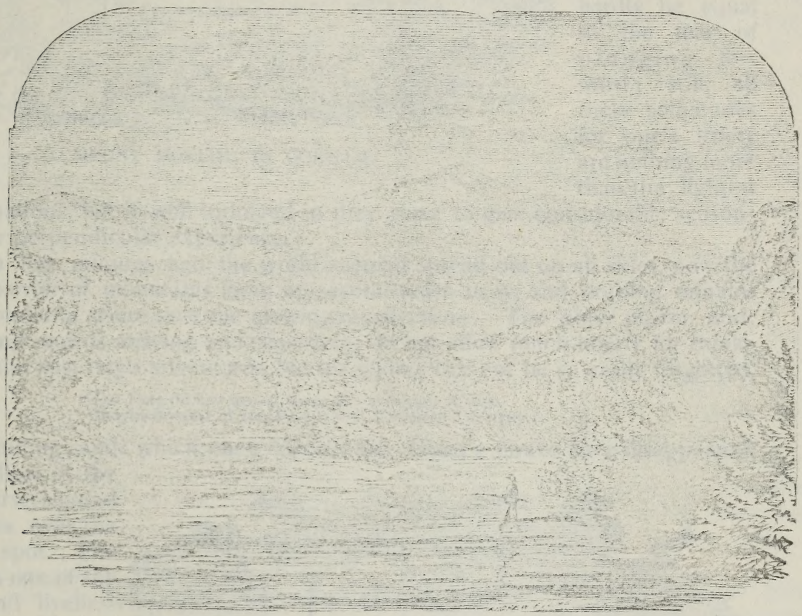
THE GLEN HOUSE.

tors of this house have two hundred horses in their stables, together with all the necessary coaches and wagons. The surroundings, the out-houses, the shops, the stables, and the great hotel remind one of some Alpine village of more than passing importance. Truly, the situation is unequalled, for here one meets the Presidential chain face to face, while most of the other resorts are contented with more distant prospects. One receives exact impressions of the range in front of the house; there is no chance for deception, and the burly forms of Washington, Jefferson, Clay and Adams appear to be actually moving forward.

The discovery that the carriage road from the Glen to the summit is not so steep as fancy had made it, increases the pleasures of the ascent many fold; but until the outskirts of vegetation are passed the view is shut in by the dense groves of trees which line the path for quite a distance. Finally, as one nears the half-way house, the scene all about undergoes rapid changes, and the landscape below is full of beauty. Forests of pines reaching far and wide through the valley towards Gorham, here and there climbing up the steep mountain sides, ponds half hidden in the labyrinth of green foliage, and far away the

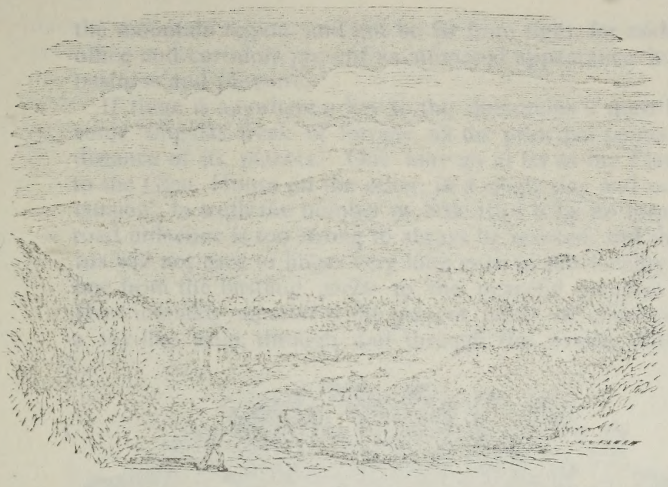
nestling towns, form a strange, but by no means unpleasant introduction to the wild and rugged panorama which slowly unfolds at every step. The trees become weakly shrubs, and the plants cling tenaciously to the aged rocks. Winter shows its hardened face, and the skurrying clouds overhead vainly endeavor to blot out the warmth of the sun.

The climate has been subdued by the indomitable patience of man, and the very tip-top of the highest mountain on the Atlantic seaboard is now made as enjoyable as the most luxuriously equipped house in the land. There appears to be more weather than climate on Mount Washington, and thus far mankind has been unable to thwart the spiteful freaks of the former, and rolling banks of cloud and mist sweep madly over the unprotected summit, casting a screen far and wide over the superb panorama below.



MOUNT MADISON, IN GORHAM.

As a general rule one may depend on getting a good view from this great elevation, but however grand one's success may be, it is not complete without the indescribable spectacle presented at sunrise; and the sensation produced by this magnificent scene lasts through life, becoming more and more intense as the years roll onward. An horizon of five hundred miles encircles the gaze on the mountain top! The public cannot fail to appreciate the comforts and advantages of the little habitations clinging to the age-discolored rocks, and the wonder and admiration which the enterprise excites must be universal. Even this wild domain is invaded by the locomotive, and the shrill whistle pierces the stormy blasts, announcing the victory of man. It is now only a step from the regions of snow and ice to the green fields covering the immense valley below; the railroad has almost annihilated space, thus making the climb to the very summit almost a thing of passing notice. Down, down over the frightful declines, skirting the brink of the terror striking Gulf of Mexico, then pausing for a moment, giving the sensation of being suspended in mid-air, then jolting on step by step, till the clustering buildings directly beneath, indicate the ter-



MOUNT MORIAH, IN GORHAM.

mination of the singular journey. The ride up the steep grades may lack a few of those essentials which go toward making the opposite trip so thrillingly interesting, for the feeling of slipping back can hardly be equal to the fear of plunging forward; still, all these solicitudes for one's safety are nothing more than the lightest of imaginations, but if well indulged in they serve to give considerable seasoning to the perpendicular experience.

Only a few minutes ago the world seemed spread out on all sides, now the massive barrier of mountains loom up several miles away, and nothing remains of the wonderful scene save the glowing recollections. The noisy piazza, and, the bustling crowds arriving and departing, do not allow much liberty for thinking over the past day's adventures, but the feeling can not be so easily forgotten.

"Let Fate do her worst, there are moments of joy,
Bright dreams of the Past which she cannot destroy."

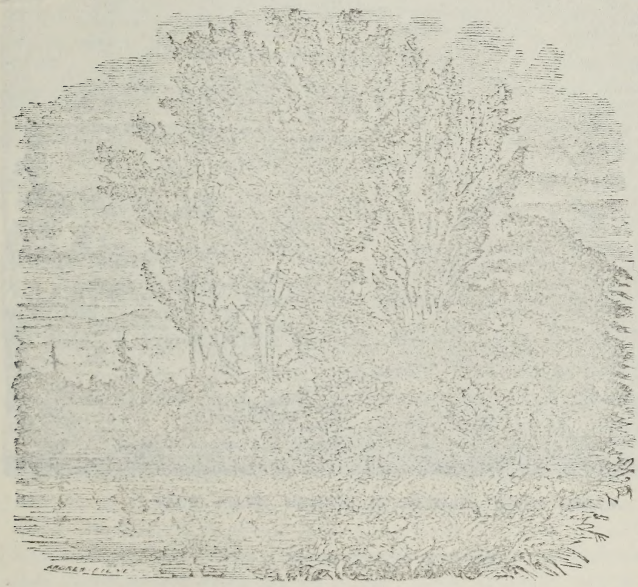
The winding sands which once covered the Giant's Grave have disappeared, and, heedless of the Indian curse, a grand hotel rises over the romantic spot. The Fabyan is one of the largest and liveliest houses in the mountains, and possesses peculiar advantages, such as one might seek for in vain outside the cities. It has the honor of being the most recent addition to the ever-increasing number of good hotels, and its position at the junction of three railroads cannot fail to maintain its popularity. One might call the Fabyan the business centre of



LEDGES ON MOUNT HAYES.

the mountain region, and not be far from right, for aside from the railroads, the office and corridors present an animated appearance indicative of commingled business and pleasure.

If there is anywhere a key to the mountains it must be at the Fabyan, for by some singular freak of fortune all the principal points are situated within easy distance of its piazzas. One may go as far as the Flume on the one side, and to the Glen House on the other, in a single day and not be wearied by the excursion; in truth the number of little trips is by no means limited, but the railroad influence is too strong to always be resisted, and the majority of hasty tourists will not care to linger very long even in this locality. A short ride carries one from the bustling *ghetto* to the peaceful paradise of the Franconia range. How infinitely superior is the present mode of conveyance, merely a flight in a toy-like train, through and through the woods, skimming around the lovely shores of Echo Lake, then coming to a rest under the broad porticos of the Profile station. This is about all there is to the journey. The tedious coach struggling over the hills from Littleton was once considered very comfortable, but so quickly do we forget old-time luxuries that the thought of them fails to bring back the joy once felt, and even the old stagers begin to experience a modest preference for the new order of things.

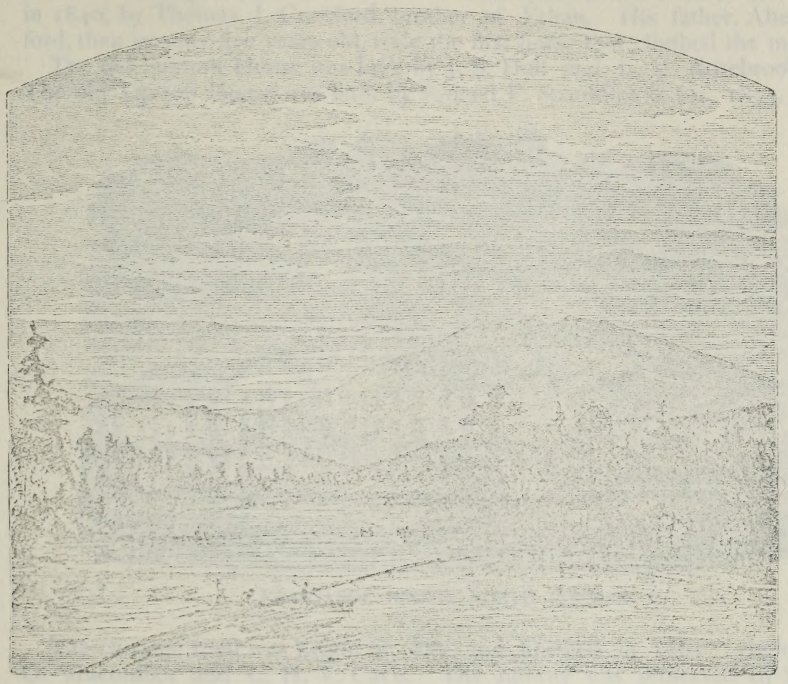


GIANT'S GRAVE, NEAR CRAWFORD HOUSE.

In the wildest gorge of New Hampshire sits the Profile House. Solitary and alone, under the shadows of menacing cliffs and crags, the comforts of this celebrated hotel have called thither untold thousands of people from all parts of the world. The number goes on increasing, and long before the busy season fairly sets in, the stray traveller will be surprised to see so many guests gathered under one roof, for while many other houses are getting ready, the Profile begins to count its patrons by the hundreds. This is the place of all others that keeps people, not for one season but for many; and no wonder, for such irresistable charms are not found elsewhere. The bold formation of the towering mountains, rising almost perpendicularly above the very roof of the hotel, the marvellous rock sculpture, exciting the admiration and playing with the fancy, the still and silent lakes, reflecting the swimming heights,—these are the spells that nature weaves about one, and they are woven with surpassing skill.

Verily this is the lotos eaters' retreat, away from the world and yet on its outskirts. What a lingering view the White Mountains present! Ever changing pictures, obedient to fancy's will, dissolve more rapidly than the showman's plates, and yet the impressions never grow weak; they gain strength and vivid-

ness as they appear before our vision, and each successive turn brings them out clearer and more perfect. The parting vista through the lovely valley of the Saco at North Conway is like a tender benediction. The sweetest of pastoral scenes claims for itself the distant grandeur of the mountain, rising ash-hued against the sky, and the farewell that nature gives as we slowly retreat through the winding valley, comes as a blessing.



VIEW FROM BRIDGE IN BERLIN, NEAR MILAN.

WHITE MOUNTAIN HISTORY.

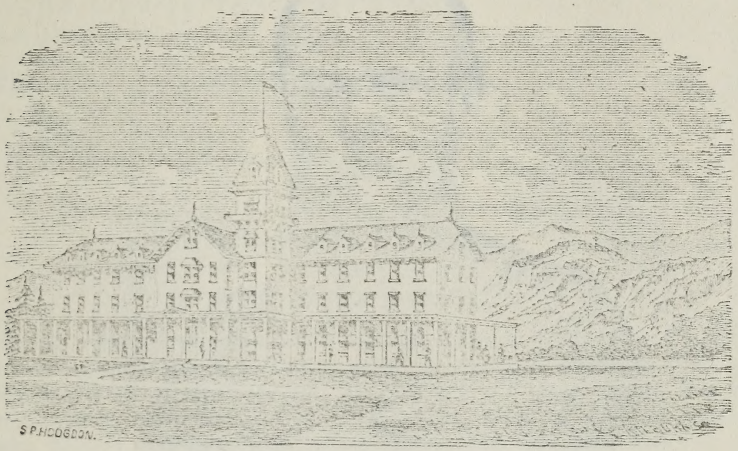
From "*Among the Clouds*" we select the following summary of leading events in White Mountain history:

The Indian name of the White Mountains was Waumbek Methna; of Mount Washington, Agiochook. The first ascent of Mount Washington was by Darby Field in June, 1642. The first account of the mountains was published in John Josselyn's "New England Rarities Discovered," 1672. Conway was settled in 1764. The White Mountain Notch was discovered by Nash and Sawyer, 1771. Franconia was settled in 1774; Bartlett, about 1777; and Jackson (formerly Adams), about 1778. Mount Washington was named, 1784. Bethlehem was settled, 1790. The first settlement at site of Fabyan House was by Capt. Eleazer Rosebrook, 1792. Abel Crawford, the "Patriarch of the Mountains," Rosebrook's son-in-law, settled near the present Bemis Station about 1793. The first house for visitors was built by Capt. Rosebrook, 1803. Ethan Allen Crawford, Abel's son, who was born at Guildhall, Vt., 1792, and died at Fabyan's, 1848, took Rosebrook's house in 1817. Opened first foot-path to the summit of Mount Washington, 1819, and built a stone cabin near the Summit soon afterwards.

A. N. Brackett, J. W. Weeks, and five others, from Lancaster, went over the entire White Mountain range, with E. A. Crawford as guide, in July, 1820, and named Mounts Madison, Adams, Jefferson, Monroe, Franklin and Pleasant. They were the first to spend the night on Mount Washington. The first ladies to ascend Mount Washington were three Misses Austens of Portsmouth.

The family of James Willey, Jr., was destroyed by a landslide in White Mountain Notch, August 28, 1826. The first bridle-path to the Summit was opened in 1840, by Thomas J. Crawford, brother of Ethan. His father, Abel Crawford, then seventy-five years old, rode the first horse that climbed the mountain.

The old Summit House was built by J. S. Hall and L. M. Rosebrook, 1852. The old Tip-top House was built by Samuel F. Spaulding & Co., 1853.

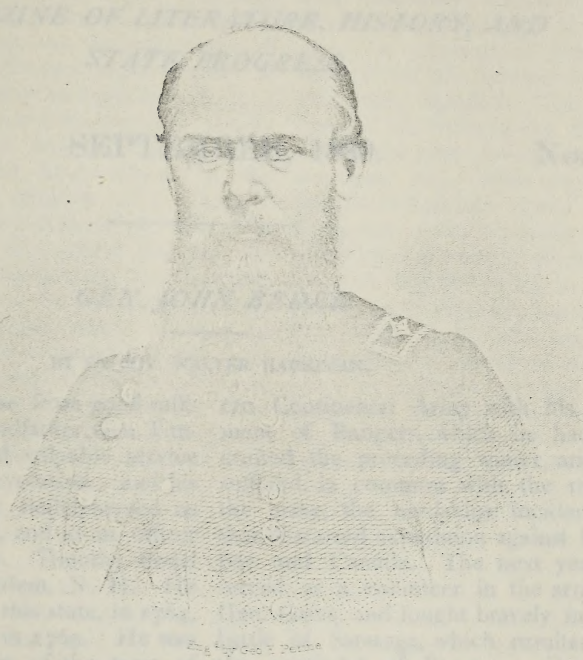


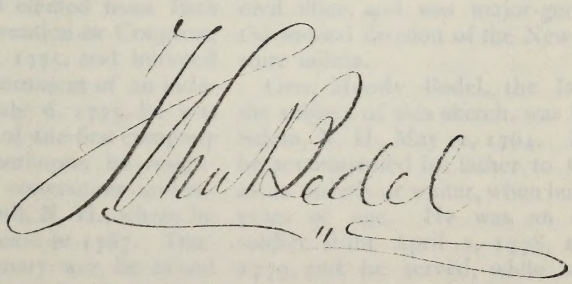
KEARSARGE HOUSE, NORTH CONWAY.

The carriage road was begun in 1855, and finished in 1861; engineers, D. O. Macomber and C. H. V. Cavis. The railway was projected by Sylvester Marsh, of Littleton; it was chartered in 1858; work was begun in 1866; the road was opened to the public when built to Jacob's Ladder, August 24, 1868; finished in July, 1869. The depot was built at Summit in fall of 1870; it was blown down in spring of 1876. The Summit house was built by John E. Lyon and Walter Aiken in 1872. The signal station was built in 1874. The Glen stage office was built in 1878. The Tower was built, 1880. The first winter ascent of mountain was made by the sheriff of Coös county and B. F. Osgood of the Glen House, December 7, 1858. The first party spent a night on the mountain in winter, February 19, 1862. The signal station was established in 1870. Private William Stevens died at the station, February 26, 1872.

Frederick Strickland, an Englishman, perished in the Ammonoosuc Ravine, October, 1851. Miss Lizzie Bourne of Kennebunk, Me., perished on the Glen bridle-path, near the Summit, on the night of September 14, 1855. Dr. B. L. Ball, of Boston, was lost on Mount Washington in October, 1855, in a snow-storm, but rescued after two days' and nights' exposure, without food or sleep. Benjamin Chandler, of Delaware, perished near Chandler's Peak, August 7, 1856, in a storm, and his remains were not discovered for nearly a year. Harry W. Hunter, of Pittsburg, Pa., perished on the Crawford bridle-path, September 3, 1874, a mile from the Summit. The remains were discovered July 14, 1880.

"*Among the Clouds*," the only newspaper published on the summit of any mountain in the world, established by Henry M. Burt, was first issued July 18, 1877.







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GEN. JOHN BEDEL.

BY EX-GOV. WALTER HARRIMAN.

JOHN BEDEL came from good military stock. His grandfather, Gen. Timothy Bedel, rendered valuable service in the war of the Revolution; and his father, Gen. Moody Bedel, served as a private in that war, and as an officer in the war of 1812. Timothy Bedel was a native of Salem, N. H. He settled in Haverhill, this state, in 1764, and moved to Bath in 1769. He was one of the proprietors of the town of Bath, and when that town was rechartered in 1769, he was one of the grantees. He was elected from Bath to the Exeter Convention or Congress, which met in May, 1775, and initiated steps for the government of an independent state. July 6, 1775, he was appointed captain of the first company of Rangers, and thereupon he resigned his seat in the convention and returned to Haverhill, N. H., where he resided till his decease in 1787. During the Revolutionary war, he raised four different regiments for the service, two of which he commanded in the field. He first served under Gen. Richard Montgomery, and in September, 1775, he "approved himself well at the siege of St. Johns." In the spring of 1776, he joined the Northern Continental Army with his regiment of Rangers, which he had recruited the preceding winter, and he suffered, in common with the rest of the army, the hardships incident to that ill-starred expedition against Quebec and Canada. The next year he served as a volunteer in the army of Gen. Gates, and fought bravely in the battle of Saratoga, which resulted in the surrender of Burgoyne, Oct. 17, 1777. After the war he enjoyed largely the public confidence, frequently held civil office, and was major-general of the second division of the New Hampshire militia.

Gen. Moody Bedel, the father of the subject of this sketch, was born at Salem, N. H., May 12, 1764. In 1775 he accompanied his father to Canada, as an orderly or waiter, when but eleven years of age. He was an enlisted soldier from April 1, 1778, to May, 1779, and he served, while such, as commissary sergeant of the regiment.

In the militia of the state he was appointed captain in 1793, colonel in 1801, and brigadier-general of the 6th brigade in 1806. He held this latter command till April 9, 1812. In civil life he was energetic and perse-

vering. He obtained a charter for building a bridge across the Connecticut, opposite Haverhill Corner, in 1802; got the charter extended for two years in 1804; completed the bridge in 1806, and remained sole owner of it until it was carried away by a freshet. It was then, as now, known as "Bedel's Bridge." He was a justice of the peace for thirty years, was often one of the selectmen of Haverhill, and was a representative to the general court in 1798 and 1817.

In the last war with England, Moody Bedel served with distinction. He was appointed lieut.-colonel in the United States army in 1812. May 8, 1812, he took command of "The District of New Hampshire for Recruiting," with head-quarters at Concord. In this service he was very efficient. From September, 1812, to August, 1813, he was in command of the 11th regiment United States Infantry, at Lake Champlain. From the latter date till September, 1814, he was kept, by his superior officers, on detached duty which required activity and perseverance. When opportunity offered, Lieut.-Col. Bedel hastened to the front to take command of his regiment, which was without a higher officer. He was in season to join Gen. Brown, when he assumed command of Fort Erie, Sept. 3, 1814. At the memorable sortie of Sept. 17, Lieut.-Col. Bedel, with the 11th, at his own particular solicitation, had the honor of leading Gen. Miller's column, and being in the advance, he disabled three guns, took twenty-four prisoners, and brought them from the field before the engagement became general. After this engagement, he was promoted to the colonelcy of his regiment. Upon the withdrawal of our forces from Canada, Gen. Brown's division, of which the 11th was a part, was ordered to Sackett's Harbor. There Col. Bedel remained with his regiment until the reduction of the army.

A friend who knew Gen. Moody Bedel intimately, writes of him thus: "At one time he owned more than half the township of Bath, and a considerable portion of Haverhill, besides his lordly Indian domain on paper; yet, at the day of his departure for another world, he owned not an inch of land in the world he left behind." At the close of the war, having lost all his property in Bath and Haverhill, he made a settlement, in company with Ebenezer Fletcher, at Indian Stream, now Pittsburg, N. H., but in 1824 he returned to Bath and there resided till his decease in 1841. He was twice married. The nine children of his first wife are all dead, and five of the nine children of his second are dead, also. Four are living,—two daughters and two sons. One of the living sons (who bears the name of his father) is a prominent citizen of Peoria, Illinois; and the other is Col. Hazen Bedel, an enterprising business man of Colebrook, N. H., who has held all the local offices of his town, and has, also, been a member of the legislature, judge of probate, and an efficient member of the governor's council for two terms,—1867 and 1868.

Gen. John Bedel, the son of Moody, and the grandson of Timothy, was born in Indian Stream Territory, July 8, 1822. When he was two years of age, the family returned to Bath. In the public schools of that town, and in the Seminary at Newbury, Vermont, he received his education. In 1843, he commenced the study of law with Hon. Harry Hibbard, but before his studies were closed he enlisted as a private in the Mexican War. This was in March, 1847. In May he was appointed a sergeant, in December a lieutenant, and he had command of a company several months in 1848. In 1849 he resumed his studies in Hibbard's office, and did considerable in the pension business as claim agent. In 1850 he was admitted to the bar in Grafton County, and the next year he entered into partnership with Mr. Hibbard. In 1853 he received an appointment in the Treasury Department at Washington. An important part of his duty was to look after delinquents and defaulters, in which service he was vigilant constantly, and faithful to the

government. He held this office eight years, under the administrations of Pierce and Buchanan, and until the breaking out of the Rebellion in 1861. In August, 1861, he was appointed major of the 3d regiment of N. H. volunteers, and he at once entered upon the duties of his position. On the resignation of Col. Fellows in June, 1862, Lieut.-Col. John H. Jackson was commissioned as colonel of the regiment, and Major Bedel as lieut.-colonel; and after the honorable discharge of Col. Jackson, Lieut.-Col. Bedel, April 6, 1864 (and while a prisoner of war), was commissioned as colonel. He was wounded by a solid shot at Morris Island, June 10, 1863. He returned to duty on the 16th, and was captured, far in advance of his men, in the night assault on Fort Wagner, July 18, 1863. He was not paroled till Dec. 10, 1864. After he had been declared exchanged March, 1865, he returned to his regiment at Wilmington, N. C., as Colonel. He was appointed brigadier-general U.S. volunteers by brevet, "for gallant and meritorious services, to date from March 13, 1865."

When taken prisoner, Gen. Bedel was carried to the South Carolina Penitentiary at Columbus. Here the prisoners were kept in close confinement, exposed to cold, without fuel; sometimes "shot at and shot into for attempting to escape, and then put in irons and solitary confinement for months as a punishment." Gen. Bedel was put into solitary confinement, and so kept five months, from the 7th of March to the 7th of August, 1864, for not submitting with sufficient docility to his treatment. When paroled and sent within the Union lines, he repaired at once to the White House, as he promised his fellow prisoners he would do, and laid their grievances before President Lincoln with all the earnestness and solemnity of one who could speak from actual knowledge. He appeared in this presence, in the shabby garb which he had worn for 17 months in prison, and it is probable that this intercession by him in behalf of the prisoners was made in such a mood and manner as to do much towards hastening exchanges and relieving the distressed.

When the war was over Gen. Bedel returned to his home in Bath. He represented that town in the popular branch of the legislature in 1868, and again in 1869. He was the candidate of the democratic party for governor of the state in 1869, and again in 1870, but his party being in a minority he was defeated. In politics he was a democrat, though somewhat independent in his action. He voted for President Lincoln in 1864, believing that his re-election would have a powerful influence in bringing the Rebellion to an end.

Dec. 13, 1853, Gen. Bedel married Miss Mary Augusta, daughter of the late Hon. Jesse Bowers, of Nashua, and to this couple seven children were born, only three of whom are now living. These and Mrs. Bedel reside in Bath. The husband and father died Feb. 26, 1875, from inflammation brought on by over-exertion and exposure at the burning of his starch factory on a cold, stormy day. His remains were inurned, with those of his kindred who had gone before, in the ancient cemetery at Bath. His grave is designated by the flowers and flags of the Grand Army of the Republic, and will be so kept in remembrance till his last comrade in the great war has gone hence.

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE THIRD REGIMENT NEW HAMPSHIRE VOLUNTEERS.

BY GEN. JOHN BEDEL.

By act of Congress, of July 22, 1861, the President was authorized to call for volunteers, not to exceed 500,000 in all. He gave Gen. T. W. Sherman authority to organize a secret expeditionary corps. The 3d N. H. was assigned to this corps and was the first in the field. It was organized in Concord, and pitched its tents in Camp Berry, on the banks of the Merrimac, Aug. 6, 1861. Recruits arrived so rapidly that all the companies were filled and mustered into the United States service Aug. 22, 23, and 24, and a surplus of near 350 men left for the 4th regiment. Hawkes Fearing, Jr., of Manchester, was appointed Colonel; John H. Jackson, of Portsmouth, Lieut.-Colonel; and John Bedel, of Bath, Major. Col. Fearing resigning, E. Q. Fellows, of Sandwich, was appointed in his place. The field, staff, and band were mustered Aug. 26, and the organization, comprising 1047 officers and men, completed. During the week Gov. Berry presented the regiment with a stand of state colors.

Struck camp Sept. 3, and took transportation for Camp Winfield Scott, on Long Island, N. Y., with 1031 officers and men fully equipped and armed with Enfield rifled muskets, and reached camp next day. The band was full and excellent, the camp and garrison equipage was abundant and substantial; the transportation (90 horses and 25 wagons) of a superior quality, hardly surpassed by that of any volunteer regiment which took the field during the rebellion; the hospital department thoroughly organized and supplied with all the requisites necessary for the preservation of the health of the troops; the means complete for preparing food for the men properly and speedily; nor were the means of mental and moral culture neglected; the regiment lacked nothing but that experience which every volunteer organization must acquire in the field before it is fitted for active campaigning.

Camp Winfield Scott was designed as a camp of instruction for the corps of sixteen or more regiments. The 3d was the first in the field and had its choice of quarters. It contained many officers and men who had previously seen service, which essentially aided in disciplining the regiment and instructing the men in acquiring soldierly habits. The drill was unceasing, resulting in the most marked and favorable improvement. Maj. Wright inspected and reviewed the regiment Sept. 10, and subsequently Gen. Viele was ordered to the command of the camp. September 12, the 8th Maine Volunteers arrived in camp.

Late Sept. 14, received orders to be ready in fifteen minutes to leave for parts unknown. It took the cars, accordingly, taking only arms and equipments. At midnight on the 15th it was landed at the depot in Washington, D. C., and the next day went into camp near the Congressional burying ground.

While encamped at Long Island, the ladies of Hampstead Plains had made arrangements to present the regiment with a stand of National colors, as a compliment to its discipline and good conduct, but, by reason of its sudden and unexpected departure, the presentation was not made before it left; but, with the ladies, as with soldiers, "Where there is a will there is a way," so a delegation of gentlemen was sent with the colors to Washington, where it was presented to the regiment in behalf of the ladies. The source from whence it came and the cause of its presentation, endeared it to every soldier in the

regiment, and its rent, perforated, and tattered folds, deposited in the Adjutant-General's office at Concord, attest with what gallantry it was borne and guarded by its grateful recipients. God bless the ladies.

At its departure from Long Island, the United States took possession of its tents and transportation, and appropriated the horses and wagons to such use as was deemed proper, never returning them to the regiment. This, at the time, was deemed a hardship, and it could not appreciate the necessity for stripping it so summarily of the abundant transportation so generously furnished by the state. At Washington it was temporarily supplied with some second-hand tents, but its own tents were not returned till months afterward.

The 8th Maine arrived at Camp Sherman soon after the 3d N. H., and soon they were joined by the 45th, 47th, and 48th N. Y., composing the 1st brigade of Sherman's Division, or "E. C.," as it was termed. While in Washington, as in Concord and on Long Island, the school of instruction was continued unremittingly. The President paid the regiment a visit, it being well understood how much a soldier abandoning business, friends, kindred, and all the social ties of loved ones at home, to fight his country's battles, appreciates being noticed and complimented by the highest authorities of the land in whose cause he is willing to sacrifice even life itself.

The exigencies of the service at one time bid fair to divert the expedition from its secret destination, for orders were issued to prepare to march across the Potomac for service in Virginia, and everything was got in readiness, but the alarm subsiding the order was countermanded. Interruption from another source threatened,—the measles broke out in the 8th Maine, but prompt precaution and skilful treatment prevented its spread.

Struck camp Oct. 4, and moved to Annapolis, Md., and took up quarters temporarily in Naval Academy buildings. A few days subsequently was ordered to pitch tents and go into camp on the college green. While located there Mrs. Gen. Viele, in behalf of the ladies of New York, presented the regiment with a stand of National colors. Gov. Hicks, of Maryland, spoke in behalf of the donors. This flag was riddled with bullets in the action of Aug. 16, 1864, in the memorable battle of Deep Run, and its staff and tattered folds show for themselves how well the soldiers redeemed their pledge that the donation should never be dishonored, nor the fair donors ever have their valued gift desecrated by the touch of a rebel's hand. The honored flag has been followed and defended by a band of as valiant men as ever received their nation's ensign from the hands of fair ladies, and has been safely deposited beside the other war-worn and battle-stained flags of the regiment at the state capitol, a memento of the sacredness with which a true soldier regards the gift of the daughters of Eve. May they never be forgotten for all time to come.

At Annapolis, busy preparations indicated an early movement, with nothing to prevent, as soon as water transportation should arrive, unless the small pox, which had made its appearance in the 8th Maine, should be communicated to the other regiments. Gen. Sherman arrived and selected the steamer "Atlantic" as his flag-ship, on which the 3d was embarked, Oct. 18, and left the harbor on the 19th for Fortress Monroe, arriving there the next day. Left Fortress Monroe, Oct. 29, and after experiencing a most terrible gale and storm at sea, Nov. 1, made Port Royal harbor Nov. 4. The steamer being one of the staunchest and fastest sailers, turned back repeatedly during the storm to aid or give a tow to distressed vessels, and appeared in this way to be the Shepherd dog of the fleet.

A council of officers, consisting of Gens. Sherman, Viele, Wright and Stevens, having decided that no troops should be landed until the forts on each side of Broad river should be

reduced, the 4th, 5th, and 6th of November was occupied by the navy in buoying out the channel, drawing the fire of the batteries, and engaging the enemy's fleet. On the 7th the navy went in and shelled them out. The bombardment was grand beyond description, and the result all that could be desired, so far as the navy was concerned. The same spirit and energy on the part of the troops would, doubtless, but for the decision referred to, have secured two or three thousand prisoners, and added largely to the eclat of the victory, and not left it to be called exclusively a naval engagement. As it was, between 40 and 50 fortification guns and a few field-pieces and other munitions of war were secured, in addition to seven or eight wounded rebels and their nurses.

At that time there was no wharf or landing at the place, other than to jump into the surf from lighters or small boats and wade ashore. In this manner the regiment was landed Nov. 9, and camped in a large cotton and corn field, where, to clear a camp and drill ground, cotton enough was at once consigned to the flames to have clothed the entire brigade. Nov. 18, orders were issued to be ready to embark at a moment's notice. Nov. 29, embarked and disembarked the same day. This was termed an embarkation drill, which, to an inexperienced person, might seem an easy matter, but when the method of getting into and out of lighters, loaded down with guns, accoutrements and ammunition is considered, it was no holiday affair. Dec. 4, Co. F, Capt Randlett, was detailed to proceed to Pinkney Island to collect forage. Dec. 5, the 46th N. Y. left Hilton Head to take possession of, and garrison Tybee Island.

From Nov. 9 to Dec. 10 the regiment was drilling, doing picket and guard duty, and furnishing working details on the entrenchments. Dec. 10, Gen. Viele detailed extra-duty men from the regiment to work on the entrenchments so that they might receive their rations of whiskey and forty cents extra pay each day. The whiskey was soon discontinued, and after from five to seven hundred men daily had worked nine days, the detail was returned to the regiment by order of Gen. Sherman, so as to bring the men within the rule that no one could receive his forty cents a day as an extra-duty man, unless on duty as such ten days or more in succession,—this was summarily disposing of the whiskey and extra pay too,—and working parties after that time accomplished very little compared with previous results. The men preferred drilling to shoveling.

Dec. 31, the 47th and 48th N. Y. were ordered to report to Gen. Stevens to take part in an expedition planned against the enemy's works at Port Royal Ferry on the Coosaw river. The 47th having but one field officer, Gen. Viele ordered Maj. Bedel of the 3d to report for duty to the commander of that regiment and accompany the expedition. The object in view was fully accomplished in a two days' fight, by the aid of gun boats, Jan. 1 and 2, 1862. The enemy's works were captured and dismantled, one fortification gun secured, and all buildings used as quarters burned. The troops engaged received the thanks of the general commanding the department, in general orders. This being the first real engagement of the land forces in the Department of the South, it was hoped it would be followed by equal success in future expeditions.

Jan. 21, the 2d brigade, Gen. Wright, with detachments of artillery and engineers, embarked in great haste for a secret expedition, but on account of the weather and want of readiness on the part of the navy, no movement was made for nearly a week. It was understood, Jan. 24, that one regiment from the 1st brigade was to go, and as the 3d had seen nothing but drill and hard work, it was supposed it would be detailed, but instead of that, for reasons unknown to the regiment, the 48th N. Y. was selected, and left Hilton Head for Dawfuskie the next day, accompanied by Gen. Viele, while the colonel of the 3d was selected to

be left in command of the post during the absence of all the general officers. Jan. 26, a platoon of forty from company C, Capt. Donohoe, was ordered to report on board the steamer McClellan, Gen. Sherman's flag-ship and headquarters, to act as a body guard. The platoon returned to camp about February 1. About the time Gen. Viele left the brigade, the 55th Pa. was assigned to it in place of the 46th N. Y. at Tybee.

The 47th N. Y. broke camp Feb. 9, under orders for Edisto Island. Five companies of the 8th Me. left for Dawfuskie, Feb. 14, to report to Gen. Viele. Near the same time the 55th Pa. left to reënforce the 47th N. Y. at Edisto. Thus, of the 1st brigade, the 46th, 47th and 48th N. Y., the 55th Pa., and one half of the 8th Me. had been at different times detached from it and posted at other points, leaving the 3d apparently a fixture at the Head, supported only by one half of the 8th Me.

The monotony of routine camp life was unbroken till March 6, when orders were received to get ready for an expedition, the destination of which was unknown; but before starting the order was modified and the regiment, Lieu.-Col. Jackson commanding, directed to report to Gen. Viele for special duty. It started March 7, reported to Gen. Viele the 8th, remained in camp the 9th, crossed Jones, or Mud Island, to Bird Island in the Savannah, and returned to camp the 10th; went to Elba Island and reconnoitered it the 11th, and returned to Dawfuskie. Struck camp March 12, and after standing in a drenching rain storm nearly all day was ordered to march to Hagues Point and return to old camp. Two companies crossed to Hilton Head Island that evening, the balance the next morning, and marched to camp. From the manner in which this reconnoissance was conducted from beginning to end, it was entitled to be styled the "Comedy of Errors." Instead of being towed or transported by steam to Gen. Viele's head-quarters, ten or twelve unseaworthy lighters, barges, and small boats were the only transportation. These were loaded just at dusk and separately ordered to proceed as fast as ready to navigate a channel unknown to a single man in the regiment, without pilot or guide. No notice was given to our pickets posted on both sides of Scull creek, and at other points on the route, that such a movement was to be made. The result was that not a boat reached within five miles of its destination that night; one actually returned to the point of departure; five returned several miles and were beached and found high and dry in the morning; one was carried by the tide and wind on to Braddock's Point; two were hailed by the pickets of the 48th N. Y. on Dawfuskie, but taking them for enemies instead of friends, they put back and laid on their oars in the sound till daylight. Nearly every boat was fired into by our own, or the enemy's pickets, and several boats came near falling into the hands of the rebels. The next day that portion of the regiment which was left behind at Seabrook for want of sufficient transportation, and the company which had returned to that point, were brought down by the steamer Mayflower. The experience of the first day characterized the ballance of the time spent from camp. The regiment was rowed in unwieldly water crafts nearly eighty miles, marched about twenty more, simply to raise the first Union flags on the soil of Georgia since the rebellion, and ascertain that no battery had been erected on Elba Island. We accomplished no more in six days than could have been done by a single company from Dawfuskie in as many hours. It was supposed by some to be another embarkation drill, on an enlarged scale. It was a proof of how dearly wisdom is bought by sad experience.

Gen. Sherman having left, March 18, for Fernandina, Fla., Col. Fellows commanding the post, ordered Lieut.-Col. Jackson to make a reconnoissance in the direction of Bluffton with all the available men of the regiment for whom transportation could be furnished, and arbitrarily ordered Maj. Bedel to

remain in command of the camp, without a single company and scarcely a man fit for duty, alleging that it was done at the request of the Lieut.-Colonel. The history of the Mexican war shows that Gen. Scott once did a similar thing in the case of Col. Harvey, but was wise enough to regret and recall his order in season to save his reputation.

The regiment, with two field pieces manned by a detachment of the 3d R. I. Artillery, took up its march for Seabrook late on the 19th of March, to take water transportation. Owing to the adverse wind, rain and tide, but about three miles were made in Scull creek before it was landed again on Hilton Head, at Pope's Plantation, and remained till morning. About three o'clock, got afloat again and proceeded some two miles to opposite a picket post of the enemy at White House Point,—here companies A and F were ordered to put in and remain quiet and not land till daylight, while the balance of the command was to land at another point farther on. The disposition resulted in the capture of four men of the enemy's pickets without firing a gun. After some skirmishers had been sent out for observation, the command was ordered to take boats and proceed to Bull Island, and bivouack for the night. The 21st was spent in reconnoitering Savage Island, returning to Bull Island at night. On the 22d one gun of the battery was landed on the shore opposite, to cover the approach to or retreat from Blufton, and the largest portion of the command proceeded to Blufton, where a company of cavalry was posted, which evacuated the place at the first fire. One horse was captured and the command again returned to Bull Island, remaining there all the next day, and returned to camp on the 24th of March. While Bull Island was occupied by the regiment, Gen. Viele mistook its movements for those of the enemy and sent express orders to Hilton Head for reenforcements, and the 6th Conn. was sent to his support. This was the most remarkable result of the reconnoissance in force.

From Nov. 9, 1861, to April 3, 1862, not an armed rebel was seen on Hilton Head Island, and with the exception of the Elba Island and Blufton reconnoissances, the regiment was mainly occupied in throwing up fortifications, mounting guns, building wharves, loading and unloading vessels, doing guard and picket duty, and drilling at all practicable times.

On the night of March 28, the enemy made a demonstration on Edisto Island and surprised the 55th Pa., posted near South Edisto river, killing two and capturing twenty-three of the regiment, and burning the bridge from Edisto to Little Edisto Island. Major Bedel happening to be at Edisto, volunteered to accompany a field piece and ninety men of the 47th N. Y., Capt. Johnson, as a reënforcement to Col. White of the 55th Pa., then engaged with the enemy about ten miles from Col. Moore's head-quarters. He joined Col. White in season to aid him in forcing the enemy to retire from Edisto and Little Edisto islands, and reported to Col. Moore before midnight. The 55th Pa. afterwards abandoned its post and retired to the vicinity of the quarters of the 47th N. Y. Gen. Hunter, who had just relieved Gen. Sherman in the command of the department, ordered the 3d N. H., Col. Fellows, to reoccupy the abandoned post at once. The regiment left Hilton Head, April 3, on the steamer Ben Deford and landed on Edisto the same night, and the next day marched across the island to its new quarters. Col. Fellows, being the ranking officer, assumed command of the post, and did not accompany the regiment. Four pieces of Capt. Day's light company, 3d R. I. Artillery, joined the command. Two companies, under Maj. Bedel, with one piece of Capt. Day's battery, were posted in advance of the regimental head-quarters, about a mile on the road to Jehossee Island, occupied by the enemy; two companies, under Capt. Donohoe, were posted near the

creek running, between Edisto and Little Edisto Island, in the vicinity of the burnt bridge; subsequently the 47th N. Y., being posted on Little Edisto; one company, under Capt. Donohoe, was posted near the South Edisto river; one company, under Capt. Dow, was detailed as provost guard at post head-quarters; and one company, under Capt. Wilbur, posted at Edding's Place, between post and regimental head-quarters. At a later period, two companies weekly were detailed from the 55th Pa., one to reënforce Maj. Bedel's command, and the other to regimental head-quarters. This disposition of the regiment continued till the 1st of June. Meantime, about the 10th of April, Maj. Bedel, with a part of his command, was permitted to make a demonstration on the enemy's pickets at Watts Cut, to ascertain their strength and what works, if any, they were erecting, with strict orders not to bring on an engagement. Two or three days subsequently a reconnoissance in force, under Lieut.-Col. Jackson, was made at the same point, and the rebels driven from the picket post, a crossing effected, and their breastworks leveled. April 17, a simultaneous advance of the 3d N. H. and 47th N. Y. on to Jehossee Island was planned, with the avowed purpose of capturing some of the pickets. The enemy was driven from the island to his fort on the main land, but no captures were made,—a bombardment of the island and woods having been commenced before any troops were crossed on to the island. The fort was, a short time afterwards, reduced by the gun-boat "Hale." Several other reconnoissances of Jehossee and Bonny Hall islands, by small forces from the advanced command, were made by night and day, to guard against any surprise by the enemy. No demonstration was made upon the regiment while on Edisto.

Col. Fellows was relieved by Gen. Wright, and left for the north on a sixty days' leave of absence, April 23, 1862. It was understood, from the arrangements made by him, that he did not propose to return, though the commencement of an active campaign was momentarily looked for. He resigned June 12, while absent from the regiment, and his resignation was accepted June 26. Thus the regiment, before having seen a battle field, within a period of less than three months was deprived of its regimental, brigade and department commanders. The department, after Gen. Hunter had relieved Gen. Sherman of the command, was divided into two divisions, the northern and southern, and Gen. Benham placed in command of the northern division, in which the regiment was serving. He brigaded the regiment with the 1st Mass. Cavalry, the 3d R. I. Artillery, and Serrell's N. Y. Volunteer Engineers,—the brigade to be known as "*Division Head-Quarters Brigade*," to be commanded by Acting-Gen. Rob. Williams, colonel of the 1st Mass. Cavalry. May 4, seventeen recruits joined the regiment. May 20, orders were received to be prepared to march in six hours' notice, and meantime to reduce baggage to light marching order, and leave all surplus packed and stored at post head-quarters in charge of proper guards from each company.

June 1, the order was received for the 3d N. H. and 4 th N. Y. to evacuate the posts held by them, march ten miles to post head-quarters, and report before daylight the next day. Reposted and received orders to cross the North Edisto river to Seabrook Island, and follow Gen. Williams. After a most toilsome march of about seven miles farther, overtook the general near the haulover at John Island and bivouacked for the night. The hardness of the roads and some failure in the transportation delayed the whole command from moving farther till the morning of the 4th, the troops most of the time exposed to a drenching rain storm, and, at the same time, short of rations. About two o'clock A. M. on the 4th, the regiment, preceded by two companies of the 1st Mass. cavalry, headed the column in its march for Legareville, twelve miles distant. The storm

was so severe and the darkness so dense that it was impossible to see one's comrade as far as the length of his musket. It was known that the enemy had been on the island in force but a short time previous, and how soon a mine might be exploded under our feet, or a masked battery disclose itself, no one knew. The water for miles was literally half leg deep in the roads, and any effort to keep any thing but ammunition dry was worse than useless. Skirmishing outside of the road was utterly out of the question. In this manner about mid-day the command reached Legareville to find that Gen. Stevens, who had proceeded by water, had already succeeded, by the aid of gun-boats, in driving the rebels from some of their batteries, effected a landing on James Island, captured three guns and disabled another, and held his position.

After resting one day in comfortable quarters, the regiment was ordered to report to Gen. Stevens, and on the 6th crossed to James Island and bivouacked for the night in the open field on Gen. Stevens's left. The next day was detailed for the advanced picket post, to relieve the 79th N. Y. and 8th Mich. During the night of the 7th, received orders to make a sudden dash upon the rebel pickets, to gain such information as practicable as to the enemy's strength and position. Maj. Bedel, as general field officer of the day, having command of the pickets, was directed to detach one company and order it forward suddenly to a certain house known to be occupied by the rebels, and some distance within their picket lines. Company E, Capt. Plimpton, was detached for this duty, with assurance of prompt support upon an agreed signal being made, and strictly enjoined not to bring on an engagement if possible to avoid it. The enemy retired, the house was reached, the signal was supposed to be made for support, and companies C, D and K were promptly on the spot. From the number and proximity of the mounted guns discernable from the house, and the apparent strength of their works, no farther advance was deemed prudent under the orders given. The result was reported and the enemy reoccupied their old posts. In the afternoon of the same day, Gen. Stevens ordered Maj. Bedel to repeat the experiment of the morning and draw the enemy's fire. This time company C, Capt. Donohoe, was selected and ordered to advance rapidly over the ground intervening between the picket lines and pass the house if practicable, to be supported by such companies of the 3d N. H. as were not posted on the line of advanced pickets, and a squad of cavalry. The advance was made so rapidly and unexpectedly that four of the rebel pickets were passed, captured, and brought in by company C. The enemy opened fire from his batteries and the troops were ordered to retire to their old positions. The enemy followed so closely that parts of companies H and F retired from their line of picket posts, and were rallied behind certain dikes in the rear and to the left of company C; the latter company declared its position untenable and it was ordered to take cover behind the dike. The fact was reported to Gen. Stevens by the officer of the day, when peremptory orders were given for all to resume their original posts immediately, as they were soon to be relieved by a fresh detail. As the 3d was relieved, it was ordered to join Gen. Williams's brigade at Grimhall's, on the Stono, about two miles farther to the left, a position taken up by Gen. Wright's division during the day, where it was quartered in negro huts and cotton houses till the tents arrived from Edisto.

On James Island commenced the first serious campaigning the regiment had participated in. The enemy were in strength and within range. It was no unusual occurrence to have a picket line of three miles in length and three thousand detailed to guard it. Accidents and collisions between the pickets were of momentary occurrence. On the 10th a brisk fight took place between our pickets, under Col. Guss of the 97th Pa., and a regiment of the

enemy, which advanced too far in reconnoitering our lines. Fifteen of the enemy were killed and found on the field, seven wounded and taken prisoners, two of whom died, and it was reported that sixty-five others were wounded; our loss, three killed and twelve wounded. Maj. Bedel happening to be present at the picket line when the enemy made his appearance, volunteered to act as aid to Col. Guss, and participated in the fight, capturing four prisoners, including Capt. Williams of the 47th Georgia Volunteers, with his sword, belt and pistol, and captured and brought in seven muskets. Gen. Williams gave him permission to retain the captain's arms and one musket.

June 16th, the regiment received its first baptism in blood. Gen. Benham had ordered an advance on the enemy's works at Secessionville, about two miles from our camp, on that morning. Gen. Stevens's division commenced the attack on the marsh battery before daylight, and were three times repulsed before any of Gen. Wright's division was engaged. Gen. Williams's brigade was ordered forward, preceded by a battallion of the 3d R. I. Artillery as skirmishers. The 3d N. H. was ordered forward to support the two regiments,—the 3d R. I. and 97th Pa., alleged to be in front. Upon reaching within rifle shot of the battery, and to the enemy's right of it, no regiments of our troops could be seen in front, and Lieut.-Col. Jackson halted the regiment. It appeared that the 3d R. I. and 97th Pa. had obliqued to the right so far as to bring them in front of Gen. Stevens's division, while the 3d N. H. had gone straight on and came out in an open field in advance of the regiments it was ordered to support. The order to advance was repeated more than once before the regiment moved again; finally it was thrown forward and advanced as near to the battery as the marsh and a creek would permit and opened fire upon, and at once silenced every gun in the battery and drove the enemy out of it, and so held it silenced more than one hour against all odds, not permitting a gunner to load or discharge a gun during that time. In passing into the field the regiment was enfiladed by a field battery with grape and cannister, to which no attention was paid; a fort farther to our left and rear soon opened upon it with shell and round shot; finally musketry from the woods in our rear was added. One of Gen. Stevens's batteries, erected to shell the marsh battery, threw shells past the battery into the ranks of the regiment. Reënforcements from Charleston reached the enemy and the musketry became more galling in front; every effort was made to secure reënforcements for the regiment or the assistance of some field pieces to silence the enemy in the rear; at last the battalion of the 3d R. I. was ordered to charge upon and drive them out of the woods, which was gallantly done. Lieut.-Col. Jackson had been ordered to cross the creek and charge upon the marsh battery. This he, deeming it impracticable, declined to do, and was then ordered to hold his position at all hazard; notwithstanding, he withdrew his regiment without orders from the field while the 3d R. I. was gallantly charging the enemy in the rear. After it had left the field and reformed behind a hedge, with shells from our own gun-boats falling in its midst, Gen. Benham thought the regiment should be ordered to resume the position abandoned. Some of the captains suggested that their ammunition was nearly, if not quite exhausted, and the idea of ordering it back was abandoned, and the fight was ended. The regiment, when the order to retire from the field was given, did not all hear it, or did not obey it till it was repeated, and then some of the soldiers turned and fired at the rebels, who taunted them with the cry of "*Bull Run*."

The casualties reported were 104 officers and men killed, wounded and missing, out of 623 taken into the field. Capt. Ralph Carleton, a gallant and promising officer, was hit in both legs by a solid shot, and died the same day; Lieut. Darius K. Scruton was wounded

in the hand and arm, and died of his wounds Aug. 8, 1862; Lieut. Walter Cody was severely wounded; Lieut. Henry C. Henderson, seriously; Lieuts. Robert H. Allen and Henry A. Marsh, slightly; Lieut. Samuel M. Smith had his shoulder strap shot from his shoulder, and Lieut John R. Hynes had his boot leg ripped open with a musket ball, but neither was reported among the wounded. The regiment behaved so gallantly that it commanded respect and received commendations from all. It won a name for valor that will never be forgotten as long as the rebellion is remembered. It went into the battle eagerly, and retired reluctantly; it fought bravely and won imperishable fame; even the enemy acknowledged its merits and wondered at its recklessness and disregard for danger. Adjutant Alvan H. Libby particularly distinguished himself as a cool, brave and efficient officer. The failure was solely attributable to want of good generalship. Upon the return of Gen. Hunter, who had been temporarily absent from the department, Gen. Benham was sent to Washington under arrest.

After spending a fortnight in busy preparation for shelling the enemy out by regular approaches, the order to evacuate the island was received, to the utter disgust of every soldier in the command. The regiment, with the exception of company C, then on picket, embarked on the night of July 2, on the steamer "Cosmopolitan," and reached Hilton Head the next day, where it was soon joined by company C, and went into camp; company H was posted on Pinkney Island; company G at Seabrook; and subsequently, about the 10th of July, companies A and I were detailed for provost guard duty; company E was posted at Braddock's Point; company C at Spanish Wells; company F at the Stony Place; company D at Pope's Plantation; company K at Jenkins' Island and the lower end of Pinkney Island; and company B at Graham's Place, where regimental head-quarters were located. The regiment held the outposts of Hilton Head Island, and was exposed to the malaria of the climate and the local fevers, which rendered more than one half of the men unfit for duty.

Three men from company H deserted from Pinkney to the enemy, Aug. 6. This was the first instance of the kind occurring in the regiment. On the morning of Aug. 21, the enemy surprised company H, on Pinkney Island, killed Lieut. James C. Wiggin (commanding the company) and two privates, wounded three privates (one of whom died the same day, and another Aug. 26), captured thirty-six members of the company, and safely retreated with them and their arms. Immediately following this inexcusable disaster, Pinkney Island was evacuated, the regiment relieved and ordered into camp at Hilton Head again, where it arrived Aug. 24. While on outpost duty, certain troops in the department had been ordered north for service in Virginia, and the 3d not being included, every officer in the regiment, with one exception, petitioned Gen. Hunter, July 17, to be included in any additional detail for Virginia. The petition was ignored. Disease prevailed to a great extent; deaths were frequent. Lieut. John H. Thompson, the commissary of the regiment, died Aug. 27, honored and lamented. From Sept. 13 to Oct. 21, one hundred and seven recruits joined the regiment.

About the middle of October, Lieut.-Col. Jackson, Maj. Bedel, and Capt. Plimpton received commissions promoting them to colonel, lieut.-colonel, and major respectively, to date from June 27, 1862. Early in October, Gen. Hunter was relieved by Gen. Mitchel, who, to give the troops employment, sent out an expedition, under Gen. Brannon, to proceed up Broad river to seize and burn certain bridges and trestle work on the railroad from Savannah to Charleston. The regiment, under Col. Jackson, including companies A and I relieved from provost guard duty, accompanied the expedition Oct. 21, and took part in the action of Oct. 22, known as the battle of Pocotaligo. It was brigaded with the 7th

Conn., and 76th and 97th Pa. In the first engagement at Frampton's, it was in the second line, in immediate support of the artillery, and though greatly exposed to a severe fire from the enemy's artillery, suffered but slightly, from the fact that he fired at too great an elevation, and the general in command ordered his brigade to secure the best cover practicable by lying flat on the ground. In the second engagement at Pocotaligo Bridge, it was ordered to hold a road to our left to prevent the possibility of a flank attack. No attempt was made to turn our flank, and no pursuit was made, when at nightfall a retreat was ordered. The loss of the regiment was three men wounded. In the night, before a landing was made, with a view to the capture of certain pickets of the enemy and thus prevent an early knowledge of the movement being communicated inland, two parties were detailed, one of ninety-five men, under Capt. Gray of the 7th Conn., and one of twelve men, under Lieut. Samuel M. Smith of the 3d N. H. Capt. Gray reported that his negro guide took him too far up the river, and before the error could be corrected it was daylight, so his movement not only proved a failure, but, in fact, gave the enemy earlier notice than he would have otherwise received. Lieut. Smith, with his twelve men, accompanied by a master and eight oarsmen from the gun-boat "Paul Jones," succeeded, much to his credit, in capturing a lieutenant and three men, with their arms and equipments, and three horses, and bringing them safely off. It was the best planned and most fortunate movement of the whole expedition. The expedition, after having landed in the morning at McKay's Point, marched ten miles, fought two battles, lost three hundred and thirty odd officers and men, and retreated ten miles, found itself at the point of departure, with nothing gained but a knowledge that the troops would fight whenever and wherever ordered. The regiment returned to camp the 23d, where it remained in the regular routine of camp duty undisturbed till Jan. 3, 1863, except by fear of the yellow fever, and details to work on a depot magazine, and on Fort Mitchel, being erected near Seabrook, to guard against the ravages anticipated from the ram Atlanta. Gen. Mitchel fell a victim to the yellow fever, Oct. 30, and Gen. Brannon assumed command of the department till the return of Gen. Hunter, January 18, 1863.

On the 3d of January, 1863, two hundred men were detailed, under captains Maxwell and Burnham, to proceed to Florida, under Quartermaster Coryell, to seize and bring off a quantity of lumber. The lumber was burned by the enemy, and the expedition, in its return down the Nassau river, was fired upon by the enemy in ambush on the bank, and three men of the 3d N. H. wounded.

Feb. 16, six companies advanced on to Pinkney Island to hold it, and cover the working parties driving piles in the channel opposite Fort Mitchel. Two companies remained in old camp; one company was posted at Pope's Plantation, opposite regimental head-quarters; and one company was on provost guard duty near department head-quarters. The six companies on Pinkney Island were principally employed in entrenching themselves, cutting timber to clear the range for the guns of Fort Mitchel, drilling, and constructing comfortable quarters, till the second movement towards Charleston was organized.

April 3, companies E, G and H embarked on the steamer "Mary Boardman," and the balance of the regiment embarked on the gun-boat "Geo. Washington" to be taken from Scull Creek and transferred to the "Boardman" in the harbor. Before all the men were transferred, the rough sea parted the hawser, and the "Washington" had to anchor for the night at Bay Point. In the morning, returned to the "Boardman" and received orders for companies A, B and D to go on board the schooner "Rhodella Blew." On the morning of the 5th, the steamer took the schooner in tow and made Stono Inlet that night. On the 7th, the navy com-

menced a bombardment of Fort Sumter and adjoining batteries, which lasted from three to five o'clock P. M. The regiment was landed on Folly Island, just before dark on the 9th, with orders from Col. Putnam, commanding the brigade, to report to Col. Guss of the 97th Pa., preparatory to an attack on Morris Island. It was understood that an advance was to be made the next morning,—meantime, Col. Guss's command was to bivouack on Folly Island; but the navy, having decided not to make any farther demonstrations towards Charleston, the order to advance was countermanded, and on the 10th the regiment returned on board, and on the 11th returned to the bar outside Port Royal Harbor, and the next day disembarked and reoccupied the old camp ground left on Feb. 16. Thus ended the second expedition towards Charleston, with a great loss of confidence in the efficiency of the turreted iron-clad monitors from which so much had been anticipated.

Remained in camp till April 19, and then embarked on the steamer "Sentinel" and schooner "Highlander" for North Edisto river, where it arrived the next day. Companies E and I were left at Hilton Head on board the steamer "Boston," and afterwards landed and went into camp at Bay Point. On the 23d, sent armed party ashore to reconnoitre Botany Bay Island. On the 28th and 29th, disembarked and went into camp on that island with the 76th Pa. Col. Guss was in command of that post. Continued on the island till June 5, with no incident of note other than a secret expedition, under Col. Jackson and Maj. Plimpton, to Edisto, resulting in the capture of some one hundred and ten loyal colored soldiers of Gen. Saxon's command, gathering corn with twenty odd sailors from the gun-boat King Fisher, and three U. S. Treasury agents. Nobody was hurt.

June 5, embarked on the steamer "Mary Boardman" and made Port Royal Harbor, and landed and went into camp on St. Helena Island, just across the harbor from Hilton Head. The 9th Me. had preceded us, and it was rumored that the camp was to be the rendezvous for troops for another expedition. Soon the 76th Pa., 48th N. Y., a part of the 7th Conn., a battalion of the Lost Children, the 1st and 2d S. C. colored troops, and a battery of artillery joined the command under Col. Guss, who was soon superseded in command by the arrival of Gen. Strong, who was assigned to the brigade. About the 12th of June, Gen. Hunter was again relieved of the command by the arrival of Gen. Gilmore. Brigade drill with blank cartridges, and target practice, preparatory to active service, was the order of the day while on St. Helena. Gen. Strong succeeded, happily, in inspiring his command with confidence in him and in themselves, and in imparting to it that dash and fire for which he was so conspicuous.

While at St. Helena the regiment was joined by companies E and I from Bay Point, and July 3d it embarked on the steamer "Boston," and on the 4th made Stono Inlet again, and before daylight the next morning disembarked on Folly Island and marched one half the length of the island and camped near the sea beach. The balance of Gen. Strong's brigade arrived before the 8th, when the regiment, with others, was embarked in small boats, after dark, to participate in a descent upon Morris Island, with a view to the surprise of the enemy's batteries and the capture of their garrison. After navigating Folly river some three or four miles, and arriving at the appointed rendezvous, the descent that night was, for some cause, abandoned, and the regiment ordered to return, as it came, to camp, and succeeded in reaching it before day without alarming the rebels. The next night the regiment was ordered to embark as before, everything being in readiness to open land and water batteries upon Morris Island, and reached Light House Inlet, between our batteries and the rebel works on Morris Island, before sunrise on the 10th. Sunrise was the signal for opening on the enemy, and had a volcano burst out in the midst of the

island no greater surprise could have been manifested. Their shots were at first wild and eccentric, not knowing whether to devote their attention to the monitors and gun-boats on one side, our flotilla of small boats on the other, or our battery in front. The situation of the troops, crowded into row-boats, lying under point blank range of the enemy's batteries, with shot and shell dropping in the midst of the boats and ricochetting along the surface of the water, was trying in the extreme, but, fortunately, the fire was so wild that but one boat was sunk and but few casualties occurred. A detachment from the 7th Conn. was landed to reconnoiter, but was driven back to the boats. The battalion of the 7th Conn. was then landed at another point, immediately supported by four companies of the 48th N. Y. and the 3d N. H. The enemy was engaged at short range and driven from his rifle-pit, and finally driven from his camp, and all his batteries on the lower end of the island, and camp and eleven siege guns and mortars were captured with some two hundred prisoners. No stand was made in his retreat till he reached Fort or Battery Wagner, a direct attack upon which was not ordered that night. The regiment was in the front of the fight and behaved with conspicuous valor, and won additional fame for itself and the Old Granite State. The casualties this day in killed and wounded were, so far as reported, thirty-three. Lieut.-Col. Bedel was struck, while in front of the regiment, by a partially spent eight inch shell from Wagner, and severely contused in the legs and body, notwithstanding which he insisted upon remaining in the field until it was decided that no farther advance was to be made that day, when he was ordered by Asst.-Surgeon Kimball to be carried to Folly Island, where the general had ordered all wounded to be conveyed.

On the morning of the 11th, an attack was ordered on Wagner, the attacking column consisting of the battalion of the 7th Conn., 76th Pa. and 9th Me, with the 3d N. H. held in reserve. The attack failing, the 3d N. H. was not called into action. From that time to the 15th, the regiment held its position in the advance, under the continuous shelling of the enemy from Wagner, Cummings Point and Sumter. The fire was severe and demoralizing to the best of troops. Cover, by throwing up sand in front or making excavation below the surface, was sought, but failed at all times to be a protection, for the regiment lost one killed and two wounded on the 12th. On the 15th, it was relieved and drawn back of a ridge of high sand hills towards the lower end of the island, and pitched tents as best it could. Heavy details for mounting guns, building batteries and moving heavy ordnance were continually being made. It was rumored that another advance was to be made soon, and Lieut.-Col. Bedel, though unfit for duty or subject to detail, rejoined the regiment on the 16th, soliciting the privilege of participating in any movement. The batteries not being sufficiently completed on the night of the 16th, the embrasures for the guns which had been opened were again masked, and the attack postponed till the 18th.

Preparations being completed, the bombardment of Wagner and Gregg was opened July 18. The regiment was posted at the head-quarters of Gen. Seymour. It was generally supposed that no advance of troops would be ordered till Wagner was reduced by the combined fire of our batteries and the navy; but, to the surprise of all, just at night dispositions were made to carry the fort by storm. The regiment was ordered to form in the rear of the 6th Conn., and moved to the flank of our advanced battery, where it concealed itself by lying down, till the order was given to move forward. The 54th Mass. colored regiment was in advance, formed by wing; immediately following, in close column by company, were the 6th Conn. on the right, the 9th Me. in the centre, and the 3d N. H. on the left. In this manner the enemy's rifle pits were passed, and the 3d approached a

small creek which, at the then stage of the tide, flooded a portion of the ground it should pass over in its direct march to the right flank of the fort. Col. Jackson ordered Lieut.-Col. Bedel to go ahead and see if the ground was practicable. While doing so the enemy opened with artillery and small arms from the fort upon the advancing column with terrible effect, crowded as it was on the narrow neck of land constituting the only approach. Many of the 54th Mass. were cut down in an instant, and the organization of the regiment totally annihilated. The 3d N. H. took cover under some sand knolls and failed to follow where the lieut.-col. had been ordered to go, and when he turned to communicate the fact that the ground was passable, it was nowhere to be seen by him. He, discovering a party of the enemy, which was outside the fort, hurrying toward an entrance to the right of it, mistook them for a part of his regiment or at least a portion of the attacking column, sought to join them in the anticipated capture of a gun near the flag-staff which was particularly annoying and fatal to the column, but upon getting near enough to distinguish persons in the dark found his supposed friends to be enemies, and in attempting to flee from them was driven into the creek and captured, and immediately taken into the fort. The regiment was ordered to halt by Col. Jackson, and failed to advance to the fort, and was finally withdrawn under orders from Gen. Strong. The failure was attributable to no soldier in the regiment, every man would have gallantly followed any commander who would have led him. This is due to the credit of as gallant a regiment as ever took the field. The casualties reported were 55 killed, wounded and missing, including the bravest of the brave, Adjutant Libby, killed while acting on the staff of Gen. Strong, as A. A. G., and Col. Jackson, captains Ayer and Jackson, and Lieut Button wounded, and Lieut.-Col. Bedel, missing. On the 21st of July Col. Jackson left the regiment for New Hampshire, to bring out conscripts or drafted men for the regiment, and did not return to it till Jan. 20, 1864. Maj. Plimpton had been detailed as assistant to the Inspector-General of the Department, and assigned to Gen. Strong's staff before operations were commenced against Morris Island, and continued absent from the regiment on the staffs of Gens. Strong, Seymour and Terry, till it left Morris Island about the 1st of March, 1864. Col. Jackson returned to the regiment as stated above, and tendered his resignation, which was accepted Feb. 24. Thus the regiment was virtually without a field officer from July 18th, 1863 to March 1st, 1864, during some of the most trying times to troops in the siege of Charleston.

Captain Clark went to New Hampshire with Col. Jackson, leaving the regiment in command of the ranking officer, Capt. Randlett. Co's A and I were, for about two weeks, detailed on provost guard duty. It gallantly sustained its reputation in the siege of Wagner and Gregg, being in the advanced trenches from July 18th to Sept. 7th as often as once in every three days, and was especially detailed, with two other regiments, on the 19th of August, for that duty; participated in the attempted surprise of Fort Gregg, Sept. 5; was detailed to take the advance in the contemplated assault on Wagner, Sept. 7, which the evacuation rendered unnecessary. Co's. A and C were posted in Wagner, Sept. 7, and the balance of the regiment participated in the occupation of Gregg; supported the 24th Mass. in a charge on the enemy's rifle-pits, Aug. 25th, when it lost 18 in killed and wounded. It was detailed as provost guard on Morris Island, Sept. 24th. About Nov. 25th, 100 men of the regiment participated in the contemplated surprise of Sumter. Nov. 16, 215 recruits joined the regiment, under Col. Donohoe of the 10th N. H., who was put on duty in command of the 3d N. H. and remained in command about four weeks. Dec. 21st, 80 more recruits joined. In January, three companies were detailed to go to Broad and adjoining islands to cut wood, two companies for

duty in Fort Shaw, one company to remain in camp, and four companies to continue on provost guard duty. From Jan. 1st to Mar. 2d, 270 men reënlisted, as veterans, and left for New Hampshire on thirty days' furlough, under Capt. Randlett. Subsequent to the assault on Fort Wagner, July 18, 1863, and up to March 1, 1864, the casualties, so far as reported, amounted to thirty-two killed and wounded, including Capts. Ayer and J. Libby, Jr., and Lieuts. Houghton and Edgerly, among the wounded. From the frequent changes in company commanders, the arduous character of the service, and other causes, many casualties were never recorded.

March 1st, an order was issued that the regiment be mounted. It left Morris Island, under Maj. Plympton, for Hilton Head, immediately afterwards, and received its horses March 7, and was termed the 3d N. H. Mounted Infantry, the two flank companies being armed with Spencer's repeating carbines, and the balance of the companies, with Springfield rifled muskets. It left for Jacksonville, Fla., April 1. Arriving there, Capt. Maxwell with four companies was ordered, on the 3d of April, to open communication with our troops at Pilatka, about one hundred miles up the river, and report to the commander of the post. This was successfully accomplished, over a strange road, across creeks, and through swamps, in three days. After remaining there three days more, it was determined to evacuate the place, and Capt. Maxwell with his command, was sent out about ten miles up the river to skirmish with the enemy while the evacuation was progressing. Returning to Pilatka the same day, he immediately started for Jacksonville, and in three days reached that place, to find the balance of the regiment dismounted and under orders for Gloucester Point, Virginia. In executing his orders in this case, Capt. Maxwell entitled himself to much credit as a gallant officer and good soldier. Otherwise than this expedition to Pilatka, the regiment while in Florida was principally engaged in outpost duty, and desertions from among the recently joined substitutes became so frequent that the commander found it necessary to resort to a drum-head court martial, in one case, and execute the deserter on the spot, which summarily stopped all farther desertions at that point. To fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Col. Jackson, commissions were issued, April 6, to Lieut.-Col. Bedel, then in prison, as colonel, Maj. Plympton as lieut.-colonel, and Capt. Randlett as major. The regiment left Jacksonville April 23, touched at Hilton Head April 26, and took steamer for Gloucester point, where it arrived April 28, and was joined by the veterans, who had returned from their furlough the day preceding.

At Gloucester point, the regiment was brigaded with the 7th N. H., and 6th and 7th Conn., under Col., afterwards General, Hawley, and left, Mar. 4, with thirty-one officers and eight hundred and fifty men, and landed at Bermuda Hundreds, May 6. From this time till Jan. 3, 1865, the regiment was engaged in the campaign against Richmond and Petersburg, which for its sanguinary battles, the amount of labor required of the troops engaged, and the indomitable perseverance with which it was prosecuted to final success, stands unprecedented in history. It is almost fame enough, for a soldier to be able to say that he belonged to a regiment which participated in that campaign. The 3d N. H., of Hawley's brigade, became noted for gallantry and efficiency. Under Lieut.-Col. Plympton it was engaged with slight loss in action at Chester Station, May 9. It was sent to the left and rear of a new fort, one of the advanced defences of Fort Darling, near Drury's Bluff, on the 13th of May, and was repulsed with heavy loss, including Capt. Ela, killed, Maj. Randlett, Adj. Copp, Lieut. Hazen, and acting Lieut. Robinson, wounded—the latter mortally. Capt. Ela was one of the most promising officers of the regiment, young, but gallant and brave to a fault, conspicuous for integrity,

the soul of honor, in his death the regiment suffered an irreparable loss. The demonstration of the regiment caused the evacuation of the fort immediately after the repulse, and the regiment slept on the field of battle. It was moved the next day under the guns of Fort Darling, was on picket duty from the night of the 14th to the night of the 15th with a loss of about twenty-five men, it was ordered to the front on the morning of the 16th to make a charge, but the enemy having made a charge upon the 18th corps and driven it in, the order to charge was countermanded and the order to fall back substituted. This was executed in regular order, the regiment leading off and falling back three hundred yards, where it was halted for the rest of the brigade to come up. The 7th Conn. was the last to leave the front, it was short of amunition and closely pressed by the enemy, the 3d was ordered back to check the enemy and did so most effectually, and not only did that but drove them back and re-occupied all the lost ground; but for this check, there was iminent danger that the enemy would capture all the artillery of the division. After the artillery was withdrawn out of danger, the regiment fell back and joined the rest of the brigade. The casualties were heavy, Capt. Ayer and Lieut. Button being killed, and Capt. Wadsworth wounded. Capt. Ayer was unequalled in his ardent desire to do his whole duty, a strict disciplinarian, courageous and daring even to recklessness. The regiment was in the action on the picket line near Bermuda Hundreds, May 18, losing about twenty men. Remained on duty at Bermuda Hundreds, till June 2d, when the 7th Conn., on picket, were attacked, about one hundred and fifty captured, and the balance driven into camp; the 3d N. H. were ordered to retake the line; in doing so, it was halted when within about one hundred yards of the line, and Capt. Maxwell ordered to select one hundred men from the regiment and make the charge; this was gallantly done with a capture of some one hundred and fifty of the enemy, and the re-occupation of the picket line and rifle pits of the brigade, with a loss of but ten men killed and wounded. June 9th, left camp and crossed the Appommatox in the advance on Petersburg under Gen. Gilmore; attack was not made, and returned to camp same day, having marched 25 miles. June 16, the enemy having left the line in front of Bermuda Hundreds, two divisions were ordered to the front to make a reconnoissance, the regiment being in the first division which took the advance. When the regiment had approached the turn-pike, the skirmishers became engaged, and Capt. Maxwell was ordered to take two companies and, if possible, march to the turnpike and deploy as skirmishers. He had proceeded but a short distance when it was ascertained that the enemy was approaching, and presently made his appearance, with three stands of colors within three hundred yards, when orders were given to commence firing. The command, being armed with Spencer's repeating carbines, drove the enemy back three different times with great slaughter and slight loss to itself, and was then ordered to rejoin the main force. A movement to the rear was then commenced, the enemy following in large force. When about three thousand yards from the old line, the regiment was ordered to the extreme right of the line, to check the advance of the enemy, and held its position about two hours with considerable loss, including Capt. Libby and Lieut. Tredick, wounded, the latter mortally. Orders were then received to fall back on the main force, and the movement commenced in regular order, regiment by regiment. The regiment fell back beyond the main force and halted till all the rest had passed, and then received a volley of musketry from the enemy, wounding a number including Capt. Maxwell. It then returned to camp at Bermuda Hundreds, where it remained till Aug. 14, with the exception of crossing the James to Wilcox's Landing, June 25, to cover the crossing of Sheridan's cavalry. From May 13 to June 19, inclusive, the regiment lost in

killed, wounded, and missing, 289 out of a total of 881, evidencing how sanguinary had been the engagements of the regiment in about one month's time. While holding the lines at Bermuda Hundreds, its turn of duty came as often as once in every three days, and it was generally turned out at three o'clock in the morning, every day, to remain till all danger of a surprise from the enemy for the day had passed.

Aug. 14, crossed the James and took part in a reconnoissance, the next day recrossed the river and passed below Deep Bottom, and again crossed at Strawberry Plains, and on the 16th marched to Deep Run and participated in the charge on the enemy's works at Flusser's mills, resulting in carrying his lines and capturing many prisoners. Passed the lines, made a gallant charge upon the enemy, but it was found that his force and position precluded any farther progress in that direction. A retreat was ordered and the captured lines reoccupied. The enemy followed to repossess his lost line, and was three successive times forced to retire with heavy loss. Subsequently the regiment was ordered to the rear. The casualties were ninety-three killed, wounded, and missing, including Lieut.-Col. Plympton, killed, and Adj. Copp, Capt. Wadlia, and Lieuts. Eldredge, White, Lamprey, Ackerman, Douley, Giddings, and Atherton, wounded, the latter left on the field as dead, and taken prisoner. Again the regiment proudly sustained its reputation for gallantry. It speaks creditably for the brave men whose term of three years' service expired just one week after this battle. Two hundred and sixty of the surviving heroes were honorably mustered out of the United States service, and left for home under Capt. Houghton, as a guard of honor to the war worn and tattered flag, the gift of the ladies of Hempstead Plains, in its transmittal to Concord—fit guard for such a memento!

Aug. 24, crossed the Appomatox, and went on picket duty in trenches in front of Petersburg. About this time Maj. Randlett rejoined the regiment, having been on leave of absence and detached service as provost marshal since he was wounded in action of May 13. Recrossed the James, Sept. 29, and, with the 7th Conn., advanced upon the enemy's works at New Market heights, and took possession of them, finding them evacuated, and the same day participated in a diversion towards Richmond, and approached within two miles of the city; then returned to Laurel Hill and threw up intrenchments and bivouacked. Oct. 1, went on reconnoissance and skirmished towards Richmond till in plain sight of the city; loss, one missing and one wounded. Was in action, Oct. 7, on New Market road, and repulsed charge of the enemy with skirmish line alone, and threw up intrenchments and went into camp; loss reported, twenty-five killed, wounded and missing, fourteen of the latter taken prisoners. Supported 1st brigade, 1st division in action, Oct. 13, on the Darbytown road; loss, one killed, two wounded. Participated in action on Charles city road, Oct. 27, and returned to camp; loss, seventeen killed and wounded, including Capt. Trickey, and Lieut. McCoy, wounded. Remained in camp till Nov. 4, and then participated in "*expedition to New York harbor*," where it suffered much for want of good quarters and a sufficient supply of rations—desertions numerous—and returned to camp at Laurel Hill, Va., Nov. 17, and went into winter quarters, and remained till Jan. 3d, 1865. From Oct. 1, 64, to the muster out of the regiment, about two hundred recruits were forwarded, principally in December, 1864, consisting of substitutes, bounty jumpers, and totally worthless apologies for soldiers, of whom nearly one half deserted after joining the regiment, not taking into account those deserting before they ever reached camp; had the other half also deserted the general government would have been a gainer, as well as the regiment and the state. A few such characters were enough to demoralize any regiment, some of them were a disgrace to themselves, the regiment, the state, and United States. Acts of theirs should not be permitted

to detract from the well earned reputation of the regiment, and the evidence of their ever having been members of the gallant 3d ought to be expunged from the record.

Jan. 3, 1865, the brigade, under Col. Abbott, formed part of the second expedition against Fort Fisher. All the available men of the regiment, numbering some one hundred and twenty-five carbines, accompanied the expedition, under Capt. Trickey, who was promoted to major Jan. 4, 1865, in place of Randlet, promoted to lieut.-colonel Oct. 12, 1864. Lieut.-Col. Randlett had been absent from the regiment on twenty days' leave since Dec. 24, 1864. The camp was kept up at Laurel Hill, Va., till some time in February. Maj. Trickey's cammand landed at the head of Myrtle Sound, N. C., Jan. 13, and went on picket on right of Union line, facing Wilmington, where it remained till the morning of the 15th, when it was withdrawn from the line and rejoined the remainder of the brigade, and honorably and conspicuously participated in the assault upon and capture of Fort Fisher and adjoining works, that night. This was decidedly the strongest fort carried by storm by the Union troops during the rebellion, and the 3d N. H. may justly forever be proud of the share it took in its reduction. Its loss was the most severe blow to the blockade running interest of the rebels, and was immediately felt from one extremity to the other of the so-called Confederate States, just as much as was the surprising and unprecedented march of Sherman. The command lost three killed and five wounded in the action and explosion which followed. It returned to the line of breastworks on Federal Point, facing Wilmington on the 16th and remained till Feb. 11, and then formed skirmish line in advance of the brigade in front of the enemy's line at Sugar Loaf Hill, and captured the rifle pits and sixty-four prisoners with skirmish line alone, with loss of one killed and five wounded. The same day, took advance and skirmished within twenty yards of enemy's main line and at night withdrew to captured rifle pits. Next day, moved back and went into camp with brigade, where it remained till Feb. 19, when advance on Wilmington was commenced.

Lieut.-Col. Randlett, with that portion of the regiment which had remained at Laurel Hill, Va., joined the balance of the regiment in North Carolina Feb. 17. The advance on Wilmington was commenced Feb. 19. On the 22d it formed the skirmish line and occupied Wilmington, which had been abandoned by the enemy. Passing through the city it again deployed as skirmishers and had a running fight to North East Ferry on the North East branch of Cape Fear river, during which the enemy was driven from the bridge across Smith's Creek, between one and two miles from Wilmington, which he had fired, and saved the bridge and captured a pontoon bridge at North East Ferry, ten miles from Wilmington. Remained at North East Ferry till March 2, then returned to Wilmington. Lieut.-Col. Randlett was appointed provost marshall of Wilmington, and nearly one half the regiment, officers and men, detailed on provost gaurd duty; the balance again fell under the command of Maj. Trickey, till the return of Col. Bedel, April 11, 1865. To the gallantry, energy, and soldierly qualities of Maj. Trickey, the regiment was largely indebted for the preservation of dicipline and subordination, and considering the demoralizing effects of details on provost duty and other extra duty, and the influx of substitutes and bounty jumpers, it was evident that to his indomitable will and perseverance the regiment was indebted for the preservation of any organization at all. In May a stand of national colors was forwarded to the regiment by the state, with a record of the battles in which it had been engaged emblazoned upon it. This was prized as an evidence of the gallantry, valor, and hard service of the regiment, but the love of the old flags, which had been proudly borne in the numerous battle fields, was still as strong as ever in the heart of every soldier who had

followed and fought under their tattered and riddled folds.

June 3, Col. Bedel was ordered to proceed, with the regiment, and occupy the Post of Goldsboro, N. C. On the 10th and 11th, the 6th and 7th Conn., and 7th N. H. arrived at that post and reported to him. Col. Bedel remained in command of the post till the return of brevet Brig.-Gen. Abbott from New Hampshire, July 5, 1865. On the 20th of July, the regiment was mustered out of the service of the United States, and ordered to proceed to New Hampshire for final discharge and payment. It arrived at Concord July 28, with twenty-six officers and three hundred and twenty-four men; was received by the governor and adjutant-general of the state, who, with treasurer Sanborn and Gen. Donohoe, addressed the regiment in thrilling speeches, congratulating the survivors on their safe return and paying a just tribute to the memory of the many gallant officers and men who had sacrificed their lives in their country's cause. Lieut.-Col. Randlett and Col. Bedel (appointed brigadier-general of the United States volunteers by brevet, July 22, for gallant and meritorious service, to rank as such from March 12, 1865) responded for the regiment. The flags were then returned to the governor, and the regiment, after having partaken of a bountiful repast generously supplied, marched to its camp-ground south of the city, where the enlisted men were discharged and paid off Aug. 2, and the officers on the 3d and 4th, and the 3d N. H. regiment of volunteers, equally distinguished for its orderly and soldierly conduct in its final discharge as for gallantry and valor in its many hard fought battles, ceased to exist except in the pages of history.

During its four years' service on the Atlantic coast in the states of South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Virginia, and North Carolina, it was engaged in the following seiges, battles, reconnoissances, and skirmishes.

Port Royal Harbor, S. C., Nov. 7, 1861; Elba Island, Ga., March 7, 1862; Bluffton, S. C., March 16, 1862; Jehossee, S. C., April 10, 14 and 17, 1862; James Island, S. C., June 8, 1862; Secessionville, S. C., June 16, 1862; Pocotaligo, S. C., Oct. 22, 1862; May River, Fla., Jan. 7, 1863; Stono Inlet, S. C., April 7, 1863; Morris Island, S. C., July 10 and 11, 1863; Fort Wagner, S. C., July 18, 1863; siege of Wagner and capture of Gregg, S. C., July 18 to Sept. 7, 1863; siege of Sumter, S. C., Sept. 7, 1863, to March 1, 1864; Pilatka, Fla., April 4, 1864; Chester Station, Va., May 9, 1864; Drury's Bluff, Va., May 13 to 16, 1864; Bermuda Hundreds, Va., May 18, 1864; Wier Bottom Church, Va., June 2, 1864; Petersburg, Va., June 9, 1864; Hatcher's Run, Va., June 16, 1864; Flussel's Mills, Va., Aug. 16, 1864; siege of Petersburg, Va., Aug. 24 to Sept. 29, 1864; New Market Heights, Va., Sept. 29, 1864; demonstration towards Richmond, Va., Sept. 29 and Oct. 1, 1864; New Market road, Va., Oct. 7, 1864; Darbytown road, Va., Oct. 13, 1864; Charles City road, Va., Oct. 27, 1864; expedition to New York, N. Y., Nov. 4, 1864; Fort Fisher, N. C., Jan. 15, 1865; Sugar Loaf Hill, N. C., Feb. 11, 1865; Wilmington, Smith's Creek, and North East Ferry, N. C., Feb. 22, 1865. In addition to the above the surprise and loss of company H, forty-two in all, on Pinkney Island, Aug. 21, 1862, is worthy of mention in the record.

During its term of service the regiment had on its rolls 1717 enlisted men, including 44 non-commissioned staff and band, and 101 officers, making an aggregate of 1818, of whom 190 were killed in battle or died of wounds; 137 died of disease; 196 deserted; 740 discharged (300 by expiration of term and 440 by reason of disability, &c.); 52 transferred; 6 rejected; 2 dismissed; 3 executed (shot); and 6 missing in action and not known whether killed, prisoners, or deserters. Two hundred and seventy of the original regiment reënlisted in January and February, 1864, and are taken into account but once in the

aggregate of 1818; the casualities in wounded and prisoners were 487 wounded and 91 prisoners. Nearly all the prisoness taken subsequent to the surprise of company H languished and died of starvation in Southern prison pens.*

The roll of honor, comprising officers killed in battle and dying of wounds, is as follows: Lieut.-Col. Plimpton; Captains Carleton, Ela and Ayer; Adj. Libby; First Lieutenants Button and Lamprey; Second-Lieutenants Scruton, Wiggin, Robinson, Tredick and Morrill. Died of disease, Surgeon Buzzell, First-Lieut. Thompson and Second-Lieut. Bryant.

No officer, except Asst-Surgeon Burnham, was appointed from another regiment while it furnished 19 officers for other regiments including brevet Brig.-Gen. Donohoe. Out of 1047 in the original organization, but two officers and one hundred and twenty-five men were present to be mustered out. Such a statement is a history in itself. Out of 1818 comprising the aggregate at any time belonging to the regiment, but twenty-six officers and three hundred and thirty-six enlisted men were present at final discharge and payment.

*To the excellent corps of surgeons and assistant surgeons attached to the regiment from its organization to its disbandment, may be attributed the small number of deaths in the regiment; their moral and temperate habits, their integrity as gentlemen, their skill as surgeons, and faithful and prompt attention to duty, rendered them conspicuous. This was particularly the case with Surgeons Buzzell and Newhall, than whom no better surgeons belong to the army.

The regiment was frequently commended for gallantry by its brigade, division, and corp commanders. It was identified with the 10th army corps, and never failed cheerfully to *follow* its leader, or to go where ordered promptly and with a will. It never lost its colors or a battle flag in all its engagements, it claims, not that it excelled others in its losses or in the performance of arduous duties, but that it did its whole duty unflinchingly in putting down a rebellion, which, during its existence, defied the laws of God, the laws of nations, the laws of the Union, and the laws of common humanity, and was characterized by plunder, piracy, rapine, murder, and starvation, before unheard of in the history of the world. Had not patriotic men breasted the storm, and faced death on the field of battle and in the malaria of the climate, and the rebellion had still held out in the contest or succeeded in gaining its point, what a state of things would now obtain? It is a subject for reflection for those who failed to do all in their power to crush it as summarily as possible. No member of the old 3d, who has done his duty, need reflect upon the result with aught but pleasure. May the soldiers with broken constitutions, the maimed and crippled, the widows and orphans, receive that consideration from an enlarged and liberal public sentiment, which they so richly deserve, and God bless and prosper them.

FAMILY RECORD.

BY LEVI BARTLETT.

The Rev. Samuel McClintock, D. D., was born in Medford, Mass. May 1, 1732; graduated at New Jersey College, 1751; ordained at Greenland, N. H., Nov. 3, 1756; died April 27, 1804, aged 71. Caleb Bartlett of Pembroke, N. H., married Betsey, a daughter of Rev. S. McClintock, D. D., of Greenland, N. H. She was the mother of four sons, and seven daughters. The late Hon. Richard Bartlett, of Concord, N. H., was the eldest child. For a number of years he was a prominent lawyer and an active citizen of Concord; secretary of state, N. H., 1825-6-7-8; removed from Concord to New York, where he died many years ago.

BLOSSOM HILL.

BY LAURA GARLAND CARR.

How still it is! There's just a hint of breeze—
Enough to stir the shadows at our feet,
And send a drowsy rustling through the trees—
While all the land rests in a calm, complete.

The city's tumult cannot reach us here:
Its shaded streets seem but long lines of green,
Above the prison-chimney, dark and drear,
A lazy line of curling smoke is seen.

The distant hills, that hedge the landscape round,
Are clearly marked against the tranquil sky;
And through the vale between, with muffled sound,
Like living things, the trains go crawling by.

Robins and sparrows, at the fountain's brink,
Flash their bright wings beneath the falling spray;
The chickadee's clear accents seem to sink
In softened cadence on the air, to-day.

A startled squirrel leaps, in frisky grace,
From off the sculptured stone, as we draw near—
To seek his nest's low shelter at its base—
With more of shyness in his looks than fear.

We walk with quiet tread the winding ways,
Reading familiar names on every hand;
While forms we knew and loved, in other days,
In fancy come to us—a silent band!

A few feet down we know their bodies lie,
And yet the heavens seem not so far as they!
Their paths are hidden now from mortal eye,
And mysteries enshroud the darksome way.

Peace, foolish heart! Why do you throb and beat
At thought of that last change—from life to death?
Is earth so fair, is human life so sweet,
You thus should cling to this uncertain breath?

Oh! earth is fair—but o'er its brightest sky
The black clouds gather, and fierce tempests rage;
Oh! life is sweet—but its best treasures fly,
And pain and sin dark line its every page.

Worried by toil and care: with grief oppressed—
Is not life's good o'er-balanced by its ill?
O heart, there'll come sweet peace and perfect rest,
When we lie down, at last, at Blossom Hill.

CONCORD, N. H.

THE LATE CENTENARIAN OF WASHINGTON, N. H., WITH A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE TOWN.

BY GEORGE BANCROFT GRIFFITH.

More than twenty years ago there were one hundred and eighteen towns and counties in the United States called Washington; but among them all, including those which have since been added, I dare venture to say that there is not one surpassing in rural beauty our own main village of that name, looking forth from its sightly eminence among the granite hills of Sullivan County.

Through the kindness of our friend and pastor, the Rev. Mr. Harrison, we lately made a visit to this town and gathered the material for the following biographical and historical sketch. In an easy-going buggy, drawn by the faithful "Little Mollie," we slowly ascended the long mountain road from Lempster Pond, pausing at the "Bend" to get a cooling draught from the famous hill-side spring, to give our panting beast a brief rest, and to once more behold with admiring eyes the broad-spread landscape robed in its summer loveliness.

The afternoon was warm, and the occasional rumble of distant thunder forewarned us of coming showers. Slowly and steadily we toiled to the summit, feasting our vision in the ever-widening prospect spread on our right, and in the deep, green valleys below. In the far distance the billow-shaped hills of Vermont extended for miles and miles; between them, like a faithful sentinel, towered glorious old Ascutney. To the left and nearer home, rose the rugged hills of Marlow, Stoddard, Acworth, and Alstead, and the tall spires and gleaming roofs of several villages could be plainly discerned. A backward glance showed us our own quiet little home, nestling at the mountain's base, the church, hamlet, and Dodge's pond gleaming like an opal, its surface white with water lilies.

Ah! here we are at last, on the tip-top of the mile-long hill, and now we go speeding on like an arrow, for we have a down grade extending along by a few pleasant farms, and then through a bush-bordered plain, and still on through a pine-scented wood, till Pollard's hill is reached, and half-way up we pass the stone that marks the dividing line, and are in Washington.

Spying a bush by the wayside laden with the largest blueberries of the season, we alight to gather them, while our gentle "Mollie" crops the tender grass by the roadside. She deserves the privilege, for she has borne us from Lempster summit, now three miles distant, at a spanking gait. On our right are the well-tilled fields of that genial bachelor, Charles Lowell; beyond is his flower-bordered cottage, and still farther on the new-mown acres of our thrifty friend, Fowler. We see a large team in his meadow lot, hastily loading the fragrant timothy; and judge from the impatient exclamations of the driver and laborers, coupled with the nearer rumble of heavy thunder, that "a right smart" down-pour of rain is near at hand.

"Discretion" ever being "the better part of valor," we make for our vehicle and again speed toward our destination, less than a mile and a half away. Rounding the hillside that crowns the noble Fisher farm, the village and the beautiful panorama that surrounds it, burst upon our view. It lies upon the summit of the ridge which forms the water-shed between the Merrimack and Connecticut rivers. Upon one of its out-lying hills, is the residence of Mr. Joseph Safford, from whose roof on one side the water drips into Mellen pond, leading into the Ashuelot river, and from the other side into a tributary emptying into the Merrimack,

during every storm. Being twelve hundred feet above the level of the sea, a cool, delightful breeze blows here frequently through the summer months, and there is some peculiar, vitalizing element in the air which at once seems to benefit the constitution affected by city toil or heat, and rapidly restores it to health and cheerfulness.

Tourists call it a summer paradise, and that distinguished author and divine, the Rev. James Freeman Clarke, is authority for the statement that but one other spot in New Hampshire excels it in scenery. Washington was formerly quite an important station on the turnpike from Vermont to Boston, but since the great net-work of railroads have gradually monopolized the routes of travel, and the slower methods of teaming and staging have become almost unknown, the town has, in a measure, lost its olden prestige, still by no means has it been suffered to sink into obscurity, for, according to its facilities, as much business is done here as in any other village of its size in this section. A large hosiery mill, established by Dea. Levi W. Hathon, a gentleman who has done as much to build up the prosperity of the town as any other citizen, is now in successful operation by Young and Brown. There is also a large card-board manufactory, to which has recently been added shingle and clapboard machinery owned and run by another enterprising townsman, Mr. Geo. F. Fowler, and several saw, grist and other mills, all of which are constantly employed and paying well. All the houses are neatly kept up, several new ones have been built, and others enlarged and modernized. Since the town has become an attractive resort for summer boarders, the "Lovell House," an excellent and very pleasantly located hotel, has been enlarged, and Mr. N. A. Lull, the merchant on the opposite side of the street, has added a large L to his residence, for the accomodation of city guests.

Rattling down the sharp declivity, from whose summit we obtained a view of the village that led to this digression, we pass the well-kept farmhouse and summer residence of Jabez Fisher, Esq., a well known and successful pork dealer at the West, and a native of Washington; past the beautiful and roomy mansion erected by this gentleman on another portion of his estate, and reaching the extreme end of its main street, soon turn into the driveway, tidy and flower-bordered, that fronts the handsome cottage of our friend, Mr. Elbridge Bradford, one of the substantial residents of the town. We find on inquiry that the old homestead of Dea. Bailey, Washington's late centenarian, is located on a lateral highway, nearly four miles from the village, and as heavy clouds from all directions are rapidly tending towards us, indicating a succession of showers, we forego our contemplated visit to that place; and while my travelling companion accepts Mr. Bradfords hospitality, I push on afoot to glean such information as I desire.

Since the above was written, we are happy to say that a correspondence with Mr. Jesse F. Bailey, a son of the deceased centenarian, who lives on the old farm, and carries it on, has elicited not only the full particulars of his father's life and death, but much valuable information regarding his native town. We are also indebted to Mr. S. W. Hurd for the loan of manuscript, prepared by him from the old town books; to the published sketch of Mr. Bailey in the *Boston Journal;* to Mrs. Safford, Mrs. Hurd, and others, for interesting scraps.

It is a well known fact that agricultural employment is favorable to the duration of life; and the great majority, and almost the totality, of centenarians, have followed this occupation. A fine illustration in point is given us in the life of SAMUEL PHILBRICK BAILEY, which closed in serenity and peace after a sojourn on earth of one hundred years, four months, and fifteen days. Deacon Bailey was the first centenarian who has passed away in this state since Jan. 1, 1880, having died July 12th. The only death of this

class in New Hampshire in 1879, was Mrs. Judith Beede, who died at Tamworth, at the age of one hundred and two years and thirteen days. We believe that the oldest person now living, in the state, is Eunice R. Swett, of Belmont, who is one hundred and four.

The subject of our sketch was born in Weare, N. H., February 27, 1780, and descended from a long-lived and patriotic ancestry. His grandfather, Ebenezer Bailey, lived to be ninety-seven years of age, and died in Massachusetts. His father, Jesse Bailey, was from Haverhill, Mass., and enlisted and served faithfully as a private in the Revolution in a company stationed with troops at Roxbury, to watch the movements of the British regulars. He died in Weare, aged almost eighty-four. Samuel's mother was Sarah Philbrick, of Seabrook, who was ten years old when her family removed to Weare. This town has numbered two centenarians, among its inhabitants,—Betsey Sargent dying in 1843, aged one hundred, and Frances Morse, passing away in 1869, at the age of one hundred years and nine months. Mr. Bailey's venerable mother went to her reward in her eighty-sixth year; and her father, Samuel Philbrick, at the age of seventy-three.

Young Samuel was brought up on a farm, and, also, learned to make boots and shoes. He was given the benefit of the district school, and subsequently attended the academy at Deerfield for several terms. So well did he improve his scholastic chances, that he was invited to teach, and followed that profession for several years. He was, also, a good singer, being frequently invited to lead in social and religious gatherings. He was the best penman in all the "country round," and his services in this line were in frequent demand. He wrote a remarkably clear and good hand, even to the last days of his life.

Mr. Bailey was first married in 1802, to Miss Betsey Balch, of New Boston, and the young couple moved to the town of Washington, in March of the following year, which place was afterward their home till death. On their arrival, there was but one framed house at the now centre village, beside the old town building. His paternal grandfather, Samuel Philbrick, owned a thousand acres of land in this town, and, on account of the name, he gave a farm to his grandson, the late centenarian of whom we write. Among their few neighbors at that time, or shortly after, was Capt. Charles French, recently deceased at the age of ninety-five years and five month. They lived side by side for more than seventy years, and were ever warm, life-long friends. On this spot, an upland track, ten miles from the railway station at Hillsboro' Bridge, and about four miles from the center village of Washington, Mr. Bailey had raised, the previous year, the frame of his house and barn, and here he brought his young bride to commence house-keeping in their one completed room. Here, in the vigor of his early manhood, the settler felled the dark forests, made fences, and toiled in digging cellars and wells, to earn the means to finish his home. The buildings have always been kept in good repair, and though there are not many near neighbors, the location is very pleasant. The scenery is extensive and impressive in all directions, including a rolling country, with the famous and beautiful form of Lovewell's Mountain, of which more anon, towering up less than three miles away, and in the near distance, Kearsarge, the lofty Monadnock, and the rugged hills of Francestown and Stoddard.

As was the fashion in those days, which, by the way, never ought to have gone out of style among American women, the fair Betsey, from time to time, presented her faithful husband with a bouncing boy or a rosy girl baby, and five of the "olive plants," that graced their table, lived to grow up. Mr. Bailey, who was always industrious and economical, continued to prosper, and became a greatly respected citizen. His aim in life seems to have been to secure a comfortable home, and to establish a character for honesty and pure integrity in whatever

position he might be placed. In his boyhood days, it was the custom to drink ardent spirits, and though he had then occasionally partaken, very soon after his marriage, he became a teetotaler, and for more than eighty years he did good service for the temperance cause. He never used tobacco in any form, nor indulged in gaming. When a young man, he attempted a model for perpetual motion, which was said to be as near perfect as any one's. He was, for a long time, deacon in a Christian church, not now in existance, in the adjoining town of "Little Windsor." In 1813, Mr. Bailey was called upon to mourn the loss of an exemplary and devoted wife, to whom he had become much attached. He married again, shortly after, his second and last wife, Miss Betsey Harriman, of Henniker, by whom he had six more children. She survived till 1867. Both of his companions were true and noble wives and mothers, and he often referred to his sixty-four years of wedded bliss with heartfelt gratitude. Mr. Bailey was elected a member of the board of selectmen for three years—in 1824, '25 and '28—and was very exact and faithful in the discharge of his duties.

At the time of his death, Mr. Bailey had seven children living, one of whom, Jesse F., already referred to, remaining with his wife on the old farm—the two taking most excellent care of the venerable centenarian. Mr. Bailey was, for a long time, deeply interested in Freemasonry, having been advanced to the sublime degree of Master Mason in Mount Vernon Lodge, of Washington, in November, 1818. He was secretary of that organization twenty-eight years, until its removal to Newport.

For a number of years previous to his death, he was not able to labor, but for the twenty-nine years preceding his one hundredth birthday, there was but two days in which he was not up and dressed, and at his centennial celebration he said he had never had a physician but once, and then one was called as a surgeon to attend to a wound in his leg.

His centennial birthday celebration was a rare and very interesting event in the history of the town, and there were many very interesting incidents connected with it. Among the great number who aided in the work, was a son of the late Mr. French. He was very active in lending his assistance in preparing for the occasion. The weather was all that could be desired, and before noon the "centre" was actually overflowing with visitors. The crowd was the largest seen here since the dedication of the soldiers' monument Oct. 16, 1867, and, by the way, Washington had the honor of erecting the first shaft, to the memory of her fallen heroes, in any town in the state, for which she was warmly complimented by Governor Smyth, at the consecration. This monument was raised Sept. 7, 1867, and, on its four sides, in gilt letters, are the names of twelve of Washington's fallen heroes. The shaft is of the finest quality of Concord granite. The provisions for the entertainment of guests from abroad were on an ample scale, food being supplied sufficient for a thousand persons. Mr. Bailey was at the village hotel several hours in the morning, where hundreds congratulated him.

As the highly honored centenarian had been a Mason so long, it seemed very appropriate that the fraternity should join in celebrating the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of so worthy a brother. As was eminently proper, the lodge to which he belonged directed the exercises. This—the Mount Vernon, of Newport—was established in 1803, and its first Worshipful Master was Hon. Joseph Healey, afterward a member of Congress, and father of Hon. John P. Healey, of Boston. John Lewis was Master of the organization when Mr. Bailey was raised to the third degree in this town.

Under a dispensation from the Grand Master, a lodge was opened in due form, at the town hall. A. S. Wait, of Newport, Past District Deputy Grand Master; Rev. Henry Powers, of Manchester, Grand Chaplain; Hon. Mason W. Tappan, of Bradford, Past

Grand Secretary, and many other distinguished members being present.

The fraternity, with their ladies, preceded by the Newport Cornet Band, Charles A. Puffer, leader, had previously, at "high twelve," marched to Hotel Hall, and partaken of an excellent dinner, and afterward all others who wished were invited to the tables. The good people of the town shew not only their respect for the aged citizen, but also commendable generosity in providing so liberally for the entertainment of all.

The centenarian had a position of honor upon the platform, and it was probably the first time a person of his age ever sat in a lodge in the state. The turnout of Freemasons was unexpectedly large; the lodges represented being Mount Vernon of Newport (Frank A. Rawson, Worshipful Master), St. Peters of Bradford, Pacific of Francestown, St. Paul of Alstead, Doric of Tilton, Benevolent of Milford, Altemont of Peterboro', Social Friends of Keene, Sussex of St. Stevens (N. B.), Golden Rule of Hinsdale, Athol Lodge of Massachusetts, Stanton Lodge of Illinois, Meridan of Franklin, Pythagoras of Baltimore, Mt. Hiram of Claremont, Dorchester of Vergennes (Vt.), Harris of Warner, Harmony of Hillsboro', Blazing Star of Concord, and Washington of Manchester.

During the session of the lodge, it was voted that a committee to prepare resolutions should be raised, to consist of a representative from each organization which had a delegation present. In forming this committee, there were fifteen organizations belonging in this state to respond. Subsequently, Worshipful Master Rawson announced that he desired every lodge, wherever located, to have a member on this committee, and thereupon organizations from outside of New Hampshire, which chanced to be represented, began to respond, and as the foreign lodges were called the enthusiasm was warm and hearty.

William Welch responded for Sussex Lodge, of St. Stevens, N. B.; J. C. Kimball for Stanton Lodge, Illinois; W. A. Gregg for Dorchester Lodge, Vergennes, Vt.; A. Stephenson for Pythagoras Lodge, Baltimore, Md.; and Rev. Ira Bailey, a son of the centenarian, for the lodge at Athol, Mass. The last organization sent a series of fraternal resolutions in honor of the centennial Mason. Just before the lodge was opened, there was found one aged gentleman, for whom no one present could vouch, and he retired, with two officers, for an examination. He soon returned, however, and was introduced to the Worshipful Master as a very bright Mason, and was greeted with applause. The brother then remarked that he had not been in a lodge before since 1849. Among the extremely interesting Masonic documents that were brought into the lodge was the record book of the Mount Vernon organization, from its charter in 1803. In this old volume, which was hidden in a cellar during the anti-Masonic excitement, was found the minutes of the admission of Mr. Bailey to the lodge; and the records which Mr. Bailey himself, as secretary, kept for many years, were found intact and beautifully written out.

After the transaction of business, the lodge was closed and the public admitted, who quickly filled the hall to overflowing, and many were unable to enter. There was music, and then Grand Chaplain Powers delivered an eloquent address, very appropriate to the occasion. Next to Mr. Bailey, the oldest person present was the late venerable Capt. Charles French, then in his ninety-sixth year. He had a position of honor, beside the centenarian on the platform, during the public exercises. After the resolutions were passed, Mr. Bailey sang several verses of an ancient Masonic ode with a clear and firm voice, which was followed by the captain, rising and dancing, with the old fashioned steps, in a manner so lively as to elicit vociferous applause. The way the captain cut the "pigeon wing" is described as remarkable for one who only lacked five years of being a centenarian himself.

Jesse F. Bailey read an historical

poem, and resolutions complimentary to the guest of the day were passed. Mount Vernon Lodge presented an elegant chair to the centenarian, the address being made by Hon. Levi W. Barton, of Newport, and Adjutant-General Tappan responding for the recipient. A centennial ode, written by Past Master M. Harvey, of Newport, was finely sung. An autograph album was given Mr. Bailey, and addresses were made by other prominent Freemasons. Toward the close of the public exercises, Lena Bailey, a little grand-child of the centenarian, only in her third year, went on to the stage, and going up to the side of her grandfather, patted his hand and showed him other modest but affectionate attentions. The little child was a daughter of Jesse F. Bailey, and, with her lovely, innocent face and flaxen hair, won many friends.

As before stated, the late centenarian has seven children living, and has lost several by death. Of the latter, one died in infancy, and three arrived at adult age. His children present were Rev. Mr. Bailey, of Athol, Mass., fifty-five years old; David H. Bailey, of Vineland, N. J., aged sixty-three; Daniel D. Bailey, of Hillsboro' Bridge, aged seventy-three; and Jesse F. Bailey, aged fifty-seven, with whom the old gentleman lived. The three children, who were not able to be present were Gilman Bailey, of Hillsboro' Bridge, seventy-five years old; Mrs. Cynthia Pike, of Windsor, aged seventy-one; and Alpha Bailey, of New Boston, aged sixty-one. The only brother of the centenarian, Solomon Bailey, of Francestown, was in attendance, and he was born in 1803. There were also present, three grand-children of the honored guest. An elegant bouquet of rare flowers was presented to Mr. Bailey by Francis Boardman and wife of Newport. The choice selections of the band added much to the enjoyment of the day. It is a note-worthy circumstance that in 1873 John McCrillis, of Goshen, reached one hundred years, and the event was commemorated by a magnificent Masonic and public demonstration.

All the exercises were exceedingly interesting, and lasted till a late hour in the afternoon. There were also in attendance Hon. S. L. Bowers and Dexter Richards of Newport, Senator Coolidge, Col. Frank H. Pierce and Robert C. Dickey of Hillsboro', and Squires Gove of Weare, aged ninety, and who was made a Mason in 1816.

Up to the day of his death, Mr. Bailey's memory continued remarkably good, and just previous to his 100th birthday he committed to memory sixty-four religious hymns. Being unable to toil upon the farm in his later years, he took to writing acrostics as a hobby and as a pleasant way of passing his time. In the last twelve years of his life, he composed, as his son informs us, nearly two thousand verses of this kind which have been scattered into more than one half of the states and territories, and into a great many towns. They are all of a religious tone and reveal the pure spirit that characterized the man. Several have been published. There lies before us a communication addressed to whom it may concern, and referring to the past and present condition of Washington, which is very interesting as written by Mr. Bailey, in a bold and legible hand, only a few weeks before he died. We would like to make extracts from it did space permit.

The town of Washington has previously had three centenarians, at least, before Mr. Bailey, two of whom were Amy Spaulding, dying in 1859, aged 102, and Mary Brockway in 1872, aged 101. Charles Wright, who, a few weeks since, passed away at the age of 89, was a gentleman who enjoyed the execution of a hornpipe as well as a boy of sixteen, and who, to use his own expression, "smoked two-thirds of the time since he was 24." There are still several quite aged people here. Jabez Fisher, who is nearly 89, with many good years of life in him yet to all appearances; and Captain Leonard Bradford, at the same age, fills in his spare time by the manufacture of butter and meat tubs, cutting the

timber and preparing it himself, entirely by hand labor and making every part of the ware without glasses. Last year he made and sold $120 worth of butter tubs. Some of the adjoining places have known and still have instances of rare longevity, for in 1829, Greeley Jackson of Hillsboro,' passed away at the age of 103; in 1849, Elizabeth Grindle of Goshen, died, having seen 104 years. There is still living in Lempster, Capt. Martin Beckwith in his 101st year and his cousin Candice Beckwith in her 100th year, of whom we wrote in a contribution to the *Granite Monthly*, published last month, and we might also mention Capt. Silas Noyes of the same town in his 83 year, and who has sung in the choir of the church at East Lempster for 62 years; he is still a picture of health and is able to do a fair day's work.

The first settlement within the bounds of the township, now known as Washington, N. H., was made by twenty pioneers under Col. Reuben Kidder, in 1768, and to each he gave a grant of one hundred acres. About the first building in the place was the log cabin of Joseph Rounsevell, on what is now known as Water street. Most of the earliest settlers came from Massachusetts. Miss Sarah Shedd, the generous donor of the town library, and a well-remembered native of Washington, tells us in one of her poems that they arrived on horseback with most of their furniture strapped to their weary beasts, and their little stores packed in the ample saddle-bags. Of course the wives and children rode most of the way on the pillions. She speaks of some of the mothers as having *sixteen* children!

They pursued their lonely way, guided by newly spotted trees, and when a deep river was encountered, a tree was felled and the children and women folks in single file walked across after being bidden to "keep their balance true," while the sturdy backwoodsmen plunged their horses into the stream and forded their way to the opposite side. The territory, comprising the village, "centre and east," was granted in 1775 by John Tufton Mason, under the name of "Monadnock, No. 8," or New Concord, to Capt. Peter Prescott, and thirty-two others of Concord, Mass., John Fox and three others of Littleton, Jonathan Hosmer and four others of Acton; Wm. Rice, of Sudbury; Aaron Willard, of Lancaster; John Buss, of Lunenburg, Wm. Boutwell, of Leominster, Nathaniel Sawyer, of Lancaster, John and Peter Buckley, of Boston, and Robt. Fletcher, of Nottingham, all in the province of Massachusetts Bay, and to Joseph Brown and ten others, all in the province of New Hampshire, to have and to hold by them and their heirs on the following terms and conditions:—

1st. The town is to be divided into 123 equal shares, to be drawn by lot in some open place, before the last day of Jan. 1775, and to be delivered to the proprietor's clerk within thirty days of said drawing. One share for the first settled minister, one share to the ministry, and one share for the schools, these forever free of all charge.

2nd. That twenty more shares be reserved to said grantors, their heirs and assigns forever free of all encumberance of settlement, tax, charge, or expense, whatever, until improved by the owners or some one holding under them, respectively.

3d. And there shall be within the term of ten years of the settlement a good and suitable meeting-house erected and finished.

4th. There shall be within five years a comfortable dwelling house on fifty of said shares.

5th. And lastly, that all white pine trees, growing on said tract, fit for masting his Majesty's Royal Navy, be and hereby are granted to His Majesty, his heirs and successors forever.

The above instrument is duly signed and attested.

Effort were made prior to 1768 to induce settlers to come to the wilderness of Monadnock, No. 8. Among the steps taken in this direction by the proprietors, that year, it was voted to give one hundred acres of land to any man who would put up a grist and saw

mill for the use of the inhabitants, fixing the pay for sawing at eight shillings per 1000, and the customary tolls for grinding. It was also, voted to give 26£ 13s toward paying for the iron work for a mill, but it seems there was no one to undertake the work.

Shortly after the first settlement, in 1768, the name of the place was changed from Monadnock, No. 8, to Camden, but there has not been found any records pertaining to the town under that name until 1776, when the inhabitants petitioned the assembly for an act of incorporation, which was granted, and the name was changed to Washington. We find that Mr. Archibald White was authorized to call the first town meeting, for the choice of town officers, and the date for such meeting was fixed for Feb. 10, 1777. The following board was chosen; Joseph Rounsevell, Moderator; John Safford, Town Clerk; John Safford, Ephraim Severance, Archibald White, Selectmen; Jacob Burbank, Collector.

At this time, the town government may be said to have been fairly set in motion. Among the incidents, worthy of mention is the fact that for a number of years, the town voted not to pay their officers, and they found as many willing to bear the burdens of office then as now. Any person liable to become a town charge was warned to leave the place within fourteen days, and our forefathers thereby relieved themselves of all liability for their maintenance. There are now on file in the town clerk's office, at Washington, six old warrants that were used for this purpose. Mr. Robert Proctor and Elizabeth, his wife, were two of the victims of this old law; they were warned to leave town May 28, 1788. This unpleasant method was changed soon after to that now in use,—dropping from the tax list.

Nov. 21, 1786, it was voted not to have any paper money at *any rate*, 21 to 5,—no inflation in those days! May 7, 1787, a committee was chosen to lay out a common of two acres at the middle of the town, and to procure a deed of said land of Joseph Rounsevell, Esq., for the use of this town forever.

In 1788, the town voted to build the first school house. Three thousand pounds were raised to build highways, and the record says that each man laboring thereon shall be paid six pounds per day, from April 1 to Oct. 1, and four pounds, sixteen shillings the rest of the year. Grand wages or else some mistake in the record! Aug. 13, 1779,, it was voted to accept of four acres of land from Joseph Rounsevell, for building purposes. The grant was staked and an adjournment made to the house of Abner Sampson, and then and there it was voted to build a meeting-house, the north-eastern corner of which should be placed in the spot where stake was driven. The following September, a committee was chosen to make proposals to the Rev. George Leslie to come and settle in Washington as a minister of the gospel, with a salary of fifty-five pounds, payable in rye at four shillings per bushel, corn at three shillings, beef at two and one half cents per pound, and pork at four cents per pound, with other eatables and wearing apparel at equivalent rates, and said Leslie when settled was to be entitled to two hundred acres of land, to him and his heirs forever. Their report was accepted, and it was voted to build a meeting-house, fifty-five by forty-five, and one thousand pounds was granted for the purpose. Fifteen pounds was paid per thousand feet for the pine lumber. This building was erected, according to the manuscript of Miss Shedd, in 1789, under charge of "old Cummings," who

> "Took his station on a log,
> And cried with all his might;
> 'Now, all together! Right up with it!'"

It seems that this Cummings was wont to brag somewhat of his skill, for on this occasion he took the opportunity to say

> "That every joint, he ever framed,
> He knew would pinch a hair."

It seems that the day was a festal one, for a barrel of New England rum was purchased by the town to encour-

age the workmen at the "raising," barrels and tubs of home-made beer were drank, and a great quantity of puddings, pumpkin pies, baked beans, and brown bread loaves were consumed, while "sweethearts and wives cheered with their words and smiles." A junk-bottle followed up on the last rafter,

> "And there across the lofty ridge,
> Was drained of every drop,—"

By whom deponent saith not. The timber put into this venerable edifice grew near Island pond, quite a distance from the centre of the town. David Leslie was the first sexton, chosen at a salary of three shillings, sixpence, for the first year,—a very modest stipend. In 1794, it was voted, that the Rev. Mr. Leslie's salary be paid in cash for the future. Let us hope that his parishioners had not fallen into the habit of drawing him musty hay, or giving him short weight or measure. We judge from the perusal of Miss Shedd's manuscript that the good parson was much liked, from the fact that he remained many years with this people, and all his children sleep in hallowed ground, within the town limits, save one.

As early as 1778, a bounty of four pence was given for each blackbird's head, and no swine were allowed in the public way.

In 1790, by the record of votes cast for representative to Congress, there appears to have been twenty-seven voters in town.

The first tavern, or log cabin, was opened by one Sampson, and the first store was kept by Tom Brown, "who sold both tape and pop," near Mr. French's tailoring rooms. Capt. Brockway had the honor of building the lumber and grist mills that furnished the early settlers with indispensable commodities.

The genial Harris was the first disciple of Esculapius, who put in an appearance, and so well did he supply his pills and physic that he was allowed to remain in their midst for more than forty years. He had a very fascinating way of inviting children to eat his sugar-coated stuff, assuring them that he carried round sweets by the pound. The sanctity of the old box-pews kept all lawyers at a proper distance from the town.

Among the well known citizens who helped a good cause with purse and influence was Squire Penniman, who "buried not one talent in the ground." He loaned the town one hundred pounds to help build the meeting-house, and also furnished the oil, paint, glass, and nails. He willed the public schools of Washington a sum of money, and during his lifetime acceptably filled all the offices in the gift of the town. Deacon Farnsworth, the father of sixteen promising children, was another well known townsman. He was very fond of his snuff and also loved to tell anecdotes. He astonished the natives once by asserting that he had captured *sixty pounds* of salmon in his boots! Some of his bear stories were marvelous. Peace to his ashes, for none could hold a throng more attentively, or better sing a Christian song.

Every place has some quaint characters, and others more or less noted for their peculiarities. Washington has not been behind in this respect. It once boasted of a lively old gent by the name of Spalding—"Plum Pudding Spalding"—who was known to have eaten twelve pounds of substantial fodder at one meal. He was not particularly hungry at the time either. His wife, so it was said, devoted a large share of her time in getting up johnny-cake for his delectation, an article of food that she could prepare with wonderful skill. Then there was a man by the name of Proctor, who sent a note to church, many years ago, to this effect:

> "A child is born, the mother safe,
> Praise God and him adore!"

Then there was the martial Wright, who once cried to a bear that he encountered in the woods: "How do you dare to look a *Major* in the face." That good old "Azariah" somebody, also, who could pinch a nail in two! And

> "Deacon Farwell known to fame
> For hunting honey bees;
> His form so lean, his zest so keen
> He'd scent them in the breeze."

Preceptor Healey, of sainted memory, whose residence crowned the highest hill, and who lived to see "Hon." prefixed to his name, will long be remembered. He and his much loved wife both exemplified the beauty of the "golden rule." Then there was Deacon Burbank and his son Simon, who paid his marriage fee with a bushel of beans, the Barneys of "Barney Hill," Deacon Jaquith, who had three sons all deacons, and who had the honor of being the first one appointed in the old church; and the clerk, whose name tradition giveth not, who cried the banns:"

"Hear ye, hear ye, hear ye,
Marriage intended is between
J. A. and Miss R. C."

And now, before we forget it, let us say, it is claimed that the first power loom used in the United States, was invented and put in operation at Washington, N. H.

At the present day, the thoroughfare of Washington instead of running along like most New England villages, in one continuous street, broadens out lake like around a delightful common, in the centre of which looms the beautiful soldiers' monument, and into this wide street runs several tributary roads, bordered by substantial, well-painted farmhouses. The hills and mountains that encircle the main village, are not so near as to cramp and oppress the spectator with the feeling of their vicinity and size, the eye ranges for miles over undulating fields and pastures, bright with the varied greens of of srubbery and herbage, and the foliage of familiar trees, behind which roll, like the billowy waves of the sea, the blue and purpling lines of far-off heights. It has been truly said, that one gets a sense of freedom and expansiveness here, that our American scenery rarely imparts, and that the landscapes around Washington remind one rather of some German or Italian valley than of the abrupt and rugged grandeur of New Hampshire.

In the attraction of beautiful streams and lakes, Washington is especially rich, containing no less than twenty-one ponds, well stocked with pickerel, perch, black bass, pout, dace, and chub. Occasionally, the disciple of the gentle Walton secures a large trout, also. Every year, camping parties sojourn upon the shores of these lakes, but though large quantities of fish are annually captured, the supply will never be exhausted. Half Moon pond is a magnificent sheet of water, covering about one hundred acres, and for fishing cannot be excelled by any body of water in the state. The scenery at and around the pond is exceedingly lovely. On one side is situated Read's hill, which is owned by Warner Read, of Hollis, and is used as a pasture by him. On the top of this hill is one of the largest and most thrifty sugar orchards in New England. Near by is Lovewell's mountain of symetrical, cone-like shape, and three thousand feet above the level of the sea. This mountain was named from one Nehemlah Lovewell, who was a younger brother of Capt. John Lovewell, a person well known in colonial history. Young Lovewell was the first white man known to have ascended to the crest of the mountain, and from him it derives its name. The view from the top is as good as from almost any spot in the state. As you stand on this elevation, westward may be plainly seen the Green Mountain range, and a little to the south the Ascutney and Cardigan giants; north the White Mountain range, and a little to the east, old Kearsarge, with the hotel on its summit. Eastward, the highlands of Chester and Nottingham bound the vision, while near by respond in quiet beauty the Uncanoonucks, which are well known landmarks to every explorer. Turning to the south, we can plainly see the Monadnock and Wachusetts Mountains, also, Saddleback and Mansfield, which are nearly sixty miles distant. With the exception of Monadnock and Kearsarge, "Lovewell's" is the highest mountain in southern New Hampshire. From its summit one can look into twelve different towns, and count fifteen ponds, and

nearly all of these bodies of water are situated in the town of Washington.

It is a beautiful drive, from the village to Oak hill, and from there around Mellin's pond, about a mile distant, and which is regarded by many as the prettiest pond in the state. One of the principal points of interest at Oak hill is the lead mine, which is situated near the top of the hill, and from it is obtained a very good quality of plumbago, such as is used in mauufacturing lead pencils.

A well known gentleman, who made the ascent of "Lovewell's mountain" last year, says, that for extent and variety, the view from its top approaches nearer to the Riga, one of the Alps, than any other mountain in the granite state.

From the piazza of the "Lovell House," the village hotel, which is overflowing with guests during the summer, a beautiful panorama is disclosed, the prospect extending to most of the mountains mentioned, and to other famous elevations.

The town has a well-selected stock of books, numbering over a thousand volumes, in its public library, which is constantly increasing. This is a valuable gift from a native of Washington, Miss Sarah Shedd, a very estimable and talented lady, now deceased.

The autumn brings good hunting in this vicinity, and those who are willing to endure the labor and disadvantages, which accompany berrying, will also find a wide field for this amusement.

The first male child born in Washington, was Eli Danforth, Oct. 27, 1773; first female, Lydia Proctor, Sept. 26, 1774; first death, Lucy Sampson, Sept. 5, 1777; first marriage, Ebenezer Spaulding, of Washington, and Anna Roundy, of Lempster, January, 16, 1777. These are the first statistics of the kind recorded.

The first frame house in the village was built by a Mr. Faxon, for a tavern, and this was the home of Hon. Joseph Healey, elsewhere referred to, who was twice elected to Congress, during John Q. Adams's administration.

Mr. and Mrs. Tubbs, of Deering, gave a literary fund to establish an academy in Washington, which was opened in 1849; the institution has been well managed, and is still in a flourishing condition. Miss Sarah Shedd, the donor of the Shedd Library, exhibited a great fondness for books, at an early age, and although her education was limited to the common schools, she made praiseworthy advancement, and became a cultivated lady by her own efforts. She became, early in life, a very successful and much beloved teacher. Afterward she sought more lucrutive employment in the mills of the adjoining states, but still continued her studies, and was proficient as an artist as well as a poetess. To her great credit be it said, she provided an unfortunate mother with a comfortable home for life, and was ever regarded, by all who knew her, as one of the most amiable and lovely characters that the town ever produced. Her free library, which was opened in 1869, now contains fourteen hundred volumes. Miss Shedd died in 1867, at the age of fifty-four.

The town has sent out several professional men, among whom were eight doctors, five lawyers, and five ministers. A word in regard to the rising and talented young men, who have gone from Washington. Jasper T. Goodwin graduated from Columbia College, N. Y., with the degree of A. B., in 1876, and was appointed tutor of mathematics in the same institution on the recommendation of the faculty. He studied at the Law School in 1877, '78 and graduated with the degree of L L. D., and the next year was admitted to the New York bar. Early in his college career, Mr. Goodwin took great interest in physical culture, and rowed in Columbia's winning crew at Saratoga in 1874, and was stroke and captain of the crew sent to England to compete with the Oxford and Cambridge crews in the summer of 1878; and Columbia—the American college he represented— was victorious. This was the first race ever won in England by an American crew. Mr. Goodwin married Miss Carrie L. Greenleaf, of Washington. Mr. Edwin H. Fowler,

a graduate of the Chandler Scientific Department of Dartmouth, last year, competed for and obtained a prominent and lucrative situation in the U. S. Coast Survey Department at the Capitol. He is called a very superior draughtsman, and is highly esteemed by his superiors. Elbridge and Ira Bradford are also worthy sons of old Washington; the first is a successful clergyman located at Amesbury, Mass.; and the latter is a rising young lawyer now living in Augusta, Wisconsin. Elbridge married a sister of Mr. Goodwin. Mr. Frank Greenleaf, now pursuing his medical studies at Columbia college, is also a very promising young man, and we would be glad to mention others did space permit.

From a manuscript written by Washington's venerable centenarian, whose life we have sketched, we learn that at one time there were two ordained ministers, two lawyers, and three physicians at the centre village. The east village is very prettily located, and has an excellent water privilege. There are two churches, a rake factory, and several good sized lumber mills. The farms in that portion of the town are well cultivated, arable, and remunerative, and the inhabitants will be found to be hospitable and intelligent.

On the afternoon of our visit to Washington, there occurred several heavy showers in rapid succession, being the greatest rainfall of the season. A cyclone, or something having very much the shape of one, was driven by the wind toward the town, but fortunately its course was quite high in the air, and it burst before reaching the houses. There was quite a fall of large sized hailstones and the wind was violent, but at sunset one of the most magnificent rainbows, with well defined reflections, sprang from the great valley below and arched the town. A golden glory filled the western skies, and we were permitted to return home with dry jackets and happy hearts.

HURRAH FOR OLD NEW ENGLAND!

BY W. P. CHAMBERLAIN.*

This is our own, our native home,
Tho' poor and rough she be,
The home of many a noble soul,
The birth-place of the free.
We'll love her rocks and rivers
'Till death our quick blood stills,
Hurrah for old New England!
And her cloud-capped granite hills.

CHORUS:

Hurrah for old New England!
And her cloud-capped granite hills.
Hurrah for old New England!
And her cloud-capped granite hills.

Shall not the land tho' poor she be
That gave a Webster birth,
With pride, step forth to take her place
With the mightiest of the earth?
Then for his sake whose lofty fame
Our farthest boundries fill,
We'll shout for old New England!
And her cloud-capped granite hills.

CHORUS: Hurrah, &c.

They tell us of our freezing clime,
Our hard and rugged soil,
Which hardly half repays us for
Our spring-time care and toil:
Yet gaily sings the merry boy
As the homestead farm he tills,
Hurrah for old New England!
And her cloud-capped granite hills.

CHORUS: Hurrah, &c.

Others may seek the western clime,
They say 'tis passing fair,
That sunny are its laughing skies
And soft its balmy air;
We'll linger round our childhood's home,
'Till age our warm blood chills,
'Till we die in old New England,
And sleep beneath her hills.

CHORUS: Hurrah, &c.

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*The author of this popular song is a well-known citizen of Keene. He wrote it originally, "Hurrah for old New Hampshire," etc.—ED.

SKETCH OF KEENE.

BY J. N. McCLINTOCK.

The city of Keene, the youngest in the state, the only city in the Connecticut valley within New Hampshire, is the county seat of Cheshire county, of which it is nearly the geographical centre.

By the old stage routes it was fifty-five miles from Concord, eighty miles from Boston; by rail, it is ninety-two miles from Boston, and an indefinite distance from the capital of the state—the longest way round being the quickest way there.

It is the railroad centre of the south-western part of the state; the Cheshire railroad connecting it with Walpole, Bellows Falls and Montreal, to the northwest; the Ashuelot railroad, with Swanzey, Winchester, Hinsdale, Springfield and New York, to the southwest; the Cheshire, with Marlborough, Troy, Fitzwilliam, Worcester and Boston, to the southeast; and the Manchester and Keene (when it is finally in operation), with Harrisville, Hillsborough, Concord and central New Hampshire. It was originally of symmetrical form, but its neighbors on the north and east have sadly interfered with its regularity of outline. It is now many-sided, preserving the general outline of a parallelogram, seven miles long east and west, six miles wide north and south. The Ashuelot river flows nearly through the centre of the territory. Looked at as a whole, the city seems to occupy the site of some ancient lake whose barriers, the surrounding hills, still preserve their form, except where the confined waters forced an outlet down the valley of the Ashuelot. The rich deposit of soil, of unknown depth, spread over the broad intervales of the town, confirm this theory.

However, there is nothing stagnant in the village of to-day. The village, or the city proper, is laid out with a certain methodical irregularity. Central Square is the centre, to which five principal thoroughfares and ward bounds converge, while the city seems to have grown impartially in every direction.

The commerce, churches, hotels and schools are centred here; beyond are the elegant residences. As the circle widens, one comes to the more humble abode and cottage of the artizan, and still further away, on every hand, the establishments where the tireless industry of the city is judiciously guided in the manufactures for which Keene is celebrated.

This Central Square is a charming feature of this city, not from its extent but from its idea; it brings green sward and budding trees into the business centre. High aloft beneath the waving branches, a stately volunteer in bronze stands guard on a pedestal of massive granite. He commemorates the exploits and sacrifices of the city during the last great struggle for an undivided country. Close by, the city fathers have erected a fountain for man and beast, where water from the neighboring granite hills flows perpetually. Looking to the south for a mile, an avenue extends, noble in width, level, hard, and shaded by over-hanging elms, meeting in an arch. Six lofty spires stand sentinels about; fine business blocks surround the square.

Grand old trees are on every street; green grass is abundant and duly prized; flowers are everywhere cultivated. The city is watered by an elaborate system of water works, lighted by gas, protected from fires by an efficient fire-department, guarded from malice and outrage by a vigilant police, governed by a paternal city government, taught in convenient school-houses, receives the higher branches in the most elaborate of high school buildings, is entertained in a spacious city hall, is guided

to heaven in the most beautiful of modern churches, trades in handsome stores, is served by handsome clerks, has no idle hands from necessity, is busy, is happy, is self satisfied, is delightfully situated in summer and in winter, is altogether lovely, is an *Arcadia*—and more too!

Keene is the out-growth, the climax of the civilization of New England, the realization of the dreams of our ancestors who labored, struggled, and fought to plant in this new world municipalities, republics, where equality should reign, where education should be universal, where pauperism should be left out, where life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness should be assured to every one, whatever his race, color, or previous condition of servitude. The patrician families of New Hampshire preserve their position and command respect according to their deserts. It seems strange, and arrogant, to assume that the most advanced idea of civilization in the world is typified in such a city as Keene; yet such is the fact. Outside of our northern states it has no counterpart. It has a population of 6,786; and a valuation, in 1879, of $8,059,326.

Now, having considered the city as a whole, the reader is respectfully invited to take a strole back into forgotten years, about a century and a half, and get posted on the history of this charming place. Then more minute description will be intelligible.

HISTORY OF UPPER ASHUELOT.

In 1733 the "Great and General Court" of Massachusetts, in accordance with the recommendation of Governor Belcher, voted into existence the township of Keene, under the name of Upper Ashuelot. Joseph Kellogg, Timothy Dwight, and William Chandler were appointed a committee to lay out the township, six miles square; and in February of the following year, they made a return. The territory was declared to be a part of the county of Hampshire, and was considered within the jurisdiction of Massachusetts.

In September, 1734, Jeremiah Hall, Daniel Hoar, Seth Heaton, Elisha Root, Nathaniel Rockwood, Josiah Fisher, and William Puffer, proprietors or sons of proprietors, visited the tract under the lead of Deacon Alexander, of Northfield, as a pilot. This was a bold adventure into the wilderness, twenty miles beyond the frontier. In 1736, a saw-mill was erected, and at least one house; and in the fall Nathan Blake, Seth Heaton, and William Smeed made preparations to pass the winter therein. Their provisions became exhausted, and they were obliged to return to the settlements and remain until spring.

The method of drawing their "rights" by the proprietors accounts for the irregularity of the original plot of the town. In the order of their choice, each proprietor directed the survey of his hundred acres of upland, and the result was impossible geometrical figures leading to much after confusion. Mr. Morse, the fortunate drawer of the right to choose first, wisely located his "right" on the territory now occupied by the compact portion of the city.

Although at peace with the Indians, the settlers were aware of their treacherous character, and made preparations for resisting any sudden onslaught, by the erection of a fort. This was ninety feet square, and contained two ovens, and two wells. It was built of hewn logs. "In the interior, next to the walls, were twenty barracks, each having one room. On the outside, it was two stories high; in the inside, but one, the roof over the barracks sloping inwards. In the space above the barracks were loop-holes to fire from with muskets. There were two watch-houses, one at the south-east corner, and one on the western side, each erected on four high posts set upright in the earth. And for greater safety the whole was surrounded by pickets."

In 1740 there were in the township the following land-owners:

Rev. Jacob Bacon, Jeremiah Hall, Jr.,
Josiah Fisher, David Nims,
Joseph Fisher, Timothy Puffer,

Nathan Blake,
William Smeed,
Seth Heaton,
Joseph Ellis,
Ebenezer Nims,
Joseph Guild,
Joseph Richardson,
Isaac Clark,
Edward Dale,
Jeremiah Hall,
Ebenezer Force,
Daniel Haws,
Amos Foster,
Ebenezer Day,
Beriah Maccaney,
Jabez Hill,
Obed Blake,
Ebenezer Daniels,
Nathan Fairbanks,
John Bullard,
David Foster,
Sol. Richardson,
Abner Ellis,
Benj. Guild,
Asa Richardson,
Ebenezer Hill,
Samuel Fisher,
Ephraim Dorman,
Timothy Sparhawk,
Jona. Underwood,
John Andrews,
Samuel Smith, and
Samuel Daniels.

During this year, the dividing line between the colonies of Massachusetts and New Hampshire was established, leaving Upper Ashuelot far inside of the latter state, in spite of the urgent resistance of the town to the royal decree.

The young settlement was destined to receive a check in its prosperous growth, for in 1744 war was declared between England and France, and the whole frontier was in a state of excitement and alarm; to this was added the dread scourge of a throat distemper, fatal in its attacks, which wrought sad havoc within the fort and consigned many to the grave.

Deacon Josiah Fisher fell the first victim to the Indians, July 10, 1745. Early in the morning of the 23d of April of the following year, Ephraim Dorman was openly attacked near the settlement, but by a vigorous resistance made his escape to the fort. Mrs. Maccaney and John Bullard were less fortunate and perished during the assault. Mrs. Clark escaped capture by her agility, being closely pursued nearly to the gate. Nathan Blake was taken prisoner and carried to Canada, to be treated there with considerate kindness. His enforced visit with the red-men formed quite a romantic incident in that dreary war. He returned in safety and lived to recall his adventures to numerous descendants. In the spring of 1747, after an uncomfortable winter spent within the fort, the inhabitants resolved to abandon the settlement; and a strolling party of Indians soon after burnt all the buildings in the town, possibly with one or two exceptions.

In 1749 a treaty of peace was made with the Indians, and in the following year the settlers made preparations to return to their deserted homesteads and rebuild.

HISTORY OF KEENE.

On the 11th of April, 1753, the proprietors obtained a charter for the township, previously granted by Massachusetts, from Governor Benning Wentworth, who immortalized the name of his friend, Sir Benjamin Keene, by bestowing it upon the newly chartered town.

During the next year, the Indians renewed their hostilities and necessitated the erection of a fort. In June, 1755, Benjamin Twitchell was captured and carried to Canada, and died there. The savages were seen but twice afterwards in the vicinity, committed no remarkable depredations, and so disappear from the annals of Keene.

From this time onward, the growth of the town was steady. The first authentic enumeration of the inhabitants was taken October 7, 1767; there were 427 souls.

In 1768 the town chose Josiah Willard to represent it in the general assembly at Portsmouth.

In 1770 the town was divided into four school districts. The next year it was made one of the shire towns of the new county of Cheshire, one of the five subdivisions of the province. The Inferior Court held its first session in October, 1771, and the Superior Court in September, 1772. With the court came the first lawyer of whom any mention is made in the early records.

In 1773 the foot company of Keene numbered one hundred and twenty-six, under command of Col. Josiah Willard. The alarm list, numbering forty-five, seems to have been made up of

the older men, including many of the original settlers; the selectmen of Keene, David Nims, Eliphalet Briggs, Jr., and Benjamin Hall, reported the following census for Keene, viz.:

Unmarried men, from 16 to 60,	65
Married men from 16 to 60,	96
Boys, 16 years and under,	140
Men, 60 years and upwards,	11
Females, unmarried,	217
Females, married,	105
Widows,	10
Male slaves,	1
Total,	645

In 1774 the town made preparations for war by the purchase of "200 lbs. of good gun powder, 400 lbs. of lead, and 1200 flints," raising "twenty-four pounds, lawful money" for that purpose.

October 17 of that year, Capt. Isaac Wyman and Lieut. Timothy Ellis were chosen delegates to the county congress at Walpole.

The battle of Lexington was fought on the 19th of April, 1775. The news reached Keene one morning, and Capt. Dorman, in command of the militia, with the advice of Capt. Wyman, "sent expresses to every part of the town, notifying the inhabitants to meet, forthwith, on the green." Upon their meeting in the afternoon the citizens voted unanimously to raise a body of men to oppose the regulars. Capt. Wyman, already an old man, was chosen to command, and, under his direction, a troop of thirty volunteers was on hand at sunrise the next morning, fully equipped, and was led towards Concord. On the 27th of April, Timothy Ellis was chosen a delegate to Exeter, and a member of the Provincial Congress. On the 7th of December the town, being without higher law, duly accepted a constitution and code of laws for their own government, which was in force until 1778. Its provisions were simple and to the point. It required no lawyer to elucidate. Thomas Baker, Eliphalet Briggs, and Dan Guild were chosen a committee to judge and execute under the new law, and Elijah Blake, an officer, with duties like constable or sheriff.

The Declaration of Resistance sent to the several towns of the state by the committee of safety of the assembly of New Hampshire, was signed in 1776, by one hundred and three citizens of the town—thirteen refusing to sign. Col. Isaac Wyman was appointed a justice of the peace that year; and Capt. Eliphalet Briggs, one of the committee of safety, dying of small pox, Jeremiah Stiles was chosen in his stead.

In 1777, at the battle of Bennington, Keene was represented by a company of quickly organized militia, among whom were Maj. Ellis, Josiah Richardson, and Joshua Durant.

Towards the close of the revolution, Keene was much exercised by the controversy in regard to the New Hampshire Grants, but maintained her allegiance to the old state.

In 1786 Daniel Kingsbury and Jeremiah Stiles were selectmen; they reported the number of inhabitants as 1122.

In 1787 the "New Hampshire Recorder," the first paper issued in Keene, appeared, printed by James D. Griffith. The number of inhabitants in Keene, in 1790, was 1314; the town had been growing prosperous in time of peace.

In 1792 the town voted to purchase a bell for the new meeting-house. Peleg Sprague, Esq., and Judge Newcomb being actively interested.

In that year "the outskirts of Keene, and the neighboring towns, were much infected with wolves," Monadnock Mountain being their great resort. Wolf hunts were organized, and, on one occasion, the country 'round assembled and routed them from their place of refuge. For many years there was but one church in town, at which the people from all quarters assembled on the Sabbath; and the hospitality of the village was taxed to the utmost. The building also served as a town-hall and court-house, until the erection of a new one. Sometimes the town-meetings were held in Ralston's tavern, near the site of the "City Hotel."

In 1794 the town voted money for a larger hall, and authorized the pur-

chase of a town clock. Luther Smith was maker. During the year 1795, Asa Bullard was postmaster. His receipts for the quarter ending March 31 were $1.36, increasing during the next quarter to $4.49. The mail-route was by the way of Portsmouth; the delivery once a week, although a public conveyance connected Keene with Boston by way of Leominster, and made the round trip every week. Jotham Johnson was proprietor. In 1796 water was introduced into the village by Abijah Wilder from Beaver Brook. In 1798 Peleg Sprague was chosen a member of Congress.

In 1800 the population of Keene was 1,645. On the 22d of February, memorial services were held in honor of General George Washington, consisting of "an instrumental dirge, prayer, vocal and instrumental music, an oration by Samuel West, Esq., a eulogy, succeeded by music, and a concluding prayer." The places of business were closed and the concourse of people was large.

Before 1800, nearly all the travel from Hanover and Haverhill to Boston passed through Keene. The opening of other turnpikes, about this time, withdrew much of it to a new channel. The Saint John's block was built in 1815.

In 1820 the population of Keene had increased to 1895. There were two meeting-houses, twelve schoolhouses, six taverns, eight stores, nine saw-mills, four grist-mills, two clothing-mills, one carding machine, and one tannery, besides a printing-press and a book-store. Josiah Colony and Francis Faulkner were then in active business.

The business blocks now on the west side of the square were built between 1822 and 1830. The buildings on the north side were built in 1828, about the time the church was moved from its position on the common to its present site. John Prentiss was in his prime in those years, publishing the *Sentinel*. The Unitarian church was built in 1830. The Richardson House on West street, a hotel during the Revolution, was standing in about the same condition as at present. The Eagle Hotel was kept by Stephen Harrington, who was succeeded by his son Aseph.

The old Ralston tavern was kept, years before, by an uncle of Salmon P. Chase.

The Cheshire turnpike led from Charlestown and Walpole, through Keene to Troy, thence on to Boston. Every morning, at four o'clock, the coach and four, or six, left Keene for the east. At times rival lines reduced the fare to one dollar. The "Safety and Dispatch line," which made the trip to Boston in eight hours, was put on by Col. Whitcomb French, now living in Peterborough at a ripe old age.

Benjamin and James Cheney used to drive their four-in-hand. Esterbrook was a famous driver. Bardwell brothers owned a line from Walpole to Keene. Capt. William Marsh was a noted whip. In those days freight was transported by six-horse teams, and the highway was teaming with the travel which now seeks the rail. Large droves of cattle, numbering many hundreds, wended their dusty way through the town, on their journey to Brighton. Since that time, 1830, the growth of the town has been steady. In 1833 there was an exodus from the town to welcome Gen. Jackson at Concord; that year the county jail was erected and about that time the Keene Academy was built. The Cheshire House was built about 1837, replacing the old Phœnix, which was built in 1822. The site was that of the old "Sparhawk Tavern," once kept by Dr. Edwards, father of Hon. Thomas M. Edwards.

The City Hotel was built by Gen. James Wilson, about that time, and called "The Workingmen's Hotel," afterwards "The Emerald House," later "The Revere House," taking its present name since the rebellion. The town-hall was built in 1848.

In May, 1848, the Cheshire Railroad was opened from Fitchburg to Keene, and to Bellows Falls, Jan. 1, 1849. In 1855 the population numbered 3,392.

KEENE DURING THE REBELLION.

When the news reached Keene that Fort Sumter had been fired upon, the citizens sprang to their arms, and almost as quickly as their heroic ancestors prepared to meet the British, a company was organized and dispatched to Concord to join the first forces sent from New Hampshire. Captain Henry C. Handerson opened a recruiting office and volunteers flocked to the standard; old men, young men and boys, fathers and sons, hastened to enlist. Company G, First New Hampshire Volunteers, went out with Andrew J. Sargent, captain; Horace T. H. Pierce, first lieutenant; and Charles H. Drummer, second lieutenant; mostly recruited from Keene. During the war, the following companies went out from Keene in New Hampshire Volunteer regiments:

Company A, second regiment: T. A. Barker, captain; Henry M. Metcalf, first lieutenant; Herbert B. Titus, second lieutenant.

Company F, fifth regiment: H. T. H. Pierce, captain; Moses W. Rand, first lieutenant; Samuel Quinn, second lieutenant.

Company E, sixth regiment: O. G. Dort, captain; John A. Cummings, first lieutenant; Geo. H. Muchmore, second lieutenant.

Company I, ninth regiment: John W. Babbitt, captain; Jacob Green, first lieutenant; Nelson N. Sawyer, second lieutenant.

Company G., fourteenth regiment: Solon A. Carter, captain; C. Frederick Webster, first lieutenant; Spencer L. Bailey, second lieutenant.

A considerable number of the men of company K, third regiment, were also of Keene. This company was at first commanded by captain Henry C. Handerson, and lieutenants W. J. Butterfield and Samuel M. Smith. The changes incident to actual service gave to many of the officers above named, a higher rank at a latter date.

The entire sixth regiment was organized at Keene, and was commanded by Colonel Nelson Converse, who was succeeded by Col. S. G. Griffin, afterwards major-general, and ranking officer of the New Hampshire volunteer force. The sixth regiment saw its first service under Burnside in North Carolina. It was afterwards in the army of the Potomac and participated in several of its heavy battles. Still later, it was sent to the West, and was engaged in operations in the vicinity of Vicksburg, and Jacksonville, Mississippi.

Major Edward E. Sturtevant, of the fifth regiment, who was killed at the battle of Fredricksburg, was of Keene. He was the first man to enlist in the state.

In company with a Keene veteran, I read over the Adjutant-General's Reports, and give below a short account of some of the brave men who went out from Keene to devote even life itself to their country's cause. The work of classifying and arranging will devolve on some future historian.

ROLL OF HONOR.

Capt. Henry N. Metcalf, of the second regiment, was killed at Gettysburg.

Albert W. Heaton, died of wounds, May 25, 1862.

Wm. H. Hodskins, died of wounds, July 25, 1862.

George H. Muchmore, first lieutenant company E, sixth regiment, was killed at second Bull Run battle.

J. Henry Jenks, sergeant-major, was killed at Cedar Creek, Oct. 19, 1864.

Edward E. Sturtevant, major of the fifth regiment, was killed at the battle of Fredericksburg.

Henry Holton, company A, third regiment, died at Keene, March 17, 1863.

John A. Drummer, company A, third regiment, died at Budd's Ferry, Maryland, Dec. 9, 1861.

John G. Darling, company A, third regiment, died during the war.

Henry White, died at Budd's Ferry, Dec. 9, 1861.

Clinton C. Cheney, corporal company C, sixth regiment, died at Hatteras Inlet, Feb. 26, 1862.

Henry Flint, died Oct. 16, 1862.

George W. Marsh, was drowned on the sinking of the steamer "West Point," Aug. 31, 1862, on the Potomac River.*

Henry Sprague, first lieutenant company F, ninth regiment, died at Cincinnati, Aug. 17, 1863.

Charles D. Chase, corporal, died at Clinton, Mississippi, July 20, 1863.

Frank J. Leverett, died at Paris, Kentucky, October 2, 1863.

Edmund J. Perham, died at Warrington, Virginia, Oct. 26, 1862.

Charles E. Towns, died near Petersburg, Feb. 20, 1865.

Noble T. Dunn, died Sept. 8, 1864.

Luther M. Parker, died at Savannah, Georgia, June 30, 1865.

Edwin Marvin, died at Offut's cross-roads, Dec. 15, 1862.

Elmer F. Dickinson, twenty-third Massachusetts Volunteers, died of wounds, June 17, 1864.

Henry W. Willard, died at Annapolis, Mar. 3, 1865.

Charles J. Wilder, thirty-ninth Illinois Volunteers, killed in Virginia, Oct. 13, 1864.

SOLDIERS WHO HAVE DIED SINCE THE WAR.

John A. Duren, first lieutenant company I, fifth regiment, was captured at Cold Harbor, June 3, 1864; was one of the proprietors of the St. James Hotel, Washington, D. C., and died there since 1875.

Horace T. H. Pierce, captain fifth regiment, died since 1875.

Daniel W. Trask, private fifth regiment, died soon after the war.

Geo. H. Willard, private fifth regiment, died in Keene, in 1879.

Capt. Geo. C. Starkweather, company F, sixth regiment, after the war studied law and was well established in Boston in practice. He died since 1870.

Jacob Green, first lieutenant company I, ninth regiment, died in Keene, about 1870.

Nelson N. Sawyer, first lieutenant company I, ninth regiment, died since 1870.

Col. Robert Wilson, brother of Gen. James Wilson, died since the war.

George D. Richardson, first lieutenant company B, fourteenth regiment, died at the Sandwich Islands, since 1870.

Henry M. Staples, chief musician, was killed, October, 1876.

Charles E. Rugg, quartermaster-sergeant, died since the war.

Perley E. Balch, died about 1870.

Hiram Barden, died about 1879.

Norman A. Tuttle, sergeant-major first heavy artillery, died since 1870.

BRIEF ACCOUNT OF KEENE VETERANS.

Capt. Samuel F. Holbrook lives in Keene.

Corporal Isaac W. Derby, who lost an arm at Bull Run, was honorably discharged, Aug. 25, 1862. In March, 1863, he was independent candidate for register of deeds, and was elected.

Warren H. Hurd, corporal company A, first regiment, was commissioned captain in the United States colored troops, Jan. 25, 1864; was promoted to major, and is now a banker in Kansas.

Horace Joslin, wagoner, is a teamster in Keene.

Col. Frank S. Fiske, went into service as major of the second regiment, and was promoted. He now holds an office in the Boston custom house. He married Anna, the daughter of Gen. James Wilson. His sister, Mary, is the widow of Hon. Thomas M. Edwards. His sister, Julia, is the wife of William Dinsmoor, son of Gov. Samuel Dinsmoor, senior.

Dr. Marshall L. Brown, was assistant surgeon of the sixth regiment.

Lieut. Henry E. Hubbard, is now a brick-mason and builder in the city.

Elisha Ayer, is a carpenter in Keene.

Alfred Chase, is an alderman of the city of Nashua, and carries on a large market garden.

Surgeon Wm. Henry Thayer, is now in successful practice in Brooklyn, New York.

C. F. Webster, is a lawyer of Keene.

James W. Russell, first lieutenant company E, fourteenth regiment, is captain company G, second regiment

* Maj. O. G. Dort's wife and child, and Col. Charles Scott's wife, of Peterborough, were lost at the same time.

New Hampshire National Guard, and a member of the firm of J. R. Beal and Co., merchant tailors.

Capt. John W. Sturtevant, company G, fourteenth regiment, is now of the firm of G. H. Tilden and Co., booksellers and stationers. He is inspector-general, with rank of brigadier, of the New Hampshire National Guard. He was wounded, Sept. 19, 1864.

Capt. Ira Berry, was wounded Sept. 19, 1864, at Winchester; is now a jeweler in Portland, Maine.

Geo. A. Day, bandmaster, is now leader of the Hinsdale band.

Serg't Alvin R. Foster, is a contractor and builder in Keene.

Geo. E. Hastings, private company I, ninth regiment, is proprietor of the City Hotel, Manchester.

Private Edward M. Messinger, who was wounded Sept. 27, 1862, at Antietam, is now proprietor of Messinger's eating saloon, on Broomfield street, Boston.

Wm. H. Rand, sergeant, is now a congregational clergyman, settled in Maine.

Wm. W. Ross, who lost a leg in the Wilderness, June 2, 1864, lives in Keene.

Lieut. Jeremiah Lyford, is now at Long Branch, New Jersey.

Private Joseph Doolittle is proprietor of the Winnecoette House at the "Weirs."

Lieut. Thomas C. Edwards, first cavalry, son of Thomas M. Edwards, is now in business in Chicago.

Lieut. Austin E. Howard, first heavy artillery, is now a foreman in the Cheshire railroad car shops.

Samuel Nims, hospital steward, is in the United States postal service.

Andrew R. Mason, paymaster's clerk, United States navy, is proprietor of the Prospect house, in Chesterfield.

Serg't Joseph W. Briggs, is in business in Chicago.

Maj.-Gen. Simon G. Griffin, resides in Keene; his biography will appear in the GRANITE MONTHLY in good time, in full.

Maj. O. G. Dort lives in Keene.

Col. Solon A. Carter, is state treasurer.

Col. J. W. Babbitt, is deputy sheriff of Cheshire county.

It is estimated that Keene furnished six hundred men to the Union army, over one hundred of whom fell a sacrifice for their country.

Keene has not been ungrateful to her heroes. She has generously raised a monument in the central square to perpetuate the memory of the fallen ones. In 1870, seven thousand dollars were appropriated to cover the expense. The monument consists of a finely wrought base and pedestal of granite, upon which stands the bronze figure of a soldier. The inscription upon the brass tablet is as follows:

KEENE
WILL CHERISH IN PERPETUAL HONOR
THE MEMORY OF HER SONS
WHO FOUGHT FOR LIBERTY
AND THE INTEGRITY OF THE
REPUBLIC.

1861 —o— 1865

THE HONOR
OF THE HEROIC DEAD
IS THE INSPIRATION OF
POSTERITY.

CITY GOVERNMENT.

Just after the war the growth of the village was accelerated. In the course of about five years the town doubled in population, and the needs of the community demanded a city charter. Accordingly it was adopted and went into effect, Jan. 1, 1874, with Hon. Horatio Colony as first mayor. In 1876 he was succeeded by Hon. Edward Farrar. Hon. Reuben Stewart went into office in 1878. The present city government went into office Jan. 1, 1880.

Hon. Horatio Kimball is mayor.

The aldermen are Charles F. Wilson, Cyrus Piper, Jason French, Norris G. Guernsey, and Edward B. Tarbell.

L. C. Doolittle is city clerk.

The common councilmen are Dexter W. Gilbert, president; Hiram Blake, James Spencer, Milton M. Parks, Jerry P. Wellman, James W. Russell, Charles

W. Buckminster, Albert O. Fiske, George W. McDuffee, James H. Fisher, Geo. H. Richards, Charles W. Shedd, James H. Smith, Sylvanus A. Morse, Henry Couillard. James E. Parmenter is clerk.

John T. Abbott is city solicitor; Henry S. Martin, city treasurer; John W. Babbitt, city marshal; Edwin O. Keith, constable, and city messenger; Edward Farrar, police justice; Gardner C. Hill, city physician; Philander Howland, sexton; Daniel H. Sawyer, superintendent water works; John L. Butler, superintendent highways; Lizzie M. Converse, librarian.

The trustees of the public library are D. W. Gilbert, Wm. P. Chamberlain, F. W. Hooper, Mrs. H. M. Hatch, Mrs. E. J. C. Gilbert, and Miss Katie I. Tilden.

The trustees of Woodland Cemetery are H. P. Muchmore, Elbridge Clark, and John G. Stone.

The overseers of the poor are Wm. L. Davis, George Kingsbury, Hiram Stowell, Shubael White, and A. J. Aldrich.

The health commissioners are Clark F. Rowell, Julius N. Morse, and John J. Holbrook.

The chief engineer of the fire department is Virgil A. Wright.

CHURCH HISTORY.

The First Congregational Church of Keene was organized in 1738, with a membership of nineteen males. Rev. Jacob Bacon, the proprietors' clerk, was ordained Oct. 18, and settled over the church. Mr. Bacon graduated at Harvard College in 1731. The church was near the residence of Gen. Wilson, and was destroyed with the other buildings in 1747. Mr. Bacon was dismissed upon the evacuation of the town. In 1753, on the return of the settlers, the church was built on the common, and was occupied until 1786, when it was moved to the west and used as a court house; it finally degenerated to a tenement house. In the same year Rev. Ezra Carpenter was settled; he was born in Rehoboth, Mass., April 1, 1699; graduated at Harvard College in 1720, and was settled in Hull for twenty-one years; was minister of the united church in Keene and Swanzey about seven years, when the two churches separated and the church in Keene was reorganized with fourteen male members. Rev. Clement Sumner was ordained June 11, 1861; was a graduate of Yale, class of 1758; remained with the church for eleven years, when he was dismissed; he died in Keene March 29, 1795. During the next five years, nineteen candidates made unsuccessful attempts to satisfy the church. Rev. Aaron Hall was unanimously invited, and was ordained Feb. 18, 1778. The church then embraced seventy-seven members. He was a graduate of Yale, class of 1772. For thirty-seven years he ministered to the church and died Aug. 12, 1814, in his sixty-third year. Rev. David Oliphant, a graduate of Union College in 1809, of Andover Theological School in 1814, was ordained May 24, 1815; and was dismissed in 1817.

Rev. Z. S. Barstow, D. D., was ordained July 1, 1818. He was born in September, 1790, and graduated at Yale College in 1813, receiving his degree of A. M. in 1816. For fifty years Dr. Barstow guided the church on its onward way, a man of great influence in the community, resigning July 1, 1868, and dying March 1, 1873. The present pastor, Rev. Cyrus Richardson, was born in Dracut, Mass., March 30, 1840; graduated at Dartmouth College, class of 1865; graduated at Andover in 1870, and was ordained and settled in Plymouth. He was installed in Keene, July 10, 1873. The church has a membership of about three hundred and thirty, and is free from debt. The church edifice is on the north side of the square, and is of pleasing and graceful architecture. It once stood on the common, but was removed in 1828, and since then has been twice repaired. The property is valued at $45,000.

The Second Congregational Church was organized Oct. 16, 1867, with one hundred and twenty-three members. The building and organ cost

$35,000, and was completed, paid for, and dedicated Sept. 16, 1869, when Rev. Joseph Allen Leach, its present pastor, was installed. Mr. Leach is a native of Rockingham, Vermont; born April 15, 1836; graduated at Amherst College in 1861; at Andover Theological School in 1864; was commissioned chaplain of the Nineteenth Regiment U. S. A., and first settled in Keene as a colleague of Dr. Barstow, at the close of the war. There are three hundred and four members.

The Baptist Church was organized with fourteen members in the west part of the town, in 1815, but was soon afterwards removed to the village. Among its pastors have been Rev. Mark Carpenter, Rev. John Peacock, Rev. Mr. Richardson, Rev. Gilbert Robbins, Rev. Leonard Tracy, Rev. William N. Clark, D. D., and Rev. W. H. Eaton, D. D. The present edifice was built in 1874. The lot and parsonage cost $13,000; the building, $45,000. There are about one hundred and ninety members.

The Unitarian Society was formed in 1824, and the church was organized in 1825, consisting of thirteen members. Rev. T. R. Sullivan, Rev. A. A. Livermore, and Rev. W. O. White have been its pastors.

The "Grace" Methodist Church was organized in November, 1835, with a membership of thirty. The present church edifice was built in 1869, at an expense of $40,000. The present pastor, Rev. Wm. Eakins, is a native of Ireland; born April 15, 1845; fitted for college at home; came to this country in 1863; took a private collegiate course; fitted for the ministry at Drew Theological Seminary, under the guidance of Rev. John McClintock, D. D.; was ordained by Bishop Simpson April 16, 1876; was settled over Baker Memorial Church in Concord from 1877 to 1879, when he was stationed at Keene. There are over three hundred members.

The Saint James Episcopal Church has about one hundred members and property to the value of $40,000. Rev. Alexander B. Crawford is the rector. He is the son of Dr. A. B. Crawford, of Michigan; born July 27, 1849; graduated at Dartmouth College in 1876; at Berkeley Divinity School in 1879, and was ordained June 8 of that year.

There is, also, a Universalist Church, an Advent Church, and a Roman Catholic Church.

LAWYERS IN KEENE.

The legal fraternity of Keene has taken high rank, not only in Cheshire county, but throughout the state. Elijah Williams, a native of Deerfield, Mass., the first lawyer of whom record was made, settled in Keene in 1771. In 1774, he offended the patriotic citizens in the vicinity by instituting a suit "in the King's name." A mob forced him to withdraw the suit. Soon after the battle of Lexington, he, with other tories, joined the British in Boston. At the close of the war, in 1784, Williams returned to Keene to settle the affairs of refugees, after which he went to Nova Scotia. Ill health forced him to return to his native place, where he was buried with his ancestors.

Hon. Daniel Newcomb is first mentioned in the annals of Keene as a delegate to a county convention, held at Walpole, in 1780, of which he was clerk. He was born in Norton, Mass., in 1746; graduated at Harvard College, in 1768; settled in Keene, in 1778, and commenced to practice in 1783. In 1790, he was appointed chief judge of Cheshire county court. He was a justice of the superior court of judicature, from April 6, 1796, to 1798. In 1800, he was elected the first state senator from Keene, and resigned Nov. 21, of the same year. In 1805, he was again elected. He died July 14, 1818. His house, at the south end of Main street, is still known as the "Judge Newcomb house." It was mainly through his efforts, and those of Noah Cooke, that the first court house was built, in 1796.

Hon. Peleg Sprague became prominent in Keene in 1792. He was born in Rochester, Mass., Dec. 10, 1756; graduated at Dartmouth College, 1787, and settled in Keene. He was elected

to Congress in 1797, to fill a vacancy, and was reëlected in 1799. He was taken sick, resigned, returned, and died April 20, 1800. Hon. Peleg Sprague of Maine, is thought to have been his son.*

Noah Cooke was admitted to practice as an attorney, in 1784, and settled in Keene, in 1791. He lived on West street, and practiced in Keene until his death, Oct. 15, 1829, at the age of eighty.

Hon. Samuel Dinsmoor was a native of Windham, born July 1, 1766. He was of the Londonderry-Scotch-Irish descent, great-grandson of John Dinsmoor, one of the first settlers, grandson of Robert Dinsmoor, and son of William Dinsmoor. He graduated at Dartmouth College, 1789; read law, and settled in Keene, in 1792. As a young man, he was especially interested in military affairs, and organized the Keene Light Infantry—one of the finest drilled and best equipped corps known under the old militia laws. In 1808, he was appointed postmaster. In 1811, he was elected to Congress, and distinguished himself by favoring the war with Great Britain. On his return he was appointed collector of the direct tax, and afterwards was judge of probate. In 1821, he was elected a councillor. In 1823, he was the regular nominee for governor, but was defeated by Levi Woodbury on an independent ticket. In 1831, 1832, and 1833, he was elected governor. He died March 15, 1835.

Hon. Samuel Hunt, afterwards member of Congress, was in practice in Keene, in 1794. In 1801, besides Daniel Newcomb and Samuel Dinsmoor, Noah Cooke, David Forbes and Samuel West were practicing attorneys in Keene.

Noah R. Cooke was a son of Noah Cooke, read law with his father, and practiced in Rindge, and afterwards in Keene.

David Forbes, attorney-at-law, settled in Keene, in 1797, and died there in 1815. He represented Keene in the legislature.

Foster Alexander, a native of Winchester, graduated at Dartmouth College, 1796, read law with Noah Cooke; commenced to practice in his native town, but settled in Keene from about 1810 to 1828. He afterwards died in Winchester.

Lockhart Willard was in practice in Keene, in 1803. He was state senator from Keene, from 1806 to 1810, inclusive.

Elijah Dunbar practiced in Keene, from 1806 till after 1830.

Samuel Prescott, a native of Westford, Mass.; graduated at Harvard College, 1799; taught the grammar school for a year; read law; was admitted; settled in Chesterfield, and commenced to practice in Keene, in 1808. About 1815, he went to New York, but finally returned to Keene, where he died.

Seth Newcomb was admitted to practice, in 1809.

E. Butterfield commenced to practice in 1811; William Gordon, in 1813.

Hon. James Wilson settled in Keene in the practice of law, in 1815. He was the son of Maj. Robert Wilson of Peterborough, a Revolutionary soldier, and was born Aug. 16, 1766. He graduated at Harvard College, in 1789; read law with Judge Jeremiah Smith; was admitted to the bar, in 1792, and settled in his native town. In 1809, he was elected to Congress. He continued in active practice in Keene until 1823, when his son, Gen. James Wilson, succeeded to his business. He died Jan. 4, 1839.

"Mr. Wilson was a good lawyer, understood the science of law thoroughly, was a man of quick and clear perceptions, vigilant in the preparation of his cases, and managed them, before the court and jury, with distinguished ability. He had but few superiors and not many equals in the state."*

Joseph Buffum, Jr., commenced to practice in Keene, in 1816. In 1819, he was elected to Congress.

Levi Chamberlain was born in 1788. He was a distinguished lawyer, tall,

* Dictionary of Congress.

* History of Peterborough.

stately, with elegant manners, genial, witty, and a prominent man in the community for many years. For many sessions he represented Keene at Concord. In 1829 and 1830, he was in the state senate from Fitzwilliam. In 1849, he was the whig candidate for governor; and in 1861, was a member of the Peace Congress. He died Aug. 31, 1868.

Joel Parker graduated at Dartmouth College, 1811; was admitted to the bar, in Keene, in 1817; was appointed justice of the supreme court of judicature from Jan. 8, 1833. He was chief justice from June 25, 1838, to June 24, 1848. He was afterwards professor of law in Harvard University, for just twenty years, until 1868. He married the daughter of Elijah Parker. Judge Parker was born in Jaffrey, June 25, 1795; he died in Cambridge, Aug. 17, 1875.

In 1818, the profession of law in Keene was represented by Noah Cooke, Samuel Dinsmoor, Foster Alexander, Elijah Dunbar, Joseph Buffum, Jr., James Wilson, Levi Chamberlain, Elijah Parker, Joel Parker, Fr. Gardner, and Thomas M. Edwards.

Elijah Parker was born in Cornish; graduated at Dartmouth College, in 1806, and was a prominent lawyer in Keene, for many years. One of his sons is now a distinguished lawyer in Boston; the other, Prof. Henry E. Parker, is now one of the faculty at Dartmouth College.

Hon. Thomas Mackie Edwards, the son of Doctor Thomas Edwards, was born in Providence, in 1795, but was brought to Keene by his parents at an early age. He fitted for college with Rev. John Sabine of Fitzwilliam; graduated at Dartmouth College, 1813; read law with Henry Hubbard, of Charlestown, and commenced to practice in Keene. He was postmaster at Keene from 1817 to 1829; was eight years a member of the state legislature, between the years, 1834 and 1856. In the later year, he was a presidential elector. In 1859 and 1861, he was elected a representative in Congress, where he served on important committees, and was distinguished for great industry, strict integrity, and fidelity to the interests of his constituents. He was a thorough scholar, an able lawyer, and a successful financier. He possessed good judgment, great executive ability, much energy and perseverance. In 1845, he became interested in railroads, and was the first president of the Cheshire railroad. In the same year, he married Mary H. Fisk. He died May, 1, 1875.

Samuel Dinsmoor, Jr., was admitted to the bar, in 1819, but was not enrolled as an attorney at Keene until 1823. He was the son of Gov. Samuel Dinsmoor; born May 8, 1799; graduated at Dartmouth College in 1815, and was associated with Gen. James Miller in the practice of law in Arkansas. In 1826 and 1827, and in 1829 and 1830, he was clerk of the senate; for several years he was postmaster; the cashier of Ashuelot Bank, later its president; in 1849, 1850 and 1851, governor of New Hampshire. He died Feb. 24, 1869.

Gen. James Wilson commenced to practice in Keene, in 1823. He was the son of Hon. James Wilson; was born March 18, 1797; graduated at Middlebury College, and read law with his father. In 1821, he was elected captain of the Keene Light Infantry, and was duly promoted in the militia of the state to the rank of major-general. In 1825, he was in the legislature and welcomed Lafayette to Concord; in 1828, speaker of the house; in 1838 and in 1839, candidate for governor; with the exception of these two years and the year 1833 in continuous service in the legislature from 1825 to 1840 inclusive; at all times a most effective and eloquent public speaker. In the Harrison campaign he did good service on the stump throughout New England, New York, and Pennsylvania, and was appointed, by President Tyler, surveyor-general of public lands. In 1846, he was returned to the legislature, and in the following year to Congress. He was reëlected in 1849, and resigned Sept. 9, 1850, and went to California, as one of the Land Commission. Presi-

dent Lincoln offered him a brigadier-general's commission upon the breaking out of the rebellion, which ill-health prevented him from accepting. In 1867, he returned to Keene; was representative in 1870 and 1871, and lives at a good old age, among the scenes of his early triumphs.

Phinehas Handerson commenced to practice in Keene, in 1833. He was born in Amherst, Mass., Dec. 13, 1778, and was admitted as an attorney, in 1804. He first practiced in Westmoreland, and afterwards in Charlestown, before removing to Keene. He died in Keene, in 1853.

Salma Hale was admitted to the bar in Keene, in 1836. He was a native of Alstead; edited a newspaper at the age of nineteen, and throughout life evinced a taste for literary and historical studies. For some years he was clerk of the courts in Cheshire county. He was a member of both branches of the state legislature, and was chosen a member of congress, in 1816 and in 1824. He died in 1866, at the age of seventy-nine years.

In 1841, C. L. Putnam commenced to practice in Keene.

In 1842, J. Henry Elliot, William P. Wheeler and Geo. A. Wheelock were in practice.

J. Henry Elliot is still in practice in Keene. Particulars of his biography are to be obtained by consulting the archives of the Elliot family at the New Hampshire Historical Society Rooms.

William P. Wheeler was the son of Col. Nathaniel Wheeler; born in Croydon, July 31, 1812; was educated at Kimball Union Academy; studied law at Keene; graduated at Harvard Law School, and was admitted to practice, in 1842, settling in Keene. He received the degree of A. M. from Dartmouth College in 1850. For ten years, he was county solicitor. In 1855 and 1857, he was candidate for Congress. As a lawyer, Mr. Wheeler stood high, ranking with the ablest in the state. In preparing a case, in examining witnesses, in arguing before a jury, in preparing a brief, and in arguing before the supreme court he was equally able and distinguished. He was a man of the strictest integrity, and won the confidence of all. He was warm hearted, generous, hospitable, fluent in speech—often eloquent, sometimes sarcastic and cutting—well read, and successful. He died in May, 1876.

In the olden days, before the whistle of the locomotive, when Judge Parker, Edwards, Chamberlain, Wilson, and Handerson met on the broad veranda of the Cheshire House, waiting for the daily coach, there was "a feast of reason and a flow of soul." Tradition has it that Daniel Webster was not an infrequent visitor to Keene, in those days, where he met congenial minds. Chamberlain was a tall, thin man, elegant in his manners. Wilson had the gift of holding the jury spell-bound, and "crying" them at pleasure. He was and is a massive, imposing-looking man, of martial presence, whose eloquence has electrified many an audience—standing six feet four, and weighing about two hundred and twenty pounds. Thomas M. Edwards was a man of great ability, tall, slight, with black, piercing eyes.

Hon William L. Foster commenced to practice in Keene, in 1845. He was the son of John Foster, high sheriff of Cheshire county; and was born in Westminster, Vt., June 1, 1823; was educated at Hancock, Walpole and Keene academies; read law with Levi Chamberlain, and graduated at Harvard Law School, in 1845. He was postmaster in Keene four years, and from 1849 to 1852, inclusive, he was clerk of the senate. In 1853, he removed to Concord. For about eight years he was law reporter. In 1862 and 1863, he was in the house of representatives. In September, 1869, he was appointed a justice of the supreme judicial court. In 1874, he was appointed chief justice of the court of common pleas, and in 1876, associate justice of the supreme court. He resides in Concord.

In 1847, C. C. Webster commenced to practice, and he is in practice to-day.

A. Herbert Bellows and Edward Farrar were in practice, in 1849. Mr.

Bellows was born in London, England, May 8, 1821; practiced a short time in Keene. He was for several years a resident of Concord, and was a partner of the late Judge Bellows, before his appointment to the bench. He left Concord before 1870. He is now living in Walpole.

Hon. Edward Farrar is a native of Troy; born Nov. 14, 1822; entered Dartmouth College, class of 1845; read law with Levi Chamberlain and at Harvard Law School, and was admitted to the bar in 1847. Dec. 3, 1857, he was appointed to the office of clerk of the court for Cheshire county, which office he has held ever since. He represented Keene in the legislature in 1871 and 1872; was mayor in 1876 and 1877, and has been police justice since the organization of the city government, in 1874.

Farnum F. Lane appears in the list of attorneys, in 1851, and is still in practice.

In 1852, Francis A. Faulkner was added to the list of lawyers. He was born Feb. 12, 1825; graduated at Harvard College, class of 1846; read law with Phinehas Handerson, whose daughter became Mrs. Faulkner; graduated at Harvard Law School, and settled in Keene. He represented Keene in the legislature; was on Gov. Stearns's staff; was in the Constitutional Convention in 1876; was president of the Cheshire County Bar Association, and was invited to accept a seat in the Supreme Court. He died May 22, 1879.

In 1855, F. S. Fiske, and in 1856, Harvey Carleton, were in practice.

Don H. Woodward was admitted to the bar in May, 1859. He was born in Springfield, Vt., July 16, 1835; attended Albany Law School, read with Washburne and Marsh, of Woodstock, Vt., and settled in Keene, in Dec., 1859. He has served the city one term as alderman. He devotes his whole time to the practice of law.

Hon. Horatio Colony was admitted to the bar in 1859. Mr. Colony is of Scotch-Irish descent. He is of a family who have been prominent in Keene for a century, his ancestor being one of the rangers in the old French War. Some future historian of Keene must relate the importance of the family. He was born in Keene, Nov. 14, 1835; read law with Hon. Levi Chamberlain, and graduated at Albany Law School. In 1874, Mr. Colony was the first mayor of Keene under the city charter, and was reëlected in 1875 (in spite of his politics). He represented Keene in the legislature, in 1875, and was a member of the Labor Reform Commission, appointed by Gov. Weston. In 1868, he was chosen a delegate to the Tammany Convention. He is largely interested in manufacturing, and is of the firm of Faulkner and Colony.

Hon. Silas Hardy first appeared on the list, in Keene, in 1860. He was born in Nelson, April 3, 1827; graduated at Dartmouth College, class of 1855, with Hon. W. H. H. Allen, E. B. S. Sanborn, W. D. Knapp, Hon. W. S. Ladd, and C. C. Lund; read law with Hon. Levi Chamberlain and Hon. M. W. McClure, of Claremont; settled in Keene in 1856, and was admitted to the bar in Sullivan county, in 1858. From 1864 to 1874, he was Judge of Probate for Cheshire County, a member of the constitutional convention in 1876, and is still in active practice.

Charles Fred. Webster was admitted to the bar in 1860. He is the son of C. C. Webster; was born in Fitzwilliam, July 20, 1838; and read law with his father. He was commissioned first lieutenant Fourteenth New Hampshire Volunteers, and served as quartermaster of the regiment. He served three years, and since the war has been in California and the West. Returned and settled in Keene in 1875, where he is still in practice.

George Ticknor was in practice in Keene, in 1866; Leonard Wellington, in 1867. The latter is a native of Walpole; born Sept. 12, 1842; graduated at Albany Law School, in 1865, and settled the next year in Keene, where he still practices.

Hiram Blake was born in Rindge, Feb. 9, 1838; was educated at New

Ipswich Academy; graduated at Albany Law School, in 1862, and practiced in New York city two years. From that time Mr. Blake travelled extensively in the West, being located six years in Nebraska, and settled in Keene, in 1873. He is in active practice, a member of the board of education, and of the city council.

Lewis W. Holmes was admitted to the bar, and settled in Keene, in 1874. He is a native of Readsborough, Vermont; born April 25, 1845; graduated at Dartmouth College, in 1871, and read law in the office of Wheeler and Faulkner. He was assistant clerk of the senate, in 1879.

Edmund P. Dole settled in Keene in practice, in 1876. He was born in Skowhegan, Maine, Feb. 28, 1850; was educated at Kent's Hill and Wesleyan University; read law with Hon. Charles H. Burns, of Wilton, and Hon. Charles Robinson, of Boston; and graduated at Boston University Law School, in 1876. Since 1877 he has been in partnership with Farnum F. Lane. He has been a valued contributor to the GRANITE MONTHLY.

Francis C. Faulkner is a grandson of Francis Faulkner, and son of Francis A. Faulkner. He was born in Keene, Nov. 23, 1852; graduated at Harvard College, 1874; read law with Wheeler and Faulkner, and was admitted to the bar, in 1877; in partnership with his father until his death. He is now associated with Alfred T. Batchelder.

Daniel K. Healey was born in Swanzey, Sept. 14, 1841; enlisted as private in company C, Fourteenth New Hampshire Volunteers; served through the war, receiving promotion to first lieutenant; read law with F. F. Lane, and graduated at Albany Law School, in 1868. He is now county solicitor.

Alfred T. Batchelder was born in Sunapee, Feb. 26, 1844; was educated at New London and Tilton seminaries; graduated at Dartmouth College, class 1871; read law with Hon. W. H. H. Allen and Hon. Ira Colby, of Claremont, and was admitted to the bar in 1874. In 1876, he was appointed Register in Bankruptcy, which office he held until it was abolished. In August, 1877, he settled in Keene, marrying Alice H., daughter of P. B. Hayward, April 24, 1879; and is now with F. C. Faulkner in the practice of law.

Charles H. Hersey, son of Rev. Levi Hersey, was born in Falmouth, Maine, Sept. 9, 1842; graduated at Bates College, 1871; was admitted to the bar, in 1873, and settled in Keene, in 1878.

John T. Abbott, son of Rev. S. G. and Sarah B. (Cheney) Abbott, was born in Antrim, April 26, 1850; graduated at Bates College, 1871; read law with J. L. Spring, of Lebanon; was admitted to the bar, in 1875, and settled in Keene, in 1878. He is a nephew of Ex-Governor P. C. Cheney.

There have been great men among the lawyers of Keene; the names of Newcomb, Sprague, Wilson, Parker, Dinsmoor, Chamberlain, Handerson, and Hale, have disappeared from the court room in Keene, but they remain a power in New Hampshire history. The new generation of lawyers will be the great men of the coming years. There are the elements of greatness among them.

The present court house was built in 1859, at an expense of $25,436.11. It is of fine proportions, and is a credit to the county.

KEENE HIGH SCHOOL.

The Keene High School building, completed in 1876, with its massive walls, fine proportions, and beautiful trimmings, is without question as fine a school building as any in the state. Occupying a proud position, and towering above adjacent structures, it glitters like a diamond upon the bosom of the city.

It is ninety-one feet long and sixty-one feet wide, and is flanked in front by a projecting tower, twenty-one feet, eleven inches wide. From a foundation of solid granite, it rises to a height of eighty feet, and reaches with its tower an altitude of one hundred and twenty-eight feet. The tower is ornamented with gothic windows, and a massive stone portico, the arch of which is

supported by four columns of beautiful Scotch granite, surmounted by foliated capitals in freestone. It is built of brick, with granite trimmings about the windows, and has belt courses of freestone extending entirely around between the stories. The roofs are covered with variegated slate.

The basement contains rooms for the fuel and boilers, a gymnasium for the boys and a play-room for the girls. On the first floor are four rooms which seat one hundred and eighty-nine scholars, designed for schools preparatory to the high school. The second and third floors are devoted to the uses of the high school. The third floor is partly occupied by the hall for the general use of the school. It is fifty-seven feet long, fifty-two feet wide, twenty-one feet high, capable of seating comfortably six hundred persons, and contains large and valuable collections from the three natural kingdoms. On the fourth floor is the chemical labratory, and a room for physical experiments.

Each of the school-rooms is fourteen feet high, supplied with excellent furniture, and abundantly lighted. The ventillation is believed to be perfect, while the steam-heating and the gas are all that can be desired.

The people of Keene may justly be proud of their beautiful high school building, and may reflect with satisfaction that the fifty thousand dollars, which it cost, has been entirely paid.

THE FIRE DEPARTMENT.

The Keene fire department is very efficient. V. A. Wright has been chief engineer for five years. It consists of the Washington Hook and Ladder company, of twenty men; the Deluge, Neptune, and Phœnix hose companies, of twenty men each; and two hand engines.

WATER-WORKS.

The water for the city is brought from Goose Pond, and gives a very ample supply to the fire department, and considerable power to manufacturers.

NEWSPAPERS.

The first newspaper published in Keene was the *New Hampshire Recorder*, by James D. Griffith. It commenced in 1787, and discontinued March 3, 1791.

The Cheshire Advertiser succeeded Jan. 1, 1792; was published one year, by Mr. Griffith.

The Columbian Informer, by Henry Blake, commenced April 3, 1793; was followed, August, 1796, by *The Rising Sun*, published by C. Sturtevant, Jr., and company, till August, 1798.

The New Hampshire Sentinel, by John Prentiss, commenced in March, 1799, and next to the *Gazette and Journal* at Portsmouth, is the oldest paper in the state. Mr. Prentiss managed the paper for forty-eight years, as editor and proprietor, until the close of the year 1847. In January, 1848, John W. Prentiss became proprietor, and conducted the paper until June, 1853, when it passed into the hands of Albert Godfrey. The *Sentinel* was Federal in politics, and advocated the doctrines of Washington, the elder Adams, and John Taylor Gilman, and maintained its character as a Federal paper until the period of Monroe's administration, when party names fell into disuse. It supported John Quincy Adams, and was devoted to the interests of the Whig party, and later to the Republican party. From 1859 to 1866, Thomas Hale was editor. It is now conducted by the Sentinel Publishing Company.

The *Cheshire Republican* was established in 1827. From 1850 to 1865, it was owned and edited by Hon. Horatio Kimball, who sold his interest to Julius N. Morse. Joshua D. Colony and sons are present proprietors. It is opposed to the *Sentinel* in politics.

The *New England Observer* is printed by the Republican Printing Company. Thomas Hale is editor.

BANKS.

The Ashuelot National Bank succeeded, in 1865, the Ashuelot Bank, which was established in 1833. The capital is one hundred and fifty thous-

and dollars, surplus thirty thousand dollars. Among its early presidents were Gov. Samuel Dinsmoor and his sons, and Thomas M. Edwards. Among the directors are William Dinsmoor, Charles J. Amidon, and John M. Parker. The active officers of the bank are interested in natural rather than veritable history.

The Cheshire Provident Institution was established in 1833. Dr. Amos Twitchell was the first president, followed by Salma Hale, Levi Chamberlain, Samuel Dinsmoor, junior, William P. Wheeler, Francis A. Faulkner, and George Tilden, the present president, who for forty-seven consecutive years was treasurer. Oscar G. Nims, is secretary and treasurer now. The deposits are over two million dollars. There is but one older savings bank in the state, viz.: the New Hampshire Savings Bank in Concord. Among the trustees are William Dinsmoor, William S. Briggs, Charles J. Amidon, Edward Farrar, Edward C. Thayer, F. C. Faulkner, and G. H. Tilden.

The Keene National Bank succeeded, in 1865, the Cheshire County Bank, which was organized in 1855, with a capital of one hundred thousand dollars. Zebina Newell, Frederick Vose, and Edward Joslin have been its successive presidents. George W. Tilden was its cashier until his death in 1879. J. R. Beal is now cashier. The surplus is thirty thousand dollars.

The Citizens National Bank was established Sept. 18, 1875, with a capital of one hundred thousand dollars. It has a surplus of fourteen thousand dollars. Maj. O. G. Dort is president, and Henry S. Martin, cashier. Among the directors are Henry Colony and James Burno.

The Keene Five Cent Savings Bank was organized Jan. 1, 1869. It has a deposit of one million and fifty thousand dollars, with a surplus of twenty-five thousand dollars. Caleb T. Buffum is president, G. A. Litchfield is cashier. Among its trustees are John Humphrey, Don H. Woodward, and Hiram Blake.

The Cheshire National Bank, in 1864, succeeded the Cheshire Bank, which was organized in 1844. The capital is two hundred thousand dollars, the surplus is fifty thousand dollars. Among the directors are W. S. Briggs and Horatio Colony.

HOTELS.

The hotel facilities of Keene seem large for the place, until one learns of popularity of the village as a summer resort.

Ranking with the best hotels in the state is the old Cheshire House, M. J. Sherman, proprietor. It has one hundred large, airy rooms, a dining-room of spacious dimensions, and all the offices and conveniences of a metropolitan hotel. Mr. Sherman is a typical landlord, whose welcome is hearty, whose attentions are never-ceasing, whose whole appearance is kindly. John B. White is a good clerk. *Quantum sufficit.*

The Eagle Hotel has sixty rooms, and is very well patronized by the travelling public, and regular guests. William March is the popular landlord. C. H. Stiles has been clerk for ten years.

The City Hotel is an old and popular stand. It has fifty rooms, a boarding stable, and receives its share of public patronage. H. S. Couillard is the landlord.

Board can be obtained in many private families in the village, and in many a comfortable farm house.

MANUFACTURING.

The manufacturers of Keene take a very high rank in the making of their respective productions—Keene sleighs, harnesses, furniture, and chairs, having a reputation not confined to the United States. Honesty in construction is a great aim, and in the long run it has been found to pay. I give a hasty review of some of the leading industries of the village, which have combined to increase the importance of the place. Most of the employés are skilled workmen, are native Americans, and each adds not

only an intelligent voter, but a useful, law-abiding citizen to the community. Most of the workmen own their own dwellings, which results in the thrifty appearance of the city.

The Keene Furniture Company manufacture ash and walnut chamber suits, turning out about two hundred a month. The company employs sixty-five men, uses forty horse power, and consumes six hundred thousand feet of lumber annually. The works were established, in 1868, on Mechanics street, but were removed, in 1871, to present quarters in buildings of the Hope Steam Mill Company. F. L. Sprague is in charge. C. L. Kingsbury is connected with it.

Faulkner and Colony employ sixty-five men in the extensive manufacture of cloth.

The Cheshire Chair Company was organized, Jan. 1, 1869. The company consists of Geo. W. McDuffee, C. E. Joslin, and Edward Joslin. The company manufactures from six thousand to ten thousand chairs a month, mostly for the Philadelphia and western markets, and employ thirty-five men. Mr. McDuffee was born in Lempster, in 1842, and has lived in Keene since 1862. Their works are in the Hope Steam Mill Company's buildings.

The Humphrey Company manufacture the I. X. L. Turbine water-wheel, invented by John Humphrey, in 1873. Over one hundred are in successful operation. They are made from fifteen to seventy-eight inches in diameter. The Company also manufactures wood-working machinery, including shoe-peg and pail-machines, pumps and steam engines.

The Hope Steam Mill Company has a capital of over one hundred thousand dollars and supply four hundred and fifty horse-power.

The Keene Chair Company, works at South Keene, capital one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars, manufactures about twelve hundred dozen chairs a month, of sixty-three different patterns; employs eighty-five men, and uses seventy horse-power. Samuel W. Hale is president. He is also engaged in manufacturing pine chamber furniture in the main village, where he employs sixty-five men, uses one hundred and twenty horse-power, and turns out thirty to forty suits a day.

The celebrated Clipper Mowing Machine is made at South Keene.

Geo. W. Ball manufactures brick, having the facilities to produce eighteen thousand in one day. He employs fifteen men.

Nims, Whittier and company manufacture doors, sashes, blinds, and window frames; employ forty men; use eighty horse power and consume three thousand to five thousand feet of lumber a day. The business has been established thirty years. This factory was the scene of a boiler explosion, March 25, 1864, by which two men were killed.

Sieve rims and paint-brush handles are manufactured on a large scale in the village.

C. N. Tottingham and company were established in 1868. They employ twelve men and manufacture the the celebrated Keene sleigh, and light carriages, turning out one hundred to two hundred of the former and fifty to sixty of the latter annually. Mr. Tottingham is the leader of the second regiment band.

S. S. Wilkinson and company (D. McGregor) manufacture the far famed Keene harness. They employ fifteen men, and have the second establishment in size in the state.

Edward C. Thayer is extensively engaged in manufacturing, in Winchester and other places. He resides in Keene.

There is an extensive pottery in the south part of the village. J. and F. French manufacture the Keene sleigh. They commenced the business in 1839. In 1860, they made over four hundred. They have turned out over ten thousand, many of the first made being in use to this day. They make from one hundred to two hundred carriages a year, besides; employ from twenty to forty men, and use all the most approved labor-saving machinery.

The Keene Marble and Granite

Company do a large business. Geo. D. Wheelock is one of the company.

THE CHESHIRE RAILROAD.

The Cheshire road was opened from Fitchburg to Keene, May, 1848; to Bellows Falls, Jan. 1, 1849. Hon. Thomas M. Edwards was the first president. Thomas Thatcher succeeded him in 1853, who in turn was succeeded by Ephraim Murdock, in 1864. The present president, William A. Russell, took the office in 1878. The head-quarters of the road are at Keene. Hon. R. Stewart is the general manager. The capital of the road is three million dollars, and the stock is at fifty. The general repair shops and the general offices are here. The road gives employment to about two hundred and fifty citizens of Keene, with a pay-roll of about one hundred and fifty thousand dollars to them.

THE ASHUELOT RAILROAD.

The Ashuelot railroad is run by the Connecticut River railroad, with offices at Springfield. It connects Keene with South Vernon, running through Swanzey and Winchester to Hinsdale. Clark F. Rowell is the agent. Mr. Rowell was born in Goshen, 1834, and since 1847 has been in Keene. In 1875, Mr. Rowell was sergeant-at-arms of the legislature.

GENERAL MERCANTILE BUSINESS.

The trade of Keene is extensive; this is due to her natural position, the facilities offered by the converging railroad lines and highways, and the enterprise of her merchants. Most of the stores are either on the sides of Central square, or near it, on streets centreing there. Many of the business blocks are of elegant architecture; all are substantial. In my intercourse with the merchants, I found them invariably polite, affable, and ready to impart information. The firms will be mentioned in no regular order.

Bullard and Foster are druggists. The former was born in Richmond, Oct. 18, 1848; was brought up in Swanzey, and learned his business with Eastman and Martin of Concord, between 1871 and 1874. Mr. Foster was born in Gilsum, in December, 1855, and came with his parents to Keene in 1868. He has been in the drug business since 1872.

Peter B. Hayward is a baker, employing ten men, and does an extensive wholesale business. He was born in Surry, Nov. 17, 1819, a descendant of one of the first settlers of the town, and settled in Keene in 1838. From his success in life one may infer that his bread has not been wasted.

W. P. Chamberlain does an extensive business in dry goods.

Mrs. G. W. Gibson deals in fancy goods and millinery, giving especial attention to dress-making. The Bazar patterns are sold by her.

G. H. Tilden and company deal in books, stationery, the GRANITE MONTHLY and other first-class publications, and occasionally publish a book.

Azro B. and Samuel W. Skinner are proprietors of the "Museum." They deal in dry goods and fancy goods, carpetings, crockery and lamps, hunting and fishing goods, baskets and bird-cages, jewelry, watches, clocks and holiday goods; their store is one hundred and five feet deep, literally crowded with their large stock.

Ball, Perry and company are custom-tailors, and dealers in furnishing goods, ready-made clothing, robes, furs and hats. G. W. Ball is interested in manufacturing bricks.

Mrs. A. E. Bennett deals in millinery and fancy goods, in Ball's block. She has been in business since 1862.

Adis E. Bennett is of the firm of Aldrich and company, general insurance agents. Geo. H. Aldrich, senior member, resides in Troy. H. C. Aldrich, junior, lives in Keene. They represent sixteen companies and claim the largest insurance business in the county.

Mrs. O. K. Gleason has a ladies' furnishing parlor on Washington street.

Geo. G. Sawyer deals in drugs in the Bank block. He is the son of Josiah Sawyer, who settled in Keene in 1820, and died in 1876, at the age of eighty.

Mr. Sawyer has been in business for himself for thirty years. For the last seven years he has been at his business fifteen hours a day, every day in the year, excepting one day.

Geo. M. Willard and company deal in hats, caps, furnishing goods, and ready-made clothing. The senior member has been in Keene since 1871.

J. A. French is one of the best known photographic artists in the state. His gallery is a studio. He has published over 5,000 stereoscopic and other views of New Hampshire scenery. Twenty years' experience has given him great skill.

E. W. Gustine, son of Hon. Edward Gustine (GRANITE MONTHLY, Vol. II, page 325), has a large store full-stocked with a miscellaneous stock of boots and shoes, crockery and glassware, gas fixtures and plumbing goods.

J. O. Amadon deals in custom and ready-made clothing, hats, caps and furnishing goods, at Cheshire House corner. He is a native of Troy, and has been in busines in Keene fifteen years.

Davis, Wright and company are dealers in stoves, furnaces, stone, tin, iron, and copper ware, and do a large business.

J. R. Beal and company are custom tailors and deal in ready-made clothing and furnishing goods. Mr. Beal is cashier of the Keene National Bank. The company—James W. Russell—appears among the soldiers of the late war. He is now captain of company G, 2d regiment N. H. N. G.

Leonard Wright deals in boots and shoes, harnesses and trunks, and has been established in Keene since 1865. He is the son of the late Lyman Wright, a prominent citizen of Troy, who died in 1866, at the age of seventy-three.

S. S. Wilkinson and company deal in harnesses of their own make, military and firemen's equipments, trunks, robes and whips. Mr. Wilkinson is also interested in the Monadnock Manufacturing Company of Marlow.

F. W. Chase and L. M. Richards, custom tailors, deal in clothing and furnishing goods. Mr. Chase is a native of Charlestown, and has been in Keene since 1870. Mr. Richards is a native of Keene.

S. S. Randall deals in dry goods. He is a native of Richmond; a relative of James A. Garfield, whose mother used to live in that town. Mr. Randall has resided in Keene since 1854.

Geo. H. Jackson and Theron Hayward deal in hardware. They make a specialty of Page belting, and ready-mixed paints. They carry a large stock and a great variety. Mr. Jackson is a native of Swanzey, and has been in business in Keene since 1869. Mr. Hayward was born in Gilsum, where his father has been a merchant for many years. He is a nephew of Rev. Silvanus Hayward, a valued contributor to the pages of the GRANITE MONTHLY.

J. F. and F. H. Whitcomb deal in clothing and dry goods, manufacturing ladies' outer garments. Their father, E. G. Whitcomb, is a native of Swanzey, who settled in Keene in 1831, establishing the business in 1840.

Mrs. Ira Daniels deals in Germantown zephyrs, canvas, silks and fancy work, and teaches the making of lace and fancy work. Mrs. Proctor deals in millinery in the same store, and Mrs. G. F. Dodge, in hair goods.

M. F. Buckminster deals in candies and yankee notions.

Space forbids the mention of more firms. G. H. Tilden and company publish a very full directory of the town, which will supply any deficiency in this article.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

His honor, the mayor, Horatio Kimball, was born in Hopkinton Sept. 19, 1821. In 1831 his parents removed to Nashua, where he received an academical education, and learned the printer's trade in the Nashua Gazette office. In 1843 he commenced to publish and edit the *Oasis* with, O. D. Murray, and later with J. R. Dodge—now in the Census Department at Washington, D. C. In 1850 he sold his interest to S. H. Noyes, and settled

in Keene, purchasing the *Cheshire Republican*, which he conducted until 1865. Since he sold out to J. N. Morse, he has not been in active business.

Ralph J. Holt, high sheriff of Cheshire county, since 1876, was born in Alstead, Sept. 29, 1829. In 1846 he settled in Keene. For twenty-eight years he was constable and policeman; from 1854, deputy sheriff. He has three children, Maria A., wife of Capt. Benj. T. Hawes, a ship-master; Mary Josephine, wife of Edward Armes of Bellow's Falls; and Charles E., who is at home.

Gen. John Warner Sturtevant was born in Keene, June 15, 1840. He served with distinction in the army during the war, returning with the rank of captain. After the war, Gen. Sturtevant, "*One of the fools*," conducted a cotton plantation near Beaufort, S. C., for two years. He is now on Gov. Head's staff, with the rank of inspector-general, and is deeply interested in military affairs. He is one of the firm of G. H. Tilden and company.

William S. Briggs is the great-grandson of Eliphalet Briggs, also of Jeremiah Stiles, both early and prominent settlers of Keene. He is grandson of Eliphalet Briggs, and son of Eliphalet Briggs. He was born Sept. 17, 1817, and for many years was engaged in the cabinet and furniture business. He represented Keene in the legislature in 1862 and 1863 and is a member of the present house of representatives. He has been a trustee of Keene Academy and Cheshire Provident Institution for twenty-five years, and is a director of the Cheshire National Bank. From his long residence, observing turn of mind, and good memory, he is well versed in the history of his native place.

Col. John W. Babbitt is the city marshal of Keene. He is a native of Keene; a grandson of Dr. Babbitt, a surgeon in the Revolutionary army; a son of Joseph H. Babbitt, a farmer of Keene. He was born June 12, 1835. In 1861 he was in Illinois and enlisted as private in the 8th regiment Illinois volunteers; reënlisted for three years in the 58th Illinois as lieutenant, and was promoted to captain. He was wounded at Shiloh, April 6, 1862, and was discharged. On his recovery he was commissioned captain in the 9th N. H. He was again wounded May 12, 1864, at Spottsylvania Court House and received an honorable discharge, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel. For several years he has been deputy sheriff.

William Dinsmoor, son of Gov. Samuel Dinsmoor, senior, was born Sept. 20, 1805, and for many years has been identified with the commercial interests of Keene, his name frequently appearing as a director and trustee in various enterprises and trusts. He was post-postmaster during Jackson's administration. Mr. Dinsmore recalls many pleasant reminiscences of the early part of the century. He distinctly remembers Nathan Blake, and has known each successive generation. Nathan Blake's grandson, an elderly gentleman of Keene, has grand-children of his own playing about his home.

Samuel Dinsmoor, his nephew, son of Gov. Samuel Dinsmoor, Jr., resides in Keene. He was born Aug. 26, 1848; graduated at Harvard College in 1869; travelled extensively through Europe and the East for five years; settled for a short time in Chicago, but returned to Keene to make it his permanent residence.

James H. Wilson, son of Gen. James Wilson, was born Dec. 31, 1838. In early life he accompanied his father to California, and has had much experience in mining. He makes his home in Keene.

Hon. Reuben Stuart, third mayor of Keene, and at present general manager of the Cheshire Railroad, is a native of Montgomery county, New York. He removed from Saratoga county to Keene in 1845, in the employ of the contractors constructing the Cheshire Railroad. He settled in Keene in 1848, and has risen step by step from a clerk's position, successively, through every grade in railroad service, to his present office. Mr. Stewart was run

by both parties when a candidate for mayor the second term, and received almost a unanimous vote.

Solon A. Carter, state treasurer, is a citizen of Keene; born in Leominster, Mass., June 22, 1837; was educated in the common schools of that town, and remained there studying, teaching, and working on the homestead farm, until twenty-one years of age. He took up his residence in Keene in 1859, being superintendent of the gas-works. In September, 1862, he entered the army as captain of the 14th regiment N. H. volunteers. He served three years and was assistant adjutant general of volunteers, with rank of captain; was brevet major and lieutenant-colonel; resigned and went into business in Keene. He was elected state treasurer in 1872, which position he has since filled, save one year. He was chief of Gov. Prescott's staff, 1877 and 1878. Col. Carter has risen from the ranks in the Masonic fraternity. He is now Grand Master of the Grand Lodge, and Past Grand Commander of the Grand Commandery of the Knights Templar. In December, 1860, he married Miss Emma A. Conant, of Leominster. They have two daughters—Edith H. and Florence S.

W. P. Chamberlain was born in Swanzey, June 2, 1833. In 1851, Ossian E. Dodge, of Boston, formed a concert troupe, consisting of six singers, known as the Ossian Bards. Two of this party were from New Hampshire, viz.: E. Freeman Whitehouse, of Rochester, and Mr. Chamberlain. About this time he arranged, and soon after published his first song, "Hurrah for old New England," which has become familiar throughout New England, and is still more popular in the west. It was originally written, "Hurrah for old New Hampshire."* He composed several other new songs, among which are "I cannot call her mother," "Sing me my childhood's songs," and "Chamberlain's New Medley." These were well received. He followed concerting until 1862, when he went into trade in Felchville, Vermont, remaining there until 1870, when he removed to Keene. While in Vermont, he held nearly every office of importance within the gift of the town, representing it in the legislature, in 1869. He has been in the dry goods line since coming to Keene. He was a member of the Keene city council, 1877 and 1878, and of the legislature in 1879 and 1880.

Col. Fred. A. Barker, the agent for the United States and Canada, and American express companies, is the son of Col. Tileston A. Barker, of Westmoreland, born Sept. 16, 1835. He came to Keene in 1858. Col. Barker was actively interested in recruiting men during the war; has been a member of the city council, one of Gov. Weston's staff, and a delegate to the national convention that nominated S. J. Tilden. He is major of the second regiment New Hampshire National Guards.

Samuel W. Hale is a native of Fitchburg. He settled in Dublin, in 1844; in Keene in 1859; was in the legislature, in 1866 and 1867; a member of the national convention that nominated James A. Garfield, and is a prominent candidate for governor. Mr. Hale lives in the Gov. Dinsmoor house, and is one of the most active business men in New England. Outside of his extensive manufacturing interest, he is deeply interested in mines, railroads, and other great enterprises.

Hon. John Jarvis Allen is register of deeds, having held the office since 1863. Mr. Allen was born in Fitzwilliam, March 12, 1818, and threw his first vote for Gen. James Wilson for governor. He represented Fitzwilliam in the legislature, in 1849, 1850, 1857, and 1858. In 1861 and 1862, he was in the state senate. He was town-clerk of Fitzwilliam twelve years. He has lived in Keene since his election to his present office.

V. A. Wright, of the firm of Davis, Wright and Co., is chief engineer of the fire department. He is a descendant of Col. Jacob Wright, a revolutionary soldier, who lived in Washington,

* It will be found in this number of the GRANITE MONTHLY. Ed.

a grandson of Dr. Nathan Wright, and a son of Dr. Ezra L. Wright.

John Colony was born in the city of Kilkenny, Ireland, in 1730. In 1747, he came to Boston. He served through the French War, and settled in the west part of Keene. He belonged to the alarm list in the Revolution, and died, June 34, 1797. His wife, Millitiah Fisher, died Jan. 16, 1810, aged 76. Timothy, son of John, was born in Keene, in 1764, and died Aug. 29, 1836. His wife, Sarah Dwinel, died April 27, 1853, aged eighty-two years. The sons of Timothy Colony were Josiah, who was born in Keene, April 8, 1761, and died June 24, 1867; John Colony, born June 24, 1795, died at the old homestead, Aug. 10, 1876; and Joshua D. Colony, who was born Dec. 21, 1804. The other members of the family died many years ago. Hon. Horatio Colony is the son of Josiah Colony. J. D. Colony and sons are publishers of the *Cheshire Republican*.

DOCTORS.

A. S. Carpenter, M. D., son or Dr. Eber Carpenter, of Alstead, was born in that town, Oct. 16, 1814; studied medicine with his father; graduated at Middlebury Medical College in 1847, and settled in Keene, in practice.

Henry Hubbard Darling, M. D., is a native of Cambridge, Vermont; born March 22, 1824; graduated from Castleton Medical College, in 1848; from the Homœopathic College, New York, 1861, and settled for one year in Worcester county, Massachusetts. In 1862, he came to Keene, where he has since practiced. Oct. 31, 1849, he married Sarah L., daughter of David L. Mason of New Hampton, sister of Hon. S. K. Mason, of Bristol.

Harry Hibbard Darling, his son, a medical student, was born July 19, 1854.

Dr. William Geddes was born in Glasgow, Scotland, March 18, 1837; came to America in 1857; graduated at Eclectic Medical College, New York, in 1868, and settled in Keene in 1870.

William R. Dunham was born in Chesterfield, Dec. 15, 1833; was brought up at Hinsdale; studied medicine with Dr. Daniel Campbell, Saxton's point, Vermont; graduated at Harvard University Medical College, in 1865, and settled in Westmoreland. In 1876, he removed to Keene, where he is in active practice.

Dr. J. H. Gallinger was a medical student in Keene.

DENTISTS.

Dr. Ira W. Russell was born in Keene, May 17, 1825; studied with Dr. G. B. Champlain, of New Jersey, and commenced to practice in Winchester, in 1848. He represented the town in the legislature, in 1855 and 1856. In 1869, he removed to Keene.

Burton C. Russell, D.D. S., his son, was born in Winchester, March 29, 1860; graduated at Boston Dental College, in 1879, and is associated with his father.

Dr. Geo. H. Russell was born in Walpole, July 4, 1844; studied dentistry with Dr. W. Ball, of Fitchburg, Massachusetts; commenced to practice in Brattleborough, Vermont, in 1865. In 1870, he settled in Keene.

MINING.

The Granite State Gold and Silver Mining Company, whose property is at Surry Mountain, a few miles from Keene, has its office in Bank block. H. L. White is treasurer. Many of the citizens of Keene are actively interested in this mine, which promises a golden harvest. Ore from the mine assays thirty dollars a ton and upwards, and is on exhibition at the office.

CEMETERIES IN KEENE.

During my late visit to Keene, I spent a part of one day visiting the cemeteries of the city. A few years ago, the oldest in town was "laid down to grass"—the monuments having been carefully removed and placed in order in a lot in the more modern Woodland Cemetery. The bones of those who dared to conquer these fair lands from "savage beasts and still more savage

men" lie in unmarked and forgotten graves, and enrich the soil for garden vegetables. Somebody is seriously to blame for this act of sacrilege! Woodland Cemetery, with all its natural and artificial beauties, loses its sanctity when we think that coming generations, for the sake of utility, may turn this beautiful spot into a brick yard, a tannery, or a market garden.

The time-worn old slabs of slate are a mockery, reared under whispering pines. They have no significance now, they are monuments of the vandal!

In Exeter, where a similar encroachment of the living upon the dead was *demanded*, the slabs were carefully placed horizontally, each in proper place, and the soil raised. When one walks over the campus of Phillips Exeter Academy, he is walking over the dead.

Woodland Cemetery is in the northeast part of the village, at the base of Beach hill, over whose ledges the Indians hurried Nathan Blake an unwilling captive. Washington Street Cemetery was nearly full when this one was demanded. Just across Beaver brook from Woodland is still another enclosure lately laid out.

There is history in every graveyard. For company I had William S. Briggs as I wandered among the stately monuments and humble slabs. As I copied some of the inscriptions, he added explanatory remarks.

DANIEL ADAMS, M. D.,
died June 9, 1864, aged 90 years, 8 months, 10 days.

"Author of Adams's Arithmetic."

CAPT. ELIPHALET BRIGGS,
died Oct. 11, 1776, aged 42 years.

"Great-grandfather of W. S. Briggs, a revolutionary soldier."

NATHAN BLAKE,
died Aug. 4, 1811, in his 100th year.

"One of the original settlers."

MRS. BETSEY NURSE LEONARD,
wife of Capt. John Leonard,
born April 27, 1755; died Dec. 7, 1855, aged 100 years, 7 months, 10 days.

"After she was one hundred years old, she rode to Boston in the cars."

GEORGE NEWCOMB,
born Oct. 16, 1783; admitted to Dartmouth College Aug. 28, 1792; drowned June 10, 1796.

DAVID NIMS,
died June 21, 1803.

"One of the original settlers."

ABIGAIL NIMS
(wife of David) died July 13, 1799, aged 80.

JOHN PRENTISS,
born in Reading, Mass., March 21, 1788.
Established N. H. Sentinel in 1799; conducted it 49 years; died June 6, 1873, aged 95.

JOSIAH RICHARDSON,
died February 20, 1820, aged 74.

"A hotel keeper during the Revolution; an old settler."

JEREMIAH STILES,
died Dec. 6, 1800, aged 56.

"Member of the first N. H. Constitutional Convention, and the first grand juryman chosen in Keene; great grandfather of W. S. Briggs."

AMOS TWITCHEL,
born in Dublin, April 11, 1781; died May 26, 1850.

"He was one of the most distinguished surgeons in the country."

WILLIAM TORRANCE,
born in Enfield, Mass., Dec. 1, 1815; graduated at Amherst College, 1844.
Instructor Keene Academy; first principal of High School; died Feb. 3, 1855.

DEA. ABIJAH WILDER,
died Jan. 9, 1835, aged 83.

MRS. SARAH,
died March 8, 1780, aged 28.

MRS. MARTHA,
died March 28, 1784, aged 37.

MRS. BULAH,
died Dec. 27, 1788, aged 31.

MRS. TAMER,
died Dec. 16, 1834, aged 85.

They all died in the faith.

"Husband and four wives."

CAPT. EPHRAIM DORMAN,
died May 7, 1795, aged 85.

"One of the first settlers, and an original proprietor."

MRS. ABIGAIL REED,
wife of Gen. James Reed, of Revolutionary fame,
died Aug. 27, 1791, aged 61.

DR. OBEDIAH BLAKE,
died June 22, 1810, aged 92.

"One of the early settlers."

THOMAS BAKER,
died April 2, 1842, aged 89.

"A very prominent man in the town for many years."

ROYAL BLAKE,
born June 30, 1756; died Oct. 9, 1827.

"Leading man of the town."

THOMAS DWINELL,
died April 14, 1838, aged 84.

"An early settler."

CAPT. ISAAC WYMAN,
died April 8, 1835, aged 79.

"A soldier of the Revolution.

BENJ. DWINELL,
died March 5, 1829, aged 92.

"One of the old settlers."

HENRY ELLIS,
died Aug. 3, 1838, aged 90.

"One of the old settlers."

SAMUEL ELLIS,
died Dec. 26, 1861, aged 81.

CAPT. JOHN HOUGHTON,
died Aug. 15, 1818, aged 72.

"With company at Bennington."

ADIN HOLBROOK,
died Aug. 7, 1843, aged 91.

"An old settler."

IN MEMORY OF
MRS. ZILPAH KILBURN,
wife of Mr. Jehiel Kilburn,
who died Dec. 27, 1804, in the 22d year of her age
made by MOSES WRIGHT of Rockingham price 6 dollars.

JONATHAN POND,
died Mar. 5, 1817, aged 77—a Revolutionary soldier.

SILAS PERRY,
born April 14, 1763; died June 3, 1852, aged 89.

"He settled in Keene in 1792. He was one of the guard at the execution of Major Andre."

CORNELIUS STURTEVANT,
died Mar. 8, 1826, aged 91.

JOHN BALCH,
died Mar. 15, 1824, aged 26.

"A Revolutionary soldier."

GEO. A. PRENTISS,
son of John Prentiss,
editor of the N. H. Sentinel,
died April 8, 1862, aged 59.

"A commodore in U. S. Navy."

HON. ITH'R CHASE,
died Aug. 8, 1817, aged 55.

"Father of Hon. Salmon P. Chase."

CAPT. CHARLES B. DANIELS,
born Aug. 30, 1818;
graduated at West Point, June, 1836;
was mortally wounded Sept. 8, 1847, leading his company in an assault, in Mexico;
died Oct. 27, 1847, in city of Mexico.

CATHARINE FISKE,
founder and principal of seminary in Keene,
38 years a teacher.
died May 29, 1837, aged 53.

DEA. SIMEON CLARK,
died Dec. 9, 1793, aged 70; a revolutionary soldier.

AMOS FOSTER,
died March 22, 1761, aged 40.

"One of the earliest settlers."

DANIEL NEWCOMB, M. D.,
born April 2, 1785; died May 13, 1809.

There are many fine farms scattered through the town, owned by descendants of the original proprietors. The veterans of the Keene Light Infantry of the olden days preserve their erect carriage and elastic step, as they march on the down hill of life's journey, recounting their deeds of prowess and skill in the manual, as their children and grandchildren, sturdy sons, follow in their footsteps in keeping up the martial spirit. The SECOND REGIMENT N. H. N. G. has two companies in Keene, who ably maintain the reputation of the city. The scenery about Keene, is of the usual mountainous variety so familiar in New Hampshire. To the eastward, Monadnock towers far above its fellows, affording from its summit a panoramic view, vying with that to be obtained from any mountain in the State for extent and grandeur. Well kept roads afford delightful opportunities to test the metal of Keene horses, the drives in every direction being especially attractive.

I have sketched in hasty outline a history of the town and city of Keene, receiving much assistance from Hon. Salma Hale's Annals, and from a variety of sources. The city should take immediate measures to place on the imperishable pages of history its important record.

RENUNCIATION.

BY ABBA GOOLD WOOLSON.

Singing, I wove my garland well.
Nor brushed the dew from leaf or spray;
But, while I wove, the petals fell,
And shattered all their beauty lay.

These fade, I said, they have no root:
And straightway planted me a bower;
I watched its lusty branches shoot
And twine and tangle, hour by hour.

"Now here, at length, is my content,
These buds shall blossom evermore:"
And bending low my head, I went
To enter through the breezy door:

But coiled upon a mossy bed,
There, in the bower of my desire,
A serpent reared his angry head,
With hissing tongue and eyes of fire.

From nature driven, I sought a room
With rosy splendors warmly lined;
Its flood of light dispelled the gloom,
And music drowned the plaintive wind.

"Now here I drink to Love and Fame."
And gaily swung my beaker high;
But *Sorrow* and *An empty name*
Came echoed sadly in reply.

Have done! mistaken soul, I cried.
Nor plead, when fortune says thee nay;
Go! welcome whatso'er betide,
And where fate threatens, lead the way!

Then out upon a desert bleak
With trackless sands and wind-swept skies,
I wandered desolate and weak,
Renouncing Hope's enticing lies.

But when the sunset flushed across
Long level wastes of sullen lands,
An angel bent to soothe my loss,
And clasped my palms in loving hands

We dwell together, since she came—
We two, upon that lonely shore;
And I have learned to bless her name—
A name so terrible of yore.

Yet sometimes, when the soft winds blow,
I weary of her saintly eyes,
And crave the past, and dread to grow,
From all her teachings, old and wise.

COLONIAL MONEY.—A CORRECTION.

BY BENJAMIN CHASE.

It appears to me that Mr. Colby is in a great mistake in the value of the Rev. Mr. Walker's salary, in the June number of the GRANITE MONTHLY, page 346. He says that the usual estimate of a pound lawful money was $4.86; when a Spanish dollar has always been six shillings lawful, or a pound, $3.33. But the currency then in use was mostly bills of credit issued by the province, and depreciated, called "*old tenor.*" According to Belknap's History, vol. III, page 125, in 1735, an ounce of silver was worth 27s, 6d; in 1740, 28s of this old tenor. In Ames's Almanac for 1761, there is a table of the weights and value of money, in which a Spanish milled dollar, weighing 420 grains, was worth six shillings lawful money. Jan. 15, 1729–30, the proprietors of Chester chose the Rev. Moses Hale for their minister, with a salary of "*120 pounds in current money* or bills of credit." The health or mind of Mr. Hale failing, he was dismissed, and the Rev. Mr. Flagg called, with a "salary of 120 pounds as silver at 20 shillings per ounce," June 23, 1736.

MAJOR FRANK.

BY MME. BOSBOOM-TOUSSAINT,—TRANSLATED BY SAMUEL C. EASTMAN.

VIII.

After having revolved in my head all sorts of declarations, each one more extravagant than the other, I arose, after a sleepless night, decided to speak; but it was the eve of a great holiday. Frances, entirely taken up with the preparations, in company with the Captain, was unapproachable. She only found time to give me a printed notice from the post-office, which informed her that there was a registered letter for her at the office, and to ask me to get it for her,* adding that she did not wish the General to know anything about it. The school-master was to come the next morning with his best scholars, who were to recite some verses; the farmers, the clergyman, the persons of distinction, would also come to congratulate the septergenarian. Everybody must be entertained; several were to stay to dinner. "Be patient," she said to me, "after it is all over I shall have some time for you."

I had nothing better to do than to obey. I discharged my commission. In the evening, preparations had not been completed. The old baron was in a bad humor, as usual when Rolfe was not at his service, and I gained my room very early to continue my journal. I discovered on my table a little portfolio of Russia leather, on the cover of which my monogram was embroidered under the word "Souvenir." Inside was a small bank note equivalent to the sum which Frances had borrowed of me; on the envelope which endorsed it, she had written, under the word *thanks*, her name and the date. The portfolio was not new. The poor, dear creature! she must have taken a part of the night to procure for me this delightful surprise. And I, like a ninny and an ingrate, I had scolded her the same evening for what seemed to me to be want of skill in her manner of holding a needle. I perceived more vividly than ever, how much I loved her, and I promised myself, with new oaths, not to temporize any longer. Then an idea seized me; if I should precipitate the catastrophe? if, with her sanction, on the morrow, in presenting my compliments to the General on his anniversary, I should ask for the hand of his grand-daughter? I was transported at this idea, and I was resolved at all hazards to go down and have a decisive interview with my beautiful cousin, and I already had my hand on the door handle when it seemed to me that some one tapped on one of my windows. Immediately I heard a hoarse voice call several times, "Frances! Frances!"

Astonished, and wishing to know with whom I had to do, I remained motionless. "Frances! Frances! if you don't open, I shall break in the old sash!" And as Frances, for good reasons, did not answer, a vigorous hand shook the window, which creaked, opened, and a man, who seemed to care little about the havoc he made, leaped into my room.

"What do you want of Miss Mordaunt?" said I, advancing towards the intruder.

"A stranger here?" he answered, with an expression of surprise, "I thought they did not receive company."

"It seems to me that I ought to be the most astonished of us two."

"Yes, my entrance is somewhat irregular," replied he in a free and easy manner; "still, Mr. Unknown, I am neither a thief, nor a window smasher. I came in this way because I did not wish any one but Frances to know of

* In Holland, registered letters are only delivered to the person, or to some one whose authority is in writing on the notice sent out.

my arrival, and because I believed that I was sure of meeting her here; but now, since I am here, allow me to rest a little and to reflect on the manner in which I can obtain an interview with her." And he stretched himself out at full length on the old sofa, which groaned under his weight. "Eh! eh!" continued he, examining the walls, "the family portraits are no longer here, probably eaten by the ticks and worms."

All showed that this original did not come for the first time. His lawless manner did not destroy a sort of distinction in his personal appearance. There was something bizarre in his costume. He wore a short velvet jacket with brass buttons, a colored silk handkerchief carelessly tied around his neck in guise of a cravat, tight-fitting grey pantaloons, varnished cavalry boots with spurs, and a felt hat.

"Don't you happen to have anything to drink," he said, after a moment's silence, "I have three hours of horseback in my throat, without reckoning the dust I have swallowed."

He spoke Dutch with a slight accent. He seemed to be near fifty, although he might be younger. His expressive features, his restless, green, gray eyes, numerous slight wrinkles on a sunburnt brow, the dull whiteness of his cheeks, all indicated the adventurer, and this impression was not diminished by the appearance of his coarse face, his large nose, and his bushy moustache, which hung down over thick, sensual lips.

Puzzled to the last degree, I gave him a glass of water, saying: "You seem to know this house very well?"

"Yes, and nothing astonishing in that; I have played more than one trick in it, when I was young; but you, who are you? An adjutant of the Colonel? a protegé of Frances?"

"It seems to me that it should be I who should ask who you are."

"True, and I would tell you with pleasure; but it is a secret which I share with others. Call me Mr. Smithson, that is my name for the present."

"Very well, what do you want, Mr. Smithson?"

"I beg you to let Frances know that I am here."

"Will this news be agreeable to her."

"The devil! I can't tell you that; but she will come all the same."

"Here in my room?"

"Bah! Major Frank is no affected prude."

"Mr. Smithson, I warn you that if you say a single disagreeable word about Miss Mordaunt, I shall immediately send you out by the way you came in."

"There, there, Mr. Unknown, I understand boxing, somewhat; but be quiet. I am the last one who would offend Frances. Now, since you know her, you must know as I do, that she would be the last person to refuse anyone in embarrassment on account of prudery. Ask her if she will consent to come here, not to find Smithson, for she does not know me by that name, but one of her relatives who is called Rudolph."

"And if she refuses to come?"

"Oh! You make so many difficulties. Ah! Can it be? I thought Frances Mordaunt had more taste for commanding a battalion than for submitting to the yoke of matrimony. Still, woman often changes. So you are the happy mortal?"

"A truce to your suppositions," said I, in a firm voice, "I am here only as a relative, a grand-nephew, Leopold de Zonshoven, on a visit to his grand-uncle."

"Very good; and as for me, I am ——a relative of your great-uncle. Frances will not refuse to come and see me, I assure you, especially if you tell her from me, that I do not come for money; on the contrary, I bring some." And he showed me an open pocket-book, containing, as far as I could see, foreign bank bills.

I hesitated no longer. There was here a new mystery, which plunged me again into my perplexities, and which must be cleared up at any cost. I was also sustained by the vague hope,

that when this was explained, I should have been fully enlightened as to Frances' past life. I left my room, taking care to lock the door behind me, and I took my way toward Frances' room, where I knew she must be, but where I had never dared to go. I knocked gently, she told me to come in. "A singular thing has happened, cousin," I said to her in a tone which betrayed some uneasiness.

"Yet it is not a misfortune that you have come to tell me."

"No, but a visit which perhaps may not be agreeable to you."

"A visit at this house? Who can it be?"

"Some one who says that he is one of your family, and who refuses to give any other name than Rudolph."

Her eye-brows contracted, "Good God! The unfortunate fellow! Here again!"

I told her how he had entered my chamber, putting myself under her orders to make him pack off at an intimation from her.

"No, no noise," she said, with agitation, "my grandfather must not suspect anything. I will go with you, Leopold; this time, I beg you dispense with forms. How has he the assurance to present himself here? I can do nothing more for him. You will stand by me, wont you?"

I took her hand and led her to my room. Rudolph was half asleep on the sofa; when he saw Frances standing before him, he arose as if to embrace her, but she drew back and limited herself to coldly holding out her hand. He did not seem to be offended, but he had lost his tone of assurance.

"I very well understand, Frances," said he, "that my return may not be a joyful surprise for you."

"You break your promise. You gave me your word that you would remain in America. In any event you were never to set your feet in the country where you were born."

"Don't judge me until you have heard me—"

"Imprudent that you are! To come back here, to Werve, where you could be so readily known."

"Oh, as to that, my dear, don't disturb yourself. I know how to take precautions, and as to my breaking my word, I begin by asking your pardon on my two knees." And he made a gesture as if he was going to kneel down.

"Don't play a comedy," said she, severely, and retreating a few steps.

"Heaven preserve me from acting. On the boards, to gain my bread, it is another thing; but before you, Frances, before you, whom I honor and love, I absolutely wish to justify myself. After that, you can condemn me if you wish. It was indeed my intention never again to appear before you. Alas, man is the plaything of fate, I have not been able to swim against the stream, I have had all sorts of adventures; but can I tell you all this, now?" he added, looking at me, "to tell you the truth, I had counted on a tete-a-tete."

"Stay, Leopold," she said to me, in answer to a glance of interrogation which I gave her.

"Frances," replied Rudolph with tears in his voice, "still you know that you run no risk with me."

"I know it, but I do not wish on your account to expose myself to calumny. So far as your security is concerned, Rudolph, I will answer for my cousin, de Zonshoven. You can tell him, without fear, who you are."

"The fact is my life is at stake," said he in French, with a careless air and stretching himself out on the sofa again, "a mere slight indiscretion and I am undone. Bah! I expose my head every day." And turning towards me, he began to sing or at least to try to sing in a voice completely cracked, with a theatrical posture, these lines of a French poet:

"Know then that in this domain, from which your hate now banishes me, I once walked as master."

"At least," added he, "in the absence of the titular baron, for I was only the heir presumptive, a presumption, alas, which will never be realized."

TO BE CONTINUED.

CONCORD IN 1879.

BY JOHN N. McCLINTOCK.

What Concord may become in the future is in a measure dependent upon her citizens of today. What Concord is today, the progress she has already made towards the fulfilment of the brightest hopes entertained for her, the advantages of situation given her by nature, and the improvements already secured by art and industry is the theme to which the reader's attention is called.

Concord is the capital of the State of New Hampshire, and the shire town of Merrimack County. Its topography presents the greatest variety known to an inland city, consisting of hills and wide spreading intervales, winding rivers, swift rapids, and calmly nestling lakes. Through the centre of the city from the north flows the tortuous Merrimack, rolling down toward the sea the influx from mountain torrents among the White Hills and the Franconia Range, brought by the Pemigewasset, and the more regular outflow from Lake Winnipesaukee. As the river crosses our northern boundary it is joined by the Contoocook. The Contoocook comes from the south and west, draining and lending its power to a score or more of towns and villages on its way, entering our city at the north-west corner, only to have its forces again utilized by many a turbine wheel to turn the tireless spindle, the saw, the huge millstone at Fisherville. Through wide intervals the united rivers flow as one, until the second terrace banks contract above Sewell's Falls, and the river, rushing through, whirls down to the level below. Here almost primeval solitude is maintained; the hand of man leaves this vast latent force untouched.

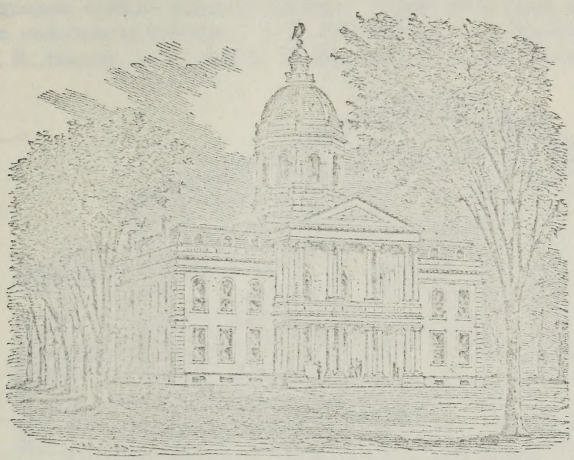
From the foot of the rapids the Merrimack flows through a plain about a mile wide, past the West and East villages, keeping as far as possible from the precinct, until it dashes down Garvin's Falls and is joined by the Soucook at our extreme southern limits. The falls known as Sewell's have twenty feet head; Garvin's, twenty-eight feet. Neither are utilized.

Our hills would be mountains in some regions. From Rattlesnake, near the centre of the city, at an elevation of five hundred feet above the river, a fine view of our whole area of some 42,000 acres can be obtained. To the north-west can be seen Digody and Horse hills, dwarfed by the lofty summit of Kearsarge, and occasional glimpses of the Contoocook. In the west, Parsonage, Pine and Jerry hills form the barrier for Penacook Lake. The Great and Little Turkey ponds can be seen in the south-west part of the city, and to the right, Stickney and Diamond hills. To the south is the compact portion of the city of Concord, indicated by the spires and domes projecting above the forest of elms and maples. To the east, beyond the river extend the Dark Plains, rising to Oak Hill and the Broken Ground. On every hand are the evidences of wealth, comfort, and culture. The scene is diversified by farm houses and mansions, well cultivated fields, pastures dotted with a thousand cattle, groves and long stretches of old woods. The hum of industry seems to rise from the busy manufactories of the city spread at our feet. Wide and well kept roads, shaded by trees, wind through every part of our territory, and substantial bridges span our rivers and brooks.

The compact part of the city, known as the precinct, is on the west side of the Merrimack, upon what may be called the second river terrace. Main street, the commercial artery of the city, extends for a mile north and south from the State House, along the bank of the terrace,—from Main street the city spreads to the west and climbs Prospect Hill. The soil upon which the city rests is a

coarse gravel, and the site is admirably adapted to drainage and consequent health and happiness. As the capital of the state, the terminus of important railroads, the centre of a large farming and manufacturing community, Concord has become an important business centre. On account of the advantages of site, its wide, well shaded streets, its public buildings, its elegant private residences, its churches, libraries and schools, Concord is deservedly a most attractive city, and to its partial citizens is without a rival in its many beauties in this or any other state. It is the representative city of New Hampshire.

PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

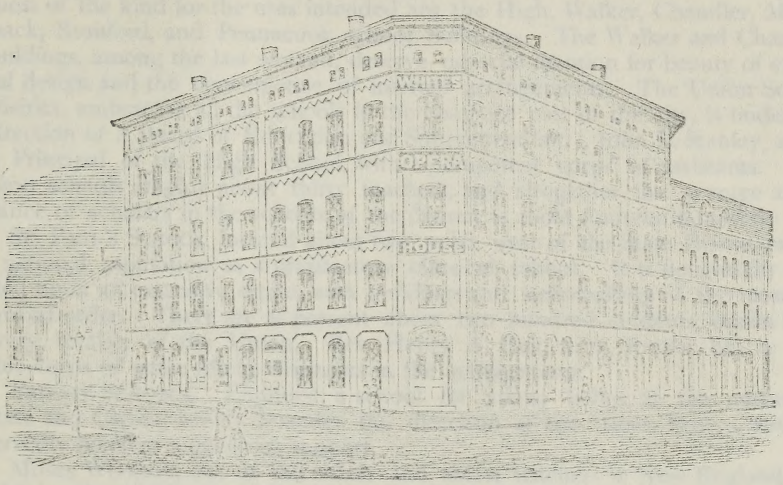


STATE HOUSE. The centre of attraction among the public buildings is the State House, situated in a square by itself in the centre of the city. The building is of imposing architectural design, constructed of the justly celebrated Concord granite. The facade is Doric; the wings Italian; the two styles artistically blended. The Rotunda or Doric Hall, has a tessellated marble floor, with two rows of columns supporting the ceiling. The walls are rendered sacred by the tattered and war-torn flags borne through a hundred battles by the heroes of New Hampshire, and by several fine portraits of their gallant leaders. The Council Chamber is embellished by portraits of a nearly unbroken line of governors, from the organization of the state. The Adjutant General's office has the maps of the battle-fields, the official weights and measures, and all the paraphernalia of war. The offices of the Secretary of State, State Treasurer, Insurance Commissioner and Superintendent of Public Instruction are on the south side of Doric Hall. The State Library, on the same floor, contains about 17,000 volumes—embracing a complete set of American Reports. The Representatives Hall on the floor above occupies the centre of the building. Upon its lofty walls are hung the portraits of several of the distinguished sons of New Hampshire. The Senate Chamber, an imposing audience room, is adorned by paintings of ex-presidents of that august body. Besides the various committee rooms, the Board of Agriculture has found a permanent abiding place on the same floor. The present state officers are Natt Head, Governor; Jacob H. Gallinger, President of the Senate; Ai B. Thompson, Secretary of State; Solon A. Carter, Treasurer; A. D. Ayling, Adjutant-General; Oliver Pillsbury, Insurance Commissioner; Charles A. Downs, Superintendent Public Instruction; William H. Kimball, State Librarian; Moses Humphrey, President Board of Agriculture; James O. Adams, Secretary Board of Agriculture.

STATE PRISON. The old State Prison, the one occupied at present, is on the west side of State street, about a hundred rods north of the State House. The building is of massive proportions, constructed of granite, but as it is the hope of our citizens that the building be removed at an early date no particular mention of it is required. The new prison is about two miles north of the State House, on the road to Fisherville. At this date it is nearly completed, and although

constructed of brick is a massive and imposing edifice,—although in one sense forbidding and unattractive. $230,000 will have been expended upon it, under the direction of the Prison Commissioners, Albert M. Shaw, John Kimball and Alpha J. Pillsbury. Dow & Wheeler, architects of this city, designed the structure, and Nahum Robinson has had general superintendence. John C. Pillsbury is the Warden; Thomas A. Pillsbury, Deputy Warden; A. H. Crosby, M. D., Physician, and Rev. Sullivan Holman, Chaplain.

N. H. Asylum for the Insane is located on Pleasant street a half mile south-west of the State House, in a park of over sixty acres, tastefully laid out. The buildings are constructed of brick, with a view to internal fitness and convenience, without external display. Within all is light, warmth and comfort for the unfortunate inmates. J. P. Bancroft, M. D., is Superintendent and Treasurer. B. R. Benner, M. D., and C. P. Bancroft, M. D., are Assistant Physicians.



White's Opera House. The elegant brick block, erected a few years since by Nathaniel White, at the corner of Main and Park streets, and generally known as the Opera House block, may appropriately be classed among the public buildings, although the property of a private individual, from the fact, that the Post-Office, and U. S. Pension Office are located therein. The Post-Office, Col. James E. Larkin, postmaster, occupies the larger portion of the first story, and is the best appointed establishment of the kind in the state. The Pension Office is upon the second floor, Col. Edward L. Whitford, agent. Since the consolidation of agencies, Concord has been the centre of the pension system for Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont. Some two millions of dollars are annually paid out from this office. The Opera House hall in the upper portion of the building is the finest audience room in the state.

The Court House and City Hall, located on Main street, north of the State House, is a building of imposing architectural design, and is admirably adapted to the uses for which it is designed. The long stairways to the court room are especially beneficial to the aspiring legal gentlemen. The city and county offices are within the building.

The Central Fire Station, on Warren street, is an elegant and elaborate building of brick, of which the citizens as well as the efficient fire brigade of the city are justly proud. James N. Lauder is Chief Engineer.

The New Hampshire Historical Society building is on Main street, north of the City Hall. It has a library of over 7,000 valuable books, besides manuscripts,

pamphlets and newspapers. There is also a fine collection of paintings, Indian relics, and curiosities of an antique character. Dea. Daniel F. Secomb is the gentlemanly and obliging attendant.

The COUNTY JAIL, situated one mile west of the State House, is a substantial brick edifice, well arranged for the purpose for which it was designed. The affable and portly high sheriff, Frank S. Dodge, is the present occupant.

EDUCATIONAL.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS. The educational advantages of New England are unsurpassed in the world,—the public school system is nowhere excelled. Among her sister cities Concord takes high rank, both for the efficiency of her schools and the excellence of her school buildings. About twenty-seven thousand dollars is expended annually for the support of the public schools. Among the finest of the kind for the uses intended are the High, Walker, Chandler, Merrimack, Rumford, and Pennacook school buildings. The Walker and Chandler buildings, among the last erected, deserve especial mention for beauty of external design and the convenience of internal arrangements. The Union School District, embracing all the schools in the compact part of the city, is under the direction of a Board of Education and Superintendent. John L. Stanley, A. M., is Principal of the High School, with a competent corps of assistants. The lower schools employ about thirty teachers, and altogether the average attendance of scholars in the schools of the district is about fourteen hundred.

ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL, located about two miles west of the State House, enjoys a national reputation as a preparatory classical school. It is delightfully situated upon an extensive estate, with buildings and surroundings of the most approved order. There are at present about two hundred students, drawn from every section of the Union. Rev. Henry A. Coit, D. D., Rector, has a very able corps of some fifteen assistants in the management.

PRIVATE SCHOOLS. Elmhurst, a school for young ladies, at the corner of State and Capitol streets, is under the direction of the Misses Bridge, and deservedly receives a generous support.

Moses Woolson, one of the oldest and ablest teachers in New England, has a large private school in the classics and higher English branches.

Amos Hadley, well known in educational circles, has his time largely occupied with a private school devoted to college preparatory work.

George E. Gay has a large class of private students in practical courses.

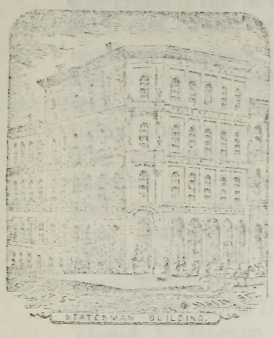
LIBRARIES. In connection with the educational interests of the city the public libraries should properly be mentioned. The City Library, centrally located in the Board of Trade building, contains seven thousand four hundred volumes, covering all departments of literature, systematically arranged, and open to the public afternoon and evening. The State Library, previously mentioned, is also open to the public, as is that of the N. H. Historical Society, upon every Tuesday. We may appropriately add that the city is especially rich in valuable private libraries, among which may be mentioned those of Joseph B. Walker, Asa Fowler, Samuel C. Eastman, George A. Blanchard, George G. Fogg, P. B. Cogswell, E. H. Rollins, and C. H. Corning.

NEWSPAPERS.

The political centre of the state, the leading newspaper organs of the two great political parties, as would naturally be expected, are here published:

THE PEOPLE AND NEW HAMPSHIRE PATRIOT, Democratic, weekly, is a combination of the old New Hampshire Patriot, established by Isaac Hill in 1809, and The People, by C. C. Pearson & Co., in 1868, the consolidation taking effect in the fall of 1878. It has a larger circulation than any other Democratic

paper published in New England. Democratic Publishing Company, Publishers; C. C. Pearson, Business Manager.



THE INDEPENDENT STATESMAN, Republican, weekly, is a union of the old New Hampshire Statesman, long conducted by McFarland & Jenks, and the Independent Democrat, edited by George G. Fogg. It is a first-class family and political newspaper and is extensively patronized. Independent Press Association. Publishers; Edward A. Jenks, Business Manager.

THE CONCORD DAILY MONITOR, published by the same association, is an enterprising local paper, with a liberal patronage, and the only daily newspaper in the city.

CHURCHES.

In the matter of religious privileges, Concord maintains a high standard of superiority. All the leading denominations of christians are here represented, by flourishing church organizations and societies, with substantial and commodious houses of worship, several of which are elegant and costly structures, favorably comparing with the best in our larger New England cities.

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, corner Main and Washington streets. Pastor, Rev. F. D. Ayer, installed September 12, 1867. Deacons, John Ballard, Edward A. Moulton, Andrew S. Smith, Robert G. Morrison. Superintendent of Sunday-school, W. P. Fiske. The church was organized November 18, 1730. Its present beautiful and commodious house of worship, the finest in the city, is the fourth built by this society. It is a substantial and well-proportioned building of brick, with stone trimmings, cruciform in shape. The length is one hundred feet, the breadth at the transept is seventy-six feet. The spire, rising from the south-east corner one hundred fifty-six feet, is of great beauty and of faultless proportion. A bell and a clock have been placed in the tower. The interior is light and cheerful, finished in black walnut and ash. The seats are semi-circular, and the walls tastefully frescoed. The light, admitted through cathedral glass, is evenly distributed, and the audience room is well nigh perfect for speaking and hearing. The organ, the best in the city, and one of the largest in the state, is placed back of the pulpit. The case is of black walnut, and the form and decoration of the front are very pleasing. It cost $6,000. The house cost about $45,000, and was dedicated March 1st, 1876, free from debt.

FIRST METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH. Rev. E. C. Bass, pastor. This church and society occupy a large house of worship on State street, corner of Chapel. It is of wood, and was thoroughly repaired and remodelled last year, being raised up so as to give room for a commodious vestry and other society rooms in the basement. It is the oldest society of the denomination in the city, and the attendance upon public worship is quite large.

ST. PAUL'S (EPISCOPAL) CHURCH, situated on the north side of Park street, nearly opposite the State House. Rt. Rev. W. W. Niles, Bishop of the Diocese of New Hampshire, is Rector, and Rev. D. C. Roberts, Vice-Rector. This church edifice is of brick, of pure Gothic architecture, 90x45 feet, and forty-five feet in height, with chancel 20x20 feet, thirty feet in height. It was erected at a cost of $19,000, including the organ. The tower is furnished with a chime of bells of superior tone, the only one in the city and the first in the state.

SECOND CONGREGATIONAL (UNITARIAN) CHURCH. This society was organized August 8, 1829, and its first church edifice was dedicated November 11, 1829. This structure was burned November 2, 1854. The present church buildin

was erected the next year and dedicated May 1, 1856. It is located between State and Green streets, at the head of Capitol street. It is a large and commodious structure of plain and substantial architecture of the Italian order, with a graceful spire of great elevation. The audience room is fifty by ninety feet, with a seating capacity of five hundred and sixteen. The walls are pannelled and frescoed. The general effect of the interior is light and pleasing. The enclosure within which the church is located, is spacious and pleasantly situated. A convenient and beautiful chapel for the use of the Sunday-school and society, just completed at an expense of $7,500, was dedicated at the recent semi-centennial anniversary, Oct. 1, 1879, on which occasion Ralph Waldo Emerson, one of the earliest preachers of the society, was present and participated in the exercises. Rev. Samuel C. Beane has been the pastor of the society since December, 1877. Col. William Kent, Daniel F. Secomb, and David E. Everett are the deacons. Col. Kent has filled the office of deacon since July 19, 1829. Among the former members of this society may be named Richard Bartlett, Jacob B. Moore, Philip Carrigain, Simon Brown, Henry A. Bellows, Lewis Downing, J. Stephens Abbot, Cyrus Barton, and Onslow Stearns.

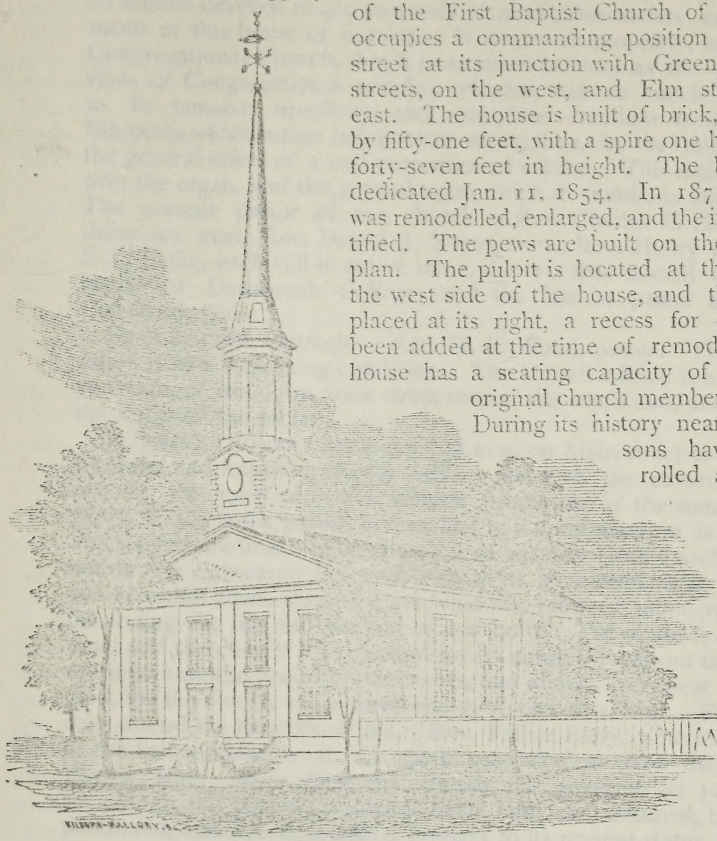
First Universalist Church. The First Universalist Church occupies, with the society, a substantial edifice on the south side of School street, corner of State, erected in 1855, at a cost of $20,000, and extensively remodelled, so far as its interior arrangements are concerned, in 1876. It has a seating capacity of from five to six hundred. Modest elegance and comfort are the predominating characteristics of the interior. The walls and ceiling are tastily frescoed, and the seats upholstered in the best style. The organ is one of the largest and best in the city. Prof. J. H. Morey, the well known musical director, is the organist. The pastor, Rev. E. L. Conger, has just completed his seventh year of successful labor with the society. The first church edifice of the society was of wood, erected on the same lot in 1841, and removed in 1855 to give place to the new structure, having been purchased by the Free-Will Baptist Society. Rev. N. R. Wright was the first pastor.

First Baptist Church, State street, between School and Warren. The church edifice, originally erected in 1825, has been several times remodelled and improved, the last, and a very complete renovation having been effected in 1875, placing it so far as interior arrangements are concerned among the most tasteful and elegant in the state. Its seating capacity, including the galleries, is seven hundred and fifty. It is furnished with a fine toned and powerful organ from the manufactory of Hutchins & Plaisted, of Boston, procured at a cost of $2,000, a gift from Hon. Geo. A. Pillsbury and his son Charles A. Pillsbury. Elegant stained glass windows were also put in, the tower remodelled, and a portico erected at the front entrance, some $12,000, altogether, being expended in the improvements. A neat and commodious chapel for social religious meetings is situated upon the same lot, near the church. The church organization, and society is in a flourishing condition. The present pastor, Rev. W. V. Garner, installed in 1875, is the sixth in succession in the pastorate.

Baker Memorial (M. E.) Church. This church and society, organized in 1874, occupies a neat chapel on the corner of State and Warren streets, the lot having been purchased with a view to the ultimate erection of a fine church edifice, the dwelling in front still remaining and occupied as a parsonage. This is the youngest religious organization in the city, and is composed largely of young people. The church membership, starting with one hundred and ten, now reaches about two hundred and twenty-five. The first pastor was the Rev. M. W. Prince, now the popular pastor of the M. E. Church in Dover. The present pastor is Rev. C. E. Hall, a graduate of the Biblical Institute formerly located in this city, who has successfully filled some of the best pulpits in the

N. H. Conference. The society is in a prosperous condition, having paid off its debt of $2,000 during the past year. A church edifice will be erected within a few years.

PLEASANT STREET BAPTIST CHURCH. The Pleasant Street Baptist Church edifice was erected in 1853 by a few brethren, most of whom were members of the First Baptist Church of this city. It occupies a commanding position on Pleasant street at its junction with Green and South streets, on the west, and Elm street on the east. The house is built of brick, seventy-five by fifty-one feet, with a spire one hundred and forty-seven feet in height. The building was dedicated Jan. 11, 1854. In 1877 the house was remodelled, enlarged, and the interior beautified. The pews are built on the tabernacle plan. The pulpit is located at the centre of the west side of the house, and the organ is placed at its right, a recess for each having been added at the time of remodelling. The house has a seating capacity of 750. The original church membership was 33. During its history nearly 500 persons have been enrolled as members. At present its membership numbers nearly 300. The first pastor, Rev. E. E. Cummings, D. D., served the church well and successfully for 13 years. Rev. Dr. E. E. Cummings continues his membership with the church of his own planting. Its second pastor was Rev. H. G. Safford, now of So. Framingham, Mass., who continued in office for another seven years, and who was succeeded, in 1876, by its present pastor, Rev. E. C. Spinney. The congregation is quite large, and everything foretokens a useful and prosperous future. There is also connected with the church a very commodious chapel, committee room, and other rooms for the ladies and pastor.



SOUTH CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH. This spacious edifice is attractively located on Pleasant street. It is of brick, erected in 1860, as the successor of one of wood destroyed by fire June 12, 1859. The length of the building is one hundred and forty-three feet, width eighty-three; the tower and spire rise to a height of one hundred and sixty feet, the spire being surmounted with a cross. The seating capacity, including the galleries, is about one thousand. The ceiling is of chestnut, and the church, being open from floor to roof, leaves exposed the braces of the roof. In the south gable is a rose window of stained glass, with these inscriptions on the margin, "One Lord, one Faith, one Baptism," overarching the words, "Holy Spirit." The monogram and cross are sur-

rounded by the words, "Holiness becometh thine House, O Lord, forever." In the north gable is a triple window of stained glass, the devices on which are monograms of our Lord. There are six windows on the west and six on the east side of the audience room, of flocked glass with appropriate designs, and stained glass borders. A spacious chapel, and the other usual apartments of an edifice devoted to the purposes of a religious society, complete the appointments of this house of worship. It may, with propriety, be said of the South Congregational Church, that it is as unostentatious as the public religious services of Congregational people; elegant, not so much in its adornments, as its massive simplicity and complete freedom from all those embellishments which rather impair than strengthen, in the mind of the beholder, the general effect of a well proportioned edifice. The entire cost of the church with the organ, and the ground upon which it stands, is stated at $33,073.58. The present pastor of the church is Rev. Charles E. Harrington. His predecessors were Rev. Daniel J. Noyes, D. D., Rev. Henry E. Parker, and Rev. S. L. Blake, each still in active labor, the two first named as members of the faculty of Dartmouth College, and the last as pastor of a large society in Cleveland, Ohio.

Free Baptist Church. Rev. H. F. Wood, pastor. This religious organization is in a flourishing condition. The church edifice is a plain commodious structure, of wood, on State street toward the south end, and is well adapted to the wants of the society.

St. John's (Roman Catholic) Church, on Main street at the south end, is a beautiful and imposing church edifice, and with the pastoral residence, forms one of the most attractive church properties in the state. Very Rev. J. E. Barry, V. G., is the pastor, and to him in a great measure is due the structure and its surroundings. The church is of massive Gothic architecture without,—within it is elaborately frescoed, with all its appointments in perfect harmony; two beautiful altars, stained glass windows, mottoes, monograms, and paintings illustrating the life and passion of our Lord. The organ is one of the best for tone, and the church is celebrated for its music throughout the diocese. There are nine hundred and thirty-five seats, and almost every seat is regularly occupied, for the church has a membership of two thousand. Four hundred children attend the Sabbath-school. Rev. Father Berry came to this city in 1865, as the first resident priest. A small congregation used then to assemble in Phenix Hall. Since then the church has grown to its present proportions, the church and pastoral residence been built and adorned, the cemetery been purchased, and the organization brought to its present status. The church cost $43,000, including organ.

MANUFACTURING.

Although not generally regarded as a manufacturing city, it is nevertheless true that Concord has gained its chief reputation abroad through the superior productions of its various manufacturing establishments, which together give employment to more than a thousand men in the various departments of skilled labor.

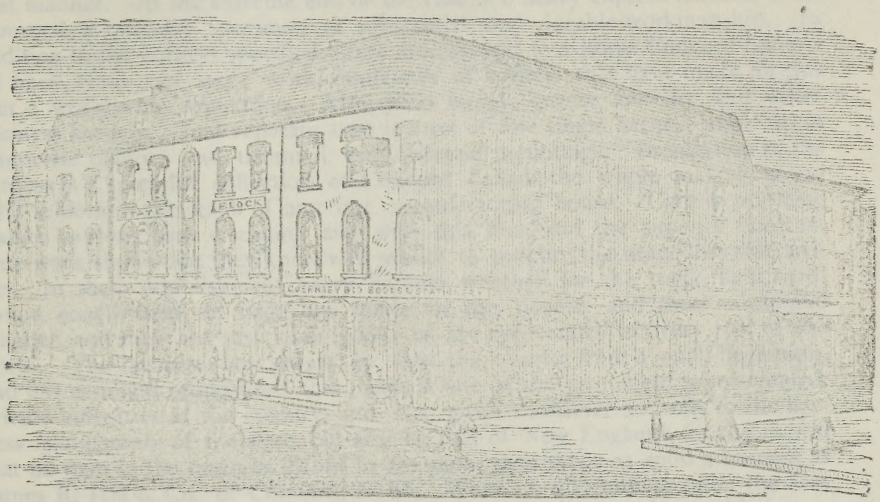
The Granite Business. Concord Granite is known for its excellence throughout the Atlantic States, and even through the far West, and is extensively used for building and monumental purposes. Rattlesnake Hill, previously mentioned, is in fact one vast bed of granite in strata easily quarried, forming a mine of wealth inexhaustible for years to come. Its brow and sides are dotted with industrious workmen quarrying the stone, while nearly every available locality, from its base down to the compact portion of the city, is occupied by "stone sheds," wherein skilled workmen are engaged in moulding the quarried blocks into the most beautiful and artistic forms. The hard times following the

late "panic" drove many of the workmen to other fields; but the improvement in business now steadily increasing the demand for this superior granite, demands their return, and each of the respective firms engaged in the business is now seeking to enlarge its force. In 1873 nearly five hundred men were engaged in this industry, with an annual pay-roll of over $350,000. The present demand would warrant the employment of an equal number could their services be obtained. Prominent among those engaged in the business may be mentioned the Concord Granite Company, employing twenty-five men, with a demand for seventy-five, at present filling a contract for the stone work on the Brooklyn Bridge,—John F. Sargent, Superintendent; the Granite Railway Company, employing thirty men, with a demand for many more,—L. Johnson, Superintendent,—at present engaged upon contracts for the Boston Water Works, Minot's Block, Boston, and the State Capital Bank Building, Concord; McAlpine & Farley, and Abijah Hollis, at West Concord; and James J. Donagan, the latter employing about forty men, and pressed with business far beyond the capacity of his works. Many more firms do a flourishing business, all having orders far ahead of their working force. The superior value of the Concord Granite arises from its freedom from all mineral impurities, which so generally mar the beauty of this stone upon exposure to the atmosphere.

The Abbot-Downing Company. The late Lewis Downing established the carriage business in Concord, in 1813, with a capital of $125, manufacturing Concord wagons with his own hands, and gradually increasing his business until 1826, when he commenced the manufacture of the Concord coach. In 1828, J. Stephens Abbot joined him, and coach building became a leading feature of their business. From this beginning sprang the Abbot-Downing Company, established in 1873, with a capital of $400,000, employing from two hundred to three hundred men, with a monthly pay-roll of over $10,000. One hundred and fifty of their celebrated Concord coaches have been manufactured and shipped within a year, besides a large number of express wagons, freight wagons, U. S. mail wagons, buggies, drays, cabs, hacks, and the world-renowned Concord wagons. Many of their employees have grown grey in their service. Samuel Gage has worked forty-four years for the firm. Twenty of their men average thirty-four years of service each. Concord coaches and carriages have justly received their world-wide reputation from two causes: the excellence of the materials used, and the skilled labor employed upon the work. No sham work has ever been allowed to leave their shops. Their work has gone over the whole inhabitable globe, civilized and uncivilized, and probably no firm in this country is so widely and so favorably known as the Abbot-Downing Company. Lewis Downing is President; Edward A. Abbot, Treasurer; and Frank L. Abbot, Secretary.

James R. Hill & Co. The advantages arising from conducting a business with a view to the production of a uniform quality of goods, each article the best of its kind, and designed with a view to adaptability for specific uses, is nowhere better illustrated than in the experience of the firm of James R. Hill & Co. Starting business, as did the senior member of this firm, with no advantages of capital, reputation, or business connection not enjoyed by others, he, by recognizing the fact that a good article would win its way to public favor, laid the foundation for a reputation which has become world-wide. It is safe to say that no other one firm of harness manufacturers, in this or any other country, are as well and favorably known as that of the manufacturers of the "Concord Harness." James R. Hill & Co. first built up a reputation for making a superior class of stage and farm harness. They selected the finest stock, treated it in the best manner, employed skilled workmen, and made every other idea subordinate to durability and good fit; and, having made for themselves a reputation, they never permitted the slightest deviation from their established

rules, unless, upon close examination, it would be productive of better results. The experience thus gained in stage and farm work enabled them, when the proper time came, to step boldly in the market as manufacturers of the finest grades of carriage harness as well. And now the "Concord Harness" includes every style, from the farm and stage to the express, light track and coach harness. The Concord stage harnesses, so popular among stage drivers, are as strong as they can be made without unduly increasing the weight, always reliable, fit the horse as nicely as the finest carriage harness, and the driver, when he mounts his stage for an hundred miles' drive, is not under the necessity of seeing that he is provided with a harness makers' kit, which he would be likely to use in making repairs on less reliable harness. The reputation given to American harness in foreign countries by this firm is of the highest character, and if, in after years, the business increases to the extent we have reason to believe it



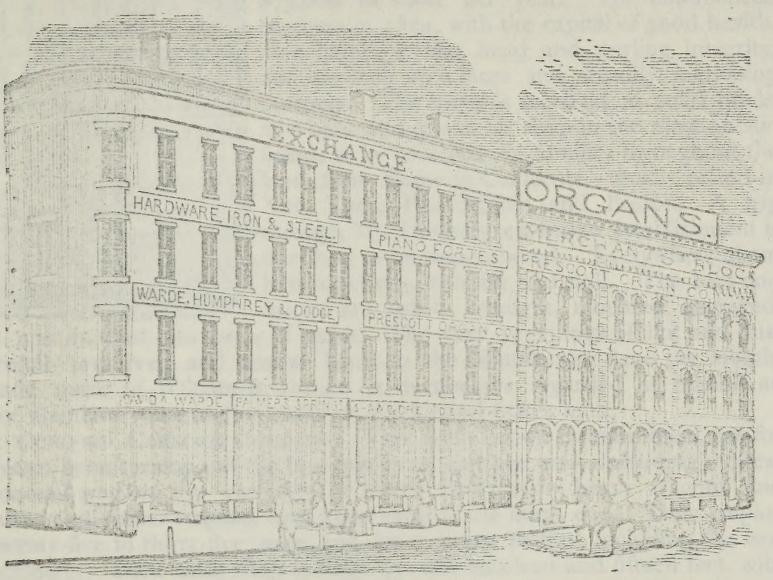
will, this firm will be deserving of the praise for having opened to American manufacturers markets for their goods in countries where prejudices are naturally adverse to them. In keeping with the enterprise which has always characterized the house of James R. Hill & Co., they took a foremost position in the Centennial Exhibition. Their case of harness used on that occasion is now at their store. The designs, proportions and workmanship are such as to receive the praise of experts as well as general visitors. The exhibit consists of twenty-nine sets of harness and a variety of "Concord" collars suited to light carriage, coach, wagon and team harness. The first harness seen on approaching the case is a double coach, all the strapping is doubled and stitched to the waved pattern. The tug safes, drops, etc., are of new and neat patterns. The mountings are rubber covered, band pattern; the rosettes and bit bosses are inlaid. The swivel draft eye is used in this harness, adding much to its appearance. The fitting and stitching are done in a workmanlike manner, and the finish is excellent throughout. It is in every sense a superior harness, and one suited to the tastes of buyers who prefer excellency of work to ornate and showy decorations. Another noticeable harness is a light double road, with breast collars and patent yokes, and extra collar hames and traces; the layers are all cut and stitched straight. This is a model of neatness and fine workmanship; the mountings are the rubber covered, plain wire, and are in keeping with the good taste shown in all other parts; it is one of the most complete

and desirable harness of the kind. A fine coupe harness occupies a central position in the case; it is rubber mounted, and made up in the best manner. The pattern and designs for ornamental stitching are new and tasty; the pattern used on the back band being diamonds joined by small half circles. There is nothing gaudy about this harness, but perfection of workmanship is everywhere apparent. Near this is a set of single harness, made up in a neat and tasty manner. Perfection in workmanship without any attempt at ornamentation has been aimed at in the production of this, and none can examine it closely without awarding merited praise. The next harness is a single strap track harness, provided with extra back band, overdraw check, etc. This class of harness has attracted much attention of late, and the one on exhibition compares favorably with any; the manufacturers have shown their usual good judgment in ignoring superfluous work and in finishing every strap in the very best manner. At the extreme end of the case is a heavy express harness, brass mounted, a splendid specimen of substantial and durable workmanship. In addition to the harness specified, there are two and four horse Concord harness for hack, team and stage work, duplicates of harness that have made for this firm a world-wide reputation. Also, plain buggy, grocer, butcher and other business harness. In a separate case is a set of fine single harness made up in a superior manner and trimmed with celluloid mountings. In addition to the harness is a splendid collection of Concord collars, the whole making an exhibit seldom in the reach of any one manufacturing house. Care in selecting leather has long been a leading aim with this firm, and the superior finish on their work shows that they know well where to procure the most desirable article. In their establishment every harness, whether for the track, light road, coupe, coach, farm, or stage, are made in the neatest and most substantial manner, and they are just such goods as are appreciated in every part of the world. The business has grown up with the country from a small beginning, and has assumed proportions that make it one of the prominent representative private industries of the country, and has given character not only to the harness manufacture of the state, but also to that of New England, for the reason that no man in the business claims to do more than make as good a harness as James R. Hill & Co., of Concord, N. H. When in full running order the firm works about one hundred men. Their trade extends all over the world.

Page Belting Company (George F. Page, President; and Charles T. Page, Treasurer;) have won a deservedly high place in the commercial world. Their enterprise should be the theme of a distinct article. The company has a capital of $200,000. They manufacture three hundred miles of belting per year, using three to four hundred hides per week. In their lacing about six hundred hides per week are consumed. They give employment to seventy-five men. Their annual products amount to $400,000 in value.

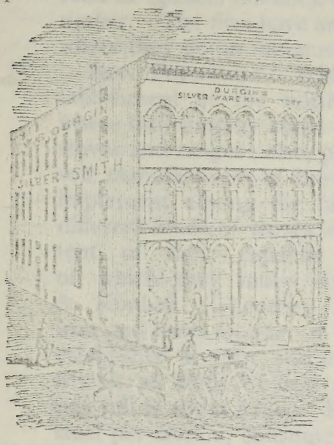
Porter Blanchard's Sons, the manufacturers of "The Blanchard Churn," were established in 1818, and for over fifty years (father and sons) have been engaged in making churns. "The Blanchard Churn" has been manufactured over twenty-five years, and over one hundred thousand churns are now in successful operation. They are used in every state and territory in the United States, in Russia, South America, Germany, Australia and Japan, to which places shipments are made direct. On account of labor-saving machinery but twenty-five men are required to supply the large and increasing demand for their churns. The firm have devoted years to the scientific investigation of the process of butter making, and in developing the best mechanical means for aiding it. They have carefully observed and examined every new claimant for the dairyman's favor. They have been constantly testing and applying improvements to the churn they have been making. They have been perfecting the machinery and appliances of their factory. They have been untiring in

their efforts to combine every desirable quality in their churn, and to omit everything needless and complicated. The lumber used is the best Michigan pine, carefully selected and kiln dried. The workmanship is perfect. There are no cog wheels. The irons are tinned. The whole churn is simple and durable, and if injured, easily repaired. It brings butter as quickly as it ought to come, works the butter free from butter-milk, works in the salt, and is easily cleaned. Like the Concord carriage and Concord harness, "The Blanchard Churn" has won for itself the highest position in the trade. It is the cheapest and most economical, because it is the strongest and most durable, and will last for years. It is the very best churn for farmers to buy. It is needless to say that this firm is one of the most substantial in the city. Such popularity and prosperity is the direct result of honorable and liberal principle.



THE PRESCOTT ORGAN COMPANY have the longest established organ works in the United States. This manufactory has been in constant operation since 1836, although the founder of the business was manufacturing musical instruments as early as 1814. The present firm, sons of the original founder, consists of A. J. Prescott and George D. B. Prescott. Their office and warerooms are located in Exchange and Merchants Block. The company employ a large number of skilled workmen, and their factory is well furnished with a full complement of labor-saving machinery. Their facilities are first-class, and the Prescott Organs are second to none made. The case making, varnishing, trimming, tuning, and interior workmanship are all in the hands of competent workmen, and the greatest care is taken to make each and every part perfect. The remarkable quality of tone of the Prescott Organs, and the pleasing combinations which may be effected by means of the new "stops" they have introduced (*Vox Celeste*, *Aeoline* and *Basset Horn*), are attracting much attention. The "voicing" of the reeds, which requires great experience, is in charge of some of the most competent workmen in the country. The large scale on which these organs are made, and the possession of every facility, enable this company to furnish first-class instruments at the lowest rates. They make nearly all parts of these instruments themselves, and thus avoid the necessity

for charges to cover two or three profits which are made when the parts must be purchased, as is the case with smaller manufacturers. Their "Orchestral Organ" is an instrument especially worthy of notice, and in an elegant upright case, with sliding lid and polished burl panels, presents a most ornate and beautiful appearance, and is a most desirable acquisition as a piece of furniture, aside from its excellence as an organ. The gentlemen comprising this firm are highly esteemed both in business and social circles. Their trade extends to all parts of North America, and a foreign demand is springing up.



WILLIAM B. DURGIN, manufacturer of solid silver ware, owns and occupies a block on School street, where he employs from twenty to twenty-five men, using about $20,000 in gold bullion and $75,000 of silver per year. He commenced business in 1854, with the capital of good health, able hands, a clear head and sterling integrity, and has built up a large and steadily increasing business. The metal is received in solid bricks and bars, and leaves his shop in the most artistic forms, to be received in families throughout the land, from Maine to California—mostly prized in New York, Philadelphia and Boston. A trip through Mr. Durgin's extensive establishment is one long to be remembered. Everywhere about him is activity, industry and skill. The bars and bricks are rolled, wrought, moulded, engraved, chased, and finished into forms of grace. The very sweepings of lint and dust are carefully preserved, and render back to the manufactory $200 per month. The trade mark of William B. Durgin is everywhere regarded as reliable an index of standard value as the stamp of the United States mint.

THE CONCORD CARRIAGE COMPANY. This well known establishment has for many years been turning out the best quality of carriage work, including express and Concord wagons, top carriages of every description, heavy wagons and carts, vans and pedler wagons, from their shop at the north end. They employ from twenty-five to thirty-five men, and have every facility, including the best of machinery. Their main shop is forty by one hundred and fifteen feet, with four stories, wherein carriage work in every stage of progress, from the raw material to the beautifully finished phaeton, can be seen. The basement is used for heavy machinery and the storage of heavy work; the first story contains wood shop, office and wareroom; the second story, paint shop, varnish room and trimming room; the third story is devoted to storage of finished and unfinished work. The blacksmith shop and engine room are in the rear of the main building. This company, established in 1844, lost their buildings by fire June 29, 1873, when the North Church was destroyed; and in rebuilding aimed to make their establishment as nearly fire-proof as possible, by brick partitions, iron doors and shutters. Their carriages have gone to Iowa, Illinois, Michigan, Alabama, Canada, California, Maine, New York, Vermont, Africa, and South America. Their principal trade, however, is with Boston, Brooklyn, Springfield, Providence, and Hartford. The company consists of Alderman S. M. Griffin, H. J. Worthington, and N. H. Haskell.

HOLT BROTHERS (A. Frank, Benjamin, Harrison W. and Charles H. Holt), have their factory on Turnpike street, at the south end, and manufacture wheels of all sizes and grades, seats, bodies, and gears, spokes, hubs, felloes, bent rims, shafts, poles, Sarven's patent and the Concord common wheel, and all kinds of carriage stock; and they are also manufacturers and shippers of ash and oak plank. They make a great specialty of the famous Concord wheels. The

white oak used by them is all second growth New Hampshire timber, and they keep an agent at the West buying second growth hickory. They allow no article to leave their premises but what can fulfill every representation made for it, even to the smallest details. They occupy 35,000 square feet of flooring; use a one hundred and twenty-five horse power engine, employ thirty-five men, and have the most approved machinery. In their carriage stock they use from two to three hundred thousand feet of timber per year. Some seven hundred thousand of spruce, hemlock and pine they convert into boards, building, and ship timber. The firm have an extensive warehouse and salesrooms in San Francisco, where they do an immense business, their sales reaching $175,000 annually.

Iron Foundries. William P. Ford & Co., iron founders, have a large establishment at the north end, nearly opposite their office, 235 Main street, where they employ about thirty men in the manufacture of a superior grade of stoves and ranges; also, plows and other agricultural implements. They are the sole manufacturers of the celebrated Doe Plow, which has long been a standard implement among the farmers of the country. They manufacture over forty different kinds of stoves and ranges. They are at present engaged to the extent of their capacity in filling orders for the new Eclipse Ranges, of which they make sixteen different styles, for coal and wood. Ford & Kimball (Theodore H. Ford and Benjamin A. Kimball), have an iron and brass foundry in the rear of their office, 66 Main street. They were established in 1865, and employ twenty-five men at present, manufacturing car wheels, all kinds of iron and brass castings, and iron fences. Their weekly pay-roll is about $250. They use five hundred to six hundred tons of iron and steel per annum, consume three hundred tons of coal in the manufacture, and employ a forty horse power engine. Their goods find mostly a local market.

Concord Machine Works, Col. John A. White, proprietor, were established in 1877. Twenty-five men are employed; and besides the Eastern Star mowing machine, a great variety of wood-working machinery is manufactured, supplying the trade not only in this country, but are exported to England, France, Holland, South America and Mexico. Over six hundred of their machines are now in use.

Whitcher & Stratton (S. C. Whitcher, George L. Stratton, William K. McFarland and John S. Blanchard), on Depot street, are manufacturers of flour and meal. Their mills are at Fisherville. They employ twenty-five men, and deal at wholesale in flour, grain and feed.

Flanders, White & Houston, carriage manufacturers, between Warren and Pleasant streets, started in business in 1875. At present employ from twelve to sixteen men, and build express wagons, open and top carriages. Their work is standard in quality and workmanship, and their business is gradually increasing. Adjoining their establishment is the blacksmith shop of James E. McShane, a successful artisan. December 23, 1878, Mr. McShane shod seventy-five horses, having thirty in the shop at one time. He owns the block he occupies and one or two adjoining buildings.

L. H. Clough & Co., established in 1868, employ about forty men in the manufacture of pine furniture, black walnut and chestnut extension tables. They occupy a building near the Freight Depot, forty by eighty feet, four stories; a storehouse thirty by forty, adjoining, and a third of the old Portsmouth Depot; the three buildings connected by bridges with the freight station. A sixty horse power engine propels the most approved machinery in all departments, the buildings being heated by steam. Boston and New York are the principal markets.

J. Palmer is on Depot street, having been established in business since 1854, in the manufacture of omnibus, coach, wagon and buggy springs of a superior quality and temper. These springs are favorably and widely known for their

elasticity and regular action, as well as for their durability and carrying capacity. Mr. Palmer employs about twenty men. The demand for his work extends to St. Louis, Chicago, Cincinnati. From fifty to one hundred tons of steel and one hundred tons of coal are annually expended at this establishment.

SMITH & WALKER are directly opposite, in a fine new brick block of their own construction, engaged in the manufacture of silver and brass plated harness trimmings. They report business as steadily improving.

BALLOU & CURTIS went into the manufacture of organs and melodeons, at their present place of business, on Pleasant street, in 1869. Commencing in a small way they have built up an extensive business, having employed at times twenty-five workmen. Sixteen hundred and fifty-two of these organs and melodeons are scattered throughout the United States. Their force is considerably cut down at present, but the demand for their instruments is steadily increasing. Their organs have gone to Oregon, Minnesota, Canada, and other states.

MEAD AND MASON are well known builders and contractors. Besides their mill in this city they have branches in Boston, Manchester and Lebanon, employing in their various departments some two hundred hands. They are equally at home on a bridge or a bedstead, a palace or a portico. They are extensively engaged in the manufacture of furniture.

RAILROADS.

Concord is a railroad centre. One should not judge by the union railroad station of the magnitude of our railway interests. The CONCORD RAILROAD is the heaviest railroad interest in the state. It operates 141 miles of road, 126 of which are in the state, besides practically controlling the Manchester & Lawrence with 26 miles of track. J. Thomas Vose is President; Nathan Parker, Treasurer; H. E. Chamberlin, Superintendent; Joseph W. Hildreth, General Freight Agent; John W. Wardwell, General Ticket Agent; and J. Frank Webster, Cashier. There are 500 names on the pay-roll, about 125 being residents of Concord. The monthly pay-roll amounts to about $22,000, of which some $4,500 is distributed in this city. The Concord Railroad Shop is a scene of activity. Here about 70 workmen find employment, under the supervision of James T. Gordon. Deacon Greenough McQuestion, who has been time-keeper for twenty-six years, reports the employees as the most temperate company in the United States. There are 20 men in iron shop; 17 in wood shop; 8 in blacksmith shop; 9 in paint shop; 6 wood-sawyers; and 5 watchmen, besides 34 engineers and 34 firemen employed on the engines. They turn out one or two new engines per year, and keep 37 in repair. Forty-five passenger, 12 baggage, 3 milk, and 876 freight cars are fitted out and kept in running order from this shop. The general reader may not be aware that the average age of a locomotive is but 12 years, and that wheels are seldom run over 60,000 or 70,000 miles.

The terminus of the BOSTON, CONCORD and MONTREAL RAILROAD is at Concord. This road operates 166 miles of road, and gives employment to a large number of our citizens, but its shops are not in the city.

The NORTHERN RAILROAD operates 82 miles of road, with its terminus and shops in this city. Hon George W. Nesmith is President; George A. Kettell, Treasurer; George E. Todd, Superintendent; James N. Lauder, Superintendent of Rolling Stock; Charles S. Mellen, Cashier; William F. Simons, General Freight and Passenger Agent. At the railroad shop are employed 23 machinists, 6 boiler makers, 12 blacksmiths, 4 painters, 15 carpenters, 25 locomotive engineers, and 25 firemen, besides watchmen, etc. Two engines are turned out annually. Thirty-two engines, 17 passenger, 5 baggage, 3 postal, and 500 freight cars are kept in repair. All new stock is built at the company's shop. The Northern Railroad gives employment to 525 persons, with a monthly

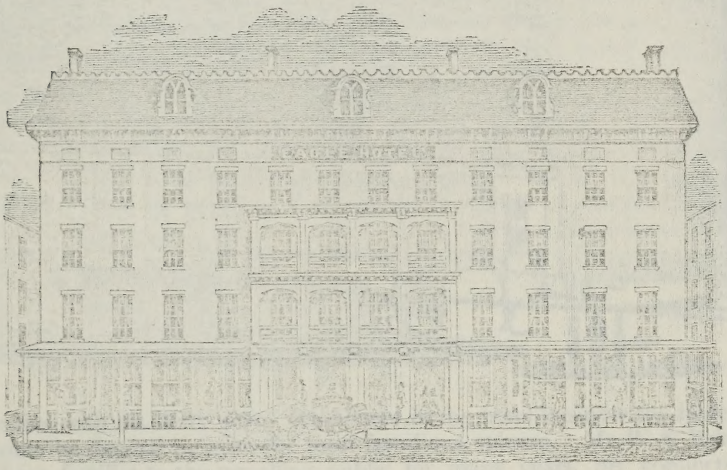
pay-roll of $18,000, of which $6,000 is disbursed in Concord, to 220 employees.

The CONCORD and CLAREMONT RAILROAD, of which George E. Todd is President and Superintendent, operates 71 miles, or with the PETERBOROUGH and HILLSBOROUGH RAILROAD, 88 miles. The terminus of this road is also in this city.

The CONCORD, PITTSFIELD, ROCHESTER and PORTLAND RAILROAD is yet to be built from Concord to Rochester. The city is connected with the west by the Hillsboro', the Claremont, the Northern, and the Montreal railroads; with the east by the Portsmouth, the Lawrence, and the Concord Railroads. We need but this branch to make our connections complete, and divert much of the traffic over the Grand Trunk and Ogdensburg through this city.

At the Concord Station trains are made up for the White Mountains, for Lancaster, for the Pasumpsic, for Bristol, for White River Junction, for Claremont, for Hillsborough, for Lowell, for Lawrence, and for Portsmouth, thus making Concord one of the most important railroad centres in New England. The offices of the Concord and Northern railroads are at the station. The capital invested in roads which terminate directly or indirectly in this city aggregate nearly $15,000,000.

HOTELS.

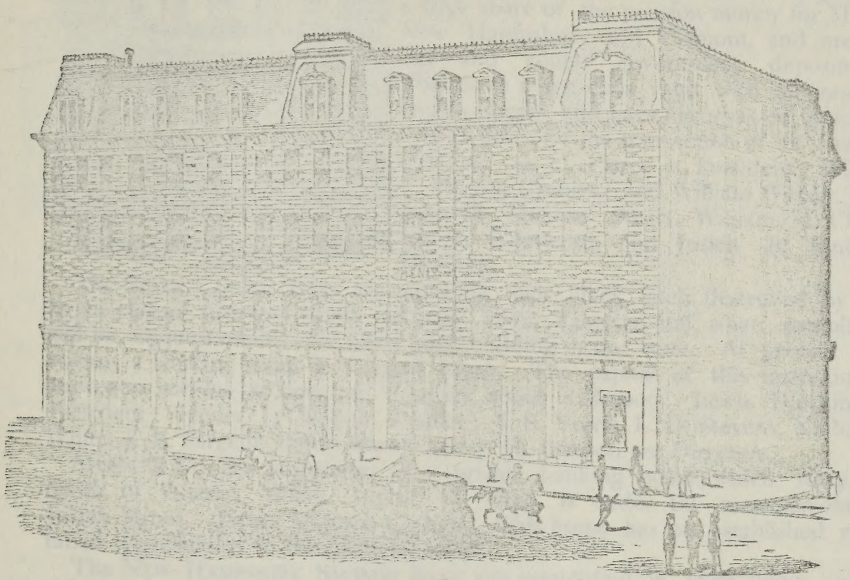


As the central city of the state, the seat of the legislature, the courts, the conventions of the great political parties, and annual gatherings of numerous organizations, societies and orders, Concord demands superior and extensive facilities for the accommodation of her transient visitors, as well as the general travelling public. In this regard she is favored in a manner fully commensurate with the demand. Her leading hotels are excelled by none in New England, and all stand upon a par with the best of their class.

THE EAGLE HOTEL. What the Continental is to Philadelphia, the Burnett House to Cincinnati, the Falmouth to Portland, the Eagle is to Concord. This celebrated hotel is on Main street, facing the Capitol; is five stories in height, above the basement, and has been raised above its previous high standard by its present proprietor, Col. John A. White. The hotel has 131 rooms, is heated by steam throughout, is elegantly furnished, and daily offers a bill of fare unrivalled in the state and unsurpassed in the country. It has all the offices of a metropolitan hotel. Sumner L. Thompson is the popular head clerk, assisted by Charles H. Buxton. Levi Trochu is the porter. Sometimes four hundred

guests are entertained in a day, and representatives from a dozen different states.

THE PHENIX HOTEL is situated on Main street, and is most conveniently located near the Railroad Depot, yet far enough from it to be entirely free from the noise and bustle attendant upon the arrival and departure of trains. The house is a handsome structure, five stories high, containing some one hundred and twenty-five rooms, all well lighted and ventilated, furnished in the most complete and elegant manner, and arranged with every modern convenience for the comfort of the guests. Its large and spacious office, reading-room, dining-room, and parlors are models in their way of luxury, elegance and convenience. The *cuisine* of the house is second to none, and the fact that the efficient proprietor, Mr. Baker, gives his personal attention to this department is sufficient

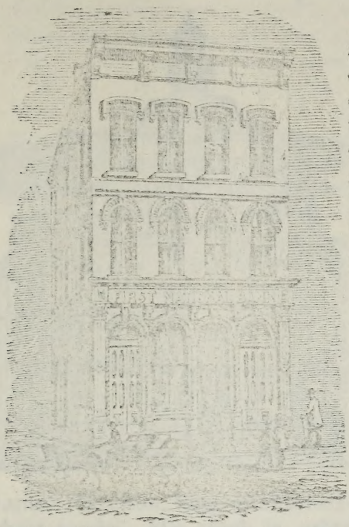


assurance that with his thirty years' experience in the hotel business the table is all that could be desired by even the most fastidious epicure. Mr. W. S. Baker, who has been familiar to the travelling public for many years, his connection with the hotel business extending over more than a quarter of a century, took possession of the Phenix in December, 1875, and thoroughly refurnished and refitted the house throughout, putting in hot and cold water and bath-rooms upon every floor, with a laundry in the basement for the convenience of the guests. Since that time the popularity of the house has been steadily on the increase, he being in every respect a model hotel man. He is ably assisted in ministering to the comfort of the guests by Mr. J. P. Sargent, his clerk, who, for the past six years, has occupied that position with credit to himself and merited the esteem of the many patrons of the house. The Western Union Telegraph Company have an office on the first floor, and every accommodation of a first-class hotel is to be found here. The first-class livery stable of A. & G. A. Foster is connected with the hotel.

The ELM HOUSE is on Main, at the foot of Pleasant street, and is conducted on first-class principles by Messrs. Poore and Brown, of long hotel experience. Their hotel is spacious, and offers the best of table board and accommodations at reasonable rates, and receives a liberal patronage.

The AMERICAN HOUSE is north of the Opera House, and receives its full share of custom.

BANKS.



The FIRST NATIONAL BANK of Concord, according to the last report of the Comptroller of the Currency, stands at the head of the list of national banks in New Hampshire, having the largest per cent surplus of any bank in the state. The capital is $150,000; surplus, $80,000; total deposits average $350,000. Besides being financial agents for the U. S. Government for disbursing funds, they pay out a large share of the pension money for Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont, and are the city and county government depositories. They have a first-class vault with all modern improvements, and have unsurpassed, if not the best facilities for the transaction of all banking business. A. C. Pierce is President; William F. Thayer, Cashier; and William Walker, J. W. Johnson, Thomas Stuart, William M. Chase, Joseph Wentworth and Josiah B. Sanborn, Directors.

The STATE CAPITAL BANK are replacing their block, lately destroyed by fire, by an elegant structure which will cost about $30,000, and, when completed, will be, unquestionably, the finest bank building in the state. At present they occupy a banking-room in Central Block. The capital of this institution is $200,000, surplus 80,000, and deposits about $180,000. Lewis Downing is President; Henry J. Crippen, Cashier; J. S. Norris, L. D. Stevens, Nathaniel White, J. E. Sargent, Calvin Howe, and J. H. Pearson are Directors.

MINOT & CO. are proprietors of a private banking house, which, since the death of Charles Minot, August 25, 1879, is under the management of Josiah Minot. James Minot is Cashier. This house has an established reputation for reliability in the financial world.

The NEW HAMPSHIRE SAVINGS BANK was established in 1830, being one of the three oldest banking institutions in the state. It has in deposit $1,325,000 with a guarantee fund of $67,000. Samuel S. Kimball is President; William P. Fiske, Treasurer.

MERRIMACK COUNTY SAVINGS BANK is located in Minot's building, School street. Lyman D. Stevens is President; John Kimball, Treasurer and Secretary. About $350,000 are on deposit.

THE CONCORD SAVINGS BANK is withdrawing from business.

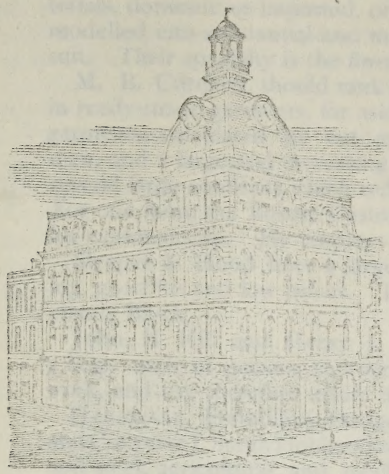
THE LOAN AND TRUST SAVINGS BANK occupy the same building with the State Capital Bank. Jonathan E. Sargent is President; Geo. A. Fernald, Treasurer. The deposits are $725,000 with a guarantee fund of $8,500. This Bank is provided with first-class fire and burglar proof vaults, in Bank Building.

GENERAL MERCANTILE BUSINESS.

For a mile on either side, Main street is lined with a succession of fine business blocks, filled with every variety of merchandise.

DRY GOODS. F. B. Underhill & Co., occupying a spacious store, claim the largest trade in their line in New Hampshire. They have a large assortment in every department; silks, velvets, black goods, house-keeping and domestic goods, gloves, hosiery, and small wares.

Patterson & Davis, in Rumford Block, occupy the store so long used as a dry goods store, that the feet of the ladies naturally trend thither. Their collection of zephyrs, wools, and yarns is particularly full.



Boynton & Willard are in the Board of Trade Building. Their store is literally filled to over-flowing with goods of the finest texture. They make a specialty of silks, laces and cashmeres, and the finest domestic goods. Their store has the rich appearance of a tropical conservatory.

Blanchard & Crapo, in Centennial Block, have an elegant store filled with every variety of dry and fancy goods. Their trade is large and constantly increasing.

David E. Clarke has a spacious store in State Block, handsomely dressed, so to speak, with standard goods. His hold upon the patronage he once secures never relaxes.

George W. Weeks has his full share in the city trade, and commands much out of town custom.

James Hazelton, long established in State Block, still supplies the latest and freshest goods. His stock is extensive, but more especially are the ladies pleased by his exquisite taste in the millinery and fancy goods line.

Henry Churchill has a new stock of goods temptingly displayed in Stickney Block.

E. N. Shepard keeps a store. It is easier to name the things he does not keep than to attempt to enumerate his great variety. A shopping tour is incomplete without a visit to Shepard's.

Millinery Firms. Having directed our lady friends through the dry goods establishments of our city, we will assure them that the millinery display is in no way inferior.

Mrs. M. M. Smith has been longest established, and now occupies, with her extensive stock, rooms in the elegant "Stickney Mansion," above the Free Bridge road. Her store has been known for years as the emporium of fashion, wherein the assortment of all that fashion demands is exhaustless—gloves of never so many buttons, laces of the most delicate texture, ribbons of matchless beauty, feathers from the wings of Cupid, and bonnets designed by Venus herself.

Mrs. D. B. Jones, in Centennial Block, has the latest, prettiest, and best in the millinery line, the handiwork and taste of Parisian and Italian artists being added to her own consummate judgment. In her cases can be seen plumes from the South African ostrich, and the Florida flamingo; the craft from the Turkish harems; and beautiful devices from the secluded nunneries. What part of the known world does not contribute of its beauties of art or nature to the adornment of our sisters, etc.?

Mrs. H. N. Newell is a new comer, but has a new and choice selection of millinery goods, peculiarly attractive to the ladies; and signifies her intention of remaining in the beautifully arranged store in Columbian Block, expressly fitted up for her. One section of her store is a great attraction to everybody, being a five and ten cent counter, filled to repletion with articles of daily use at extraordinary prices.

Tailors. Thomas W. Stewart and John H. Stewart have been established for thirty years. A man feels well with good clothes on; a man never feels better than when arrayed in one of their custom suits.

Woodward, Baker & Co. (Ephraim W. Woodward, Walter S. Baker, Harry White and Charles W. Woodward) occupy Woodward's Block. In the building nothing is omitted to add to its beauty or attraction. Goods of the richest materials, domestic or imported, or of the coarsest and homliest make are here modelled into substantial and modish patterns. Everybody is sure of a suitable suit. Their specialty is the finest goods in cloths and gentlemen's furnishing.

M. B. Critchett should rank as a manufacturer, as well as tailor and dealer in ready-made garments, for aside from an extensive stock of manufactured garments, calculated by cut and price to suit the great multitude of average men, and a large and increasing patronage in certain work, he has received several large contracts which reflect credit upon the skill and taste of the firm. For one item, the Boston Custom House officials owe their uniform elegance to his workmanship. He employs from ten to thirty work women.

Sleeper & Hood have a large custom trade, secured and held by fair dealing, good fits and low prices. They can be found at their old stand in Merchants Block.

John. H. Hill and Henry I. Upham have each an established business, and a large circle of patrons and friends. They personally superintend their own work, and can therefore assure its excellence.

HARDWARE. Humphrey, Dodge & Smith (Stillman Humphrey, Howard A. Dodge and Converse J. Smith) jobbers and retailers in plain and ornamental hardware, iron and steel, agricultural and mechanical tools, carriage and sleigh makers' supplies, occupy the north end of Exchange Building. This business was established about fifty years ago, and has grown steadily in public confidence until the present firm now occupy the height of established business credit and financial prosperity. They carry an immense stock, complete in every department, with variety not excelled in New England, occupying two large double stores, each one hundred and twenty feet deep, and three floors, besides a building for agricultural machinery and samples of stock. Their trade extends through New Hampshire and Vermont, and they may be rightly called the representative house in their branch of trade in Concord. Purchasing their goods from the manufacturers in large quantities enables them to guarantee to their customers low prices, and promptness in dispatching all orders entrusted to their care. Their trade promises to grow as steadily in the future as in the past.

Walker & Co., a firm established in 1857, consisting of Gust. Walker and William D. Ladd, is located in Railroad Square. The Depot Iron Store is one of the largest and most complete in New England, outside of Boston, and its three capacious floors, eighty by eighty feet in dimensions, are literally burdened with a heavy stock of iron and steel in almost every shape known to the trade. The best English and American refined Norway and Swedes bar iron is constantly in store, constituting, perhaps, the most important department of the business; and Norway and Swedes rods and shapes, Greaves' and American spring and calking steel, tire, sleigh shoe and cast steel afford a splendid assortment of material for the choice of the coach, carriage and sleigh manufacturer; hoop, band, scroll, oval and half round iron, nail rods, horse shoes, horse nails, toe calks, etc., are kept in full line and enable the local farrier to make his purchases of supplies on the most advantageous terms, independent of any larger market than Concord.

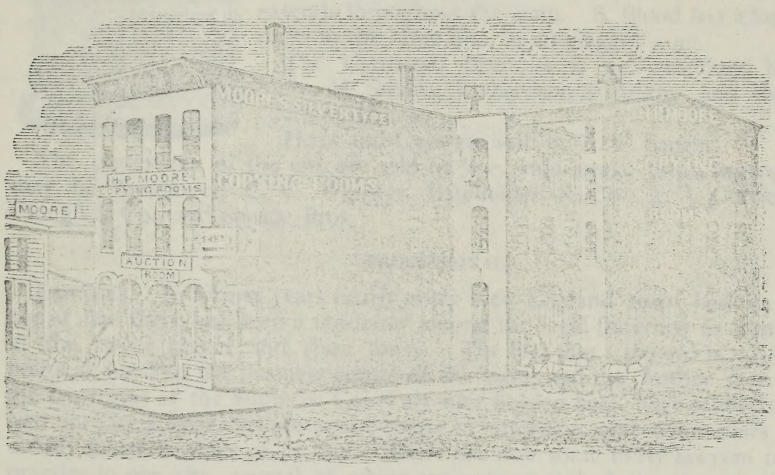
Gust. Walker, dealer in hardware, of the above mentioned firm, established in 1855, occupies his old stand in Phenix Block. Here is to be found a full assortment of every description of hardware, house trimmings, knobs, locks, bolts, etc., nails, sheet lead and zinc, lead pipe and pumps, belting and lacing, carriage bolts, rivets, nuts and washers, carpenters' and mechanics' tools, agricultural implements, and an endless variety of all that is to be found in a first-class hardware store. He occupies two floors of a large store, and has an ex-

tensive wholesale and retail trade throughout New Hampshire, and extending into Vermont and Canada.

James Moore & Sons, established thirty years ago, occupy their well known stand opposite the Opera House. They have a large wholesale and retail trade, carrying a large stock, occupying two floors and an adjoining storehouse. They make a specialty of builders' hardware and mechanics' tools, and handle large quantities of agricultural tools, with a general assortment of everything in the hardware line.

PHOTOGRAPHERS. In 1879 it requires more than skilled labor to give success to the photographer. Artistic taste is the chief requisite. Concord is fortunate in retaining the services of W. G. C. Kimball, for a better artist is not to be found in New England. His gallery is renowned throughout the state, and receives a proportional patronage. The most beautiful are flattered and the ugliest satisfied, for not only are the features reproduced, but the character speaks from his pictured faces.

Frank O. Everett is his only rival in the city.

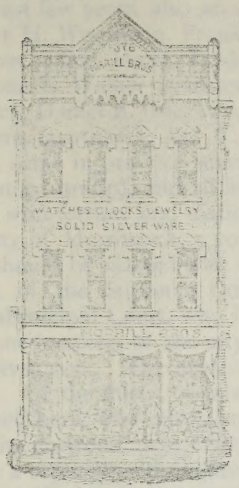


H. P. Moore has done a very extensive copying business, his agents reaching into every state in the Union. He employs a large force of artists to fill the multitude of orders that flow in on him. He is the patentee and owner of the beautiful new silver-type process.

E. P. Gerould & Co. are in the copying business, employing from five to twenty-five artists in filling their orders. Few are aware of the extent to which this business has grown in the city of Concord within a few years. Mr. Gerould's patrons may be found from Newfoundland to Alabama. Aside from his regular business, Mr. Gerould is deeply interested in historical subjects, especially in the early history of New Hampshire, and has already a large and valuable collection of books, pamphlets, and manuscript pertaining to that subject.

Few of our citizens, probably, are aware of the large number of agents employed by H. C. Bailey, Photographic Copyist, Warren street, and kept constantly at work introducing the work from this establishment in all parts of the United States and Canadas, from St. John, N. B., to San Francisco, Cal. Mr. Bailey has always made a specialty of India Ink and Crayon work, and kept none but thorough workmen, as a result of which his business has been steadily on the increase, being crowded with work, while other establishments have been obliged to shut down for want of work. At the present time this firm is employing more skillful artists, and sending out more first-class work than any

other house in New England. As *one* example: They have shipped inside of nine weeks, to Denver, Colorado, over $800 worth of India Ink and Crayon Portraits.



JEWELLERS. Morrill Bros. have an elegantly appointed store in their new block, fitted up elaborately and filled with jewelry, watches, and silver ware. Stanley & Ayer, Norman G. Carr, A. P. Sherburne, and E. Knight have each well stocked stores in the same line

APOTHECARIES. Underhill & Kittredge, State Block, have the most centrally located, most conveniently arranged and the best patronized drug store in Concord. C. H. Martin joins with an extensive drug business, a very large trade in paints and oils.

CARPETS & CROCKERY. Hammond & Ayers have the largest store and the largest stock in crockery, carpets, and paper hangings in New Hampshire, and their trade extends throughout the state. S. Blood has a fine assortment in the same line, in an elegant store.

The CLOTHING BUSINESS is well sustained by W. G. Shaw, H. Strauss, Richardson & Adams, and the Eagle Clothing House.

HATS and CAPS are sold by A. T. Sanger.

The GROCERIES of the city are sold by live, wide-awake firms, among whom may be mentioned C. C. Webster, Batchelder & Co., A. A. Currier, E. D. Clough & Co., and Savage Bros.

PROFESSIONAL.

LAWYERS. In former years nearly every New England town had its lawyer, but of late there has been a tendency among the legal fraternity to concentrate in the larger places and shire towns. The fact that Concord is not only the political, but also the business centre of the state, and the further fact that all the law terms of the Supreme Court are now holden here, have tended to bring into our city a larger proportionate quota of attorneys and counsellors than is usually found in cities of its size. There are now some thirty lawyers in active practice in our city, several of whom are eminent at the bar, not to mention such men as ex-Chief Justice Sargent, and Judges Fowler and Minot, who, having grown gray in the practice of the profession, accumulated more than a competency, and won a high reputation for learning and ability, have retired from professional labor, or the Hon. William L. Foster, for many years in successful practice, who now occupies a position upon the Supreme bench.

Such men as Col. John H. George and Hon. John Y. Mugridge have a reputation not confined to Concord or New Hampshire. Col. George's connection with railway interests has become so extensive and engrossing that he has now comparatively little time to devote to local affairs. Mr. Mugridge is retained upon one side or the other in two thirds of all the cases tried in the Merrimack County Court House, while he is largely engaged in other counties, and even outside the state. Hamilton E. Perkins (ex-Judge of Probate), William M. Chase (formerly partner of the late Anson S. Marshall, and more recently associated with Hon. J. E. Sargent), Charles P. Sanborn (City Solicitor), Warren Clarke (late Judge of Probate), Henry P. Rolfe (formerly U. S. District Attorney), Hon. L. D. Stevens, John H. Albin (late partner of Attorney-General Tappan), Samuel C. Eastman (well known in insurance circles), and S. G. Lane (of real estate fame), have all been quite a number of years in practice in our city, have established reputations and have won success. Benjamin E. Badger is also an attorney of established reputation. William T. Norris, of Danbury, is asso-

ciated in practice with Herbert F. Norris in this city, and the firm has quite a large practice. Samuel B. Page, now of Woodsville, retains an office and extensive practice here. A. F. L. Norris, who has been established here for the past few years, also secures his full share of patronage. Henry Robinson, Edgar H. Woodman, Frank H. Pierce (who, although resident in Hillsborough, has an office here), Fred H. Gould, David S. Corser, Robert A. Ray and Reuben E. Walker (partners), Frank S. Streeter (now partner of William M. Chase), Daniel B. Donovan, Arthur W. Silsby, Edward G. Leach and Henry W. Stevens (partners), Asa C. Osgood, and E. A. Lane are all promising young men, some in practice several years, and some but a short time,—some well advanced toward, and all hoping for, success in the great field where others have won fortune and distinction. Nehemiah Butler, Judge of Probate for the county of Merrimack, a considerate and faithful officer, resides at Fisherville, but should be classed with the Concord lawyers. Luther S. Morrill, the efficient clerk of the Supreme Court, also resides here; and Judge Sylvester Dana, of the Municipal Court, who has held his office for many years, and is a terror to the law-breakers of the city, should not be overlooked.

Physicians. The medical profession is fully and ably represented in our city. Of the thirty, or more, physicians and surgeons of the different schools, located here, who administer to the physical health of the people of Concord and its environs, many have attained an enviable rank in their profession, and have a reputation throughout the state, and beyond its borders. Their names will readily be distinguished in the following list:

Timothy Haynes, M. D., aged 70; graduated at the Philadelphia Medical College in 1836; he has been in constant practice in this city ever since. Charles P. Gage, M. D., aged 68; graduated at the Cincinnati Medical College in 1837; has practiced in Concord since 1839. M. T. Willard, M. D., aged 71; graduated at Dartmouth Medical College in 1835; has devoted his time to dentistry. William H. Hosmer, M. D., aged 65; graduated at Dartmouth Medical College in 1838; has practiced in Fisherville for 31 years. B. S. Warren, M. D., aged 58; graduated at the Botanical College of Ohio in 1846; has practiced here since 1849. C. A. Lockerby, M. D., aged 65; graduated at Dartmouth Medical College in 1844; settled in Concord in 1854. J. P. Bancroft, M. D., aged 64; graduated at Dartmouth Medical College in 1845; has been Superintendent of the N. H. Insane Asylum for 21 years. C. C. Topliff, M. D., aged 44; graduated at Dartmouth Medical College in 1858; has practiced in Fisherville ever since. H. G. McIntire, M. D., aged 53; graduated at Harvard Medical College in 1847; settled here in 1860. J. H. Gallinger, M. D., aged 42; graduated at the Ohio Medical College in 1858; came to Concord in 1862. S. C. Morrill, M. D., aged 40; graduated at Harvard Medical College in 1862; has practiced here since. G. P. Conn, M. D., aged 47; graduated at Dartmouth Medical College in 1855; settled in Concord in 1863. A. H. Robinson, M. D., aged 66; graduated at Yale Medical College in 1863; here since. A. H. Crosby, M. D., aged 50; graduated at Dartmouth Medical College in 1857; settled here in 1864. H. B. Tebbetts, M. D., aged 67; graduated at Harvard Medical College in 1835; not in practice. J. C. W. Moore, M. D., aged 42; graduated at Bowdoin Medical College in 1865; has practiced here since. E. W. Abbott, aged 58; has been here 14 years. M. W. Russell, M. D., aged 43; graduated at Dartmouth Medical College in 1863; settled here in 1867. J. W. Barney, M. D., aged 63; graduated at the University of Vermont in 1841; settled in Concord in 1869. William G. Carter, M. D., aged 41; graduated at Harvard Medical College in 1869; practiced here since that time. E. H. Foster, M. D., aged 37; graduated at Bowdoin Medical College in 1866; settled in Concord in 1872. F. A. Stillings, M. D., aged 30; graduated at Dartmouth Medical College in 1870; settled in Concord in 1872. E. Morrill,

M. D., aged 42; graduated at the Castleton (Vt.) Medical College in 1857; settled here in 1874. George Cook, M. D., aged 32; graduated at Dartmouth Medical College in 1868; came to Concord in 1875. B. R. Benner, M. D., aged 32; graduated at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, N. Y., in 1875; Assistant Physician at N. H. Insane Asylum. A. R. Dearborn, M. D., aged 36; graduated at Bowdoin Medical College in 1869; settled here in 1876. Charles R. Walker, M. D., aged 27; graduated at Harvard Medical College in 1877; and is at the present time in Europe. Julia E. Wallace, M. D., aged 35; graduated at Women's Medical College in 1877; practiced in Concord since that time. B. E. Harriman, M. D., aged 25; graduated at Dartmouth Medical College in 1877. Charles I. Lane, M. D., aged 25; graduated at Hahnemann Medical College, Philadelphia, in 1878; has been here since. E. O. Pearsons, M. D., aged 27; graduated at Dartmouth Medical College in 1878; Assistant Physician at N. H. Insane Asylum. A. E. Emery, M. D., aged 38; graduated at the University of Vermont, in 1865; located in Fisherville in 1879.

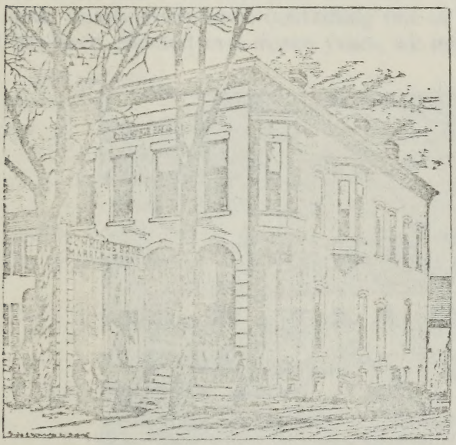
MISCELLANEOUS.

Norris & Crockett are extensive manufacturers of bread and cakes, crackers and confectionery.

FURNITURE is sold by Vogler Bros., and H. H. Aldrich.

Thomas Woodward manufactures oil clothing, tents and carriage covers.

Dow & Wheeler, architects, are unrivalled in their line.



Cummings Bros., marble workers, have the best appointed establishment of the kind north of Boston, and their work has a superior reputation throughout New England. H. N. Farley & Co., in the same line, also do a good business, and produce first-class work.

The city of Concord has about 2,500 dwelling houses, including many elegant residences, and about 14,000 inhabitants. The valuation last year was $9,241,485; the tax, $165,056.08 or $1.78 on $100.00. The debt of the city at large, Feb. 1, 1879, was $159,203.39; debt of the precinct, $438,731. From this should be deducted the water works bonds of $350,000, leaving the precinct debt $88,731; and the total debt of the city, $247,934.39, or only $2.68 on $100.00 of valuation. The city is now provided with a perfect water supply, sewerage system, and gas works.

The social status of Concord is of the highest order. Learning and culture find in our midst a congenial home; and as a desirable place of residence, the city presents attractions unsurpassed if not unrivalled.

CONTINUED IN NOVEMBER NUMBER.

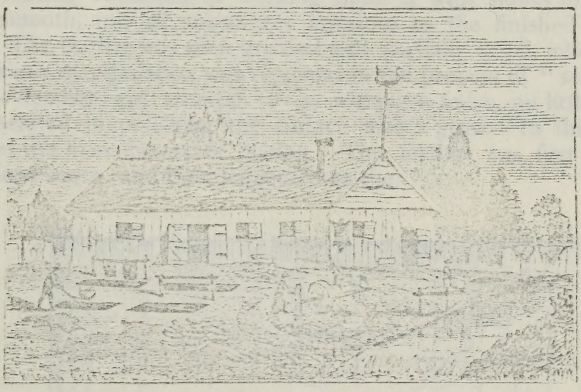
CONCORD IN 1879.

By John N. McClintock.

THE PAGE BELTING COMPANY.

The firm but supple belt is rapidly being substituted for the ponderous upright and horizontal shafts for the transmission of power. The massive cog-wheels are disappearing, the demand for reliable belting is increasing, old machinery is being replaced with new; and in new machinery the almost universal means of transmitting power is belting. Necessarily the manufacture of this product has increased with the demand. Some twelve years ago, George F. Page and Charles T. Page, brothers, commenced the manufacture of this article, on a small scale, in a neighboring town.

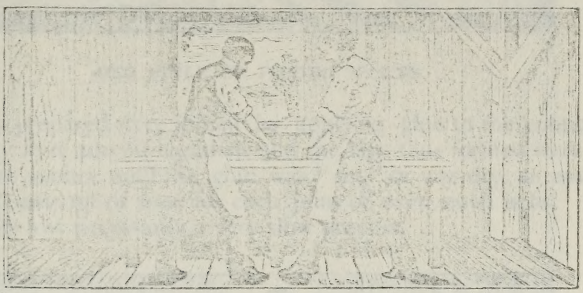
The Old Way. At that time one-horse tanneries were scattered throughout the state, nearly every town containing one or more. To appreciate the change that has been effected in a dozen years, we must glance backward to



AN OLD-FASHIONED TANNERY AND BELT FACTORY.

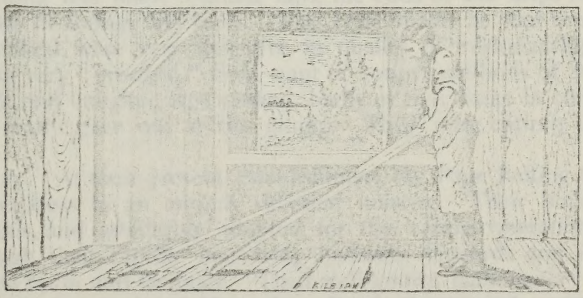
Its site was by a bubbling brook; not for the power thus gained, but for the water only, wherein the green hides were first soaked, to remove all traces of blood and brine. Near by was a vat, in the open air, wherein a strong decoction of lime water loosened the hair from the immersed hides. Taken from the vat, the hide was thrown over a beam, and a stalwart workman scraped off the hair. Then the hide received another wash to remove the lime, and was again manipulated over the beam, to secure a uniform color. The hide was then "salted down" with ground bark in a vat, and the vat was filled with water. This was the tannery proper,—all in the open air. The heavy mill-stone rolled round on edge was the tedious and expensive process of grinding the bark,—the bark was distributed from a basket. The whole process of tanning was out

of doors, and of necessity was carried on only during the summer days. The neighboring fences afforded sufficient facilities for drying the leather. The shop was used for "currying" the tanned leather, this operation being undertaken during the winter. In the old-fashioned tannery no one kind of leather was made a specialty. Heavy and light hides were tanned together. Before the currying, the leather was sorted, the heavy hides being finished for harnesses, and a little reserved for belting. The dried leather chosen for belting was first thoroughly soaked in water, and then subjected to the



OLD STYLE OF SCOURING, SETTING AND FINISHING.

The scouring consisted of working upon it with stones until the grain was soft and smooth, and all substances injurious to the finished leather were removed. The leather was then greased and partially dried, when the same slow and laborious manipulation was repeated in the process of "setting," and later, unless the leather was allowed to go without a finish, no little time and labor were expended in polishing the surface with a glass. In this same shop was carried on the manufacture of belting. The leather was first cut into strips of the required width, and then subjected to the



OLD STYLE STRETCHING PROCESS,

wherein a very moderate strain was applied. The leather was again cut by a straight-edge into the width finally to be used, when the laps or splices were made by means of a common wood shave, the leather being held on an inclined plank.



OLD STYLE OF FITTING SPLICES.

The laps thus prepared were joined by applying glue to the connecting surfaces, when they were placed together, and the laps thus formed were hammered over its entire surface until the glue was "set," or was dry, an operation requiring no small amount of time for each joint of even small belts. The making of large belts was necessarily a very slow process.

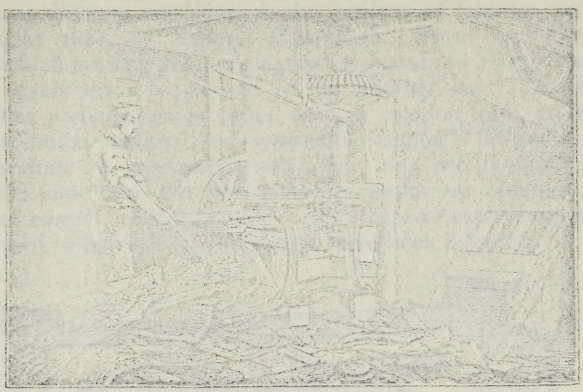


OLD STYLE OF MAKING LAPS.

Sometimes belting was made without laps, the ends of the strips being held together by means of thongs and laces. The belts made at that time, and in the manner described, were very defective in quality of workmanship. They were liable to run very "crooked," from want of proper methods of stretching. The poorly made and bungling laps worked badly as they came in contact with the pulleys, and early gave out at the gluing. They were entirely lacking in beauty or finish.

The New Way. At their present establishment, the Page Belting Company conduct their business in an entirely different manner. Their buildings are large, commodious, and admirably adapted for the various operations carried on within, although their rapidly increasing business demands and is soon to receive additional room and facilities. Their well-known manufactory occupies a large lot just to the south of Horseshoe Pond, about a mile north of the Union Depot, in the Y formed by the Boston, Concord & Montreal Railroad and the Northern Railroad. Their lofty chimney is a prominent landmark, easily recognized far up and down the river. The counting-room is the first place visited. The President, Treasurer, and all the clerks are in a state of chronic activity, each one having his duties and zealously attending to them; so we attempt a tour of inspection accompanied by an intelligent employe. The power for the various operations conducted is produced by a steam-engine;

and steam for the boilers, for heating the buildings, and steeping the ground bark, is generated by the use in the furnaces of tan, from which the tanning properties have been extracted. Adjoining the boiler-room is a shop fitted up with iron and wood-working machinery, and tools for making such repairs as are needed in every manufacturing establishment. The establishment has two sources of water supply, having direct connection with the Concord Water Works and with a brook that takes its rise on the granite slopes of Rattlesnake Hill.



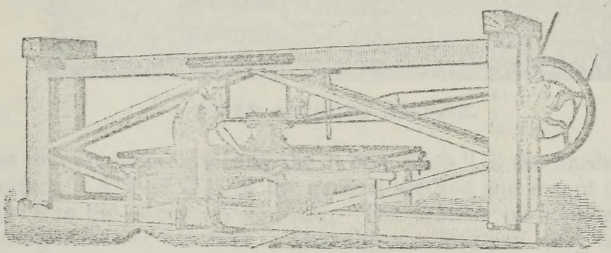
THE BARK MILL.

Well illustrates the progress made in the art of tanning. The voracious machine takes in some three cords, or three hundred and eighty cubic feet of bark, in an hour. After the grinding, the bark or tan is handled by a system of belts and elevators until its valuable properties are leached out, when it is returned crushed and sapless to the furnaces. Over a thousand green hides are received every week from different sections of the United States and from East India, purchased and carefully sorted for the purposes for which they are intended: the manufacture of belts and Page's lacings. They are packed in large piles in a receiving store-house, after being critically examined, to avoid the introduction of hides unsuited for the end desired.

We now enter the BEAM HOUSE and follow the process of manufacturing belts. As only hides supposed to be suitable for belting are worked, the whole process is conducted with special reference to this kind of leather. Perfect system is everywhere apparent among the busy workmen. The most scientific principles and the latest improved machinery are employed, and exact uniformity is secured. The hides having been soaked in vats, the flesh left by the butcher on the hide is removed. The hides are then put into vats filled with a weak solution of lime. From these weak limes the hides are advanced at regular intervals into increasingly stronger limes, by means of a reel, the hides being attached one to another, forming a sort of belt. When they have passed through the entire row of lime vats they are taken from the last and strongest and thrown over the beams to have the hair removed. After being "unhaired," they are again sorted, in order that unfit hides, exposed by this process, may be rejected, and so only belting hides pass into the tanning liquors. After this, various millings and soakings take place, for the purpose of preparing the hide for the removal of the lime, which is finally done by machinery.

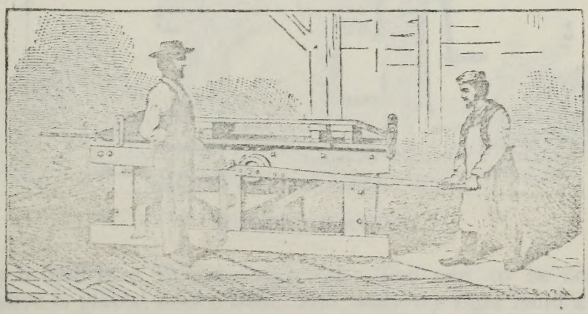
The hides are then removed to the TANNING DEPARTMENT. Somewhat independent of this department and in other rooms, the bark is steeped or leached;

and the liquors are prepared for use and stored in large reservoirs, where they are cooled and mixed to any required strength. Each stage of the process requires a different degree of strength, but one that shall be uniform for all in that particular condition. From the tanks before mentioned the liquors flow into the head vats of each section. The vats are arranged so as to permit the liquor to flow slowly down the sections to the foot pits, where the green hides are placed on coming from the "Beam House." At regular intervals the hides are advanced or carried along the section until they finally pass through and leave the "head" vat. Consequently these eight vats in each section are filled with leather in as many different conditions in the process of tanning, and also with liquor of as many different degrees of strength. From the "foot" vat, the liquor from which all tanning has been extracted, passes to a large underground tank, where by machinery it is pumped off for another use. This is a part of the process. The partially tanned hides, now, in another form, go into various liquors, where a similar uniform and systematic course is pursued. As nearly all the work is done by machinery, only a few men are required for a large business. At the same time the best possible results are obtained. The old principles, where correct, are not ignored. But whatever experience and science have demonstrated to be real improvements, have been adopted.



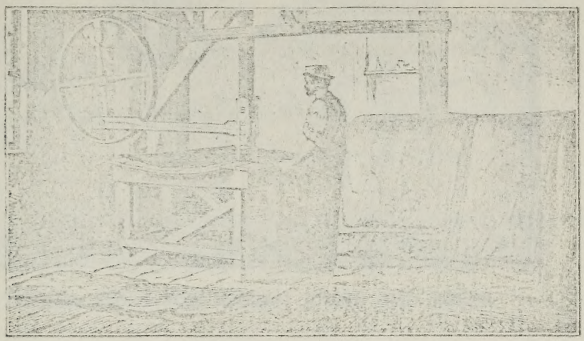
FITZHENRY SCOURING MACHINE.

The first process of currying is of the same nature as in the old-fashioned curry-shop, but here, the two men toiling hard and long at the table, give place to a powerful machine tended by one man. By this machine the work is done with great rapidity, and in a manner far superior to the old method. After the leather has been stuffed, or greased, it is put into the dry-rooms especially fitted for the purpose. At the proper time it is "set" by the scouring machine, after which the drying process is completed, and the leather is packed in large piles, to secure a certain desirable condition. When this condition is obtained, the leather is stretched.



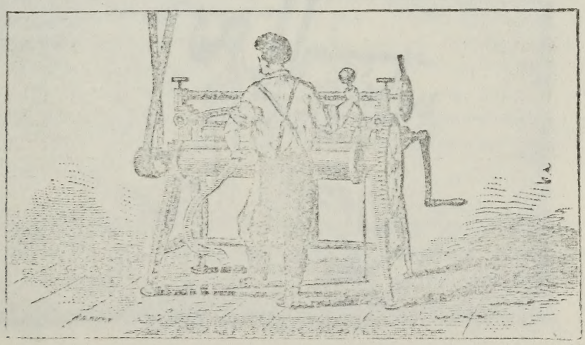
MODERN STRETCHING MACHINE.

By this machine the moistened leather is subjected to a uniform and powerful strain. When the proper strain has been secured, and the leather fastened so that it will not give back, that which appears to be the top of the machine is removed to a dry-room, and another set of clamps placed on the machine for like filling. So the process is rapidly repeated until a large number of these clamps or stretchers are stored in suitable dry-rooms, where they remain until the leather is perfectly dry. Then, when taken from the clamps, the leather completely retains its stretched condition.



POWER FINISHING MACHINE.

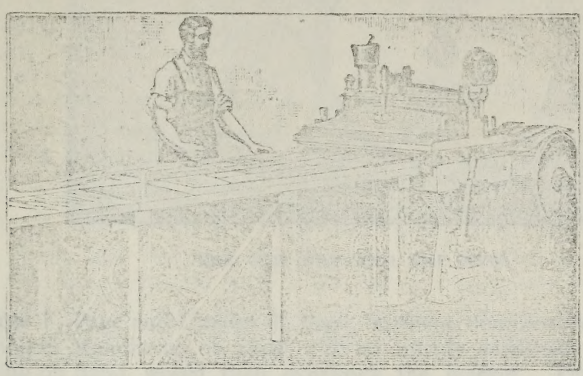
The last process before entering the "Belt-Shop" is the finishing, or polishing the surface. A good idea of the general method and extent of this department is given in the engraving we show. The leather on coming into the Belt Shop is straightened on one side. After this it is stripped very rapidly through a guage into various widths as wanted. After this process the strips are carefully examined; and the various widths are packed by themselves and stored until required for the next process, when they are taken to the fitting tables and properly divided to various rolls, so that uniform thickness in each roll shall be secured. The waste is then cut off. The strips so prepared are transferred to the scarfing machines.



SCARFING MACHINE.

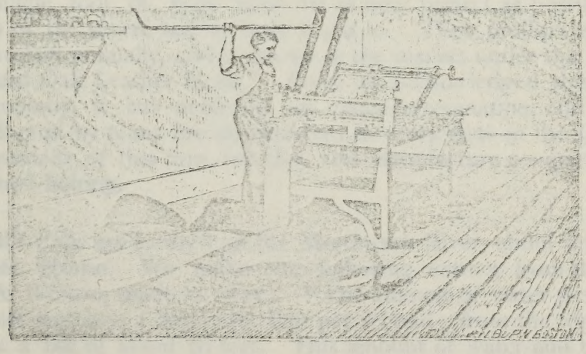
The strip is held by a friction clamp roll. The part to be scarfed down to form the splice is placed over a knife, and with the right hand a roller is dropped down upon the leather. The treadle is then depressed; this applies the power communicated by the belt at the left of the machine, and a perfect scarf-

ing is instantly effected. The whole operation is the work of a very few seconds; and the work done is immeasurably superior to that by the old hand process. These strips, with splices all prepared, are now ready for joining together in the continuous belt.



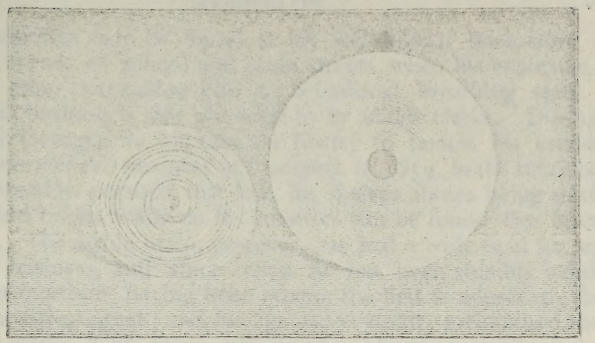
POWER PRESS FOR MAKING JOINTS AND BELTS.

A cement, especially prepared for the purpose, is applied to the connecting parts; and the lap is then placed in the press, where it is subjected to a heavy pressure, remaining in this position until the cement is "set." This press takes the place of the hammering in the old-style process. Its advantages are not only saving of labor, but a lap much better, and much more uniformly secured. After the pressing, the belting is measured into coils of the required length, about three hundred feet being the usual standard. Copper rivets are put into the laps at the tables, and on the tables burs are fastened to the rivets on the opposite side of the belt. This is the usual manner of fastening the laps. Sometimes, however, belts are made to order, where, instead of riveting, the laps are sewed either with lacing or waxed thread.



POWER FINISHING AND WINDING MACHINE.

Only the final operation remains to be described. This is the winding and finishing of the coil. The same motion that winds the belt into a solid roll draws it through an attachment of knives and finishers, which trim the edges true and give them a hard, smooth, and handsome finish.



THE OLD WAY AND THE NEW.

George F. Page and Charles T. Page, brothers, commenced the manufacture of belting in Manchester, in 1868, with no outside assistance; seventy-five feet of belting on hand would then overstock the market. The present corporation was started in this city, in 1872. They now manufacture about three hundred miles per year, using four hundreds hides per week. Page's lacing has also acquired a world-renowned reputation. For this, six hundred hides per week are used, all imported from India. The capital invested in this enterprise is $200,000. Fifty thousand hides and two thousand five hundred cords of bark are used annually. The annual product is about $400,000 per year. They give employment to seventy-five men.

MANUFACTURERS.

Messrs. Samuel Eastman & Co., whose factory is opposite the railroad station, in East Concord, are the leading manufacturers of leather fire hose in the country. They manufacture direct from the rough stock, currying the leather themselves; and the utmost care is exercised in every branch of the work, for every single foot of hose must be as near perfect as possible to make it, on account of the severe service hose is put to. Their product is upwards of fifty thousand feet annually, and is known in the market under the trade-mark of the "Standard Oak Leather Hose." From its acknowledged durability, reliability, and economy, it has achieved an enviable reputation, and is in use and has been adopted by many fire departments in every state in the Union. Fire hose is the specialty of this firm, but they also manufacture a superior article of pure oak-tanned belting.

Sewell's Falls are located on the Merrimack River, about three miles north of the State House. We make the following extract from the report of Hon. James A. Weston, made in 1871: "The amount of water passing the falls in the dryest season is 1,200 cubic feet per second; from the top of the old dam there is a fall of about 20 feet. This amount of water and this descent make 2,000 horse-power, enough to drive twenty mills of five thousand spindles each. Nature seldom offers to the hand of man a more favorable location, or greater facilities for the creation of a large and successful manufacturing business; and it would seem that a water-power of this magnitude and value within three miles of an enterprising and prosperous city, and within a few rods of two railroads, could not long be allowed to run to waste." There are great possibilities in that section of the city.

BOOKSELLERS.

DARIUS L. GUERNSEY is to be found at his well-known book-store in State Block, on the corner of School and Main streets, when his extensive business engagements in other states allow him an occasional breathing spell. In his absence, his retail business is ably attended to by affable clerks. During his present trip through Georgia, we will take the liberty to review his establishment. Mr. Guernsey commenced business in Concord, in 1859, in the retail book business, and has steadily pursued that line, his shelves always being stocked with approved standard books, while on his counters can be found the latest literature of the day. His fertile brain, however, has had a wide field for activity in the publishing business, and since 1860 he has been steadily building up a trade of great proportions, having been among the first to appreciate the advantages of the canvassing agent; and having always rigidly maintained the reputation for intrinsic worth of his many and varied publications, until, after years of work, his name has become a household word in every town, village and home in this and adjoining states. He can, at a moment's warning, start an army of agents to work in his interests, and be sure that their efforts will receive a cordial and pecuniary approval. There is a certain philanthropy, too, in this class of business, which one must perceive, on consideration, for Mr. Guernsey's idea has been, to elevate the masses of his fellow citizens; to educate the mind and the eye; to introduce into the lonely farm house a bright spot in the form of a chromo; to educate the rising generation and their parents, and their grand-parents, in the geography of their native state, their dear New England, their country, or of the earth; to cultivate the minds of all by pure, healthy and invigorating literature. Many have followed in his steps, urged thereto by his success, but not guided by his integrity, and have flooded the land with worthless trash and made the average book-agent unpopular, while those employed by Mr. Guernsey, pursuing the even tenor of their ways, are thrice and four times welcome, while following almost a beaten path. There is a certain benevolence, too, in always giving honest, although hard work to every one of character desiring it. Many an enterprising and successful man owes his first launch in the restless commercial sea to Mr. Guernsey. Many students have benefitted by his business foresight. Many a needy applicant has received comfort and independence through him. To speak to New Hampshire people of his publications would be "carrying coals to New Castle." Some figures may be interesting. He has had 300 agents reporting to him and working for him at one time in the New England States. He has branch-houses in Philadelphia; Harrisburg, Pa.; Kansas City, Mo.; Desmoines, Iowa. The Gazetteer of New Hampshire run through an edition of six thousand. One of his maps reached an edition of twenty-five thousand. Long and deeply interested in the most serious of subjects, Mr. Guernsey has made a specialty of the Bible: little Bibles, and great; pocket and family Bibles: and all literature explaining, or pertaining unto, the Good Book. Necessarily Sabbath-school libraries have come in for appropriate attention, and a good assortment can readily be selected from his shelves. Mr. Guernsey's agents, as missionaries, have invaded the wilds of Newfoundland, and sought out the most desolate places in the Provinces. Nearly every state of the Union and the new territories have welcomed his emissaries. School books he supplies as a matter of course, while one of his show-cases is devoted to knick-knacks and fancy articles, knives, scissors, and razors, photographs, and albums, and a thousand and one other novelties, which attract the mother and daughter, the son and the father, and the bachelor uncle. Mr. Guernsey is in the prime of life, and in the midst of his usefulness; every good work he is sure to be interested in; every public enterprise promising good results he will support. Every one is cordially invited to his store.

Edson C. Eastman, established in the book business in 1857, maintains the well deserved reputation of keeping the largest and best assortment of books north of Boston. To Mr. Eastman is due in a great measure the increasing popularity of our lake and mountain scenery, so graphically depicted in his Guide Book, over 50,000 of which have been sold. Leavitt's Almanac, under his management, has reached a circulation of 40,000. An extra edition of the N. H. Geological Report is due to his desire to serve the public. His wholesale and retail trade extends all over New Hampshire, and as a publisher of standard works he is recognized in this country wherever the English language is spoken.

Frank P. Mace, in Merchants Block, has a large assortment of school books, miscellaneous books, fancy articles, and is the emporium of all the standard periodical literature, base ball goods and croquet setts, fixtures and curtains for windows, and wall papers.

C. F. Batchelder has the daily and weekly papers for sale, an assortment of stationery and fancy goods; while his brother, F. D. Batchelder, in the same store, has photographs, picture frames, and works of art.

Col. Josiah B. Sanborn, at his well-known stand in Sanborn's Block, publishes the General Laws, General Statutes, Court Reports, and other official documents; has on hand a large collection of standard works and school books; and drives a handsome span.

PRINTERS AND BOOKBINDERS.

The job printing of the vicinity is done in a first-class manner by Woodbury & Batchelder, over the First National Bank; by Evans, Sleeper & Evans, Sanborn's Block; and by E. D. Green, Depot street.

Morrill & Silsby also do job printing and first-class book-binding.

Frederick S. Crawford is a book-binder, in the Statesman Building, and from his rooms come the tasty and elegant volumes of the Granite Monthly for the first two years [cloth $2.00, morocco $2.50 per volume]; three thousand volumes of the State Geologist's Report; the History of Newport, full gilt and morocco; the History of Warner; the History of Boscawen; and numerous other late publications. Especial attention is given to the rich binding of such works as Picturesque America, Picturesque Europe, the Art Journal, and like productions. Thomas B. Hill and Fred A. Landers are his skilled assistants. Mr. Crawford is City Librarian.

MUSICAL.

Eastman's Orchestra, formerly Blaisdell's, was organized Feb. 3, 1879, with Charles F. Eastman, Manager; and George H. Morey, Director. The orchestra is composed of the following well-known talent: Charles F. Eastman, flute and piccolo soloist; Geo. H. Morey, 1st violin; E. E. Bagley, cornet; Levi W. Everett, 2d violin and prompter; F. F. Walker, 1st clarinet; Will Hall, 2d clarinet; C. J. Searle, contra bass; Thos. G. Fookes, trombone soloist; Miss R. Eastman, harp; and E. B. Marble, violin and viola. Most of the members have been known for several years in connection with Blaisdell's club, and need no introduction to our people. It is one of the best orchestras in New England, and it meets with a liberal share of patronage from the musical public all over the state, and even out of it. This orchestra played at one of the Mountain houses during the summer season. They are prepared to furnish any number of pieces for concerts, receptions, parties, balls, &c., at reasonable rates; and being members of the Third Regiment Band, the best organization in the state, they can furnish music with brass and string at short notice.

W. K. Day keeps the only musical store in the city. Any piece of sheet music from a comical to a classical piece can be obtained here. Mr. Day is

an able and experienced teacher of the piano and organ. Look out for his place as you come up Depot street.

Frank W. Messe is a talented and painstaking teacher of the piano and organ, and can be found at 101 State street.

Frank S. Warren is a skilful tuner of the Piano and Organ. Order book at Day's Music Store.

CONFECTIONERS.

James R. H. Davis, a dealer in confectionery, occupies a small store in the block opposite the Statesman office. He commenced business six years ago, and now enjoys a good run of custom.

H. F. Smart is a new comer in the confectionery line, and can be found at Gale's old quarters, in Bailey's Block. In the rear of his store is a handsome dining saloon, newly furnished, where hot meals and refreshments are served at all hours of the day. He keeps a large assortment of foreign and domestic fruits. Give him a call.

SEWING MACHINES.

The "Domestic" Sewing Machine Company is represented in this city by George F. Searle, who is located in a large and convenient store on Main St., opposite the Depot. His long experience in dealing with the various machines manufactured by the great companies, renders his opinion on their comparative merits, of great value. It is a pleasure to listen to his explanation; it is safe to depend upon his representations. To an experienced eye the Domestic Sewing Machine posesses advantages peculiarly its own; and now that the sewing machine has become a recognized necessity in every well-regulated home, a glance at the properties of the Domestic, claimed for it by the manufacturers, may guide some thoughtful husband, father, or brother to the proper selection of an appropriate and beautiful Christmas or New Year gift. As a piece of furniture, an addition to the living-room, the appearance of the Domestic is ornate, yet chaste; the new designs in the wood-work are especially beautiful, the finish is rich and substantial; but beneath the velvety exterior is the strength of steel, and the perfect mechanism of a Waltham watch. Its manufacture was commenced a few years ago, but such have been its merits from the start that in spite of the competition and opposition of the older and long established sewing machine manufacturing companies it has steadily and rapidly won its way to the favor of the public. The especial points of merit in which the Domestic excels and by virtue of which it is superseding other makes are easily understood; first, in the plan of the machine the most simple arrangement of mechanism to produce the most perfect stitch; secondly, the use of the best material; and lastly, thorough-going, careful and skillful workmanship in every detail. This system produces a machine that, in durability, light running and perfection of work, the manufacturers guarantee to surpass any machine that has ever been sold. The manufactory of the Domestic is at Newark, N. J., and the general office and headquarters of the Company are in the "Domestic Building," corner Broadway and 14th St., New York, one of the most conspicuous monuments of architectural skill in that city. Mr. Searle receives his machines direct from the manufactory, and, as he employs no canvassers, is enabled to give his customers the benefit of the commission, which, with many other dealers, goes to the canvasser. At his store can also be found a full line of the Domestic Paper Pattens, together with a general assortment of Needles, Oil, Hemmers, Tuckers, etc., for all the standard sewing machines.

R. E. Libby is manager for the business of the Singer Improved Sewing Machine Company at Concord. His location is in Sanborn's Block.

GEORGE E. GAY'S ENGLISH AND CLASSICAL SCHOOL, CAPITOL STREET.

This school was established in the fall of 1878, for the purpose of supplying a place where young ladies and gentlemen could pursue elective studies at reasonable rates of tuition. Mr. Gay brought to his work a clear idea of what a private school ought to be, and very decided opinions in respect to what young people ought to learn, and the quickest method of learning it. He had subjected his theories to thorough trial in an extended experience. To the requisite tact and business knowledge, he added a hearty love for his work. Accordingly his school has been a success from the beginning. Many of his pupils are from the best families in the city, and, as far as we can learn, pupils and parents are greatly pleased with the progress made. Mr. Gay divides his pupils into three departments. First, Academic Department. This is limited to ten pupils. The school session opens at eight (or eight and a half) o'clock A. M., and closes at one o'clock P. M. As the number of pupils is so small, Mr. Gay finds time to devote much personal attention to each one. Among the prominent characteristics of the school, we may mention the entire absence of "red tape," the cheerful application of the pupils to their studies, and the practical methods of instruction. Second, Commercial Department. In this department Mr. Gay uses the methods employed in the best business schools of the country. The pupils buy and sell, make out drafts, notes, and bills, write business letters, and, as far as possible, are instructed in all the minutiæ of business. As Mr. Gay has had business experience in connection with one of the largest publishing houses in the country, his methods of book-keeping are practical, and his directions and hints with regard to actual business are of great value. The "fiat money" and "fiat merchandise," used in this department, are well adapted to their purpose. Third. Private Pupils. In addition to his school pupils, Mr. Gay has twelve or fifteen private pupils, who take from one to five lessons per week. On the whole, Mr. Gay's school-room is one of the busiest places in Concord, and well entitled to rank among the institutions of the city.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

E. B. HUTCHINSON is a house builder and general carpenter, and gives employment to 35 or 40 men. The monuments of his skill and craft are throughout the city and state, in dwellings, churches, barns, stores, and bridges, from the most massive frames to the most delicate interior finish and ornament.

Captain Joseph E. Clifford, dealer in boots and shoes, occupies a store on Main street, opposite School street, and commands a large custom.

Calvin Thorn and son, John C. Thorn, in the same line, are in Stickney Block, the senior having enjoyed the confidence of the business community for over thirty-five years.

Clarke & Marden, dealers in boots and shoes, are at number 5, Exchange Block, and do a large business.

Barron & Co., are wholesale dealers in flour and grain on Depot Square.

Frank Coffin is a commission merchant and dealer in flour, grain, hay, lime, cement and plaster, on Railroad Square.

C. C. Webster, grocer, on Main street, opposite the Capitol, commenced business as clerk with George Hutchins in 1845. In 1849 he struck out for himself, in the firm of Webster & Tuttle, in Phenix Block. For eighteen years he was in one location; for thirty years he has been dealing in provisions; and his goods are the latest raised, manufactured, or imported.

W. C. Elkins & Co., have a large stock of stoves. Their store is in Stickney Block.

R. C. Danforth & Co. deal in furnaces, ranges, stoves, and kitchen furnishing goods at number 5, Moore's Block.

Norman G. Carr learned the jewellers' business in Concord, and for twenty-three years has labored for himself. He has made a specialty of spectacles for seventeen years, carrying one of the largest stocks in that line north of Boston.

Boynton & Willard have this year a large assortment of nice goods for the Holiday trade. Special attention is called to a large assortment of handkerchiefs, napkins, towels, worsted goods of every description, hosiery, gloves, and jet goods. The celebrated Flexible Hip Corset, in all sizes, may be found at their store; also, yarns, fringes, and a nice line of buttons.

James Hazelton has been in business, in Concord, for the last thirty-six years. He deals extensively in dry goods, millinery, bonnets, ribbons, flowers, dress silks, shawls, cloaks, laces, edgings, mourning goods, fancy goods, and kindred articles. He makes a specialty of ladies' garments, cloaks and shawls. Mrs. Hazelton takes charge of the millinery department.

J. L. Pickering, Deputy Sheriff for the past twenty years, carries on an auction and commission business on Warren street. At one time he held the offices of City Marshal, Deputy U. S. Marshal, and Deputy Sheriff.

J. C. Lewis has a meat market opposite the North Church, a little removed from the business centre, but repaying one for extra trouble in reaching him.

A. T. Sanger has been in business in Concord for twenty-five years.

Albert A. Moore is the only licensed dealer in lightning rods in New Hampshire.

Favor & Crocker manufacture harnesses and horse-boots on Warren street.

The 99 Cent Store, kept by G. L. Hooper, in White's Opera House, should be visited by every one before the holidays.

L. H. Carroll sustains the reputation of conducting a first-class restaurant in Central Block, opposite Depot street.

The central offices for New Hampshire of most of the great Insurance companies are in Concord. These companies are represented by Staniels, Allison & Co., Morrill & Danforth, J. H. Ballard, and others.

The Concord Gas-Light Company has a capital of $100,000. Nathaniel White is President, and John M. Hill Treasurer and Agent.

Lyman A. Walker's house was built in 1847, on the spot where his great-grandfather, Isaac Walker, Jr., one of the original settlers of Penacook, built his log cabin in 1825.

Joseph Police has a peanut, candy, and cigar store on Main street.

J. A. Dadmun, tin and sheet-iron worker, and dealer in furnaces, ranges, and stoves, may be found in Foster's Block, on Warren street.

W. P. Underhill & Co., formerly Rollins & Co., wholesale and retail druggists, opposite the State House, are proprietors of Cone's Cholera Cordial, Cone's Condition Powders, and Rollins's Bronchial Lozenges, and manufacture Pure Oil of Wintergreen.

Beede & Kelley, provision dealers, have been long established in business in this city, and have a good run of custom.

LITERARY NOTICES.

FROM EGYPT TO PALESTINE, by S. C. Bartlett, D. D., LL. D., President of Dartmouth College. [Harper & Brothers, publishers; 555 pp., with maps and illustrations. Price $3.50.]

This work, written by one of New Hampshire's most gifted scholars, is an event in the literary world; and it has already been assigned a high rank, and accredited with great authority among Christians and scholars. Dr. Bartlett visited the East with his mind stored with the researches of his predecessors, with sound judgment and an elevated faith in the truth of the Bible narrative. The investigations into the antiquities of Egypt, and the observations upon the Sinaitic Peninsula and the Wilderness of the Wandering, made by many learned travellers and widely scattered, he has gathered up compactly and judiciously reviewed, having gained a personal cognizance of the scenes and facts under consideration. One is led irresistibly by powerful arguments to accept Dr. Bartlett's conclusions; the exodus becomes a historical fact, and the wilderness the ordeal of a great nation. The work will interest not only the college professor, the minister, and the advanced student, but such is the beauty and grace of the style, the clearness of the narrative, and the interest of incident, that it is bound to become the most popular and the most authoritative book on the East and Eastern travel ever published. Every home would be graced and elevated by the possession of this work. Dr. Bartlett is too well known to the citizens of our state to require more than the mention of the publication of this great work. The book can be obtained of E. C. Eastman, or of any first-class book-seller; or directly from the publishers.

THE CHILDREN'S BOOK OF POETRY: Carefully selected from the Works of the Best and most Popular Writers for Children, by Henry T. Coates, Editor of the "Fireside Encyclopedia of Poetry." Illustrated with nearly Two Hundred Engravings, from Designs by Gustave Dore, Harrison Weir, J. E. Millais, George H. Thomas, Giacomelli, and other distinguished artists. Porter & Coates, Philadelphia.

This elegant volume comprises in itself a complete poetical library for children. A general idea of its scope may be obtained form the introductory paragraph of the compiler's preface, which is as follows: "To collect within the limits of a single volume the poems best calculated to interest and instruct children between the ages of six and fourteen has been the aim of the compiler of this work." It is commendation sufficient to say that the aim thus declared is fully attained, and the volume produced will be a source of unfailing delight as well as instruction to the juvenile mind. The poems selected number about six hundred, and are conveniently arranged under appropriate subject-headings, including "Baby-Days," "Play-Days," "Lessons of Life," "Animals and Birds," "Trees and Flowers," "Nature," "Religion," "Christmas and New Year," "Old Tales and Ballads," and "Some Famous Poems for the Older Children," all embraced in a royal octavo volume of five hundred and twenty-five pages, elegantly bound in illuminated cover and gilt edges, making it a most beautiful and appropriate holiday gift book. It should gladden the hearts of the little ones in thousands of families the coming holiday season.

The READER'S HANDBOOK of the American Revolution, 1761–1783, by Justin Winsor, Librarian of Harvard University, 328 pp. [Houghton, Osgood & Co., Boston.]

This volume will be of especial value and interest to the student seeking for historical facts pertaining to the American Revolution. With access to the great libraries in and about Boston, it would be invaluable. "It is like a continuous foot-note to all histories" of that period. It is intended by the author, if this initial volume proves practically useful to follow it with others covering themes of history, biography, travel, philosophy, science, literature, and art. This is a book that no historical student can do without. Apparently, years of study, reading, and labor must have been spent in acquiring and arranging so systematically the information it contains.

POEMS by Frank O. Ticknor, M. D., with an introductory notice of the author by Paul H. Hayne. [J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.]

The Poems consist of martial and chivalrous lyrics, songs of home, poems of sentiment and humor, and religious poems. Their production will rank their author high in the list of American poets. We select a pleasing little poem, entitled

NANTAHALEE.

You've heard, I think, of the beautiful maid
Who fled from Love's caresses,
Till her beautiful toes were turned to roots,
And both her shoulders to beautiful shoots,
And her beautiful cheeks to beautiful fruits,
And to blossoming spray her tresses!

I've *seen* her, man! she's living yet
Up in a Cherokee valley!
She's an apple-tree! and her name might be,
In the softly-musical Cherokee,
A long-drawn "Nantahalee."
'Tis as sweet a word as you'll read or write;
Not *quite* as fair as the *thing*, yet quite
Sufficient to start an old anchorite
Out of his ashes to bless and *bite*
The beautiful "Nantahalee!"

THE MARKETS OF PARIS (Le Ventre de Paris), by Emile Zola; tr. by John Stirling. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia. Paper cover, $0.75.

This is a remarkable work. As M. Zola maintains that all that exists in nature is worthy of being reproduced by the true artist, he, in his profound study of the manner in which a great city is fed, has omitted not one detail, or smoothed over one incident. He takes us from the bloom and the beauty of the flower and fruit markets to the fish stands. He describes the vegetables as if they were tropical plants. He introduces us to the Parisian *charcutier*,—the cook shop,—and in La belle Lisa, the mistress of the establishment, we find the sister of Gervaise. The gossiping women are inimitably depicted. In truth, "The Markets of Paris" stands as utterly alone in modern French literature as it is distinct and apart from any other work, even by Zola himself.

UNDER THE WINDOW: Pictures and Rhymes for Children, by Kate Greenaway; engraved and printed by Edmund Evans; published by George Routledge & Sons, New York, is a charming little volume for the youngsters about this time of year, when the holidays are so rapidly approaching. The illustrations are especially pleasing and artistic.

"MANCHESTER, A brief record of its past and a picture of its present," is the title of a book of 463 pp., compiled, edited and published by Col. John B. Clarke, proprietor of the Manchester *Mirror*. The book is a perfect specimen of typographical skill and the binders' art. It is embellished with thirty-eight steel, and eighteen wood engravings of prominent men and buildings. Without purporting to be a history of the great city of New Hampshire, it contains the most valuable historical data for the use of future historians, in a perfect account of the present of the city. The subject is divided into the following heads: The early history, 1622—1751; Derryfield,

1751—1810; Manchester a town, 1810—1846; Manchester a city, 1846—1875; The City of today; Schools; Religious and Benevolent Societies; Miscellaneous Societies; Post-office, Banks and Insurance Companies; Manufactories; Newspapers; Manchester in the Rebellion; Residences; Representative men. The chapters on the early history of the town and city are especially valuable. The book should be in every public library, and in all private libraries where the history of the state is a specialty, or where their owners are interested in the goodly city of Manchester. Price, in cloth, $2.50.

ROCKINGHAM HOUSE,

PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

The Rockingham House, one of the finest hotels in New England, is a model structure in the solidity and graceful appearance of its exterior design, and in the convenience and elegance of its interior appointments. It possesses what pertains to very few of our American hotels, an historic past. The house was built at the close of the Revolution, in 1785, by Hon. Woodbury Langdon, Judge of the Supreme Court, and brother of Gov. Langdon, whom history has recorded as "a staunch patriot and successful merchant." It was originally built with lofty ceilings, wainscoated walls, large rooms, and wide halls, fitted to the position and wealth of its princely founder. In 1830 it was converted into a public house. In 1870 it was enlarged and remodelled by Hon. Frank Jones, and placed on an equal footing with the best hotels in the land. The hotel sets some distance from the street, and is elevated above it. Its two front entrances are reached by granite steps, guarded on either side by life-size lions in bronze. The house is finished in chestnut and black walnut; the walls, ceiling, and cornices hard-finished and elaborately frescoed in the Roman arabesque style. The furniture is of the most approved pattern in walnut; and the office, parlors on each floor, the dining-room, the halls, the billiard-room, and various offices of a metropolitan hotel, are perfect of their kind. One enters it as he would a palatial private residence; from his entrance is made to feel at home by the genial landlord, the gentlemanly and courteous clerks and polite servants; enjoys the company of the guests he is sure to meet, settles a very reasonable bill, leaves with regret, and if he is a travelling man wishes he could carry the hotel with him or be sure that his next stopping place would be as agreeable. The Rockingham is one of the most pleasing features of the quaint and goodly city of Portsmouth, and offers to the summer tourist and man of business the best facilities for pleasure, comfort, and convenience. Within easy reach are the beaches of Rye, Hampton, York, Great and Little Boar's Head, and Newcastle, and nearer by the spots of historic interest, around which cluster the romance of over two and one half centuries. The house has one hundred and twenty guest chambers, and accommodates, ordinarily, one hundred guests in the dining-room. It is heated throughout by steam, has the prince of cooks, and has been thoroughly well managed for the past five years by Frank W. Hilton, its present proprietor. Charles M. Green is chief clerk.

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